

# **Kurt's Pretty Lady**

**By**

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“Love conquers all things; let us too surrender to love.”-*Virgil*

This book is a work of fiction. All names are fictional and any reference to persons who may be living or deceased is purely coincidental.

## **Introduction**

In 1983, President Reagan made his famous "Star Wars" speech, whereby our nation would develop a space-based killer satellite system that would protect our country from nuclear attack from any adversary. Congress, of course, declined to finance such a program as they felt it was too expensive. This story begins in 1984 where the National Security Agency has begun the program as a "black project". The killer satellite program would progress without public knowledge, but an unexpected snag developed in the program. The Soviets infiltrated one of the nation's most secure laboratories at a secret base in Nevada and acquired enough information to build their own killer satellite. The job of damage control fell upon Bob Riddle, a former CIA agent who now works for the NSA. He must develop a method of getting an engineer into Russia and into one of their secure laboratories to make changes in the stolen plans to slow the Soviets' progress and give the United States the advantage in the race for control of near space.

Bob Riddle's plan is to recruit a former U.S. Air Force C-130 gunship pilot to get the engineer into Russia. His plan is extremely dangerous and the balance of world power rests in the hands of Mary Anderson, a beautiful engineer and Kurt Stillwell, the former pilot. Mary Anderson is about to embark on an adventure that will test many things in her life; her patriotism, her courage, her ability to trust a man with her life and most of all her love life.

# Chapter One

## **Saturday, July 7, 1984 - Paradise Valley, Nevada**

Leonard Hackney lay on a chaise lounge as he watched the white, puffy cumulus clouds slowly drift by. The early morning air was warm and the sun felt good on his skin as he lay there in his swim trunks thinking about the swim he and Cathy were going to take in the lake after breakfast.

The chalet was the perfect getaway for Leonard Hackney and Cathy Colby. He had spent considerable time looking for just the right place for them to have weekend retreats that would take their minds off their busy workweek. The polished teakwood deck he was reclining on jutted out over the mountainside and afforded a serene view of the lake below. The windows in the living room spanned the entire 30-foot length of the deck and peaked in the center for a full two stories of the cottage. The combination of the cathedral ceiling in the living room and the two-storied window-wall with sliding glass doors in the center that opened onto the deck gave an expansive feeling to the chalet.

A beautiful summer day was in the making in Paradise Valley, Nevada where Hackney had just purchased this moderate sized hideaway. Hackney and Colby had driven up from southern Nevada on Friday evening, the start of their first weekend in their new home away from home. It was a paradise compared to the meager setting of the studio apartment in the condominium he owned near the development and testing

center.

Hackney was able to afford the luxury of this mountain hideaway as he had never married and had not spent much of the money he had earned over the years as an engineer. He had diligently put his money away and had been very successful in investing. Although this chalet had cost him a sizeable sum, it was just a small dent in his overall savings. Being a workaholic and shy around women meant that he never had time for any kind of social life. He was always nervous around women as he felt he didn't have the charm or charisma needed to seek the companionship of the opposite sex. He longed for the ease that other men seemed to have at getting dates. Over the years he watched his friends hook up with women at the bars the guys would visit after work. He often found himself sitting alone after the other men had gone off with the ladies they met. He wanted to be like his friends, but just couldn't get up the nerve to approach women. At 45 years of age, Hackney had only one mistress and that was his work.

Hackney was raised in a small suburb of New York City by strict Catholic parents. He was taught that he should live by the Ten Commandments and the nuns and priests at the private school he attended were quick to apply strict disciplinary procedures when he got into trouble, which was rare.

The harder Hackney tried to find a girlfriend, the more they ran from him. After graduation from private school and because of his 4.0 average, Hackney was accepted at MIT where he obtained a degree in engineering. Once free from his controlling parents, he decided he would move far away from them. To his delight, he landed a job with the U.S. Government and over the years became head of the assembly department in the super-secret development and testing center affectionately known amongst those in the

scientific world as “Dreamland” in southern Nevada.

Hackney was a plain man, five-feet eight inches tall with a receding hairline and a thin frame. A man who would hardly be noticed in a crowded room unless you bumped into him and that is exactly what happened when he and Cathy first met.

Five months prior to this day, he was leaving the underground research and development department on his way back to his office after having discussed a difficult assembly section with the electrical design engineer, Mary Anderson. He was looking down at the prints of a switching unit his team was installing in the killer satellite when he literally collided with Cathy in the hallway. The collision knocked the prints out of Hackney’s hands and sent him back against the wall. Cathy was propelled backward and fell over some of the books she dropped that she was carrying. She landed on her behind and then went all the way back till her head bumped the carpet. She was wearing a very short skirt and because she was on her back Hackney could see a lacy white thong. It all seemed to happen in slow motion to him. She quickly sat up and pushed her short skirt down. Hackney was crimson with embarrassment as he was certain she saw him gaping at her beautiful legs all the way up to her thong. Hackney quickly bent over to help her up while stumbling through an apology.

Cathy was five-feet five inches tall and as far as Hackney was concerned was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She had full breasts, a small waistline and long shapely legs. Her long flaming red hair highlighted her green eyes. Hackney had seen Cathy many times before in the facility dining room. She usually sat with other women and while almost all of the men stared at her beauty as she went through the food line, she never sat with any of them. Hackney often fantasized about her sitting with him

amongst the admiring eyes of all the other men. He also had thoughts along with all of the other men about making wild, passionate love to her. For him, it was just a dream.

“Well, at least I didn’t knock myself out when I bumped my head on the carpet!” she said, as they both scooped up the debris from their collision. Hackney couldn’t understand how he mustered up the courage to offer her lunch at his expense for being such a clod. To his astonishment, she accepted his offer and they spent the next hour in the main dining room where Cathy warmed to this very plain man and his concern for her well-being after the embarrassing encounter. *Why is this beautiful woman interested in me? I know I’m not handsome and women just aren’t attracted to me. Attracted? They ran the other way when they thought I was about to ask them out! There are many good looking men at the facility who would give a year’s pay to have her interested in them, yet here she is seemingly attracted to me!*

In their conversation during lunch, they learned that they were both single and had the same passion for two things, classical music and the mountains. Hackney was surprised to find that she abhorred crowds and the city, just like him. He had thought that any woman as lovely as her would bask in the attention that must follow her. Cathy told him that she was tired of younger men who always wanted to date her for what they thought they could get from her. They wanted to jump right into bed and could care less about the more important things in life. She said that they seemed to have their brains in their shorts instead of in their heads. She let him know that it was nice to meet a kind man who could carry on an intelligent conversation without trying to steer it toward sex. Hackney thought, *If you could read my thoughts, you’d know that I want the same thing as the other men, but if I manage to keep away from that, it looks like it may be the key to*

*getting to know you better. I can't believe this is happening to me. It's like a gift from God to me. She is so beautiful and intelligent. I'm so nervous I can hardly keep from stammering and my palms are getting sweat. I'm getting short of breath just being near her with her intoxicating perfume!* It was through Herculean effort that he kept his eyes off her breasts that swelled with each breath she took while they talked. Her low-cut sweater revealed her cleavage and her breasts seemed to strain against the demi bra she was wearing. It seemed to him that they wanted to get free of the restraint. The fantasy it gave him while talking to her was giving him an erection and he hoped he didn't have to stand up very soon as it would give away his real thoughts. The lunch ended with Cathy offering to make him a gourmet dinner in her apartment to make up for her part in the collision. Hackney could hardly believe his ears. One of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life was offering to cook for him in her apartment! He readily accepted her offer and the rest of his day was filled with thoughts of her. He found it impossible to concentrate and fumbled through the remainder of the workday.

From that point on, it seemed like a fairy tale. They couldn't seem to get enough of each other over the next five months. They spent all of whatever free time they had together, which was mostly on the weekends. All this time, Hackney was able to keep their relationship sex-free as he didn't want to think of him being like all the young men she had talked about. The last thing in the world he wanted was to lose her. It gave him a magnificent charge to watch all of the other men, young and old, gaping at them as they ate together every day in the dining room. She often placed her hand on his when talking and it sent an electric charge through him each time. He knew the other men were thinking that he was having sex with her even though it wasn't true. He saw them



nudging each other and whispering. He thought they were probably saying that he either had a big dick, talented tongue or lots of money. He really didn't care what they thought.

*Eat your hearts out guys; she is interested in me, not you!*

The purchase of the chalet was Hackney's way of showing Cathy his love for her. It was something they could share together in the mountains they loved. Nestled amongst the trees on the mountainside, the chalet was set back one hundred yards from the entrance gate on a winding gravel driveway. The closest neighbor was a half-mile down the road. He had found it through a Realtor who specialized in vacation homes. It was built by a French architect who used it as a getaway for his wife and himself. When he passed away, the wife could no longer keep it as it brought pain to her, seeing her beloved husband's image in every room.

It was a total surprise to Cathy for she thought they were on their way to their favorite lodge for the weekend. She thought they were going to rent their usual small one-room cabins away from the main lodge. They had been there many times and Hackney always rented two small cabins side by side for them. They ate their meals in the main lodge with all the other guests and would go hiking in the mountains each weekend, often taking a picnic basket provided by the lodge. Cathy had no idea that Hackney had searched for the chalet and was thrilled that he had made the purchase.

Upon their arrival and Hackney's revelation of his deception to maintain the surprise, Cathy ran from the front door at the side entrance to the open staircase on the opposite side of the living room and up to the second floor bedroom, all the while giggling like a schoolgirl who had just received a shiny new car. The bedroom took up

the entire second level of the chalet from the far side of the living room back to the rear wall. It had a master bath with a Jacuzzi and two huge walk-in closets on each side of a dressing area. Hackney stood at the entrance and watched Cathy dash from one area to the other to see their new mountain home. The bedroom was open on the front end and overlooked the living room area with its cathedral ceiling, stone walls on the sides and the massive window-wall that led out to the teakwood deck. A massive railing along the front edge of the second floor bedroom had a wide clear-lacquered knotty pine staircase at that ran from the back of the living room up to the bedroom.

Cathy hurried back down the staircase, stopping suddenly at the mid-level when she saw the massive stone fireplace on the opposite wall, which extended from the front entrance to the window-wall at the far end of the living room. Cathy leaned over the railing and shouted with glee, "Leonard, it's beautiful!"

Hackney met her at the base of the staircase where she threw her arms around his neck, moved in tight against him and gave him a long sensual kiss that made his heart beat faster and sent a warm tingly feeling throughout his body. When she finally released her hold on him, he reluctantly let her step back with a loving look in her eyes. He then took her by the hand and walked back beyond the dining area to a wide hallway leading to the kitchen with the laundry room behind that and a lower level bathroom on the other side connecting to the guest bedroom. They looked through a glass-paneled door at the end of the hall that led to the single car garage. Cathy again turned to Hackney, slid her arms around his waist and hugged him as she laid her head against his shoulder. "I Love it Leonard and I love you for doing this for us." Hackney was so happy he felt his heart would burst.

*She actually said 'I love you' to me. How can any man be so happy? I am truly blessed to have such a beautiful, intelligent woman to share my life with. After all these years of being rejected by women, I thought I'd never find a mate and now, here she is; a living angel to hold and to love. We share all our thoughts, whether it is our workday problems or our love of the mountains and classical music. Her help with my difficult assembly problems has been an unexpected blessing. I love the way she helps me think things through. These past months have been a living dream for me and I don't ever want to wake up from it.*

After putting their things away, they changed from their casual clothing into island beachwear. Leonard wore a pair of beige cargo shorts, a white pullover and Sperry Topsiders. Cathy wore a pair of low cut white shorts and a white halter top that barely contained her ample breasts. Leonard couldn't take his eyes off her for very long. Her flat tummy and narrow waist made her breasts look even larger than they were. Hand in hand, they took a walk down the path to the lake where a small skiff with an outboard motor was tied to the boat dock. There was a small private beach next to the dock that ran a hundred feet along the shoreline. They climbed aboard the boat and toured the lake for a while and then returned to the chalet.

After changing out of their beachwear, they enjoyed a candlelight dinner on the outside deck as the sun was setting. They talked of their love for each other and how they were looking forward to spending many weekends here at the Chalet. Holding Cathy's hand while talking to her was soothing to him and Leonard felt he was in a living dream that he wished would never end. After cleaning up the dishes, they moved into the living room and talked for hours before a crackling fire, which emitted a soft glow

casting shadows around the room and caressed Cathy's skin with a warm hue. Soft classical piano music was on the stereo that added a dreamy atmosphere making the evening seem like something out of a romantic novel. They cuddled together on the love seat and during the entire evening Hackney hadn't made a move to try to arouse her, even though her tender kisses were driving him crazy and his loins felt like they would explode. He kept thinking, *I've got to get through this. She has to be testing me. If she kisses my neck one more time, I'll have a heart attack! I can hardly control my breathing and I hope she doesn't notice my hand shaking when I lift the wine glass.* He was painfully aware that he wanted to make passionate love to her. It was all he could do to refrain from making moves to arouse her sexual desires. He wanted to nibble on her ears and kiss her all over with tender caresses and test his skill at being a great lover. He had read every book he could get his hands on to become the perfect lover for her, but he didn't want to spoil it by advancing when he thought she might not be ready.

Cathy wore a soft form-fitting knit dress that rose high on her hips when she curled up next to him on the love seat in front of the fireplace. The gentle rise and fall of her breasts under the soft fabric gave him an erotic feeling that lasted the entire evening. The position she took against him allowed him to survey her entire body and fantasize about her while she talked to him. The smell of her perfume and her warm, soft body was intoxicating. She was freely giving with her light, tender kisses and gently stroked her delicate hand over his thigh as she snuggled against him while they watched the fire, sipped their wine and talked about their new home. Ever so often, she ran her hand up to his chest and gently slid it into his shirt between the buttons. Her light, soft fingers were making him gasp with delight. He was sure she could hear his quick intake of breath as

she teased him with her light stroking. Even though she had made what seemed like some preliminary advances toward lovemaking, he was sure she didn't want to go farther than the petting she was engaging in. He restrained himself; waiting for her to give the gentle signal that she wanted more.

The evening ended with Cathy saying that she was sleepy. She kissed him long and tender before pulling away and padding off in her stocking feet to the upper bedroom he had insisted she take. Hackney watched the fire for a while longer and let his breathing return to normal. When the fire began to fade and his penis returned to normal size, he placed the protective screen in front of it and quietly went to the guest bedroom. Hackney felt as though Cathy was an angel from heaven who had been sent to him as a reward for all the years of dedication to his work.

Hackney snapped back to the present when Cathy came through the sliding glass doorway with their breakfast on a tray and set it on the glass-topped table on the other side of the deck. At first glance Hackney thought Cathy was wearing a bikini for their swim, but as she turned around and came across the deck, he saw that she was wearing a white lace bra that covered only the lower half of her breasts, which left her pink nipples exposed. She had on white lace bikini panties and the high heels she wore from the night before. Hackney's jaw dropped and he gawked in sheer delight at the sight of her. She slowly and seductively walked up to him, smiled and said, "Honey, we've waited long enough." Cathy hooked her thumbs into the sides of her panties and slowly pushed them down as she leaned forward with her breasts filling the bra cups to overflowing. When the panties cleared her hips, she stood up again and shook her hips a little and let them

fall to the deck over her high heels. She then stepped out of them with her right foot and gave a flick with her left foot and sent them flying over the deck railing. She walked over to him very slowly and came up to the side of the chaise lounge and then stretched her right leg over the lounge and straddled him, hands on her hips. Cathy very slowly reached behind her and unfastened her bra and tossed it over the railing to join her panties. Leonard could hardly breathe and was mesmerized watching her while his penis grew inside his trunks. Naked, except for her heels she smiled at him and ran her tongue over her red lips that now had him building a tent out of his trunks.

Her breasts were firm and her nipples were standing straight out from the excitement she was experiencing from her slow and deliberate enticement of Leonard. She leaned down and grasped the sides of his swim trunks and pulled them down while her soft breasts hung before him. He could smell her sweet perfume and his heart was pounding. He lifted up and she slid them off and then she started kissing his neck, cheeks and eyelids. She worked her way down his chest to his stomach and then to his penis, which she grasped in her right hand and licked the tip like an ice cream cone and then slid her mouth over it and moved her head down over it and let it go all the way to the back of her throat. She went up and down on it several times while Leonard gasped in delight. She came back and grasped his erection and lowered herself down onto him and moaned in ecstasy as she moved back and forth on him. The both came to a quick climax and Cathy sat on him for a few more minutes while he was still erect inside her. As their breathing came back to normal, Leonard stroked her legs and gently fondled her breasts and made little circles around her nipples with his tongue. She began to breathe hard again and they made love one more time before she lifted off of him and moved to his

side with her left leg over his abdomen. She snuggled up against him with her head on his chest. Her long flowing hair draped over them both like a silky blanket. Leonard wished they could stay there forever. His strict upbringing taught him that sex before marriage was wrong, but his rebellion against that thinking was strong and the lovemaking was so wonderful he was able to overcome the guilt he felt and justified their sexual encounter by his love for Cathy. On the long drive back to southern Nevada that Sunday afternoon they talked about future weekends together at the chalet, chuckling about it and saying they hoped it wouldn't be too much of a distraction during the workweek.

### **Wednesday, September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Ft. Lauderdale, Florida**

Kurt Stillwell sat in his office working on the multi-million dollar budget for the luxury condominium where he was the Property Manager. This was a dramatic departure from the former life he had in the Air Force as a pilot in the Special Operations Command on an AC-130 gunship, a formidable weapon. The call sign for it was "Spooky". It was a four-engine turboprop aircraft that was credited with many life-saving missions for the ground troops with its deadly rapid fire against the Vietcong forces. The AC-130 had side-firing weapons with sophisticated sensor, navigation and fire control systems. Stillwell's aircraft had been shot down during a night mission and he managed a gear-up landing in a rice paddy. They were on a night patrol, which called for heavy gun ship cover for the ground troops. Because of the side firing of the guns from his aircraft, the flash from the guns illuminated the aircraft. This allowed a

shoulder-fired missile to find its way into their number one engine, which disintegrated and sent debris into the number two engine, which was also destroyed. Because both engines were on the port side of the four engine aircraft, it took a lot of flying skill to right the heavily laden behemoth. Stillwell banked his aircraft to the right to put the dead weight of the two crippled engines on the top of the turn for stability and headed for his home base in the south when they were again hit by ground fire in the turn and lost the number four engine. The number three engine started to smoke and he had no choice but to try and find somewhere to land. Altitude was quickly melting away and they had less than one minute to find a spot as they were flying at low altitude for the air-to-ground guns to be effective and he could not gain altitude on one smoking engine. Stillwell took a chance and turned on the landing lights. As good fortune would have it, a rice paddy was directly in front of them. Stillwell made a wheels-up landing in the paddy and was able to ground loop the aircraft with the rudder and the last remaining power he had left in the number three engine just before they ran out of paddy into a bank of trees. With only minor scrapes and bruises amongst the crew, Stillwell was able to lead his men back to safety after four days in the jungle. They ran across several patrols of Vietcong, but Stillwell's men had so much faith in him that they acted on his every order without hesitation and were able to bypass the patrols. They learned how to "travel invisible" as he called it. He received a Silver Star for his efforts.

Stillwell also managed to gain the attention of the CIA and Special Agent Robert Riddle persuaded him to go on two separate missions to kidnap two Vietcong generals. The CIA liked the way he was able to sneak through the jungle like a cat. The missions, of course, were never part of his service record. They couldn't be, as slinking through



the jungle out of uniform was considered spying. If he were caught, he was on his own and would most likely be tortured for information until he died. The CIA would try to get him out if they could, but more than likely, he would just show up on the MIA roster, never to be heard from again. After two tours in Vietnam, he had all the excitement he could take for one lifetime. The South Florida sun was a welcome change from the soggy climate of South Vietnam. It had been many years since he completed his tour of duty. He decided not to make a career of the Air Force after the poor treatment the troops received upon returning home. The past fifteen years away from that life made it all seem so distant.

Managing a large luxury condominium was much like running a small town. There were always new things to handle and interacting with the hundreds of residents was more than enough to keep Stillwell busy.

Stillwell was a widower. He had lost his wife to a tragic auto accident in 1980 when his son was only ten years old. It was hard making the adjustment at first, but the bond between Kurt and his son Brian became stronger. Stillwell had a unique relationship with his son. He raised him with discipline, but also with a strong love that could only be witnessed in the way Brian bonded with his dad. Brian, now 14 years old, was a carbon copy of his dad when he was that age. Even his mannerisms were the same. Brian was a mechanical genius and Stillwell's son was his life now. He took him everywhere he possibly could to learn new things and expand his world. They, of course, went to every air show they could find. The fascination for aircraft never left, once it was instilled. When Brian was just a little tyke, he would meet his dad at the door when he

came home from work. He loved to be in Stillwell's workshop and he would play with the nuts and bolts his dad gave him at the workbench. He would wear a matching sweatband on his head and sit next to his dad when Kurt worked on the family car. He would hand his dad tools and he quickly learned the name for every one of them.

Stillwell's secretary, Cindy came over the intercom with a telephone call from Washington, D.C. She said it was a Mr. Riddle on the line. Stillwell's gut tightened with a sense of foreboding as Riddle had never called him at his office before and he knew it wouldn't just be social talk. He quickly picked up the receiver. "Bob! I haven't heard from you in quite a while. Brian has been asking about you. All you seem to do is send him presents on his birthday and Christmas, but you don't visit like you used to. What's up my friend, you still working in the field?"

"No, Kurt. I transferred to the National Security Agency a couple of months ago. I'm flying down to Ft. Lauderdale and should be there in about three hours. Sorry I can't tell you anything over the telephone. I'll fill you in when I get there."

Stillwell grimaced as he knew Riddle was about to involve him in some clandestine operation again. "Bob, I know what that kind of talk means. I told those guys in the CIA when I was discharged years ago that I wasn't interested in any more work when I got out of the Air Force. You know I've got Brian to take care of now. You also know that I have a career that demands a lot of my time, which, by the way, I happen to enjoy. I can't just drop everything and go off on some trip for you now. You've got to have someone else you can talk to. You, of all people, must know I'm not interested. I was a lot younger when I was in the Air Force and I have a completely different life

now.”

“Like I said, Kurt, I can’t talk over the phone. You’ll change your mind when I get there. Just say you’ll hear me out my friend; that’s all I ask. I’ll see you in three hours, Kurt. My plane’s waiting.” The line went dead before Stillwell could reply. Stillwell immediately fell into a foul mood. *Damn it! Bob knows I don’t want to go off on any more of his “missions.” Over the years, he has often hinted that he’d like to get me back working for him, but I’ve consistently told him that I’m not interested. Of all people, Bob Riddle knows better! He was the best man at my wedding and he’s like an uncle to my son. Bob is like the brother I never had, but this is pushing a friendship too far! Hell, it’s been 15 years since I did those wild things in Vietnam. My son needs me now more than ever. I won’t leave him for any reason and Bob has to know that.*

Later that day, Stillwell locked his office and was on his way out of the building just as Bob Riddle pulled up under the porte-cochere. Stillwell walked up to the passenger side of the rental car as Riddle lowered the window.

“Uncanny timing, Bob. Just like the old days. I was hoping you’d found someone else to do what you needed done, but I guess not. It’s not that I don’t mind seeing you again; I just wish it was under different circumstances. I just don’t want to hear you whining again about how much you need me.”

“Hop in Kurt, I promise I won’t beg. Just give me the time to hear me out. You can tell me to take a hike after that if you want.”

“Forget the lift, Bob. If you want to talk, we can walk a block to The Beach Bar and have a drink. You can give me the real reason for being here then. Let the valet park your car and we’ll walk over there.” Riddle got out of the car and gave his keys to the

valet and he and Stillwell went over to the second floor of The Beach Bar, one of the great open-air places on the beach to get a drink and watch the ocean surf come against the shore on Ft. Lauderdale Beach. They found a table in the far corner where they wouldn't be overheard by anyone. Since it was still early, the evening beach goers and tourists were yet to fill the place up. A waitress who had on an extremely short mini-skirt and a tank top revealing ample breasts took their order.

“Good night, Kurt! How do you cope with all this female skin every day?”

“I don't come here every day, Bob. I've got a son at home and he takes up most of my free time.” Watching the waitress walk away swaying her hips he said with a grin, “I don't get much time to look at the scenery around here, not that it's hard to take. Look, I know you're here for something you want to talk me into, so get to it so I can turn you down and get home to my son.”

“Kurt, you know that fifteen years ago when I told you things that were top secret, you had to agree not to share the information with anyone. That still goes today. Sorry I have to preface our conversation with the legalese, but you know I have to.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Just go on with what you have to say. I know I won't like it, but since you've been a friend for so long, I guess I have to let you tell me what you want. By the way, you seem to have put on a little weight, my friend. You could never haul that gut through the jungle! Too much desk work and not enough field work?”

“You still have some humor left, Kurt. I guess that's good. Unfortunately, the new job seems like a never-ending stream of paperwork. I guess the gut goes with the deskwork. It's nice to see you still have the same body you had fifteen years ago.”

“I used to go to the gym at least three days a week, but two months ago I bought

my own equipment from Sports Authority and can work out at home. Saves time and I can be with Brian more this way.” Stillwell waited for a minute while the cute waitress brought their drinks. She winked at Riddle and leaned over very close to Riddle as she put his drink on the table so he could get a glimpse of her full breasts and gave him a coquettish smile. Stillwell grinned as Riddle’s eyes went wide and saw him swallow hard and said, “Looks like she has a thing for you, Bob. Maybe you should get her number”. Switching quickly back to the subject at hand said, “Okay, Bob, time to get down to why you have come all the way from Washington. What’s on your mind?”

“Just like the old Kurt I knew; right to the point.” Riddle looked around to see that there were still no other tables with occupants near them and then in a low voice, continued. “We’ve been working on a new satellite that will hopefully end all wars. It’s a killer satellite that will stop the enemy dead in their tracks before they can get started. Unfortunately, we’ve run into a big snag. You know how carefully we check the backgrounds of all the people who work for us – right back to the cradle. We goofed on one person. This person has been with the program for five years and up until a few months ago, we thought we were batting a thousand. Information has been leaking out, Kurt. We caught up with the person a few weeks ago passing information to a Soviet control agent and the damage has been done. With the information that was stolen, the Soviets were able to start their own killer satellite program. What is facing us now how we can neutralize the information that was passed on to the Soviets. First, we need to have the person give the control agent some misinformation, and then we have to get into their facility near Moscow to make some additional changes in the material that was stolen. It will mean actually working on the plans they were given to make the changes

in the design of the electronic circuitry so the satellite will malfunction drastically. These have to be changes that only the original designers would know about, but good enough so that the Soviets will be completely fooled and we gain the advantage by launching our killer satellite first.”

“Damn, they must have taken a massive amount of information to start their own program, Bob!”

“They did, but fortunately, some of the key parts are still missing from them. We found out in time so we can do some damage control. They could catch up with us soon if we don’t do something now. That’s why I need you involved in this. I know you better than you think. You saved my butt in Vietnam and I believe I can trust you more than anyone else.” Stillwell didn’t respond. He just sat there staring at Riddle. “I had to come up with a plan to get an electrical design engineer into Russia to make the changes in the plans and then back out again without detection. In searching for a trick to make it work, I found out that the State Department has a student exchange program set up where they are about to send 50 students to Moscow for a one year exchange program. They will send one student from each of the 50 states. The parents of the students go along for the first few days so they can see the country’s facilities and get a better feeling about the exchange. We’ll need you to allow your son Brian to join in on this mission to make it successful. He can...” Stillwell got up, gave Riddle a hurt look, went over to the waitress, handed her twenty bucks for the drinks and told her to keep the change for a tip. He then quickly walked out the door. Riddle caught up with him out in front at the bottom of the stairs.

“Wait a minute, Kurt. You need to let me finish.”

“You are finished, Bob. Good friends, and especially those with a close bond that you and I have shared over the years, don’t ask to put children in danger. Have a nice trip back to Washington.” With that, Stillwell turned and started to walk back to the condominium a block west of the beach area.

Riddle reached out to grab Stillwell’s arm and pleaded, “Kurt, wait. Just listen for a few minutes more. Lets take a walk along the sidewalk that borders the beach and I’ll explain the rest. I assure you that Brian will be in no danger whatsoever in this. Just listen to me. After you hear me out, you can turn me down if you want. You just need to understand how important this is to America.”

Stillwell saw the look of desperation and pain on Riddle’s face. *Okay, he thought, I guess it won’t do any harm to listen. Bob has been a great friend for years and Brian loves him like an uncle. This better be good though. Bob has to know that I’d never consider putting Brian in harm’s way.* “Okay, Bob, you’ve got a few more minutes.”

As they walked along the sidewalk between the beach and U.S. A1A with the gentle surf lapping at the sandy beach littered with people from all walks of life enjoying the south Florida sun, Riddle began to explain his plan. “Kurt, you know I love Brian dearly. I need you to allow him to go along with the tour group just to get you and an engineer into Russia. My team has developed a plan to switch you and the female engineer with other folks who will then take Brian back out again. The people we will switch you with are husband and wife executives for Logical Integrated Solutions, one of our defense contractors and since they already have a secret clearance, it was easy to talk them into letting us send them on this trip.” Riddle took a deep breath, let out a sigh and went on with the plan. “This is how it will work. We use make up to make you and the

engineer we'll send with you look like the two ILS executives. You join the State Department exchange group under this disguise with your son to gain entry into Russia. The U.S. has been dancing around with the Soviets on the possibility of letting them have a crack at using some of the ILS software for their computers. It's not going to happen, of course, but they don't know that. It's just diplomatic baloney. We send in the two executives on the diplomatic plane the day before your group lands, only at a different airport."

"And you think they won't notice that the same people are also entering at another place with the State Department group?"

"They have just as much red tape as we do, Kurt. The state Department exchange group has a lot of people in it. You'll be using a different name with the exchange group. With so many people in the group, they won't be checking pictures of this group against those in our diplomatic flight, especially since it's at a different entry point. Before they catch on that the same faces have shown up at a different location and under a different name, we'll have completed our mission and everyone will be out again. They'll probably ask us about it, but we'll just play dumb and tell them they've made a mistake."

They walked farther on down the walk and found a vacant area where no one was passing by. Riddle continued, "A meeting has been set up between the ILS executives and the Director of the Presidium of the Academy of Sciences on the premise that the technology will be used for computer hardware research. This meeting is to take place the day before you arrive. The next day your group arrives and the day after that you go on a tour of the Pushkin Art Museum. The ILS couple will be visiting the museum at the same time. We make the parent switch with you and the ILS couple there in the museum



restrooms and after the switch is made, you and the engineer leave. Brian will fake an allergy illness outside the museum and the 'parents' insist that they must leave early to return home. We arrange for a flight out that afternoon with the 'parents' and Brian. That leaves you and the engineer free to disappear. You are assisted by agents we have in the area to help you go cross-country to get into the Soviet's secure lab to make the changes to the plans and then get back to the hotel that the executives were checked into to return on the diplomatic flight the next day. It's all over by the end of the week."

"Is the engineer you're talking about trained in espionage and is she one of the NSA's operatives?"

Riddle seemingly ignored Stillwell's question and went on, "Fortunately, we have master make-up artists who can make up for the differences between the executives and you and your pretend wife, the engineer. As for you, we'll have to add some weight to you. He's the same height at six foot-one inch, but about 40 pounds heavier. That's not too hard to do; we've done it before."

Stillwell gave Riddle a hard look. "You didn't answer my question, Bob. Who is the female engineer and is she trained?"

"Those drawings are hard to recognize Kurt, and we needed someone who can not only verify the authenticity of them, but know which part to modify. We don't have the time to train one of our people to do the job, so we're forced to send in the original engineer who designed the system in the first place. She works for us in the plant at Dreamland and I'm sure she'll go along with us once she learns the severity of the operation and what it means to our national security."

"You mean to tell me that you haven't even talked to her yet? What makes you

so sure she will want to go? Not only that, Bob, but have you thought about what could happen to her if we get caught? This isn't exactly a college game where we get expelled for misbehaving. The KGB is ruthless and you know it. If they catch us, they'll take her apart piece by piece and that is only after they demoralize her first. You could be signing her death warrant and mine too. The Communists are worse than the Germans ever were at interrogation. You'll be placing her in great danger. I hope you explain that to her. If she's an electrical engineer with no training in espionage, she could freeze up on me and get us both killed. I know you'd take care of Brian if something happened to me and it pains me to think that he would lose his Dad if something goes wrong. Furthermore, how about her husband? Will he go along with this? He'll be without his wife if we can't get the job done. I can understand the need for this mission and national security and I'm willing to go, albeit reluctantly, as I have my son to think about, but taking a novice into Russia on such a tricky mission could be disaster in the making."

"I don't think that you will fail in this, Kurt. You are the best I have ever seen at sneaking around in unknown territory and surviving. The engineer is just as much a patriot as you are. She doesn't have a husband and from what I have learned from her supervisor, she is one tough cookie and will be able to follow your guidance. We need you to get her in to make the critical changes and then back out again. She's the key to making the thing work. It stinks as far as sending in someone who has never been in this kind of a situation before, but we have no choice. I wish I had a better alternative, but I don't. Listen, I'll make it clear to her that she must follow your instructions so it will minimize the risk". You'll have help from our agents in the area right up to the point you have to go into the secure base. That and the resourcefulness you have will get the job

done and I have every confidence you can do it. Kurt, I really wish there was another way, but we are so pressed for time, I had to ask you to take the risk. The Director has approved the plan and knows your record. He also agreed that you are the best man suited to the task on such a short notice. After hesitating for a moment Riddle said, “Thanks for bailing me out on this, Kurt.”

“I know you will enough to expect that you looked at other options and I don’t like the rushed way this has to go down, but I guess there isn’t much choice and I’ll do it as long as Brian is safe. I have some doubts about this female engineer and it isn’t because she’s a female. It is because she isn’t trained. I have great respect for women in traditionally what is considered a man’s vocation, but this is pushing it. It’s bad enough putting men into a risky thing like this. I just don’t like putting women in harm’s way.” After some more thought, Stillwell softened as he remembered the time he and Riddle spent in the jungle of Vietnam and the many years of friendship since then. He said, “Come on, I’ll treat you to dinner with Brian before you go back to recruiting your engineer. Brian hasn’t seen you for a while and he will be thrilled to see his adopted uncle again.”

With that, Riddle let out a visible sigh and said, “That sounds great, I haven’t had anything since breakfast.”

They walked back to the condominium and Riddle followed Stillwell back to his house in Hallandale in his rented car.

Brian was home from school and had just finished his homework as Riddle and Stillwell pulled into the driveway. Riddle gave Brian a big hug and said, “You’ve grown a lot since the last time I saw you, Brian. You’re almost as tall as your dad!”

After they gave Brian a limited explanation of what needed to be done, Riddle asked Stillwell to get an emergency leave of absence for a week and that he would let the school know that Brian had been chosen to go on this student exchange program. Brian was more than willing to help and he was beaming with pride that his dad would be able to help in this plan to keep America strong. He was too young to really understand the dangers that Stillwell and the engineer could face and they didn't think it was a good idea to tell him.

## CHAPTER TWO

### **Thursday, September 13<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Dreamland**

Mary Anderson was busy at work on the schematic for the triggering device for the mobile killer satellite when her boss knocked on the door to her office, opened it and walked in with a man trailing behind.

“Sorry to disturb you Mary, I know you’re busy on a very complex system analysis, but we have some very disturbing news about our work that has been brought to our attention by Mr. Riddle here.” Mary looked up from her computer, saw her boss with another man and pushed back from her desk.

“What’s happened Tom? Has our program funding been cut?” It was hard to fathom what the problem could be from the deadpan looks on each of their faces.

“No Mary, I’m afraid the problem is of a different nature, but nevertheless just as critical if not more so. Mr. Riddle would like to talk to you, if you don’t mind. He’ll be able to explain everything to you.” With that, Tom Crenshaw, the head of the design team left her office looking quite disturbed.

“Well, Mr. Riddle, I’ve never seen Tom so visibly upset before. What could possibly be causing him so much consternation?” She quickly caught her manners, got up from her sitting position, walked around her desk and met him with a smile while she

put out her hand and said, “Oh, I’m so sorry, please forgive me. I’m Mary Anderson and I’m very pleased to meet you Mr. Riddle. Won’t you please sit down?” She gestured to one of the two leather chairs in front of her desk.

Riddle smiled, shook her hand and took the seat and watched with rapt attention as she sat in the chair opposite him. She wore a dark blue skirt and a white form-fitting blouse. She was five feet four inches tall, naturally blonde as far as he could tell with beautiful blue eyes. She had a tiny waist and being a man who appreciated the female form, he could see that she possessed some magnificent breasts. They stretched the white cotton fabric to the limit. He strained to keep his eyes focused on her pretty face and not her chest. She was a natural cover model for Playboy if he ever saw one. He thought, *Kurt is going to have one hell of a time keeping his mind focused with this beauty next to him! The make up artists will have a real challenge on their hands trying to make her look like the ILS executive’s wife.* After catching his breath from her devastating natural beauty, he swallowed hard and tried to start his conversation lightly. “Anderson, that’s a Swedish name, isn’t it?”

“Yes, my father was an engineer in Sweden. He helped design a fighter plane for the country. He’s retired now and lives with my mother in Sweden. I came to the U.S. many years in my early twenties to study electrical engineering and fell in love with this country and became a citizen.” After a brief pause, she said, “Won’t you tell me what it is you’re here for, Mr. Riddle?” He already knew all about her, but he didn’t let on. He thought some light conversation would help.

“Right to the point. Just like someone else I know. Sorry for the small talk, Miss Anderson. I was just trying to break the ice, so to speak. I’ll get right to what has

brought me here.” Riddle told Anderson about the leak in the system that caused the critical information to be passed to the Soviets and what he had shared with Stillwell for getting misinformation to them and what the NSA wanted her to do to make the changes in the plans.

Anderson was shocked that they wanted her to help with this mission they were proposing and said, “Mr. Riddle, I’m not one of your special agents or spooky spies or whatever it is you folks call them. I don’t think I’d be very helpful to you. I’ve spent most of my life with electronics. Your world is a far cry from what I do.”

“We’re well aware of that, Miss Anderson, but...”

She cut him off with a smile and a raised delicate hand, “Please call me Mary. If you’re going to try to talk me into being some kind of ‘Sneaky Pete’, you can at least call me by my first name. I’m not so sure I can help, but I am willing to listen to you.”

That helped Riddle relax a bit and he went on. “Okay, Mary. You can also call me Bob, if you don’t mind. It will help in two ways; one, we won’t have to be so formal and two, it will make me feel good being called by my first name by such a pretty young lady.” Mary blushed at that remark and Riddle went on, “We don’t really expect you to be more than what you are right now. We have a very skilled person who will take you into Russia and get you into the lab with the help of another agent so you can make the necessary changes to the electronic circuitry on the drawings and then he’ll get you out again. He was a pilot in the Special Operations Command during the Vietnam War. He is extremely well trained and is the best man for the job. You’ll be able to trust him implicitly with your safety. He even saved my life one time. I can personally attest to his expertise.”

Riddle told Anderson about the makeup they would use to disguise her and Stillwell to look like the ILS couple and how they would use Stillwell's son to get them into Russia as part of the foreign exchange program. Also, how they would make the switch after their arrival at the museum and get Stillwell's son back out again safe and sound.

Mary Anderson was frightened by all this. Even though Riddle had assured her that she would be in good hands, she was still scared. *More than scared; terrified is a better word for it. Our national security is at risk and they really need me. I guess there isn't much time and I'm the only one on hand who can make the changes they need to make the Soviet satellite fail.* This was to be more excitement than she had ever dreamed would come into her life. Still, it was somewhat thrilling to be called upon to take such a risk for your country's national security. Being the patriot that she is, Mary felt that she could not refuse if there was no other way this could be done and no one else to do it. Riddle told her the rest of the plan and how they would take the ILS executive's places on the diplomatic flight back home again and finally said, "Can I ask if you will help us, Mary?"

She had already made up her mind during the time he was explaining everything and said, "I don't really see that there is any other choice in the matter. I'm a little scared because I'm not trained in that kind of thing." *Yeah, right. You're not just a little scared, you're flat out scared to death!*

"Mary, you may be in some danger. I won't mislead you on that." She thought, *Great, I needed to hear that.* "The danger should be tempered by the knowledge that you'll be doing a great service for your country that only you can do, along with the man



we have picked to be your protector. He'll protect you with his very life, Mary. You'll have to submit to his every command without question if you are to be successful in this mission." Riddle took a deep breath and continued. "I think you'll like him; he's easy to get along with. He's a widower with a teenage son. He doesn't especially like the idea of using his son to set up the diversion and I can't say I blame him – hope I never have to ask him to do this again. He's been out of the service for 15 years, but hasn't changed a bit physically. He's strong as an ox and just as sharp as he ever was." Riddle chuckled and said, "I wish I could say the same for myself." After a pause, he said, "His name is Kurt Stillwell. You'll be meeting him in Washington in a couple of days, so you had better get something packed." Riddle thought again for a moment and then added, "Oh, one more thing – keep in mind that it is a bit chilly in Moscow this time of year. The temperature variance runs from 15 degrees Fahrenheit in January to 66 degrees Fahrenheit in July. Not too warm by our standards."

#### **Friday, September 14<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Dreamland**

Hackney was busy installing a micro-switch in the power unit of the thermal relay on the firing device in the satellite when Tom Crenshaw entered the work area with two men trailing behind him. The work area was a "clean room", designed so that not even a speck of dust could enter and possibly ruin any portion of the delicate work being done. Everyone in the work area had to pass through an airlock and don a surgical mask and cap along with a complete change of clothing into white coveralls and special booties they wore over their shoes. The two men with Crenshaw looked no different than anyone else in the work area. Hackney stopped what he was doing and met Crenshaw as he was

coming up the stairway to the elevated platform.

“Hi Tom, I’m just about finished with the prep on the firing device. We can begin testing on Monday if you want.”

“That’s great, Leonard. I’ll set up the underground range schedule this afternoon.” Crenshaw hesitated a moment, a pained expression on his face, “Leonard, I’d like you to come to my office; we need to talk. A personnel problem has come up that we need to deal with.”

Hackney thought there may be a problem with a member of his assembly team. “Right away, Tom.” He was a bit puzzled by the two men who were with Crenshaw but thought that they were probably some attorneys from the legal department who wanted to discuss a problem team member with him. Hackney thought, *probably that jerk, Tim Johnson. He has a drinking problem and more than likely shot his mouth off when he should have kept it shut.*

Security was always a concern and like the saying went back in the 1940s, “Loose Lips Sink Ships”, it was still a sobering thought, although now it was spaceships. Hackney descended the stairway with the three men and after they went through the air lock and changed out of the coveralls, he followed Crenshaw to his office with the other two men now wearing the suit coats trailed behind him. Once inside, Crenshaw led them to his conference room and told his secretary to hold all his calls, which was standard procedure whenever a conference was taking place. They found seats around the highly polished oak table and settled into the comfortable high-backed leather chairs. Crenshaw spoke first. “Leonard, this is Mr. Barnes and Mr. Grayson from the NSA. They’ve uncovered a security breach and need your help in correcting it.”

Hackney was now sure it was Tim Johnson, although hearing about a security breach made his stomach tighten. “No problem, gentlemen. I hope I can be of some help to you. What can I do to help you out?”

Barnes spoke first. “We have a problem with Cathy Colby, Mr. Hackney. We’ve found out that she is a KGB plant and has been using you to supply her control agent with secret information about the killer satellite.”

The statement hit Hackney so hard it was like someone had hit him in the face with a hammer. He sat bolt upright and went back against the seat and stammered, “I...I can’t believe it. That’s impossible. Cathy has worked for the research and development department for the past five years; she can’t be what you say she is!”

“I’m afraid it’s true, Mr. Hackney”, Grayson said. “Not only is she a spy, but she has used you in the process. You know full well that you are forbidden to discuss any of the work you’re engaged in. Miss Colby wouldn’t have had too much to go on with her job in the research department. She was limited to a small segment of obtaining supplies for the operation and whatever she could glean wouldn’t have been too much help to the Soviets. It was what she got from you that made the real difference. Miss Colby may be the spy, Hackney, but it is you who helped her and betrayed your country.”

Hackney’s head was reeling, he felt instantly sick and his mouth went dry. *Good Lord, I can’t breathe. My chest feels like someone is crushing it and I think I may be violently sick at any moment. I feel bile coming up from my stomach.* His entire world was crumbling right before his eyes. One moment, he was at the peak of his career with a wonderful getaway cottage in the mountains and the woman of his dreams to build his life with. The next moment, he was being told that he is a traitor and his beloved Cathy

was a Russian spy! He started to shake and in a broken and weak voice that was barely audible because he felt like he had a mouth filled with cotton said, “How...how could this have happened? I’m not a traitor. I did talk to Cathy about my job. I knew we weren’t supposed to, but I thought since she was working in the same facility I was, that it wouldn’t hurt. She was just a loving partner, hearing me out and listening to my struggles with assembly problems. Since she was in parts acquisition, I thought she could help me find alternatives to the parts I was getting that wouldn’t work in our assemblies. I didn’t even think that she understood all of what I was talking about. I know she asked me questions, but I thought it was just to help me work out my difficult problems, help me find the right parts and help me make things work better.” Hackney stared to sob and put his hands to his face and bent over shaking uncontrollably. “I can’t believe this is happening to me. I don’t know what to say.” *I can’t find the right words to make them believe that I am not a traitor! They will probably throw me in jail along with Cathy.*

Barnes spoke again. “We’ve done some intense investigation since our discovery of the Soviet control that was meeting Miss Colby and have found that her real name is Catrina Kolnikoff. She was raised right here in the United States and was a KGB plant from the moment she was born. Her parents were a product of the post World War II Communist era which was committed to planting immigrants in the United States in an effort to infiltrate the government and gain access to the emerging technology. Her parents trained her from the very start. Educating her on the Communist ideology and ingraining in her very being the thought that the capitalistic Americans had to be defeated at any cost.

She dedicated her life to Communist way of life. Her parents were very careful to

point out the vast differences between the rich and the poor in America and how this would never happen with Communism in control. She was taught that everyone would be treated equally under the stronger form of Communism that would emerge with her help. Cathy never visited her beloved homeland because it was forbidden and could blow the entire plan. Even one trip could have ruined her chances for entering into the most secure of government agencies. Her parents were immigrants and they taught her that their total commitment to the life-long plan was to appear to be complete and totally loyal Americans. They told her that it hurt them deeply to give up ever seeing their homeland again and becoming American citizens themselves, but to them the pain was well worth it to help the motherland achieve its goal in changing the entire world to the Communist doctrine. She accepted what her parents taught her with all her heart and she grew up being the perfect citizen. After her acceptance into government employment she worked very carefully with her control agent and was never caught in her many contacts with him...until a few weeks ago.”

Hackney looked at the two men through tear-filled eyes, still shaking uncontrollably and said, “How did you find out so much about her in so short a time span?”

“Nice to see that you’re still thinking, Hackney”, Grayson said. “We knew information was leaking out for some time now. Every person working in sensitive areas of this facility has been under surveillance for several months. We were watching those in authority even closer, such as yourself. When you started a relationship with one of the most attractive women in the plant, it made us take notice right away. I’m not trying to insult you, Hackney, but it did seem odd to us that she would take to you instead of so

many other men. Especially since you were working on highly sensitive equipment.”

Hackney felt a little humiliated by that comment, but knew in his heart that Grayson was right. He wasn't exactly the kind of man that women sought after. Grayson continued, “We started tracking her movements as well as yours. When we saw Miss Colby meeting with another man we didn't know, we started tracking him too. We found out that he is a KGB control agent through our contacts in the CIA in Moscow. Some deeper digging found another deep plant in our own agency. One of our long-time and very trusted employees had somehow buried the background information on Catrina Kolnikoff, A.K.A. Cathy Colby. He will be on trial for treason very soon. He's now awaiting his trial in Leavenworth, Kansas. He gave us information that led us to her parents who confessed to save their daughter some prison time. They will also be facing prison time. You see, Hackney, we move fast when we find holes in our system. Unfortunately, we seem to be finding too many lately.”

Barnes said, “Look Hackney, maybe we can still salvage some of the program if we work hard at it. It will mean that you will have to cooperate with us. Maybe we can get you off with a lighter sentence and you can see the light of day again before you're too old. We need you to continue to talk about your job the way you have been with your girlfriend, only this time it will be with information we give you. Do you think you can handle it Hackney?”

Hackney looked at him and between sobs said, “I must, Mr. Barnes. I'm not a traitor by intent. I'm a victim, I guess. I was stupid, but I'm still a victim. I'll do whatever you tell me.” Crenshaw got up and went around the table to where Hackney was sitting and placed his hand on Hackney's shoulder in a fatherly gesture.

“Leonard, I’m real sorry that this has happened to you. You’ve been such a wonderful engineer. Years and years of dedicated service. I hope they take this into account. Why don’t you stay here in my office for a while? You need the time to pull yourself together.”

“Tom, Cathy and I were supposed to go back up to our cottage in Paradise Valley this weekend. What will I do now?”

Crenshaw looked at the two men sitting across from Hackney. Grayson said, “Nothing for now, Hackney. We’ll work on some misinformation we want you to start feeding her, but for this weekend just act as if nothing were any different. You’ll have to act as a double agent for a while. What happens to you after that will depend on how successful you are at helping us. We’ll be watching you very carefully, so don’t let on to Miss Colby. You understand the need to be watched, I’m sure. We can’t risk the both of you disappearing on us. The Soviets might take you in, but I doubt it. They don’t look upon traitors with any more compassion than we do. The best thing you can do now is try to salvage some of the rest of your life.”

Hackney’s hands were shaking so badly, he had to try several times before he was able to get the key into the car door. *I’ve got to stop shaking, Cathy will know something is wrong*, he thought. He drove through the side gate and pulled up to the front entrance where Cathy was waiting for him at curbside. Standing there in a beige-colored knit miniskirt and soft white chiffon blouse, she looked like she should be on the cover of a magazine. He pulled to the curb and Cathy got in. She leaned over to give Hackney a kiss on the cheek and squeezed his thigh with her right hand. “Hi, honey. What a week!

I'm glad it's Friday 'cause I've been looking forward to this weekend all week."

Hackney pulled out from the curb amidst the admiring stares of some of the men who were exiting the building.

Hackney was quiet on the way out to the highway and Cathy picked up on it.

"What's the matter, Hon? You seem upset about something."

Hackney was afraid to look at her because he felt he would come completely apart and tell her everything. He continued to look straight ahead. "One of the men fell off of the scaffold in the clean room and broke his arm. It kind of upset me because I had warned him about his carelessness for some time now and I'm sure Crenshaw will hold me responsible." *Making up lies is going to be easy for you, isn't it Leonard? This whole thing stinks. I'll have to keep on lying and give her false information to take back to her KGB control agent. It makes me want to throw up. What a fool I've been. My heart is broken and I have betrayed my country.*

"I'm sorry, honey. You've had a real bad day. You'll feel better once we get to the chalet. I'll take your mind off it, wait and see." She put her left arm across the seat back and gently stroked the back of his neck and ran her fingers up through the back of his hair. It was always so soothing to him and she knew it. It did seem to relax him a bit as he turned onto the entrance ramp to the highway and headed north. They drove on for another twenty minutes in silence, Cathy allowing him time to himself. She withdrew her arm and let him concentrate on his driving. Cathy felt a bit drowsy with the evening sun beaming through the side windows and set the passenger seat into the recline position and closed her eyes. In another ten minutes, she was fast asleep.

*How could I have been such an idiot? The one thing they teach us to be wary of*



*the most is exactly what I fell for...sex and the need for a woman's love. At least it seemed like love. How could Cathy have done this to me? I gave her all my love. I thought she loved me too. No, that wasn't it. She was using me to get the information she needed for the KGB. All that stuff about loving me was only so she could get what she wanted out of me. I suppose she would have dumped me when she finally got all of the information they needed. It wasn't love at all. She was just doing a job for her Soviet pals. That's all I am, just an assignment. What a complete and utter fool I've been. He tried to reason out the blame in his head while driving. I know it wasn't my entire fault. Someone hired her. It wasn't me. She worked for our government, for crying out loud.*

Hackney stole a glance over in her direction. Cathy looked so innocent, enjoying the time to rest on the ride to their chalet in northern Nevada. Her skirt was hiked up a little farther than it normally would be, but she didn't try to push it down when she reclined. It showed off her long beautiful legs. Her full breasts rising with each breath, straining against the sheer blouse. Hackney felt a stirring within him at the sight of her. So beautiful and now so deadly to his country. *My beautiful angel from Heaven. No wonder I was such a fool. She would drive any man crazy with that body and her cute bubbly personality. All of it a lie! She's the best actress of all time! Now my parents will be forever shamed. No longer able to meet their neighbor's eyes. A traitor for a son. I've disgraced them as well as my country and myself.*

Hackney increased his speed on the highway, not even aware that he was already 25 miles per hour over the legal limit of 55. *What will they do with Cathy after this is over? Lock her up forever? Trade her off for some agent of ours that was caught in Russia? I can't believe this is happening to me.* Tears started to flow down his cheeks

once again and it felt like an iron fist was squeezing his heart to the bursting point. *I had no idea whatsoever that Cathy was using me. I feel like she has put a knife into my heart.* This brought on even more sobbing and greater pressure on the accelerator. *They'll never let me out of jail. Even if they do, what kind of a life would a convicted traitor have? I can't take this. Maybe my family will be left alone and suffer less disgrace if I end my life now. My career is over and so is my life. My angel has killed me.*

In that instant, through blurred vision, he spotted the big rig with its piggyback trailers heading down the freeway in the opposite direction. He increased his speed to over 100 miles and hour and headed on an angle across the grass median toward the rig. The driver saw him coming and made a violent maneuver to avoid hitting the car head on. The move made the cab skew to the right with the first trailer swaying wildly behind. The second trailer was even more violent in following the first trailer. The trailer's coupling couldn't take the severe torque placed on it and snapped off. The trailer then continued to topple to the left and landed in a skid on its side and headed for Hackney who was in turn aiming straight for it. Cathy woke up with the bouncing that was caused by the run across the median and sat up just in time to see the trailer they were heading for. She let out a terrified scream that was cut short by the thunderous impact. The car, which was traveling at over 120 miles per hour on impact, imbedded itself into the trailer and folded up like an accordion. The drivers of the vehicles on the other side of the highway in the direction Hackney was originally headed were horrified at the sight. They began pulling off into the median to see if they could help. The driver of the big rig had miraculously straightened up his rig without losing the first trailer and came to a stop a hundred yards down the highway; climbed down from his cab and ran back to see if he

could help. No one else was hurt. It took fifteen hours for the emergency crews to extract Leonard and Cathy's mangled bodies from the wreck. The headlines in the next day's paper read: "DRIVER FALLS ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL; CRASH CAUSES FREEWAY TIE-UP FOR HOURS."

## **CHAPTER THREE**

**Saturday, September 15<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Las Vegas**

As Anderson packed her bags, she couldn't help but wonder about this man she was supposed to entrust with her life. Riddle had briefly described him as a widower with one son, but not much else. Since her divorce five years ago from a dominating husband, she hadn't spent much time dating. She just couldn't seem to find the right man to fit into her life. None of the repeat dates she had ever lasted more than three as the chemistry just wasn't there. It wasn't that she hadn't tried. She was a woman who needed a man to love and be loved. Her heart was aching to find the right one to complete her life. *Now, here I am being asked to play pretend wife to a man I have never met and follow his every instruction to keep me safe in a dangerous project. That is weird to say the least!*

Anderson met Riddle at the airport in Las Vegas. The terminal was busy with those who were on their way in to see if they could make their fortune at the world famous casinos and those who were on their way out having found that their fortune wasn't here. They had first class seats on a flight to Dulles International. From there they would go directly to the NSA facility in Northern Virginia and meet with Kurt

Stillwell who was on his way up from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida with his son.

The flight was uneventful, conversation limited to small talk, although Anderson did manage to get some more information out of Riddle on Stillwell. He described him as being six-foot one-inch tall, light brown hair and sky-blue eyes. He was muscular and according to Riddle, very handsome. Her heart pounded every time she thought about meeting Stillwell.

They landed at Dulles International in the early afternoon where they were met by a driver from the National Security Agency who drove them to the NSA headquarters near Langley, Virginia. Once in the car, Mary turned to Riddle and said, “I still can’t believe what happened to Leonard Hackney and Cathy Colby. Leonard was such a nice man, always so helpful, and after he met Cathy he seemed to be even nicer. Always so cheerful – and Cathy, such a sweet girl, bubbly personality and she completely adored Leonard, at least that’s the way it seemed. I just can’t imagine her being a spy, it just blows me away. What a horrible way to die. I know the papers said that Leonard fell asleep at the wheel, but I can’t help wondering if it wasn’t suicide.”

“Cathy Colby was totally dedicated to her mission, Mary. She led two lives. The life with Leonard Hackney was just a part of her mission and she was extremely well trained. That’s the kind of people we’re dealing with.” Mary visibly shuddered.

Upon arrival, Riddle led Anderson straight to the conference room where Stillwell was waiting with his son. Riddle walked through the door first and Stillwell got up from his seat at the table to greet them. Riddle noticed Stillwell do a double take when Mary followed him through the door and Riddle smiled to himself. Mary Anderson was dressed in a light blue business suit, which enhanced her blue eyes and short blonde

hair. Stillwell could readily see that there was more under that suit than met the eye. Her skirt was cut three inches above the knee. She carried herself with confidence and the air of someone who had a lot of class, he thought. “Hope you haven’t been waiting too long Kurt, we came straight from Dulles.”

“Actually, no Bob, we’ve been here about fifteen minutes. Your secretary has been entertaining my son with stories about how much of a slave driver you are and how your mommy dresses you funny.” Everyone laughed and Stillwell then turned to Mary, “Bob Riddle has no manners to speak of, so I’ll introduce myself. I’m Kurt Stillwell.” He put out his hand and Mary smiled at his humor, picked up on it, winked and shook his hand. *Oh my gosh! Why did I wink at him? He must think I’m a brazen hussy. What is the matter with you, Mary? My heart is pounding so hard it feels like it will come right out of me. Oh rats! What a way to meet him. The professional engineer winking at a total stranger. I can’t believe I just did that. I’m so nervous I’m shaking! He’s even more handsome than Bob Riddle said he was. What a hunk! I think I’m coming apart at the seams. Instant attraction isn’t even a word for it. His name should be McDreamy, not Stillwell.*

Stillwell, of course, didn’t notice anything about Mary except that she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever laid eyes on. Her eyes seemed to sparkle when she put out her hand to shake his. His hand was warm and she could feel the strength in it, even though he only held her hand lightly. She felt a tingly sensation as they made contact, which only made her breath seem non-existent. Stillwell was put at ease by her winking at him and thought only that she was going along with his humor at Riddle’s expense.

Anderson thought that she should at least continue the humor and said, “Hi Kurt, I’m Mary Anderson. I understand we’re married with a very handsome son named Brian. It’s nice to meet you. Sorry I can’t explain how we seemed to raise him without ever having met before. Bob Riddle sure works wonders, doesn’t he?” She let go of his hand slowly, not really wanting to let go and then turned to Brian and said, “Hi Brian, I’m very pleased to meet you.” Brian was already standing like the gentleman his dad had raised him to be. He shook her hand and knew that he liked her right away. She seemed to have a great sense of humor and she seemed to like what she saw in his dad. Even as an early teenager, Brian could see the instant attraction between them.

“Okay, now that you’ve had your fun at my expense, I guess I don’t have to do the introductions.” They all laughed again and sat down at the conference table so Riddle could give them the outline of the plan for getting them into Moscow and how Brian would be whisked off to safety away from the Pushkin Art Museum. After a brief run-down on timing and the importance of secrecy, Riddle told Brian how his dad and Mary Anderson would be made up to look like the ILS executives. He told him that his dad had a very important mission to accomplish and that Mary Anderson would be joining him on it. He was part of the cover to get Mary and his dad into Russia. He didn’t need to know more than that and he knew his dad well enough not to ask.

Riddle took Brian out to his white-haired secretary who would take him on a cook’s tour of the building and get him settled into their room in a special wing of the headquarters where they would all stay until the time was right for their departure to Moscow. They were assigned to a three-room suite with all three bedrooms opening on a living area. It was just like being in a three-bedroom apartment. There were video games

waiting for Brian in the living room area to keep him occupied and he was given free access to the indoor pool and exercise rooms. The suite of rooms was at the rear of the main building on the second level with a wrap-around balcony to which all three rooms opened onto. The suite overlooked a wide lawn with shrubs and walkways and there were no other buildings visible from the vantage point with a wooded area about 50 yards away. What they could not see was that another 30 feet beyond the tree line was a 15-foot fence laced with razor wire and topped with motion sensors and cameras to alert security of any intruders. This was a “safe house” for the National Security Agency. Unlike the CIA and FBI who kept their safe houses far from their headquarters, the NSA figured the best place to keep someone safe was at their own facility.

While Riddle and Brian were gone, Mary Anderson and Stillwell got to know each other a little better. “Mary, I understand that you’re primarily responsible for a good portion of the electronic workings of the killer satellite. Too complicated for me, so I’m glad someone else has to recognize the plans and make the changes and not me.”

“She laughed lightly and then said, “I do have a part in the design, although it’s only the triggering device. I think this satellite is the greatest breakthrough we’ve ever had in our defense program. I only hope we can get our mobile targeting capability operational before the Soviets get one up. Since they’ve stolen so much of our technology, we seem to be at risk of losing everything to them if we don’t act fast from what Bob Riddle tells me.” *I don’t want to talk about the satellite right now. I want to get to know you. My heart is fluttering and I’m nervous just being next to you. I hope it doesn’t show. I feel light-headed in a way that I haven’t felt in a long time.* He was an extremely handsome man who had a baritone voice that sent goose bumps up her spine



when he talked to her. She had to look up at him as he stood six-feet, one-inch tall and she was five-foot four-inches tall. Strong features and beautiful sky blue eyes that seemed to sparkle when he looked at her. *Was he feeling the same stirrings? What was this instant attraction to him? Is it purely physical or is it something else? His voice; the way he carries himself? I have never felt this kind of emotion for a man in my life. Not even with my ex-husband.* She snapped back from her thoughts when he spoke.

“Bob is right, Mary. There’s a big difference between our philosophies. We develop weapons to maintain peace and they develop, or steal as the case may be, weapons to dominate and force their way of life on others. Bob told me that since Hackney and his girlfriend were killed in that crash, we’ve lost our ability to feed the misinformation we had hoped for. This was supposed to be a two-pronged effort. The NSA feeding false information and you making other changes that would ensure complete failure of their satellite when Miss Colby was fed the wrong information that you would have cooked up. We need to get to those plans and alter them now more than ever.” *While I’m trying to be formal about what we are expected to do, I’m feeling a bit light-headed talking to this beautiful woman. Damn! I thought female engineers were supposed to be plain with horn-rimmed glasses inserted with coke bottle lenses. She blows away that theory in a heartbeat. I hope I’m not going to be at a loss for words or start mumbling like an idiot! It’s very difficult to look at this soft, warm pretty lady as just an electrical engineer and keep my composure. She has a flawless complexion and I feel like I could just melt into those beautiful eyes.*

“Tom Crenshaw is working on the design flaws that will foul up their targeting and firing solutions and will be sending it to me by way of an SR 71 Blackbird from the

testing center just before we leave on Monday. The changes are so subtle that only he and I would know the difference and that is because we designed the devices from the start. I just hope we can get in to make the changes. The reason he is sending them by a mach-three aircraft is that he does not trust the encryption on some computers.”

*Her voice is so sexy and sweet, I'm having trouble concentrating.* “I hope we can make the changes too, Mary. Bob Riddle has some contacts in Moscow. Hopefully, one of the people the CIA has been working with will be able to get us into the right lab. They’re going to offer a new life in the United States for this man if he can successfully help us. They’ll find a new identity for him similar to the witness protection program. If it works and we stay out in front of the Soviets, it’ll be worth every penny it costs to do it as far as I’m concerned.”

Riddle stuck his head through the door of the conference room and said, “Looks like my secretary and your son have really hit it off, Kurt. She wants to spend a little time with him at dinner and then watch a video with him in the suite, if that’s okay with you. Seems like her maternal instincts are working overtime.”

“No problem here, Bob. Tell them we’ll join them for dinner and thanks for the opportunity you’ve just given me to invite this lovely lady to dine with me.” *I can't believe I've just said that! She must think I'm going to be hitting on her. How tacky can you get, Kurt? She must have heard thousands of one-liners in her day. You've probably blown it with her already!*

“Good idea, Kurt. You two can get to know each other better this way.”

To Stillwell’s surprise, Anderson said, “I accept your offer of dinner, Kurt. I am getting kind of hungry, come to think of it. The airline cookies just don’t do much for

you, do they?" Anderson found herself attracted to this man already. *He called me a lovely lady. He must like what he sees, or he wouldn't have said that. That's encouraging, because I find that I am drawn to this charming, handsome man by the minute. I hope I can maintain a professional manner in this. I just can't let him know that I am so attracted to him. Although we are supposed to play husband and wife, I can't let this go too far. This is serious business and I can't let my personal feelings flare up in this. It could ruin the whole program. I've got to get a grip on my personal emotions!*

Things were coming to life that hadn't stirred in Mary Anderson for quite some time. His strong, rugged features were making her nervous inside. His light sense of humor was attractive and he exuded some sense of being well educated in his mannerisms. He seemed to be confident in himself and carried himself in a way that showed inner strength. She like those qualities and she wanted to find out more about him.

They both went to the suite they were sharing and Anderson went to change in her room while Kurt took the time to shave the five o'clock shadow from his face and make a quick change of clothing.

Anderson met Stillwell in the living area of the suite twenty minutes later. Stillwell had to keep himself from gaping at her. His eyes must have given him away for she smiled at his reaction. She was wearing a light yellow floral print chiffon dress that allowed a filtered view of her legs when she walked past the table lamp. A matching belt cinched tightly around a very tiny waist. The plunging neckline gave him a glimpse of beautifully rounded breasts that were caressed by a yellow lace bra peeking out from an

angle as she bent down to get her purse on the end table. Stillwell knew he was gawking, but couldn't seem to help himself. *What a magnificent body. She's put together like a Playboy Playmate and would look fabulous on the cover of any magazine. She's the most beautiful woman I have seen in years.*

"That's a beautiful dress, Mary, but it may be a bit chilly in Moscow for it though" he grinned.

"I don't get much opportunity to dress up in my work, Kurt and I kind of like having the opportunity to do so, and it makes me feel and look more feminine." *Besides, can't you see that I wore it just for you? I saw your reaction and it makes me feel wonderful! I even put on my favorite Victoria's Secret Heavenly Angels perfume for you.*

"You'll get no argument from me there." *If she wore that outfit just to turn me on, she's accomplished her goal. I can't take my eyes off her and my testosterone is working overtime. She is absolutely stunning in that dress. Tiny waist and full breasts and perfect legs are giving me a real shortage of breath and I feel a stirring down below just looking at her.* "Shall we find out what kind of a chef this place has?" With that, he offered her his arm and they left the suite for the dining room. Just the light touch of her hand on his arm sent a warm pulse throughout his body. Her perfume was intoxicating.

They met Brian in the dining room. He was already seated and in animated conversation with Mrs. Clancy, Bob Riddle's secretary. Brian got up as his dad and Mary Anderson walked up to the table, her arm through his. Brian gave his dad an approving smile. "Nice looking couple, Mrs. Clancy, do we know these people?" Anderson could readily see the sense of humor reflected from father to son. "Dad, you wouldn't believe how much Mrs. Clancy knows about classic cars!"

Mrs. Clancy smiled. “My husband doesn’t talk about anything else and that’s how I learn. I guess it kind of grew on me; having such an enthusiast for a husband. Brian seems to be well up on classic cars.”

“Act interested enough and he’ll talk you to death about what he wants in an old classic muscle car from the 70’s Mrs. Clancy. Every father should have a son like Brian. He’s the apple of my eye.”

“It shows, Mr. Stillwell. He’s a fine young man. Perhaps when this task you are about to embark on is finished, my husband can show Brian his collection of classic cars. Actually, when Brian returns from Moscow, John and I would love to have him stay with us for a few days until you return. That is if it’s okay with you? You see, we never had any children and it would just thrill us to have him stay for a few days.”

Brian said, “Cool!” Stillwell knew Bob Riddle must have had something to do with that. He wanted Stillwell to be able to function without the stress of having to worry about his son and his well-being.

“That sounds fine to me, Mrs. Clancy. I gather from the comment Brian just made is that he thinks its fine too.” After dinner Mrs. Clancy went to watch a movie with Brian in the suite before she would head home while Stillwell and Anderson went for a walk on the secure grounds.

It was an ‘Indian Summer’ evening in the northern Virginia suburb of Washington and the air was calm, making an evening walk without a coat a pleasure. The grounds were softly lit with shaded ground-type lawn lamps except for the perimeter beyond the tree line, which was well lit outside the fence. There was an open corridor from the fence line for about thirty feet before it became the wooded again. It was a fortress on the outer

perimeter and an estate on the inside. The inner bank of trees and shrubs served as a break so that there wouldn't be the feeling of constraint from the heavily guarded fence line.

Stillwell stopped at a gazebo in the garden area that was used by the NSA employees at lunchtime to relax and enjoy the serene setting. He and Mary Anderson sat down side by side and talked. Stillwell put his arm over the back of the bench around Anderson and spoke casually. "If I'm not intruding and please do not hesitate to tell me if I am, Mary. Do you have someone waiting for you out in Nevada?" He already suspected as much, but he was very attracted to her and wanted to know.

"You're not intruding and no, I don't have anyone waiting for me. I've been single for a while now. I just don't seem to have time for a relationship and I guess my work has become my first life." *You have no idea how much I wanted you to ask that question, big guy. I want you to hold me in your arms, but I just can't figure out how to get you to do that. If you're attracted enough to me, maybe you'll take care of that wish for me soon.*

"You said you're single now. I assume you were married before?"

"I was married a long time ago, but Sam just couldn't seem to adjust to my long hours and became increasingly jealous of my work. He was a very nice husband for the most part, but he was too demanding. He wanted me to quit my work and become a nice little housewife and raise many children for him. Sam divorced me when I couldn't make the change he wanted so quickly. He wanted a 'Trophy Wife', if you will. Like the ones you see in that movie, 'The Stepford Wives.' Don't get me wrong, I love children and by the way, I think you are very lucky to have the fine son you do. I know it takes a lot of

time to raise children and I just couldn't give up the work I loved to raise children at that point in my life and Sam didn't want to wait. At least I wasn't ready when Sam was. I thought I might be ready someday, but I kept putting it off. That's how I lost out on a family and deep down inside, I regret that. I guess, in a way, I missed out on something special in life. Now I'm in my mid-thirties and I think my biological clock has just about run out on me. I've heard of some women who have had babies as late as their early forties, but the chances of not having complications are very slim. Still, I can't say I regret it entirely. I've had a rewarding career. It was a tough choice, but I have to live with it now."

Kurt wanted to know if she had any men she was interested in and thought he might as well come right out with his thoughts, so he said, "Forgive me for being so bold Mary, but a pretty lady like you must get a lot of date offers. I'll bet your phone rings off the hook!"

*She gave him a glance with a cute smile. I'm glad you asked. I like that you called me a pretty lady. It means that you are physically attracted to me and Heaven knows I'm attracted to you. I want to know more about you too. My heart is beating faster right now. I feel like a schoolgirl meeting the captain of the football team!*

"Thanks for the compliment, Kurt. I really don't feel like the right man has come along yet. Maybe someday I can think more about my personal life, but right now I'm completely wrapped up in my work and with this strange assignment before us, I'm not quite able to focus on that part of my life." *You big liar! You're attracted to this man and your heart is beating faster by the minute. Keep up that kind of talk and he'll lose interest.*

“I’m sorry to hear that. I’ve always believed that women have a right to a rewarding career and should be allowed to have a wonderful personal life as well. I guess it’s hard for you to focus on outside interests with all that’s happened.”

*Rats! He’s losing interest. You better get this turned around, sweetie. Let him know that the door is still open!* “That’s not quite what I wanted to get across, Kurt. It isn’t that I don’t want someone in my life, it’s just that the men I’ve met so far have been self-centered and wrapped up in their own careers. They always seem to have a lopsided view of careers. Certainly not the way you’ve mentioned. I wish I could meet someone who understands my career goals. I think men and women can have separate careers and still have a successful life together. I just haven’t had that happen to me yet.”

Kurt saw that she was leaving the door open so he could pursue this further. “Well, maybe you haven’t met the right man yet, Mary. I think many men and women miss out on life with narrow-minded thinking. If they meet someone they really like, they should let things take a natural course. I mean, I think it could work to their advantage. They would have each other to lean on and share their thoughts with. They can give each other emotional support, even if they know nothing about their partner’s career. Support doesn’t mean that you have to know everything about the other person’s job. It comes from the heart. It means having someone to share your struggles and triumphs with. That kind of thing is invaluable in a relationship. It creates a bond that goes real deep if you let it. If men and women in the professional world only understood that they can each have rewarding careers without conflict it would go a long way to more rewarding union. I have enough confidence in myself so that I’m not threatened and feel the macho need to be the sole breadwinner. That’s antiquated thinking in many



men, if you ask me.”

Anderson was beginning to like him more with each thought they shared. She thought she could continue with more personal probes. “Kurt, I was very sorry to hear that you lost your wife in a tragic traffic accident four years ago. You must be finding it difficult to start over again. I’m well aware that finding the right person to share your life with isn’t easy.”

“I missed Susan terribly for the first two years after the accident. We were a perfect match. She had a wonderful career as an executive assistant to the president of a large automotive firm while I was deep into my career in property management. We supported each other completely. She was a great mother and a wonderful, loving partner. I ached for a while after she was killed in that accident, but I also realized as time went on that I had a son to take care of and I needed to focus on him. I couldn’t spend all my time grieving, as it would only damage him emotionally. With time, I managed to find closure on that chapter in my life.”

“Brian has told me that I should get on with my life and start dating again. He wants me to be happy again and I understand that. He’s far more mature than one might guess for someone his age.” His mind flashed back to the warm smile Brian gave him when he saw Mary come into the dining room with her arm through his. “This time away from the condominium is the most time off I’ve taken in years. I guess they can do without me for a week though.”

The more Mary listened to Kurt, the more she was drawn to him. He was obviously a good father and the kind of man that other men looked up to. A gentleman, and yet he had a rugged nature about him at the same time that was somehow inviting

enough to light a spark in her; something that she hadn't experienced for a long time.

They walked and talked for another two hours undisturbed in the meandering paths around the center finding that they were being drawn to each other. By the end of the two hours they knew quite a bit about where each of them had come from and their family ties. Finally, Mary stopped walking. "I guess we'd better go inside, I'm getting a bit chilly." She rubbed her upper arms.

Kurt wanted to take her in his arms and hold her. Here was a beautiful woman who he felt he could bond with in every way. He quickly took off his jacket and put it around her shoulders. "I guess you're right. I should have offered you my jacket much sooner."

She could feel the warmth of his body inside the jacket and it gave her a delicious sense of being hugged by him.

"I have to admit something Mary. I haven't had such a wonderful time just talking with a woman in a long while. Here we are just walking and talking and I feel lifted up in spirits in a way I just can't put into words. When this is all over, I'd like to get to know you better. Would you be open to me calling you?" *I hope I'm not pushing this too far. She may think I'm just hitting on her, but I can't seem to help myself.*

Her heart leaped. *That's exactly what I wanted to hear!* She smiled warmly and her blue eyes twinkled. "I'd like that very much, Kurt. Please do."

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

**Sunday evening, September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland**

Arthur and Margaret Cantrell sat side by side on the diplomatic flight from Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, D.C. The big DC-10 spooled up and the chocks were pulled. As they taxied out to the active runway, Margaret squirmed in her seat. “Arthur, I hate these seat belts, must they always make them so tight?”

Cantrell turned to his wife of 20 years and said, “Honey, relax. The belt is the same for everyone. You and I have just filled out a little and I’m finding it just as uncomfortable as you. We’ll be able to take them off as soon as we level off.” He knew she was uncomfortable about all this spy stuff, even though they weren’t actually doing any spying. Maggie just didn’t like the idea of the government using a young boy in the scheme to get the two people into Russia. The NSA agents didn’t tell them very much at all. They said it was a “need to know” thing. They were assured that neither they nor the boy would be in any danger whatsoever. It was just a very slick way of getting two special agents into Russia to correct something that had gone wrong in one of the many “sensitive” programs that they heard rumors of from time to time. The less they knew, the better for them, as far as Arthur Cantrell was concerned.

“Arthur, I’m glad we can help out in some small way. Those NSA men said the

tour group with the students from the State Department exchange program would arrive at the museum just after we do. Won't that be risky with two other people made up to look just like you and I?"

"Not really, Honey. The two people who are the supposed parents of our 'son' will conveniently leave the group to visit the rest rooms. We'll be in there a couple of minutes before them. There are agents who will be placed outside the rest rooms who will quickly place "Closed for Cleaning" signs on the doors while they make a fast change out of the outfits that make them look like us. We aren't even supposed to talk to them. We just stay in a booth until they tell us to leave and then go out and join the tour group as though nothing was any different other than visiting the rest room. The whole process shouldn't take more than five minutes, I'm told." Maggie squirmed again and looked forward to getting out of the seat and making a trip to the galley. She had heard that they served terrific dinners on the diplomatic flights and wanted a look at what the stewards were going to serve for the evening meal.

### **Monday morning, September 17<sup>th</sup>, 1984 – Moscow**

Victor Panin kissed his mother and went out to his old car to make his way to the weekly briefing at the Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute before boarding the flight from the nearby Central Airfield to the Cosmodrome. Panin was a brilliant young man. He was always at the top of his class in the university and because of this was handpicked to work in the space program. Also fluent in English, he could speak and write it as though he were born and raised in America. He became a key factor in disseminating the complex diagrams that were brought to them by the KGB.

Victor Panin started out as many of the young people did in Russia; patriotism ran strong in the schooling they received. Unfortunately for his instructors, Panin had the wherewithal to see through the Communist doctrine. The equality factor was just a lot of bunk to him. Corruption ran rampant throughout the government – those who were high on the Communist political ladder were well off, but the working class was constantly struggling to find the next meal. The long lines his mother had to stand in to get stale bread and scraps of meat were a joke in the western world. Hard work didn't pay off in Russia, political power did. He hated it and with each passing day he became convinced that he was wasting his life working for the Communist system, as it was a dismal failure. Communism had struck out in every place it was tried. Panin thought, *Just look at that sot Castro. The big brave new world for his people was a twenty-five year joke. Cuba was starving now and if Castro hadn't been successful in his coup, the Cuban people might have worked their way out of the dictatorial regimes and moved toward a republic like the United States. The lucky ones made it out of Cuba and were living in the southern United States and sometimes were able to send help to their families left behind, but not often.*

Communism was a failure everywhere as far as Victor Panin was concerned. It had ruined his beloved Russia and would ruin any other country that embraced its doctrine.

That's what made him a target for the CIA. The promise that he might someday be made an offer of freedom in the United States and a chance to make something of himself, as he knew he could if given the chance. The information he could provide to his control agent would have to be something extremely valuable for him to get that kind

of offer and he knew it. The small pieces of information he was able to pass on so far didn't amount to much. The money helped to buy more food and a nice coat for his mother. His success in the next few days could earn him a new life in America. Panin knew that he couldn't help his mother by staying in Russia. She was old and often talked of going to live with her sister in Irkutsk in Siberia, just north of Mongolia if only she could know that her son Victor could manage without her. He had tried on many occasions to convince her to take the train and go live with her sister. Since his father died, she had been very lonely. Victor couldn't give his mother much time because his work was so demanding although he tried hard to spend as much time with her as he could. He'd saved enough for the train fare for her and had tried to talk her into going to Irkutsk. She just wouldn't go and leave her dear son. He would have to find a way to convince her.

His only real regret was that he would be leaving his girlfriend Vicky behind. He loved her dearly and spent most of his weekends off with her. His mother was very pleased with Vicky and she encouraged their relationship; she wanted grandchildren and soon.

His control agent promised him a new home and a new identity for his help and he dearly wanted to go to America. His control said they would be willing to give him this passage to freedom for his help in getting two agents into the Cosmodrome and altering the prints they were working on following the directions of the engineer they were sending in.

**Monday morning, September 17, 1984 – Moscow Office of the KGB (Komitet**

**Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti; Russian for “Committee for State Security”)**

“Major Boshnikoff, I’ve summoned you for a very sensitive assignment. As you know, our technicians have been feverishly working on the new satellite that will be the antithesis of the American killer satellite. We must not lose the race to gain supremacy of near space. The Rodina and our entire existence are dependent upon it. Our lifetime plant in America has been eliminated in an auto accident and we no longer have a supply of plans from which to construct our own version of their killer satellite. The last set of plans we received are in the process of being interpreted and we need more time. We need to find a way to sabotage the American satellite to slow them down so we will have the advantage. We have agents working on that possibility, but the reason I have called you here today is for something that I think you will be best suited for. I need you to find a leak on our own team. I’ve been told that one of the workers assigned from the Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute is suspected of being an agent for the CIA. Find out who it is major and if there is more than one of them; after you have interrogated them, kill them.”

“Yes, Colonel Vashti. I will not fail you. We will use the full resources of the Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti.”

“That is just what I don’t want, Igor Boshnikoff. I don’t want you to go in like “gangbusters” as the Americans are so fond of saying. I want you to visit the project manager at the Institute who will fill you in on how they are working the project. You will go in as a regional quality control inspector. Do it right, Major Igor Boshnikoff. General Balkon will not accept failure from this office. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, comrade colonel. Very clear.” Boshnikoff knew of the legendary general.

His rise to power as head of the KGB or Committee for State Security that had left a trail of bodies and missing comrades spoke for itself. To upset the general was to end a career and possibly end a life as well.

**Monday morning, September 17, 1984 – NSA Headquarters in Langley, Virginia**

The special makeup artists had done an outstanding job in the remake of Mary Anderson and Kurt Stillwell. The material used was of the very latest in Hollywood technology. It was very lightweight and breathable so that it could be worn for 48 hours without harming the skin of the person wearing it. Brian thought it was great fun and fell into the part of the deception with a serious attitude. It was a challenge for him to carry out his portion of the assignment so that his dad and Mary Anderson could get into Russia and then break away for their mysterious job. Brian took this as a chance to show his dad just how much he could be trusted as an adult and Kurt and Mary were amazed at the maturity shown by him.

Bob Riddle was going over the final arrangements with Anderson and Stillwell in his office just prior to their departure for Dulles International Airport and their flight to Moscow on the Concorde. “I’ll be darned if you two don’t look just like the ILS executive and his wife! Turning Mary into a matronly mother of a young teenager was quite a feat for the makeup artists.”

“I’m just glad I don’t have to wear this outfit beyond tomorrow afternoon, Bob. You have no idea how uncomfortable all this extra padding is. Now I know just how uncomfortable the Disney characters get who play the part of the cartoon animals in Disney World must feel!”



“Hey, don’t complain too much, Stillwell said. They had to put an extra forty pounds on me too! I feel like a beached whale.”

Mary poked Kurt in the ample stomach they had created for him and said, “Well at least you just have all that foam strapped around your waist. It can’t be too bad for you. With me they had to push my breasts up and add some more padding under them to make them look like a couple of 44 double Ds and then added more padding for the oversized waistline. It looks like Mrs. Cantrell lived for the fatty food. That coupled with the lack of exercise Mrs. Cantrell has experienced over the years has given her a huge body!”

Riddle burst out in laughter. “I can’t believe you two. Here you are entering into an extremely dangerous mission for the both of you and you joke about it.”

Kurt said, “Just because your mommy never gave you a sense of humor Bob, is no reason for you to pick on us old folks. Have some respect. We’ve just lost our hard earned bodies and have gained a sobering look at what we might look like if we were not concerned about our health. Besides, it helps us divert some of the tension of the mission.”

It just made Riddle laugh all that much harder. He put up his hands and said, “Okay, Kurt, I give up. You two make a great pair. Just don’t let Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell hear you talk like that.”

“Not a problem, Bob. We’ll only be near them for a few minutes and won’t have time to exchange pleasantries. We slip out of the museum as they join the tour group. It was very patriotic of them to help us out though. I hope Brian can fake the sickness well enough to get out of there without suspicion.”

The staff driver came into the office and said that Brian was ready and that the Concord would be ready to take off just after their arrival at Dulles. They had to start right away, however, if they were to make it on time. Stillwell and Anderson joined his son in the special NSA staff car that was made to look like any other Washington, D.C. taxi.

**Monday evening, September 17, 1984 –the Tourist Hotel on the grounds of the All Russia Exhibition Center**

The direct flight from Dulles to Moscow was uneventful. The time zone change took away a good portion of their day, however. The eight-hour difference in time, plus the four-hour flight on the special chartered Concord put them in Moscow at eight in the evening on the same day. Having left Dulles at eight a.m., they were still in the noontime mode as far as their bodies were concerned and it was difficult to get any sleep after a late dinner in the Tourist Hotel on the grounds of the All Russia Exhibition Center. It was made even more difficult because Mary and Kurt had to sleep propped up leaning back against pillows so that the makeup would not be disturbed. When they checked into their two-bedroom suite, Brian was set up in one room and Mary and Kurt were in the other, as they had to project the image of husband and wife. Kurt insisted that Mary take the bed and he would prop himself up in one of the overstuffed chairs. Brian thought it was humorous to see Mary and his dad with rather pudgy looking and wrinkled faces after they removed all the extra padding and were walking around in their regular clothes after coming back from dinner and changing in their room.

Brian said, “Miss Anderson, I hope you and dad don’t think that I am laughing at

you. I just find it kind of amusing to see the transformations that are taking place. This morning, you and dad looked old and dumpy. Now you both look normal again from the neck down, but still have the old pudgy faces.”

“I don’t think that at all, Brian. I’ve got to admit, we must look pretty strange. You have performed your part very well. We’re very proud of our son, aren’t we Kurt?”

“Without a doubt. You are making me very proud. I hope you can continue with this masquerade for another day. The Cantrells will take good care of you and deliver you to Bob Riddle at Dulles by tomorrow night. Bob has two agents who will be on the same flight and will be watching all of you. You won’t know who they are and that’s okay. I just want you to know that you’ll be protected all the way back. Mary and I will catch up with you by the end of the week or at the latest, the early part of next week if we need to stay a little longer to get the job done. I don’t want you to worry about us. Just enjoy your visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clancy and we’ll be back before you know it.”

“No problem, dad. I know you can handle yourself. The stories you’ve told me about Vietnam have been enough to assure me of that. Miss Anderson, you couldn’t be in better hands. My dad is the greatest. I have no idea what you two have to do, but whatever it is, dad will keep his word. I have no doubt whatsoever that I will see you exactly when my dad says I will.” Brian hugged his dad and then Mary. “I think I should leave you two alone now. I have some books I can read in my room until I get sleepy enough to call it quits for today. Goodnight, Miss Anderson, goodnight, dad.”

Mary and Kurt found themselves alone in the room. “Kurt, your son has an outstanding level of maturity. He truly amazes me.”

“I know, Mary. Sometimes I feel like I’m talking to a grown man instead of my

teenage son. Kind of uncanny at times when I look at the teenagers around him.”

“Well, to change the subject, Mr. Stillwell, I’m glad to get out of that bulky outfit. That padding was really suffocating. My boobs feel like they will never get back to normal after all that restraint! Oops, sorry, I didn’t mean to sound brazen talking like that. I’m just glad I can get out of that hot padding for the night.”

“Don’t apologize, Mary. It’s kind of cute hearing you talk that way. Besides, you do have nice looking boobs and I don’t think they look out of shape at all, er...sorry for being so brazen. It’s just nice to see them back out where they belong.” He thought, *Oh yeah, they’re out where they belong alright. Nice and full and straight out. I’m getting hard just talking like this!* He could hardly keep from laughing and was grinning the whole time he went through that statement. He started to laugh anyway and she joined him.

“We seem to have a matching humor, Kurt. Too bad we can’t kiss each other goodnight. This makeup would probably make us stick to each other!” Her heart was beating faster and she thought, *I’d love for you to take me in your arms and kiss me. I want to feel those strong arms wrapped around me and let me feel the heat of your muscular body, you big hunk.*

“Yeah, just when I get alone with you, I can’t even kiss my pretend wife goodnight. Guess we’ll have to settle for a hug.”

Mary wanted to hear that. *Oh yes! I’ll take that. I’m glad you said that because I was just thinking what it would be like in your arms.* “I thought you’d never get around to that, Kurt. It’s just what I’ve been waiting for you to say.” Mary walked over to him with her knees turning to putty. She put her arms around his neck and hugged him. She

leaned into him with her breasts pressed hard up against him and her hips tight up against his lower body. She could feel the rise starting in his trousers and it gave her an electrifying charge. Kurt held her for a long time feeling the softness of her body and the warm feel of her breasts against him. He knew she must have felt the hardness growing against her and when he finally released her she said with a knowing grin, “Thanks, I needed that. I liked you holding me. I felt warm and tingly all over.” She was breathing heavily and was certain her voice was shaking.

He looked deep into her eyes. “I like it too, Mary. When this is all over, I could use a lot more of that.”

They took turns in the bathroom and each returned with a bathrobe to sleep in. Mary took the bed and Kurt set up the overstuffed chair with pillows and a blanket. Sleeping upright was harder on Mary than it was on Kurt, but they made it through the night without any visible damage to their makeup.

### **Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – the Tourist Hotel at the All Russia Exhibition Center**

Kurt, Mary and Brian were alone in a corner of the lobby of the hotel while waiting for the group to assemble and leave for the museum. Brian hugged Kurt and Mary again. “Dad, I know that you and Miss Anderson will be doing something special for our country and I just wanted you to know that I love you and am proud of you both for doing it, whatever it is.”

“Thanks for helping us out, Brian. I know you’ll enjoy the car collection Mr. Clancy has. We’ll be done with what we have to do and rejoin you just like I said last

night. I want you to know that I love you dearly. I'm also proud that I have the finest son any man could hope for."

Mary was touched by the scene taking place before her and added, "Brian, I have never seen the level of maturity displayed by you in any other teenagers I have known. I have a lot of relatives with teenagers and none of them has ever shown the degree of maturity demonstrated by you. I am impressed beyond words. I've only known you for a couple of days, but I can tell you that in that short time span, I have come to like you very much. When your dad and I finish with what we have to do here, I'd like to spend some more time with you. Maybe we can all go to Disney World together on your way back to south Florida, that's if you and your dad agree."

Brian looked at Mary with a big smile. He knew that somehow this woman was just what his dad needed in his life. He had been trying to convince his dad to start dating again and here was this beautiful and intelligent lady who seemed to like not only his dad, but him too. Brian said, "Miss Anderson, I like you too. I hope dad won't let you get away, you are one cool lady! I haven't seen my dad this happy in a very long time. You seem to have done something for him and I hope you two will continue to see each other for a long time. I love my dad, but he needs more than just me as a companion. Disney World sounds great. I hope dad agrees. I know I'd like to go."

"Well Mary, it looks like we've got a special date to keep with this young man next weekend." Kurt was beside himself. Something really wonderful was happening inside him. He found himself wanting to be with Mary more and more and it seemed like she was feeling the same way about him. At least he hoped so. *I think I may be starting to fall for this pretty lady and my son is helping to push me over the edge. She is*

*everything I want and need in my life. She has grace, charm, intelligence, beauty, a sense of humor and a fantastic personality. I can't believe she has come into my life the way she has. The Lord has blessed me beyond belief. I can't believe how fast I am falling for her. I want her in my life. I only hope she will feel the same way about me soon.*

Mary hugged Brian and then said, "Hey, we'd better get going. The tour bus leaves in a few minutes. Only a few more hours before we get rid of this makeup junk. I can hardly wait. It's not easy being an old lady. Can't say I like the way it looks and I hope I never get into this kind of shape!" They all laughed and headed for the lobby doors to join the tour group waiting for the bus.

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

**Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – Office of the Project Manager,  
Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute, Moscow**

The Project Manager was seated behind his desk and was just about to pick up his steaming hot cup of morning coffee when his secretary lightly knocked on the door and led Major Boshnikoff into the office. The office was nicely appointed. Dark oak desk, bookcases around half the room, a leather executive chair behind the desk and matching leather chairs in front of it. Boshnikoff was impressed at how nicely they treated their people in the space program. The secretary left as quickly as she had entered after introducing Major Boshnikoff as the regional quality control inspector.

Boshnikoff waited until the door was closed and then told the project manager the reason for his visit. While telling him the real purpose of his presence in the Institute, he would add his usual amount of fear he liked to place into his subjects.

“Mikhail Dubikoff, I must caution you that you are not to divulge what I tell you to another living soul, for if you do, you will not be counted amongst the living. I am Major Igor Boshnikoff of the KGB. I am here on special assignment to uncover what may be a leak in our system that could compromise the entire project. You will give me your full cooperation, is that understood?” Boshnikoff had such a fierce mannerism that



Dubikoff didn't reply. Instead, he just nodded his consent, eyes wide with fear.

Boshnikoff shouted, "I require an answer, comrade Dubikoff." He reached across the desk, grabbed Dubikoff by the front of his shirt, yanked him forward and poured the hot coffee into Dubikoff's lap. Dubikoff let out a scream of pain. Boshnikoff then shoved Dubikoff back into his chair and stood in front of the desk with a glare, waiting for a reply.

Dubikoff pushed backward in his chair and gasped at the pain the hot coffee caused. He stammered out a reply. "Ye...yes, of course comrade Major. I shall be most secret with your mission and will assist you in whatever way you need."

"Good" Boshnikoff said; pleased at the instant fear he had instilled in this man. He sat down in the chair facing the desk. "I have very little time in which to accomplish my task. Give me the name of the worker who is suspected of passing information to the CIA."

Squirming in the hot coffee, but afraid to move, he took out a handkerchief and tried to soak up some of the liquid as he gasped out a reply, "Well, comrade Major, we are not certain that he is passing information. It is just that he has been acting a bit jumpy lately and our psychological behavior counselor has brought this to my attention. Naturally, I thought it might be of interest to the Committee for State Security. The worker's name is Victor Panin. He is an electrical technician translating the electronic symbols and parts descriptions from English into Russian. Our counselor noticed some changes in his weekly progress interviews and reported it to me. Panin, of course, doesn't know that the interviewer is a psychological behavior counselor. The interviewer plays a dual role. His title is quality control engineer and he interviews each member of

the staff on a weekly basis to insure that the work is progressing as planned and without errors. Comrade Vasili really is an engineer, but also has a doctorate in behavioral psychology. This way, we not only get quality control, but can watch our workers as well.”

“Very good, comrade Dubikoff. Who was responsible for this brilliant plan?”

“General Balkon.”

“I should have known. The general is a brilliant man. It is easy to see why he is the head of the KGB.” Boshnikoff softened his tone a bit and said, “Tell me, Mikhail, does Panin have any friends?”

“Yes, comrade Major. He has a girlfriend here at project headquarters. She is a typist in the communications department. A very attractive young girl and very loyal to the motherland, I might add. Her psychological background report is outstanding. They see each other on weekends when the technicians are ferried back from the Cosmodrome. Each Monday morning, we have the workers come here for a briefing and then take them on a transport from the Central Air Field to the plant at the Cosmodrome. We bring them back again on Friday so they can spend the weekends with their families. Panin met the young lady during one of the briefings and they became friends since they are near the same age. They visit the local discotheques on their weekends together.”

“Good. Arrange to have me meet this typist this morning. I shall appeal to her national pride to help me find out if her boyfriend is truly a patriot or is a traitor. You can introduce me as the regional quality control inspector who is here for a special review of the project procedures.”

“Yes, comrade Major. I shall go with you to the communications center to

introduce you.”

“Go change your trousers first, Mikhail. You look as though you urinated down your leg.”

“Oh, yes comrade Major, thank you. The coffee was a bit warm and I do need to change!” He gave Boshnikoff a stupid grin and dashed out the side door of his office to his quarters, which were in the same building.

Major Boshnikoff sat there in thought while Dubikoff rushed out the door. *I could see the pain in your face, Mikhail. That coffee was boiling hot. You've got blisters on your private parts by now and that's only a mild taste of what you will get if you bungle my work. You have no idea how ruthless I can be, but you will find out if you cross me!*

Victoria Tishinsky was a petite young lady in her early twenties. She had long black hair, soft brown eyes and a fair complexion. She was entering data into her terminal when the project manager and Major Boshnikoff came into the center where she worked.

“Comrade Tishinsky, I would like to introduce you to Comrade Boshnikoff. He is the regional quality control inspector for the Moscow Bureau. He is here for a special review of the project procedures. He would like to interview you now, if you have the time. I have already called your supervisor and she has said that you may take all the time you need.”

Boshnikoff gave Tishinsky his best smile and offered his hand. She stood up, shook his hand and said in her soft voice, “I am very pleased to meet you, comrade

inspector. I will be most happy to assist you.”

Boshnikoff thought, *I shall take extra care with this one. She is so soft and lovely. I shall turn on my full charm, work on her sense of patriotism, have her do my bidding and perhaps even have some pleasure doing it!* “This office is no place to interview such a lovely woman, Comrade Dubikoff. I think she will feel more relaxed in a different setting. Have my limousine brought to the entrance.”

“Yes comrade inspector, immediately.”

Victoria Tishinsky was impressed at the way the project manager almost fell over himself trying to please the inspector. She felt very special at being invited out by this apparently very powerful man. He was charming and ruggedly handsome. Boshnikoff was six feet tall and muscular. He had a military bearing to his manner. She was intrigued by the outward power he demonstrated and wanted to go with him.

The Zil limousine was waiting when they came through the front door of the building. The driver held the door open and Boshnikoff gestured for Tishinsky to enter first. He got a good look at her behind as she bent down to enter the limo and had a grin on his face as he watched. He followed her into the vehicle and instructed the driver to go to the Hotel Baltschug Kempinski at the intersection of Raushskaya and Baltschug streets just across the Moskva River from the Kremlin. When they were on their way, Boshnikoff turned to Tishinsky. “Comrade Tishinsky, I think it would be more relaxing if I address you by less than your formal name, don’t you agree?”

Tishinsky was flattered by his outward show of attraction to her and quickly answered, “By all means inspector. I must admit I am a bit nervous; I have never been invited out from my workstation before. I hope I haven’t done something terribly

wrong.”

“On the contrary, Victoria. You have done nothing wrong. Your work is exemplary. I do believe, however, that you can help us track down a suspected leak in our security system.”

“Inspector Boshnikoff, would you mind calling me Vicky instead of Victoria? Vicky sounds cute to me and all my friends call me Vicky. Victoria sounds too formal and stuffy.” With that, she gave him a coquettish smile. *I have no idea why this seemingly very powerful man has chosen me, a lowly clerk typist to assist him. Maybe it is because no one would suspect someone in such a low-level position of working for such a powerful person looking for a security breach. Maybe he wants a new secretary. He said my work was exemplary. This could be the break I have been waiting for.*

Major Igor Boshnikoff knew he was going to enjoy this interview. The signals given by this very attractive young woman were promising indeed.

As soon as the limousine stopped in front of the hotel, the doorman rushed over to open the door. He stood at attention as Vicky and her escort emerged from within. The headwaiter ushered them to a private table in a secluded corner of the restaurant and bowed as he left, walking backward a few steps before turning away.

“You seem to have quite an influence wherever you go, inspector Boshnikoff.”

“I’m a regular customer here, Vicky. The headwaiter is very attentive to my requests. He is a good man and I tip him well.”

Vicky thought there was more to it than that and said, “It seems as though he may also have a respect for your position in government too.”

“Perhaps, but I think it is more a respect for how many rubles I put into his

pocket. Tell me, Vicky, how far does your patriotism go? Are you as totally dedicated to the motherland as your file indicates?”

Vicky knew right then that this might be a chance to move up the ladder if she reacted in the right way and was helpful to this very powerful man. She decided to take a chance at it. “My patriotism is the highest priority with me inspector Boshnikoff. I am willing to do whatever is necessary for my beloved homeland.” Boshnikoff had come upon this type of opportunist before. She was willing to do whatever was necessary to move into the power circle and become part of the elite, the fast track to authority. He would use her and lead her on her fantasy to power and have some fun in the process to satisfy his very active libido.

### **Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – the Boulevard Ring surrounding Moscow**

Casey Morgan couldn't believe his rotten luck. He was scheduled to help three other agents who were meeting at the museum to set up the switch between the Cantrells and Stillwell and Anderson. Morgan was to meet Stillwell and Anderson at the front door to the museum and take them to a safe house where they would be briefed for their trip to the Cosmodrome. First, he had a flat tire on Kutusovskly Prospekt and now here he was sitting in stalled traffic on the Boulevard Ring.

### **Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – the Hotel Baltshug Kempinski**

Boshnikoff ordered a bottle of red wine. When the waiter brought it and poured their first glass, Boshnikoff said, “Vicky, please wait here for me. I must make a very important telephone call. Have some wine and I will be back before you know it.”

Vicky watched him leave and was certain that inspector Boshnikoff was attracted to her. This was perfect. Her heart started to beat faster in anticipation of winning him with her charm. The waiter had fussed over them and wanted to be sure that Boshnikoff was satisfied with the wine before leaving. This made Vicky feel very special. She had never been in such a fine restaurant and to be given the royal treatment made her feel like a princess. *He seems to be interested in me in more than a professional way. If I let him see a little of my assets, he may be putty in my hand. I'll give it a try and see what happens.* She opened the top buttons on her blouse so that some of her bra showed and he would get a good look at her nice cleavage.

Boshnikoff called from the private bank of telephone booths in the outer lobby. “Comrade Dubikoff, I want you to have Panin flown back to the Aviation Institute this afternoon. You will tell him that it is to explain some difficult symbols to you. Tell him that I raised these questions during my inspection and you did not have a definitive answer for me, but that I required you to have the answers today, is that clear?”

“Yes Comrade Major. Is there a problem?”

“No, I just need a good excuse to get him back here so I can have his patriotism tested. You do not need to know what I am doing. Just follow my orders.” He abruptly hung up and left the booth to return to Vicky waiting at the table. She smiled when he approached the table. He could see that she had unfastened the top buttons on her blouse to reveal a glimpse of her cleavage between two well-rounded full breasts and a peek at a lacy bra. This one would be easy for him.

Boshnikoff sat down and drank the wine while watching Vicky. His eyes traveled from her face down to the open blouse. After he had finished half the glass, he put it

down and looked intently at her. She returned his look with a smile and a slight tilt of her head with a questioning look. Finally, he said, "Vicky, I think we should find a more suitable place to talk. This restaurant, while elegant and quiet, is not suited to matters of national security."

Vicky quickly decided to take it to the next level. *This is probably the most important thing I can do to further my career. Victor would be upset if he knew what I am about to do, but I'm doing it for us. This is my chance to get a better paying job with the government and a little side step in getting it won't hurt. I'll just keep it to myself. Victor doesn't need to know how I got the job. What he doesn't know won't hurt him.*

"Inspector, allow me to offer my apartment as a suitable place to talk. It is quiet and no one will be in the building at this hour of the day. It is only a few miles from here and I would be more relaxed there. I am a bit nervous here because I am not used to such elegant surroundings and it makes me a bit self-conscious. Besides, I can fix a nice second breakfast for you, if you like." *I can fix more than that for you too. My plan is starting to work already. I can see it in his eyes and the way he looked at my open blouse. He will be eating out of my hand very soon.*

Boshnikoff took the offer. "Good idea, Vicky. I see you are very astute. The need for privacy is important when discussing such matters." He gestured to the waiter who hurried over to the table. "Have my driver bring my car to the entrance. We will be leaving shortly."

"Da, inspector. I will come back as soon as it is ready for you." The waiter bowed slightly and backed away from the table before scurrying off to alert Boshnikoff's driver.



Boshnikoff and Vicky had one more glass of wine before the waiter returned to announce that the car was waiting as ordered. The waiter gently pulled Vicky's chair back as she got up. She leaned over and smiled as she slowly got up to give the inspector a better look at her cleavage. Boshnikoff took the not so subliminal suggestion and knew this would be a very pleasant morning, indeed. *Oh yes, my dear Vicky. I will be getting more than a glimpse of those nice full breasts very soon. I can see how willing you are already.*

**Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – Office of the Director of the Cosmodrome**

Panin was wondering why he was called to the assembly plant director's office. He sat in the outer waiting room fidgeting and squirming in his seat. Finally, the secretary called to him and said that the director would see him. He entered the office trying not to look too concerned; although he wasn't sure he was being very successful.

The director, Colonel Ivan Tamkorski said, "Comrade Panin, I have been instructed to put you on a special plane back to the Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute immediately. The Project Director has said that he needs you to interpret some symbols for him that are not entirely clear."

Panin blinked in astonishment. "I have taken great care to insure that all the symbols have been translated correctly, Comrade Colonel. I do not understand why the project director needs clarification."

"Neither do I Victor Panin. I have checked all your work before sending it to the project director for his approval for assembly. It is just as much a mystery to me as I am sure it is to you. Anyway, do not be too concerned; your work has been exemplary and I

am sure it is just something that our illustrious Project Director is incapable of understanding on his own. I am sure you will be able to explain the symbols to his satisfaction and be back here by tomorrow. For now, I have a transport waiting for you at the flight line. Make your way down there quickly; they are waiting for you now.”

“Yes, comrade Colonel, thank you for your confidence, I am no longer nervous like I was when I was called to your office.” *I may not be nervous about Colonel Tamkorski, but I am nervous about the Project Director. There has to be more to this trip than explaining something that the Director already knows. I'm beginning to worry if they have found out about my contact. I'm dead if they do know. Maybe I'm headed for execution!*

### **Tuesday morning, September 18, 1984 – the Tourist Hotel at the All Russia Exhibition Center**

A lot of chattering accompanied the loading of the buses with the State Department's exchange group. Kurt and Mary had made it a point not to make conversation with the other parents and let their son do most of the talking. They answered with smiles and short phrases so as not to give the others a voice pattern with which to recognize them. The object was to blend in and be as innocuous as possible. The Cantrells had been instructed to do the same thing once they became the parents. It was easier to use makeup to change the appearance, but another task entirely to match the voice pattern of another, an almost impossible task; therefore the reason for little if any talk. The mood of the exchange group was one of excitement and wonder at the new surroundings. The Stillwell parents just smiled and nodded a lot. The other parents

assumed they were just being shy. It took three busses to carry the entire group. The large group was better as far as Kurt was concerned. It was much easier to become less noticed in a large, noisy crowd.

As the busses pulled out into the morning traffic, the tour guide for their bus stood up at the front of the bus and spoke over the public address system. “Everyone please stay together. We don’t want to lose anyone on this tour. Besides, it’s a long walk home!” Everyone laughed at the humor of the guide and the attempt to bring some order to the chattering visitors. This was also good, because the more the tour guide talked, the less chance there would be for anyone to try to start a conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell.

The busses rumbled through the streets of Moscow with a tour guide on each bus giving the city’s history. It would be nine or ten miles and included a drive past the GUM store, the Kremlin, and Red Square. When they arrived at the Pushkin Museum of Fine Art, the large group assembled at the base of the steps and were given instructions on how they would go through the museum and reassemble back outside in about two hours. From there, they would go to the Architecture Museum. Kurt was grateful for the cool weather as the makeup could only take a limited amount of wear in hot weather. Perspiration would make it very difficult and possibly give them away.

Once inside, the group went from exhibit to exhibit and assembled loosely around each one as the tour guide explained the fine works of art. About half way through, they passed the rest room area where three workers were milling around with their cleaning carts. They had placed signs in front of the doors that indicated they were closed for cleaning. The group turned a corner and found they were in a very large central hall

where there were at least 12 to 15 pieces of art. This meant that they would be located in one large room for a good while and was the signal for Kurt and Mary to make their exit to the rest rooms after about five minutes.

Kurt said, “Brian, I need to make a quick trip to the rest room. I’m afraid the morning coffee is catching up with me. I’ll be back in a minute or two. We passed the rest rooms on the way into this large galley. Maybe they are finished with the cleaning by now.”

“Okay dad, I’ll fill you in on anything you might miss when you get back.”

Mary said, “Good idea honey. I think I’ll go along too. I know I drank too much orange juice at breakfast.” They smiled apologetically at the others nearby and left the room.

Kurt and Mary moved quickly back to the rest rooms. The rest rooms were adjoining, as is the case with most public facilities and there were two sets on each floor, so it was easy for the cleaners to close them for service at any time. The workers saw the Stillwells approaching and checked to see that no one else was in the corridor as the Stillwells slowed down. Seeing that the area was clear, they waived Kurt and Mary into each of the rooms where the Cantrells had come by only one minute before the tour group. Mrs. Cantrell was waiting in a stall in the ladies rest room and as Mary entered the stall next to hers said, “Okay, Mrs. Stillwell, you can leave after you finish your wee wee.”

Mrs. Cantrell laughed and said, “Thank you, my dear. This stall was beginning to give me claustrophobia.” Mrs. Cantrell, who was now Mrs. Stillwell, exited the booth and checked her hair and makeup in the mirror while Mary was quickly removing the

makeup put on by the team at Langley. The agents who were posing as the cleaning crew did a double take when they saw Mrs. Cantrell come out of the rest room. They couldn't tell the difference between the real one and the impostor, even with their trained eyes. A similar scene was taking place in the men's rest room.

Kurt said to Mr. Cantrell who was patiently waiting in an adjoining stall, "Brian will be easy to spot. He's wearing a Miami Dolphins ball cap. Fortunately, no one else in the group is wearing a ball cap, so you won't be groping around looking for your 'son'. Take good care of my son, Mr. Cantrell. He means the world to me.

"I will watch over him as if he was my own. It must take a lot of courage to allow your son to be part of this scheme, sir."

Kurt took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. "You have no idea, Mr. Cantrell. I wouldn't be doing this if I thought he was in the slightest bit of danger. He won't be if you are able to fulfill your part of the operation. I trust you and your wife will be very careful."

"You can count on it. I'm sorry if I sounded a bit rude when I commented about it taking courage to use your son in this. I didn't mean it in that way. I'm sure you wouldn't have done this unless it was absolutely necessary. Forgive me for sounding judgmental."

"Not a problem, just be careful and everyone will be fine. You'd better be going now. Mrs. Stillwell will be waiting in the hall for you."

"Yes, you are quite right. Good luck, Mr. Stillwell."

"The same to you, Mr. Stillwell. Brian will be waiting. Go do your thing, Dad."

With that, the new Mr. Stillwell left the room and joined his wife in the hall.

The now refreshed Stillwells rejoined the tour group and fell in place alongside Brian without anyone noticing.

While in the rest rooms, both Mary and Kurt had quickly removed the makeup in the stalls and put it in the cleaning carts used by the cleaning crew. The makeup would be returned to the safe house for the time when Kurt and Mary were on their way back from the Cosmodrome. The makeup artists had flown in on a commercial flight and were at the American Embassy waiting to be taken to the safe house. The Cantrells had left shopping bags with changes of clothing for them. The clothing was their own and had been brought to the Cantrells by the agents to carry in for the switch.

As soon as Kurt and Mary emerged from the rest rooms, the agents removed the closed signs and wheeled their carts away. The agents changed out of their own fake uniforms and made their way out of the museum as quickly and quietly as they had entered with the make up and clothing in bags.

Kurt and Mary looked like a nice married couple on vacation from America. They walked out of the building without visiting any of the exhibits and saw Morgan who was just pulling up to the front with his fake Taxi.

As soon as they entered the cab, Morgan said, “Wow, that’s about as close as I ever want to come to missing my cue on an assignment! The traffic was terrible and I even had to change a flat on the way over here. As soon as I can fight my way back through the traffic on the Boulevard Ring, we’ll be on our way to the safe house.”

As the tour group was reassembling in front of the museum, Brian told his ‘parents’ that he was feeling sick to his stomach. The new Mrs. Stillwell went to the

representative of the State Department group and told him that they had an emergency on their hands. “We’ve got to get back on the next commercial flight out of Russia and get back to the United States as quickly as possible. My son is showing an allergic reaction to something here. We have no way of knowing what it is and it would take extensive testing to find out. In the meantime, my son will be in severe pain. We have no choice but to leave.”

Mr. Stanton, the representative said, “Now don’t be alarmed, Mrs. Stillwell. I’m sure we can find a medical doctor in the area who can be very helpful.”

By now, Margaret Cantrell was in her true form. She did not like to be told that she was wrong, whether she was telling the truth or not, did not matter. She was an executive’s wife and did not take lightly to this man putting her off. She reeled into him. “Now listen to me you pompous ass! I’ll not have my son’s health put in jeopardy by you or any quack doctor you can find. I have friends who will see to it that you spend the rest of your miserable career loading paper clips into magnetic holders for secretaries if you tell me one more time that you will not help me! I said we must be on the next flight out and I mean it. We fully intend to pay for the passage ourselves, so get with it before I make a very career-damaging telephone call. Do you understand me, young man?”

Stanton could see that she was flaming mad. Somehow his suggestion had set her off and he wasn’t going to do anything to further her fury. “Yes, Mrs. Stillwell, I’m very sorry, I was only trying to help, but then you know your son better than anyone. I will make the calls right away and get you and your family on the very next flight. I’ll have someone go to the hotel to pick up your luggage, if that is okay and they can bring it to the airport for you. That way you can go directly from here to the airport without delay.”

“Thank you for coming to your senses, young man. You have just saved your own career.”

Stanton made a telephone call and had a car pick up the Stillwell family at the museum and take them directly to the airport where another embassy person would be waiting to assist with obtaining the tickets.

As they were waiting for the staff car to arrive, Arthur Cantrell turned to his wife and said, “That was very impressive, Honey. You’ve truly missed your calling. You should have been in the military. You’d have been a four-star general by now!”

Margaret hugged him and said, “I guess I really got into it, didn’t I? Well, it worked and I’m glad.” Brian just looked at them. He too was impressed by her acting. He knew he was in good hands for the trip home.



## **CHAPTER SIX**

**Tuesday, September 18, 1984 – the apartment of Victoria Tishinsky in Moscow**

Vicky unlocked the door to her modest one-bedroom apartment on the fourth floor and Boshnikoff followed her through the entrance. It was a small, but tidy apartment, definitely feminine in its appointments. Lace curtains on the windows and floral prints on the overstuffed sofa and chair in the small living room. “Inspector, please have a seat while I prepare something for you. I hope you don’t mind if I change first. I don’t want to get anything on my dress while cooking.”

“Not at all, my dear. I shall enjoy having a beautiful young woman prepare something for me. I rarely get the chance to enjoy homemade food, even breakfast. Traveling so much keeps me from having any kind of social life.”

“Then you are not married, Inspector? Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry. How silly of me. I didn’t mean to sound rude.”

“Nonsense, Vicky. I don’t mind at all. No, I am not married. I never seem to have the time to enter into that type of a relationship. I am always so busy with my work.”

“Being a regional quality control inspector must be very demanding work. But a man as handsome as you must at least have a girlfriend, Inspector.”

“I’m afraid I don’t even have time for that, Vicky. I wish I did, but my patriotism

comes first, just like with you.” He knew he was setting her up, but this was so easy it was almost fun for him.

Vicky went into the small kitchen and opened a bottle of wine she had saved for a special occasion she wanted to have with Victor and poured a drink for Boshnikoff. She took it to him and said, “I’ll just be a moment. I need to get out of this dress and get my apron on.”

“Take all the time you need, Vicky. This sofa is very comfortable and the wine will help me to relax. You are a very lovely hostess.” He had removed his coat and tie and laid them over the overstuffed chair.

Vicky disappeared into the small bedroom to change. While in the bedroom, she decided to give the inspector a real treat. She changed into a very sexy black lace bra and matching lace panties, grabbed her apron and went back to the living room.

Boshnikoff had settled back into the soft cushions of the sofa and closed his eyes, thinking through what he would do and say to get her to do what he wanted for him. When he opened his eyes, he saw Vicky standing in front of him wearing nothing but her bra and panties and holding the apron out to him. “Inspector, I’m sorry I didn’t have anything handy to change into. I just couldn’t make up my mind. Would you please tie the apron in the back for me?”

Boshnikoff couldn’t help but stare. She was a lovely picture indeed. “I have a better idea. Breakfast is no longer on my mind.” He stood and picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. He laid her down on the bed and took off his shirt. She sat up swung her legs over the side and helped him by unfastening his belt, opened his trousers and pulled them down. She then grasped his boxers and slid them down also.

He knelt down on the carpet in front of her and pulled off her panties. He spread her legs apart and pushed her onto the bed on her back. He started kissing her thighs and worked his way up to her vulva. He parted her labia with his tongue and started to lick her clitoris. She started to groan as she held his head against her and he intensified his stroking of her clitoris with his tongue. She came quickly and gasped at the pleasure he had just given her. He let her push herself back onto the bed and climbed up on the bed as she spread her legs apart. He entered her easily as she was wet from her orgasm. He moved in and out slowly at first and then increased his rhythm. He slowed down and then pulled out and laid down along side of her on his back so she could mount him. She came up from the bed and put her leg over him straddling him and put his erect penis inside her vagina. She then unhooked her bra and tossed it over the side of the bed. She started to move back and forth with her hands against his chest with her large breasts gently swinging back and forth. He grasped each one and held them as she moved faster and faster until he came inside her. Afterward, he lay on the bed with her pressed up against his side; breathing lightly with her head on his chest. She felt warm and relaxed and felt that she had gained his favor.

After a bit of silence, Boshnikoff said, "Vicky, I must ask you to do something for me. No, let me correct that and say that I am asking you to do something for your beloved homeland."

"Anything. All you need to do is ask," she purred.

"Vicky, we are suspicious of Victor Panin. He has been acting strange lately and we think he may be passing information to the American CIA agents. I have arranged for him to be recalled to the Institute to answer some questions of a technical nature. When

he is finished there, he will go home for the night to await the next flight out tomorrow to the Cosmodrome. I need you to visit him at his home and see if you can extract information from him that would confirm our suspicions. I know you have been seeing him and we find nothing wrong with that. There is no way you could have known if he was a traitor or not. That is unless you are with him in this.”

That hit Vicky like a brick. Shocked, she sat up in the bed and said, “Oh no, I had no idea that Victor may be a spy at all! He never talked about his work. I am a loyal patriot, I assure you! I could never have been part of a traitorous act. I would die first. I will do as you say; I must prove to you that I am a loyal patriot. You will see. I will do as you say and get any information that I can.”

Boshnikoff got up and started to dress quickly. “Good, make love to him if need be. Just find out what he knows. If he is a traitor, we will deal with him accordingly. You will be rewarded for your efforts, I assure you.”

Vicky was frightened. This man who had just made love to her was now thinking that she could possibly have a part in helping someone be a traitor to her beloved homeland. She knew she had to do her part, no matter what it took. “I will not fail you, Inspector. You will see.” *What have I done? I have tried to influence a man with sex. I thought he was interested in me. What has happened to me? He used me! Now I am supposed to be a harlot for him. I'm scared; no, I'm terrified. If I fail, he may have me thrown in prison. How could I have been so stupid?*

“I must go now, Victoria. Visit Panin this evening. I will tell your supervisor that you will not be returning to work today and that I have placed you on special assignment. My man will be nearby watching Panin's apartment from the outside.”

When he had left the apartment, Vicky started to shake and tears filled her eyes. *From Vicky back to Victoria. How humiliating. I thought I could get a fast promotion with this man. I've done some stupid things in my life, but this one has to top them all. I'm nothing but a slut. He had no intention of asking me to be on his staff. I feel like garbage tossed into the trash. All this was just his way of having sex. All along he wanted to get information on Victor. The sex was just an extra treat for him. Now I really am the whore he expected me to be! How could I have been so foolish? Now I have been unfaithful to Victor because of my selfish desire to get promoted. I do not deserve Victor and I am sure he is not a traitor, but I now have to find out if the inspector's suspicions are correct. I have to find out not just for that horrible inspector, but for myself. I have lowered myself to the bottom of the moral ladder. Victor is such a loving man. He always took great care to show his love for me in all that he did and I didn't even have a sexual relationship with him the entire time we have been dating, and yet instead of sharing myself with the man I love, I threw myself at the inspector. What a piece of trash I am.* She cried harder in total anguish at her stupidity. It took a while for her to pull herself back together. She took a shower and tried to wash away the dirty feeling of having been unfaithful with Boshnikoff, but the feeling lingered.

She knew she had better put on a good performance tonight. It could mean getting off with a small reward, which would make her feel even more like a harlot or getting thrown in jail. Her fear of Boshnikoff was overwhelming.

**Tuesday afternoon, September 18, 1984 – Sheremet'yevo Airport**

Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell, now known as Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell, sat in the terminal building with Brian. He was still faking the illness and was very quiet and curled up with his knees under his chin and holding his stomach. Mrs. Stillwell leaned over to ask if he was holding up okay. Brian nodded that he was okay and put on a good show with his grimacing. The American Embassy charge' d'affaires sat across from them and was attentive to the needs of Mrs. Stillwell. He had been told by the American Ambassador to give the Stillwells any assistance they required. He was there to see them off on the next flight to London, which was scheduled to leave within the next half-hour. The Aeroflot announcement came over the public address system for the boarding to begin.

Mrs. Stillwell said, "Brian, it's time to go. We'll be on our way home very shortly. I'm so sorry you became ill with your allergies. It would have been such fun to finish the tour. Your dad and I will make this up to you, you wait and see." The perfect doting mother. She was laying it on perfectly. They made their way through customs and down the boarding ramp to the aircraft door. Just then a man shouted at the head of the ramp, "Mrs. Stillwell, wait right there!"

Margaret froze in her tracks, certain that they had somehow been found out. Terrified, she slowly turned to see the charge' d'affaires running down the ramp with the Dolphins cap. Brian had left it in the seat. With a sigh of relief, she accepted the hat and they continued into the aircraft to their assigned seats.

Within another half-hour, they were airborne and on their way safely to London's Heathrow Airport. The charge' d'affaires then made a call to the American Ambassador to tell him that the Stillwells and their son were on their way home. The Ambassador then called a blind number in Moscow to relay the message. The call was relayed two

more times and finally reached the safe house in the countryside outside Moscow.

As Morgan was driving Stillwell and Anderson through the Moscow traffic to the outer Boulevard Ring, he thought he spotted Victor Panin's old car making its way toward the Aviation Institute in the opposite direction. He wasn't all that sure and decided not to alarm Kurt and Mary. If Panin were called back to the Institute, he wouldn't be on hand to carry out the rest of the plan, which relied heavily on his performance. Morgan decided to drop Stillwell and Anderson off at the safe house and then make an excuse to go back and check on Panin.

As soon as he left the terminal and made his way to his car in the employee lot, Panin drove directly from the Central Airfield to the Aviation Institute. Director Dubikoff was waiting for him when he arrived.

"Comrade Panin, I'm sorry to have called you back on such short notice to the Institute, but the regional quality control inspector has raised some questions on these latest symbols you have translated. I could not readily answer his questions and he insisted that I get the answers today. Inspector Boshnikoff will be returning to my office this afternoon and I want to have the correct answers for him. I'm sure you understand and I hope I haven't caused you any undue alarm by this sudden request for your return to the Institute."

Panin was visibly relieved. "Not at all, Comrade Director. I shall be most happy to clarify the symbols I have entered on the drawings if you will show me the ones that concern you." Dubikoff showed him the drawings and the areas he was concerned with.

Panin almost did a double take when he saw the area the Director was concerned with. There should not have been even the slightest question concerning the symbols. They were as basic as they come. Panin explained patiently the meaning of each of the symbols on the drawing and what each one would do in relation to the others.

When he was finished, the Director said, "Thank you Comrade Panin. You have been most helpful. I am quite sure the regional quality control inspector will be most pleased with what you have explained. You are now free for the remainder of the afternoon. The flight back to the Cosmodrome will be leaving tomorrow morning at 7:00 a.m. sharp. A seat will be waiting for you on the transport at the Central Airfield. Please give my regards to Colonel Ivan Tamkorski. He is a good friend. We go back a long way together."

"I will Comrade Director and thank you for the time off. I will be at the Central Airfield long before the 7:00 a.m. departure." Panin left the office of the Director and made his way out of the Institute to his car in the employee parking lot. He sat in his car for a while, trying to reason out this call back to the Institute. It didn't make any sense. The questions were too simple. The Director had to know the answers himself. *There must be another reason that hasn't come to me yet. There is something more sinister and foreboding.* He was beginning to think that something was going to happen to him and he didn't want his mother to be involved. *Maybe they are suspicious of me. Maybe they have found out that I have a CIA control agent and are waiting for the right moment to catch me. I can't let my mother suffer if they do. I have to get her out of harm's way.* He knew he had to talk his mother into visiting her sister as she so often had mentioned. As he pulled out of the parking area, he began to form a plan that might convince her. He



headed to the Inkombank to make a withdrawal from his savings.

After leaving the bank, Panin drove to the Belorussia Train Station to purchase a ticket for his mother to Irkutsk in Siberia and ran into a bit of luck as a train for Irkutsk was set to leave that afternoon. Panin planned to act as if it was a special surprise and that his afternoon off had been arranged long in advance to surprise his mother with this gift.

Morgan arrived at the safe house on the outskirts of Moscow with Stillwell and Anderson. It was a small farmhouse set far back from the main road. The farmer was barely making ends meet from year to year. A kindly old man, Boris Polynaka lived with his wife of 50 years, a few chickens, one milk cow, one horse, a dog and a cat. Helga Polynaka worked the land with Boris, growing what they could. Farming was difficult in the region as the winters were long and hard and the growing season very short. Wiry and rugged, the couple had raised three children, all of whom had left home and had struggled to make a living on their own. The Communist control in Russia had disillusioned them. It started out with great expectations, but they soon learned that all of the promises of greatness and prosperity were just empty words. Had it not been for the Americans and their generosity, the Polynakas would have starved to death many years ago. Morgan was a frequent visitor at the Polynaka farm. He had come to love the old couple as he had his own grandparents back home.

CIA agent Bret Johnson was waiting at the front door to the farmhouse as Morgan pulled in. Morgan introduced Kurt and Mary to Johnson and then to the Polynakas after they entered the farmhouse. Helga Polynaka was immediately attracted to Mary and took

her into the kitchen for a cup of tea. Boris went outside to check on his animals and collect firewood for the night. Morgan, Johnson and Stillwell went into the small living room to talk about the next step of the mission.

As Helga prepared the tea, Mary said, “Mrs. Polynaka, I want to thank you for providing shelter for us. It must be difficult for you to be drawn between two entirely different political beliefs.”

“It is no longer difficult, my dear. You see, we have always struggled under the Communist ideology. I was a schoolteacher for many years. That is why I speak English so well. I taught English and history in the primary schools. At first, this brave new approach to government was supposed to be wonderful for all citizens, whether they were loyal Communists or not. All of Russia was supposed to benefit from the new Communist doctrine in the early part of this century when I was but a child. As I learned from bitter experiences, it never did work. We were forced into collectivization of agriculture, destroying the country’s peasantry, which made up about eighty percent of the population as a way of life. The farmers were required to pool their land and resources into collective farms, consisting of about seventy-five households. This became the collective property and we had compulsory quotas of produce to send in. The farmers who resisted were killed or deported to labor camps. Many farmers slaughtered their animals rather than turn them over. Then beginning in nineteen thirty two, a massive drought led to famine where six million citizens died. We have suffered much at the hands of our own government, my child. My husband and I have survived, not because of what our government has done for us, but because of what the Americans have done for us. The Americans have kept us from starving and have given us hope.

Someday, we may have a change in our government that will lead us to freedom such as you enjoy in your homeland. For now, we hold on and hope. My husband and I do not feel like we are betraying our government because we have helped the Americans. We have been abandoned by our government. The Americans mean more to us than our own leaders. We only hope that changes will be made someday that will benefit our citizens and their children. No my dear, it is not difficult for Boris and I. We will do whatever is necessary to help you. Your country must survive. It sets the example for the world to follow. If Boris and I can help your government in some small way, we are honored to do it. Your government has kept our family from starvation. Casey Morgan is like a grandson to me. I love him as one of my own.”

“I could see that bond between you when Casey gave you and Mr. Polynaka a big hug after he introduced us. I feel better now, knowing that you are secure in what you are doing for us. Thank you, again.”

“No need to thank me, my dear. Boris and I do not need to know what it is you are doing, nor do we wish to know. We are sure it is for the good of both Russia and America. You remind me of my daughter Gretchen. She looks a lot like you; so pretty and she was very good with her studies. She became a doctor and is working with poor families in a clinic outside Moscow.” Mary could see the pride in Helga’s face when she spoke of her daughter. She was impressed with this woman’s tenacity to have overcome what may have seemed like insurmountable odds in having a daughter become a doctor.

“Gretchen was such a bright child in school. She was put through the university by the state. I suppose that is probably the only thing I can be thankful for. Both of my sons were killed in the military. One from a submarine accident and the other from a

plane crash in the arctic.”

“I’m so sorry, Mrs. Polynaka. It must be devastating to lose two of your children. I wish there were some special words of comfort I could share with you, but of course, there aren’t. No one could possibly understand and comfort a parent who has lost a child. Nonetheless, my heart does ache for you.”

“Thank you Mary. You have a very kind spirit. I am glad you have come here.”

Morgan said, “Listen Kurt, the bunk you hear about inter-agency rivalry is just that; bunk. Oh, it probably has a little bit of merit back in the States, but over here, we work together like bothers. The NSA and the CIA are partners in world peace. We know we won’t succeed unless we work together. Just thought I’d let you in on that, in case you were wondering what the two agencies were doing working so closely together, when all of the scuttlebutt would lead you to believe otherwise.”

“As a matter of fact Casey, I did wonder, but thanks for telling me.”

Johnson said, “Kurt, we have an old but reliable car for you to drive to the Cosmodrome. You and Miss Anderson will continue to act as husband and wife, but this time you will be on vacation and touring the Russian countryside. There are several checkpoints along the way, but the paperwork is all set and you shouldn’t have any problems. It’s a good thing you speak fluent Russian. It may come in handy along the way. Where did you learn to speak Russian anyway?”

“I got bored between missions in South Vietnam and took courses. I don’t know if it was an advantage or not. My friends in the CIA thought it would help them too. Morgan here probably knows all about my dossier and can tell you what that adventure

was all about.”

“I did get a briefing on you, Kurt. You had a pretty dicey time of it when you brought back those two Vietcong generals with Riddle. You’ve got quite a reputation and I might add a lot of respect from a very impressive group of people in Washington.”

“Yeah, well I guess I did what I knew how to do. I like to think that it had some effect on the length of the war. But then, only the good Lord knows the answer to that one.”

Johnson said, “We need to go over the plans for getting into the Cosmodrome now Kurt. Before we do that, I thought you’d like to know that your son is on his way back to Washington. The flight from London took off a short time ago.”

“Thanks, Bret. That’s just what I needed to hear. I had an agreement with Bob Riddle that we wouldn’t leave this Safe House until I got word of my son being safely on his way home. It looks like he kept his part of the bargain.”

Morgan said, “Look guys, while you two cover the rest of the mission, which I don’t need to go over, I want to go back to Moscow for something I forgot. I’ll be back in an hour or two.”

“Go ahead Casey. Like you said, your part is done here. At least until we get Kurt and Miss Anderson back from the Cosmodrome. I’m going to brief Kurt on the rest of the plan.”

## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

**Tuesday afternoon, September 18, 1984 – Moscow**

The utility van stopped across the street and down a few doors from Panin's house. The telephone workman climbed the pole and started to work on the junction box. Alexander Liteyny was short and stocky; very muscular with thick black hair and bushy eyebrows. He was dedicated to his work, which he found fascinating. He liked spying on others and reporting back to his bosses at the KGB about their comings and goings. He knew that what he reported could either make or break lives and he went about his work with enthusiasm. It gave him a feeling of absolute power over the common man. He seemed to need this as a replacement for having grown only to a height of five feet-five inches tall. This type of work gave him power over men much larger than he. He liked that. He also made up for his shortness of stature by constantly working out. He was an Olympic contender when in school, but was not able to make it to the finals as he always lost to men much bigger than he. It was just as well, as far as he was concerned because this job gave him much more satisfaction than being an Olympian. He leaned back against his harness and appeared to be adjusting and studying the circuitry in the junction box, but at the same time was diligently watching the Panin home.

Panin arrived about 15 minutes after Liteyny had set up. He parked his car directly in front of his house, not paying any attention to the utility van down the street. Panin went in and called to his mother. “Mama, I’m home! Where are you?”

Panin’s mother dropped her knitting with a start. She called out to her son as she dashed from the small living room into the hall. “Victor, what is wrong? Why are you home so early in the week?”

“I have a surprise for you mama. I have been planning this for a long time and I was given the afternoon off so I could complete the surprise!”

Catrina Panin could see the delight on her son’s face and her anxiety immediately passed. “Victor, what in the name of all that is good are you talking about?”

“Mama, you know how many times you have talked about visiting your sister in Irkutsk and how many times I have tried to get you to go? Well, I have been doing so well that my supervisor managed to get a special trip back for me to surprise you with the train ticket. Isn’t that wonderful, Mama?”

“Oh yes, Victor. But why come home at the beginning of the week just to tell me? Couldn’t it wait until you came home at the end of the week?”

“Oh no, Mama. The ticket had to be purchased today and the train leaves this afternoon. That is why my supervisor is helping me. I need to help you pack and get you on the train in the next two hours.”

She looked at her son with love and tears started to fill her eyes. “Victor, my son, you have been talking about this for a long time, but I am worried about you and how you will take care of yourself.”

“Mama, you know that Vicky and I will be married some day, perhaps in the next year. You will be brought back for the wedding with your sister. I will make sure of that. I have been planning this for a while and I want you to go. You know how you need to be with your sister. She loves you as much as I do and I have been writing to her to make the plans. She is excited and is expecting you. You don’t want to disappoint her do you?”

“Victor, you make me so proud and I am excited too; my goodness, how will I get packed so quickly?”

“I will help you Mama. We must hurry though, I must have you to the station a half-hour before departure and it will take us a half-hour to get there. We must move quickly!”

Panin pulled the old suitcases out of the attic while his mother collected what few items of clothing she owned to take on the trip with her.

“I have purchased a one-way ticket for you Mama. You can stay with your sister for the next six months. By that time, I will have enough money saved to send you the return tickets for you and Aunt Rebecca to come to the wedding. In the meantime, enjoy your long awaited reunion. I know Aunt Rebecca will be so glad to see you. Don’t worry about me. I have Vicky and I have enough work to keep me busy. I just want you to enjoy yourself.”

“You are such a good son and Vicky is a lovely girl. I hope someday you will bless me with nice looking grandchildren to brag to Rebecca about.”

“Please mama, don’t be in such a hurry for us to have children. I will know when the time is right. For now, I just want my Mama to be happy.”



“Bless you, my son. You are so dear to my heart. God has truly been good to me by giving me such a fine son.” Tears of joy trickled down her cheeks.

“Now Mama, we don’t have time for mushy sentiments. We must hurry. I don’t want you to miss the train.” They hurried with the packing and then went out to Panin’s car for the trip to the train station. The worker on the pole made a call on his phone from the junction box and climbed down the pole to wait in the van to see what else would happen. Liteyny was a very patient man. He often had to stake out a suspect like this for days and he had a gut feeling more was about to happen at this house.

Morgan pulled up to Panin’s house a half-hour later and saw that Panin was not there. He decided to wait for a while to see if Panin would return. In a little over 45 minutes, Panin pulled to the curb behind Morgan. Morgan got out of his car and walked back to meet Panin.

“Hi Victor, want to invite me inside to tell me what you are doing back here?”

“Yes, of course, Mr. Montrose (Morgan’s cover name). I can see that you are upset. There is an explanation.”

They went inside Panin’s house with Alexander Liteyny watching from the back window of his van across the street. *This is getting interesting. I’ll watch and see what happens before making another call. It looks like the inspector may have been right about this Panin being an agent of the CIA.*

When they were inside, they went to the kitchen where Panin put on a pot for some coffee. “What are you doing back here in Moscow? You’re supposed to be at the Cosmodrome. Have you forgotten that you will be needed there tomorrow night?”

“I was called back from the Cosmodrome by the director of the Ordzhonikidze Aviation Institute. He said it was at the request of the regional quality control inspector who had asked some questions about my symbol translations that he couldn’t explain. The problem, Mr. Montrose, is that the questions were juvenile in my field. I was sure the director already knew the answers. He has a higher degree than I do. It just didn’t make any sense.”

“That *is* weird. Anything else that doesn’t make sense to you?”

“Yes, I went by the secretarial pool to see if Vicky was there and her supervisor said that she was away on special assignment. She is a secretary, Mr. Montrose. Why would she be on special assignment? I am worried. The director thanked me for explaining something I am sure he already knew the answers to and then told me that I could have the rest of the day off.”

Panin got out two cups and invited Morgan to sit with him at the table. “There will be a transport waiting to fly me back to the Cosmodrome tomorrow morning. I was so worried that I went and bought a train ticket for my mother so she could visit her sister in Siberia and have just come back from putting her on the train. I told my mother that it was a surprise that my supervisor helped me to arrange. I feel as though something is very wrong. I don’t know what, but I was worried that they might be on to us, Mr. Montrose.”

“Don’t panic just yet, Victor. We’re not sure they’re on to you. It’s best for now that you just go about your business as usual. We only have a few more days to complete our mission. When you get back here at the end of the week and if our mission is successful, we will make plans for you to be taken to the United States after the launch of

the Soviet killer satellite. You just have to keep your cool, that's all. They may just be testing you, Victor. They may be suspicious, but if they had any hard evidence, trust me, they would have you in prison by now. They're fishing, that's all. You just have to be casual and careful. Don't let on that you know they suspect you. If you do, you're dead already. You've got to hang tight, pal. It won't be too much longer. You've done well by getting your mother out of the way early. This way, you won't have any distractions. I told you when we first started that this wouldn't be a picnic and you accepted it. It's just getting a little tight right now. I know you can handle it. You've done great so far. All we need now is for you to make the changes in the electrical plans that the American engineer directs you to make. After that, it is only a matter of time. Your job will be done. The satellite will take care of itself after that. No one will ever know what we have done to it. Just get on the flight as you are supposed to do tomorrow morning and be ready to meet the two agents at the fence line where we planned."

"Okay, Mr. Montrose. I don't have much of a choice, do I? I've gone this far and I'm already a candidate for the firing squad. I guess I'll just have to see if I can play it out the rest of the way without blundering, that's all."

"I know you can do it, Victor. I better get out of here now. I've got to get back to my associates. Take care, my friend. Thanks for the coffee offer, but I had better get moving. I'll tell them everything will be okay for your part in this." Morgan got up and made his way down the hall to the front door. He stopped at the door just before opening it and turned to Panin. "Don't worry, Victor. It *will* be okay. Just keep to the plan."

"I will, Mr. Montrose. I want to go to America more than ever. I will not fail you, you will see."

Morgan left and went straight to his car without noticing that the telephone utility van had moved across the street and was now facing the same direction as his car and was 100 feet farther down the block. When Morgan pulled out, the van followed.

### **Late Tuesday afternoon, September 18, 1984 – Moscow**

The knock on Panin's front door startled him. At first he thought it might be Montrose coming back, but when he got to the door and opened it, was shocked to see Vicky standing there.

"Well Victor, are you going to invite me in or are you going to just stand there and stare at me?"

"Of course, Vicky. I'm just shocked to see you, that's all. How did you know I was home? I haven't been here very long." Vicky was wearing a light jacket with a black silk blouse cut low in the front that showed off her cleavage between two large breasts and the edge of a black lace bra. She was wearing a black, very tight and very short mini-skirt. It was totally out of character for her. *Especially on a Tuesday afternoon and at my front door! Things are getting stranger by the minute.* Panin stepped back to let Vicky enter. He peeked out the front door to see if anyone was in the street, but it was empty except for his car and the taxi that was just leaving after having dropped Vicky off.

Vicky walked back to the kitchen through the hallway and saw the two coffee cups on the table. "Were you and your mother having coffee?"

"Yes, I just dropped her off at the train station." *Panin, you are such a liar, but I can't tell Vicky anything. This whole day has been so strange, I wouldn't be surprised if*

*she has become a KGB plant investigating me. I'll have to be very careful how I talk to her.* “She’s going to visit her sister in Siberia. She’ll be gone for about six months. You probably remember me talking about trying to get her to visit for a while and I finally got her to do it. We were going to have coffee, but didn’t get the chance. We were running out of time and we were afraid that she might miss her train. I got special permission to be off to send her on this trip. By the way, I stopped by the secretarial pool and your supervisor said you were away on special assignment.”

Vicky knew why he was here and it wasn’t to send his mother off. She thought that he must be hiding something. *Maybe the Inspector was right. Maybe he is giving information to the CIA. Well, I have to get into the act and make up a lie for him.* “They told me they needed another secretary over at General Balkon’s office, but when I got there, they decided that they didn’t need me and I was excused for the remainder of the day. What was nice was that my supervisor called me to tell me that you had been by to see me. How sweet of you, Victor. Well, I went home and got dressed up. I thought we might go to a discotheque tonight. Kind of like a special treat in the middle of the week. What do you think? Sound like fun to you?”

Although he was a bit suspicious at both of them having the afternoon off at the same time, he decided not to show his apprehension and said, “Why not? We both have the rest of the day off and I see no reason why we shouldn’t enjoy it. After all, I’ve been thinking of you since last Sunday when we went to the park. This will be a special treat for me seeing my girlfriend for more than just two days a week! Let me make dinner for us first. The discotheque won’t be open until much later anyway.”

“Okay, I always wanted to see if you could cook. I’m not very good at it. Maybe

you can teach me something.” Vicky took off her coat and put it over the back of the kitchen chair. Victor loved her party outfit. This skirt was extremely short, only a few inches below her derriere, just like the American girls wore. Vicky had beautiful legs and Victor often fantasized about the day when he would get to see all of them as their relationship had been without sex so far. It was simply a man and his girlfriend enjoying each other’s companionship on the weekends with dancing and picnics.

“Okay Vicky, maybe you can help me. I should be able to find something edible here. You get the frying pan out of the oven and I’ll get the fish from the refrigerator.” Vicky went to the stove and bent over to look for the frying pan. As she did, her skirt went up as she bent over to look into the oven exposing half of her bottom with only a black string thong covering her labia. Victor almost gasped out loud and stared at the lovely sight before him becoming almost instantly hard. Vicky knew just what she was doing. She smiled to herself, knowing Victor was taking in the sight of her rear with full attention.

Vicky stood up and turned around quickly as she pulled her skirt back down. She caught him gawking at her and smiled at him. “Hey, I thought you were going to look in the refrigerator.”

Victor blushed and stammered, “Oh yeah. Sorry Vicky. I was a bit distracted.” His distraction showed in the bulge on the front of his trousers and he had to turn quickly to the refrigerator to hide it. Vicky knew she had a head start on getting what she wanted from him even though it pained her to do it is this way. She wanted to give him pleasure with her body, but out of pure love for him and not for the purpose of getting information from him. It made her sad, but she knew she had to find out what Victor was up to,

hoping in her heart that it was nothing at all.

After they had dinner of fish, cheese, bread, fruit and some coffee, they stood together at the sink and cleaned the dishes. “Just like an old married couple, right Victor?”

“Maybe like a married couple, but definitely not old.”

“Well, I’m not comfortable in this outfit doing dishes.” She put the drying towel down and reached behind her and unzipped her skirt. She stepped out of it, took off her silk blouse and hung both on the back of the other kitchen chair. She came back to the sink in only her black lace bra, a black string thong and her only pair of shiny black leather heels. Victor was shocked. She had never acted this way before. Perhaps it was because his mother was not at home and for the first time they were alone together and she found it exciting. He knew he found it exciting-also exotic. *I can’t believe Vicky is acting like this. It has to be because we are alone and this time together is so much like being a married couple in love. She has an incredible body and I want her so bad. She must know it and wants me too or she wouldn’t be doing this.* Having a beautiful girl next to him doing the dishes in just her bra and thong was mind boggling to him. His erection returned within a few seconds. He had to squirm around a bit to keep it from getting caught sideways in his trousers. Vicky just smiled and eased up against him at the sink. Victor started to breathe heavy and couldn’t quite continue with the washing of the dishes. Vicky lightly touched his arm to stop him from going further with the washing and slipped between him and the sink. Her breasts pressed hard up against him seemed as though they would pop out of the lace bra at any second since they were being pushed up and almost out of the bra. Panin felt the warmth of them and got even harder.

She put her arms around him and pressed her pelvis into his loins hard up against his erection. He almost ejaculated on the spot. He dropped the dishcloth and took her in his arms. The feel of her soft skin under his hands was intoxicating. They kissed tenderly for a while as she kept the pressure up on his lower body. She eased the pressure and then slid her hand down between them and unfastened his belt and unzipped his trousers. Her hand went quickly into his open trousers and she found her way to his penis, which she began to lightly stroke. He immediately ejaculated on the front of her stomach, all the while gasping in short breaths.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Vicky. I didn’t mean to do that. Please forgive me.”

“Hey, it’s my fault for getting you so pumped up, if you’ll excuse the expression.” She giggled and hugged him and kissed him on the eyelids. “Take me upstairs. I know there is more in there than that. This time we’ll do it slower.”

He was embarrassed at having climaxed so quickly, but then he had never had a woman stroke his penis before either. He wiped the semen from her navel with the dish-drying towel, dried his penis and then tossed it on the sink full of sudsy water. He dropped his trousers and boxers, pulled off his shoes and socks and then his shirt. He scooped her up in his arms and carried her up the steps to his room. Vicky let him take off her bra and thong. They embraced again and he became erect again very quickly. She let him lay her back on the bed. She scooted over to him so that her rear was right at the edge and raised her legs up and apart for him to enter her as he stood at the side of the old fashioned high bed, which was just the right height. It was pure ecstasy for him. His first real intercourse with his beautiful girlfriend. He moved in and out ever so gently as she kept her legs up and bent at the knees. She held onto her knees to pull them as far



back as she could so he could enter as deeply as possible. She moaned gently as he slowly made love to her. She thought, *He's better than Boshnikoff!* The thought of Boshnikoff made her ashamed but she was also happy to be sharing her love with her boyfriend for the very first time and she enjoyed every second of it. For a first-time lover, he was excellent. Maybe it was because he had just climaxed a few minutes before and had to build up again before he could do it one more time.

Victor's breathing became faster as did Vicky's. They both made gasping sounds as they reached climax together. Afterward, Victor leaned gently forward and Vicky put her legs down over the side of the bed. He lay there lightly on top of her, propped up by his elbows and kissed her breasts and worked his way up to her lips. She kissed him passionately and told him she love him. He said, "I love you too, Vicky. I never knew it would be like this. Wow, that was incredible!" He slipped out of her and they both moved up onto the bed and lay quietly embraced on top of the bedcovers. They were quiet for along time and both fell gently asleep for a few hours. As the evening approached, the air in the room cooled and their bare bodies became chilled. Vicky stirred first and it woke Victor. They embraced once again and were driven to engage in intercourse once again. This time Vicky got on top of Victor and slowly moved back and forth. After a few minutes she stopped and lay down on him. They rolled over while still engaged and she put her legs up and over his back as he started to move in and out of her. Their breathing came faster once again as did their motion. Once again they both climaxed and fell exhausted alongside of each other. The heat of passion had made them forget about the chilled air and now that they were not making love, the air chilled them once again. They both got up and she put on her bra and thong and they dashed down to

the kitchen to retrieve their clothing. Vicky giggling and Victor laughing.

After they were completely dressed Victor said, “Hey, I think we should go dancing and I certainly have a good reason to dance tonight!”

“Good idea, honey. So do I.”

They left the house and took victor’s car to the Hermitage Club in the Ermitazh Garden at Karetny ryad 3.

## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Morgan spotted the van trailing him after the third turn. He knew he was being followed and decided to find out who it was. He thought it looked like the telephone utility van that was parked on Panin's street. He headed out of the city away from the safe house and into the countryside. The van fell back a distance after they got onto country roads, almost too far. Morgan didn't want this person to lose him. He needed to find out what was going on. Were they were on to Panin or was it just normal KGB curiosity? He was going to find out one way or the other.

The light started to fade and Morgan turned on the headlights. The van driver did not put his lights on. Instead, he closed the gap and used Morgan's car to focus on the road. About ten miles out into the countryside, Morgan spotted a gravel road in a deeply wooded area off to the left and made the turn. After he turned, he slowed down to watch the rearview mirror. The gravel road seemed to wind around a small lake and had several dirt roads branching off from it. The van made the turn and was about 50 yards behind him. It was darker inside this wooded area and the van would have to close the gap or turn the lights on to keep from hitting the trees, which were very close to the roadside. The road opened up on the left to expose the lake as it snaked around to the right. It was lighter here and easier to see without lights on. He continued on and he soon came into

the open area. He was now about 75 yards in front. Morgan came to an open space that seemed to be somewhat of a parking area. It was cleared and could perhaps hold 10 cars. It must be for fishermen to park and launch boats to fish the lake, he thought. This was confirmed when he saw one old rowboat that had been discarded at the edge of launching ramp near the water. It had a large hole in the side and appeared to be rotted from years of sitting there. He pulled into the open area and parked his car. He quickly turned off the lights and jumped out and ran back in the opposite direction to where the clearing first opened and worked his way into the brush behind a large tree so he could watch for the van.

Liteyny slowed the van when the car's lights went out. He knew the man had stopped and was probably exiting the vehicle. He decided to stop the van where he was because he did not want the man to hear the gravel crunching under the van's tires. He quickly turned the ignition off to silence the engine and removed his 9mm semi-automatic pistol made in Austria by Glock GmbH, Deutsch-Wagram. He carefully opened the door and let it stay open, as he did not want to make even the slightest noise with the door latch clicking, even if he closed it softly. Liteyny crouched down low and made his way along the tree line toward the open area where he saw the car stop. He was careful not to walk heavily and kept to the soft moss growing along the roadside. Morgan spotted him crouch walking along the roadside with his pistol extended.

*Okay, I know he's KGB now. Curious phone company men don't sneak through the woods carrying a gun.*

Liteyny suddenly felt a terrible pain in the side of his head and found himself flying sideways into the open gravel driveway. He had not spotted Morgan hiding behind

a tree on the side of the gravel drive. Morgan had given him a powerful karate kick to the side of the head. The pistol was still gripped tightly in Liteyny's hand and out of pure reflex, he swung it to the right from where the pain had come and he squeezed off a round. The bullet struck Morgan in the right shoulder and spun him around knocking him off his feet. He landed on his stomach in the brush and groaned in pain. Liteyny's fireplug build and his constant workouts had made him tougher than most men. He could take a hit from just about anyone and come back quickly. Although the kick to the side of the head stunned him, he was back on his feet and rushed over to where Morgan was lying. He pointed the automatic at Morgan's head and said, "Gavaritye" (You're through).

Morgan slowly rolled over on his good shoulder with his legs curled up as if in great pain. He grimaced and said, "Not yet, comrade." He moved faster than he had ever done before in his life because he knew his life depended on it. His right foot sprung forward from its coiled position and caught the little Russian between the legs. Liteyny screamed in pain and doubled over just as Morgan's right foot came back down to the ground and the left foot crashed into Liteyny's mouth breaking seven teeth and sending him back out into the roadway again. Morgan was on his feet in a flash and took two steps forward and gave a powerful kick once again to the side of Liteyny's head. This time it carried the full force of a soccer player's kick and Liteyny's neck snapped like a dry branch. He was dead instantly.

Morgan slumped down to the ground and sat there for a minute while he regained his thoughts and let his adrenaline subside. The bullet had passed right through his shoulder without hitting any bones and exited cleanly out his back. He was very

lucky indeed. He knew he had to do something with this body so he dragged it with his good arm and managed to get the heavy little KGB agent to the back of the van, let the guy drop and then opened the back doors. He stuffed Liteyny into the rear of the van, closed the back doors, smashed the windows in the back doors with Liteyny's gun, tossed it in with the little Russian and then rolled down the windows in the front. By now, his shoulder was burning with severe pain and it was with superhuman effort that he was able to get this done with only one arm. He searched for and found a large rock with which to weigh down the accelerator and got in. He started the engine and backed down the road for about 200 feet. He put the van in gear and held the brake as he put the heavy rock on the accelerator. When he let go of the brake, the van shot forward spewing gravel out the rear. He steered the van toward the lake and managed to jump out the door just as it cleared the embankment. Morgan landed on the side of the embankment and slid down the side into the water up to his neck. The van was airborne for about 20 feet before plunging into the lake. Fortunately, it was deep where it went over the embankment and with the windows open, sank quickly out of sight. It would be a while before fishermen snagged their lines on the framework of the van. By that time, the mission would be complete and no one would be able to tie this incident to it.

Morgan managed to struggle out of the water using his left arm and his legs. Soaking wet and almost into shock from loss of blood, he made his way to the car, opened the door and sat on the edge of the driver's seat with his feet on the ground. He managed to pull his shirt off and used it to press against his shoulder by using his right hand with the shirt wadded around his fist. He swung his feet inside and pressed back against the seat to keep the blood from oozing out his back. With both sides now

blocked, the blood was stopped for the present time. With his left hand, he closed the door and started the car. He managed to get it back onto the road using only his left hand to shift and steer.

The drive back to the safe house seemed to take forever and once or twice he almost blacked out. It was through sheer determination to make it back to the safe house that he didn't actually give in to the pain and pass out. He pulled up to the farmhouse and hit the horn three times. It was the danger signal.

Bret Johnson and Kurt Stillwell came running out of the house. They pulled Morgan from the car as gently as possible and carried him into the house. Mrs. Polynaka saw what was happening and quickly ran to get her first aid supplies that she had kept for many years. She was very good at cleaning up the wound and bandaging Morgan. Morgan managed to tell Stillwell and Johnson about his visit with Panin and the suspicion Panin thought he was under. He also told them about being followed and the fight he had with the KGB agent. He thanked Mrs. Polynaka for her nursing just as he passed out. Kurt carried him up the steps to the spare room the Polynakas had kept for Morgan when he visited and put him on the bed. Mrs. Polynaka came in to sit with him. Kurt went back down to the kitchen to talk with Bret Johnson and Mary.

Kurt said, "He's lost a good deal of blood, but I think he'll be okay."

"While you were carrying Casey upstairs, I called the Agent in Charge and he's sending out one of our doctors right away", Johnson said.

Mary looked shook. "What does this mean now, Kurt? Is the mission washed out?"

Johnson said, "From what Casey has said, the KGB is just suspicious. They don't

know about us yet. Casey did a good job with putting that van in the lake. It will be a while before the KGB finds out where their agent has gone off to. We should still be able to continue with our plan as far as I can see. Man, that Casey is one tough dude being able to drive all the way back here and stay conscious!”

Kurt said, “I think we should go back to talk to Panin, Bret. First of all, I need to get a good look at him. I want to be sure we are met by the right man at the fence line of the Cosmodrome. Secondly, we need to tell him to be extra cautious if the KGB is this close and suspicious.”

“Good idea, Kurt. Let’s get moving. We’ll use the car you and Mary are going to drive to the Cosmodrome in tonight. I don’t want Casey’s car showing up at the same place two times on the same day. Mary, if the doctor shows up before we get back, watch for him to flash his lights two times and then three more. It will mean that he has not been followed and that it is okay to let him in. Anything else is disaster. Shoot the man who gets out of the car if you don’t see the right signal. Can you do that?”

“I’ve never fired a gun at anyone before and I hope I can if I have to. I know we’re playing for keeps and we have to watch out for each other if we’re to survive. Kurt has already taught me something about this kind of teamwork if we’re going to make it. Just show me how to use the gun.” *Brave talk, Mary. You’re already shaking inside and your heart is in your throat!*

“Feisty little thing, isn’t she?” Kurt said as he winked at her.

Johnson said, “Kurt, would you go over the working of this automatic while I get the car out of the barn?”

Stillwell took the Walther 9mm Super Auto pistol from Johnson and quickly went



through the basics with Mary while Johnson went to get the car from the barn. “Hey, I’m impressed with your tenacity, pretty lady. You may be easier to work with than I first thought. Besides being beautiful and smart, you’re also gutsy. I like that.”

Mary hugged him. “It’s taking all I’ve got, Kurt. I’m pulling from some of your natural strength. As long as I’m near you, I feel like I can do just about anything. You have quite an effect on me.” *I just don’t know what I can do if you’re not here. I’m not real sure I could shoot someone. I’m not a warrior like you were in the Air Force and apparently still are as it seems to be coming out from the calm way you handle yourself. I’m just a chick with a big mouth and brave talk. I may be impressing you, but I’m not impressing me. I’m trying to be brave, but all of this stuff is new to me.*

“I know you’ll be fine. Just remember, don’t put the gun off safety unless you are about to aim and fire it. No mistakes that way.” He hugged her again, gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and went out the front door to get in the car with Johnson who had just pulled up to the front. He hopped in and said, “I hope we still have a chance to make this all work. I’m getting a bit up tight with these latest events.

### **Tuesday night, September 18, 1984, Moscow-**

Panin and Vicky arrived at the Hermitage Club and went in to dance with the rest of the Muscovites who enjoyed the nightlife. On a weeknight, the crowd consisted mostly of tourists from the wealthier European countries. Vicky drew a lot of attention in her short mini-skirt and long legs. The sexy combination of her long legs and her breasts almost popping out of the low cut black silk blouse made the men fantasize and the women jealous. She loved to dance and Vicky and Victor worked the floor as if they

were professional dancers. Victor was proud of the way his girlfriend looked and now that he had experienced her body completely, was thrilled to show her off. He wasn't afraid of other men looking at her. In fact, he was glad that they did. He liked having a beautiful, sexy girlfriend with a fantastic body.

After a half hour of constant dancing, Vicky said, "Victor, lets go somewhere where it is quiet and we can be alone. I love the dancing, but I want to be alone with you for a while because this has been such a special day for me."

Victor smiled. "Okay, let's go to Glazur Café. It's a nice quiet place about two kilometers from here." They left the discotheque and headed for the café. Victor was still basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking and watching his girl move around the dance floor with him made him feel like a king with his beautiful queen.

They found a quiet booth in the rear of the café. It was almost empty as it was late in the evening and most people who lived in the area were either home for the evening or at one of the hot spots that they had just left. This was a nice spot to stop after an evening out to slow down after all the activity.

After the waitress had taken their order of coffee and Danish, Vicky said, "Victor, this has been such a wonderful day. I can't believe we made love the way we did. I couldn't help myself. Maybe it was because your mother was away and I had you all to myself in that house. It was almost as if we were married and I have wanted to make love with you for a very long time. I just couldn't stop myself today and perhaps deep inside I was longing to make love to you like I would if we were married. I feel like it was some kind of bonding between us." Vicky went deep into thought while looking into his eyes. *I do love you Victor, but I have betrayed that love by being a slut trying to*

*become someone important with a very powerful man. It backfired on me and now I am trying to find out if the man I have loved for so long is a traitor to his country. I feel so cheap inside. I wanted to make love to you for love alone and not this way. This is so wrong. The love we made in your home was wonderful and I just wish it could have been different. Being forced to make love to you to find out if you are a traitor is a rotten thing to do. I am so scared of Inspector Boshnikoff; I had to do this just to keep him from suspecting me of treason. I hope you are not guilty, Victor. It would break my heart if you were. And if you are not guilty and you found out what I did, it would break your heart. Oh, what a fool I've been. A cheap slut fool of a girl. What a mess I've gotten myself into. I'm betraying the man I love and I hate myself for doing it.*

Panin looked into her eyes and his heart started to melt. He too was taken by surprise in their lovemaking. “My mother wants me to marry you and give her grandchildren. I guess mothers are all like that. Once their own children are grown up, they forget how much of a struggle it was to raise them. With our economic situation as it is I can barely make ends meet. Keeping up the house, caring for my mother and trying to have a little fun in the process is a big task. Having an absolutely beautiful girlfriend who loves me the way you do is heaven to me and I adore you for who you are and I think you know that.”

After a moment's hesitation, he said, “Vicky, I'd love to make more money so we could afford to get married, but as it is, our system just doesn't allow for me to get very far unless I become part of the Party.”

Vicky saw her chance to find out where his loyalties were and decided to lead him to see if he indeed was material for the CIA. “But, with two people working together, it

could be very nice, don't you think? I mean both husband and wife working could afford so much more."

"Vicky, you just don't understand. Sure it would be nice to have two members of the family working. But, when you got pregnant and had to stop working, how would we manage then? It would be even more difficult because I would not only have the house and my mother to support, but I would also have a wife and soon another mouth in the way of a child. I don't know if I could make it on what I make and right now I just don't see another way."

"Victor, our system may not be perfect, but it cares more about our citizens than the capitalist countries like the United States. Over there, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. They have no concern about how anyone who is not rich will survive."

"I'm not so sure about that, Vicky. We only see what they show us on the state-owned television or what we read in Pravda. What makes you think it is so imbalanced? I've talked to the tourists and they seem to see it differently."

Now she had him right where she wanted him. "Okay, so you're telling me that you would be better off in the United States?"

It hit him like a lightning strike. *She is leading me in this conversation! I am the special assignment she was referring to. She is trying to find out if I am a patriot or a traitor.* It hurt him deeply to think that his love would do this to him, but he had to change the path of this conversation real quick if he was to avoid suspicion. *She was on assignment to test me and the lovemaking and "I love you" talk was just a put-on! It rips my heart out to realize this.* Now terrified that he may be found out, he panicked and attempted to change direction.

“Vicky, that’s not what I’m saying at all. I have no desire whatsoever to be in the United States. I was just talking about what the tourists keep telling us, that’s all. It’s probably just a bunch of lies anyway. They could just be trying to impress us with their own propaganda about how great it is in America. We’ve been told many times in Pravda that they would do that. I guess they just got to me a little. Vicky, I love Russia and will give my life for her. This is my homeland. There is nothing wrong with a little complaining. After all, isn’t that how our political leaders change things for us? Maybe what I am trying to say is that I probably should have been in politics instead of the space program. Missed my calling, I guess.” Now he was more than a little bit scared. He didn’t want her to tell her boss or that regional quality control inspector, if that was what he really was, that he sounded like a traitor.

“Victor, I just think that you are a little too hard on our system. We have to be content with what we have. Our leaders will make it better for us.”

“I know, and I’m not trying to be hard on our system. You have misunderstood me, Vicky. I’m not complaining about how much money I’m making. They pay me very well. It just isn’t enough for us to get married on right now and raise a family, that’s all. It doesn’t mean that I’m not a patriot. I’m just being realistic when it comes to family. We will just have to save our money and wait. You know how mothers can be. They always want the grandchildren right away.”

He smiled at her and took her hand in his. “I love you and I think you know that.” He almost choked at getting those words out. He felt betrayed.

“Okay, Victor. I guess I was a little pushy. I’m sorry; forgive me?”

“Of course I do, Vicky.” He looked at his watch and said, “Hey, it’s getting late.

We had better get back. You took a taxi to my place and I need to drop you off back at your apartment. I have to get up early tomorrow for the flight back to the Cosmodrome. I'll be back again on Friday night and we can talk some more, okay?"

Vicky got up from her seat and came around the table and sat on his lap. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him softly. "I love you, Victor and I'm sorry I put you in a sour mood with my whining. I can hardly wait to see you on Friday."

Victor seemed to be relieved by her show of affection and said, "Okay, but you better get up before I put you up on this table and make love to you again right here in front of everyone here because you are giving me an erection with your warm fanny in my lap and your breasts right under my chin!"

She giggled and said, "What's the matter sweetie? Are these little 38Ds getting you all hot and bothered?"

"Yeah, and they're not little and if you don't get up, I'm going to rip that blouse off of you and pull them out of your bra and start sucking on them!" She giggled and then got up.

After Victor paid the cashier, he drove Vicky back to her apartment. It was late, but instead of kissing him goodnight at the door as usual, she took his hand and led him in. One more time they made passionate love in her bedroom. She gave him the thrill of his life with oral sex. When they had climbed naked into her bed, she immediately straddled him and then moved back down and got between his legs. She stroked his penis and he got hard almost instantly. Vicky then put her mouth over his penis and went up and down on it while stroking the bottom of his shaft with her tongue. He was gasping and making moaning sounds and finally cried out when he came. She laid down

along side of him and asked him to stay the night and go back to the airfield from her place in the morning. Her heart was breaking from cheating on him and she wanted him to fall even more deeply in love with her. *Maybe I can make it up to you by being the best girlfriend and future wife in the world. I am so sorry I have hurt you, my love and I will never betray you again. I will tell the inspector that you are not what they thought and are a true patriot. I will never hurt you again. Maybe some day I can tell you of my treachery and you will forgive me. Maybe.*

He was overwhelmed by her lovemaking and although he wanted to stay, he felt he should get back home and give himself some time to think about this relationship. He wasn't all together sure that there wasn't something else behind all this incredible love making. He was still somewhat unnerved by her questions and although he wasn't quite sure she was acting on behalf of the KGB, he needed to be alone for a while to sort things out. He explained that he had to get out very early and staying with her would only make them both late for work. She accepted that explanation and kissed him passionately and held him tight before he got up to put his clothes on. She went to the door of her apartment completely naked and kissed him passionately while thrusting her pelvis into his hard erection. Her nakedness gave him an electrifying charge and her large soft breasts pressed into his chest made him short of breath. "Vicky, if you don't stop, I'll never leave here!" She giggled and let him out while keeping behind the door in case anyone happened by and then bolted the door.

Johnson and Stillwell arrived just after Panin had been home for only a few minutes. Panin was in the kitchen thinking about making one cup of coffee when a

knock came at the door. It startled him, because he had no idea who it could be. *Maybe Vicky has turned me in and it's the KGB!* His heart started to beat faster as he made his way to the door. His hand was shaking slightly when he opened it. He didn't recognize Johnson or have any idea who Stillwell was, but here were two men at his door who were considerably bigger than he was, although he didn't know if they were KGB or not. He was literally terrified. He took a deep breath to calm himself and he managed to talk without his voice cracking.

“Can I help you, gentlemen?”

Johnson said, “Mr. Panin, we're friends of Mr. Montrose. He wanted us to come see you.”

*Oh great! More trouble, only from the other side. I don't know if I can take all this at once.* “Come in gentlemen. Is something wrong? Where is Mr. Montrose?” He again looked quickly up and down the street before closing the door.

“Don't worry, we haven't been followed. You look a little nervous. Are you okay?”

*Hell no, I'm not okay. I'm about ready to pass out from fear!* “I...I'm fine. Do you mind telling me who you are? I'm only used to dealing with Mr. Montrose. He didn't tell me that anyone else would contact me. Is everything all right?”

Johnson could see that this young man was under some stress and decided to take it slow. “Mr. Montrose had to take care of some other business and asked me to stop by to see you. This is John Benson and I am Tom Hargrove. You will be meeting John at the fence where we planned. I needed him to see you so he will be sure you are the right person and not someone who may have replaced you. We can't take any chances on



meeting the wrong person. I'm sure you can appreciate that."

"Yes, I guess I can. Good to meet you Mr. Benson." Panin put out his hand and Kurt shook it and gave a slight smile to ease Panin a bit. Panin also shook Johnson's hand.

"Come on into the kitchen. I was just about to make some coffee before you startled me. I really could use some now!" They made their way back through the house to the kitchen. Johnson and Stillwell sat at the table while Panin put some coffee on.

"Mr. Hargrove, I guess I should tell you about Vicky, my girlfriend."

"Mr. Montrose told me about her and your concern about a secretary being sent out on a special assignment."

"There's more to it than that. She told me at first that she was supposed to help out at General Balkon's office, but after she got there, they told her they didn't need her and gave her the rest of the day off."

"Yeah, Montrose told us about your getting a suspicious call-back to answer simple questions that you were sure the director already knew the answers to, is that correct?"

"That is true. What is even stranger is that Vicky came to my house this afternoon. We went out dancing to celebrate our time off together. We stopped at a café for some coffee and Danish and got into a conversation about money and patriotism. It seemed like I may have been the special assignment that Vicky had been given. It was like she was trying to find out if I could be bought. I caught on fast and made it clear to her that I am a total patriot. I'm not sure she believed me. She might blow the whistle on me and I'm not really sure if she was testing me. Or maybe I'm just being paranoid and

this is all just a coincidence after all. I love my girlfriend, and I just hope my suspicions are all wrong.”

Stillwell asked a question. “Forgive me for being right to the point and also being blunt, but our lives may depend on your answer, Mr. Panin. Do you love this woman past those doubts you’re having?”

Panin seemed to give some thought to the question before answering. He took about 15 seconds to answer, although it seemed longer.

*I have loved her with all my heart and soul. She is the perfect mate for me and now my heart is breaking and I will never get over this feeling of distrust. I’m not sure what to believe.* “I do, but now after what has happened, I don’t know how to respond because, quite frankly I’m so confused and it all seems to be unreal at this point and I must admit that I am more than a little scared, Mr. Benson. I don’t really want to believe that she was testing me and I hope she wasn’t. There is nothing more that I would like than to be able to send for her someday from America. I’ve got total panic inside right now and I hope all my fears are unfounded for I really do love her so.”

They had coffee together and talked for a while longer. Johnson tried to put Panin at ease and get him back on track with what they had to do. He retraced the steps Panin would have to take to help Stillwell and Anderson accomplish the mission. He also emphasized just how important it was for Panin to follow Anderson’s directions if the entire mission was to be a success. They wouldn’t know until the Soviets tried to use the satellite after launching it. Once the satellite was in orbit and they saw the fruit of their labors, Panin would be given the passage to America and a new life. Johnson and Stillwell left around 10:00 p.m. and headed back for the safe house. They were glad they

had talked to Panin. It seemed to reinforce him and he seemed to draw strength from these two men who would help him become an American citizen in the near future.

On the way back to the safe house, Stillwell made a suggestion. “Bret, I don’t want to tell you guys how to do your job, but we can give ourselves and Panin a little help with Panin’s girlfriend if you’re game.”

“What’s on your mind, Kurt?”

“If the KGB really is on to this and is searching him out, we can use her to create a diversion for the KGB so that some of the heat is off Panin for a while. She may be very good at fooling Panin or she may be just as clueless as he is and is innocent, but she may also be just what he suspected in the first place and if she is, she is more dangerous to the entire mission if she really is helping them.”

“What do you have in mind? I’m ready to listen to anything at this point.”

“Suppose you call Panin and have him call his boss tonight and tell him that he suspects Vicky might be working for the CIA. Just a suspicion, mind you, nothing concrete. Just enough that they might want to tail her. That will pull them away from Panin for a while. It could be a dead end, of course, but that will help us get through this and take some of the heat off Panin.”

“You should have been working for us when you got out of the Air Force, Kurt. We could have used you. It’s a great idea. Let’s do it.”

Johnson didn’t tell Stillwell what he was thinking, but he would add something else to that plan to insure KGB would be certain to track Panin’s girlfriend and not Panin.

*Stillwell may have had a good idea there. Yet he has very little knowledge of just how*

*sinister the KGB can be. He may think that his plan to divert them from Panin will work, but I know they will need a lot more than that to go on. I will make double damn sure they go after her instead of Panin. I can't risk this whole thing going into the toilet. National security comes first in my mind. I really don't give a damn if Panin and his girlfriend are in love or not. Sometimes we have to make tough decisions that will cost someone else their freedom and I think this is one of them. She has to be sacrificed as far as I'm concerned. Stillwell doesn't need to know what I plan and I think he might object to it anyway. I have a feeling he wouldn't like putting a woman in harm's way, even if it meant the success of the mission.*

## **CHAPTER NINE**

Johnson flashed his lights in the proper sequence when they approached the farmhouse. He didn't want Mary to put a bullet through the windshield.

Mary met them at the car when they stopped. "You've been gone so long; I started to worry about you."

"We had a lot of talking to do, Mary", Johnson said. "Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude, but I've got to make some phone calls." He jogged off and took the front steps of the old porch two at a time.

Johnson explained to the other agent what he thought about Panin's girlfriend and what he wanted the agent to do. "You call her when I get the phone number for you and you tell her that you are a friend who has something for her and will meet her somewhere in the morning. When you meet her, you give her money and a plane ticket to the U.S. in an envelope". He told the agent the rest of what he wanted him to do and then hung up.

"Hey pretty lady, did you miss me?"

“You know I did, Kurt. I’m not sure I’d be able to pull this trigger if I had to. I’m not especially attuned to this type of work.”

“You’re doing fine. Did the doctor arrive while we were gone?”

“Yes he did and I almost shot him! He flashed his lights and I wasn’t sure of the sequence, but thought, what the heck and waited to see who it was before I released the safety on the gun. Good thing I did. I don’t think he would have appreciated being shot while trying to attend to someone else who had just been shot!” She laughed nervously.

“Good thing you hesitated. Nonetheless, I’m glad you’re okay.”

“The doctor took Casey back into Moscow with him to the American Embassy. He said they have full medical facilities and will be able to bring Casey back to full health in no time.”

“Glad to hear that too. Casey is one heck of a guy. What do you say we sit on the porch while Johnson is finishing his phone calls? We have to get on the road as soon as he comes back with the okay.”

Mary hesitated a second longer and then quickly moved into him and put her arms around his neck and kissed him hungrily on the mouth. *Okay, so you’re a brazen hussy Mary. You are shaking like a leaf and he looks so desirable you just couldn’t help yourself, right? Don’t let go just yet, because you will fall down with your knees turning to Jell-O!* Kurt was a bit shocked at Mary’s bold move, but he didn’t mind at all. He took advantage of the moment and parted his lips and ran his tongue along her lips, which she parted and let him insert his tongue into her mouth. She pressed hard into him and held him tight. His soft warm breasts were exciting him and he was becoming erect up against her. She felt the hardness and quickly ended the kiss. She was out of breath and

said in a shaky voice, “I’m sorry, Kurt. I don’t know what came over me. I guess all this pressure has gotten to me a bit and I just needed to hold onto you for strength.”

“I’d never object to that kind of support for you, Mary. I like the way you kiss and if you feel you need some more of that at any time, just let me know. In fact, just grab me like you just did. I was melting on the spot with that kiss!”

Mary blushed and took his hand as they walked up onto the front porch and sat in the two old rockers the Polynakas kept there for their evening respite. They didn’t talk for a while, but just started rocking as soon as they sat down. Finally, Kurt said, “Automatic reflex, isn’t it? Get in a rocking chair and you start rocking right away. Kind of therapeutic isn’t it?”

Mary smiled and said, “Yes it is. I guess I need to get my mind off seeing Casey with that bullet wound. I was forewarned that this mission would have dangers, but I didn’t think anything would happen so soon. I have to admit one thing, Kurt; I’m more than a little scared. I hope I’m not disappointing you. I just have to be honest with you. This stuff is like another world to me.” *Actually, I am frightened out of my wits. This big handsome man is becoming more to me each passing minute. I am drawn to him by his strength and calmness in a time of crises. He has a wonderful effect on me. I feel so protected when he is near. Not only that, I think I’m beginning to fall for him in a big way. He is everything I have always dreamed of in a man, but didn’t ever expect to find. I hope we are successful in this, because I want to be near him for a very long time.*

“Being scared is good in one way, Mary. It releases adrenaline into your bloodstream and gives you strength that you would not normally possess. The trick to it is to learn to use the adrenaline in a positive way. Once it is in the blood, most people

react in a panic and make mistakes. It takes a practiced and conscious effort to control your thoughts during this time. If you can do that, you can do some pretty fantastic things that you never would have dreamed possible. Fear will release the adrenaline, but you must learn to use it in a positive way. Use it as you would one of your scientific tools. Adrenaline can make you ten times stronger than you normally are. Using it right will turn you into one incredible machine. It could save your life, pretty lady.

Remember what I have just told you if we get into a situation that causes fear. Don't ever think that men like Casey, Johnson and myself are never afraid. We become filled with fear just alike any other human being. The difference with us is that we have learned to use that fear to help us. We let it turn a switch in our mind that gives us an advantage over our adversaries. We isolate our thoughts into quick and positive thinking. The adrenaline cannot only make you stronger physically; it can help you think faster if you let it. Remember this also, the adrenaline dissipates rather rapidly. When you use it, it has to be quick. You normally only have a few seconds, maybe ten to fifteen seconds at the most, depending on the crisis and how much is released into your system. If you don't try to go beyond the limit, you won't hurt yourself. If you do, you may get seriously hurt. I'm telling you all this so that you will know what you should be doing with your mind in an emergency. Don't let the panic freeze you from action and waste the adrenaline. That can happen if you don't start controlling your thoughts immediately. It may not happen for you the first time, but if you work at it, you can use fear to help you in an emergency. It's hard to explain, Mary. I just want you to lock what I have just told you into your mind so you can use it if you ever need it."

"I think I'll just stick as close to you as I can, Kurt. I don't know if I could use it



the way you do.”

“Not a problem, Mary. I just wanted you to have some insight into what can make the difference in a crisis situation.” *Pretty Lady, I sincerely hope we do not get into a spot where you do have to use it, but if we do, I want you safe and sound and I need you to be safe for me. I care more about you with every passing moment.*

Johnson called Panin and told him what he had planned, only he gave him Stillwell’s version so Panin would think that the KGB would just follow his girlfriend instead of him and turn up empty handed. He told Panin to call his boss and report that he was suspicious of his girlfriend. Nothing too positive, just a suspicion that she could be working for the CIA. He didn’t tell Panin what he really intended to do as he was sure he wouldn’t cooperate if he knew the whole scheme he had worked up. He then asked for Vicky’s telephone number and then passed it on to the other agent.

Vicky answered the telephone on the third ring sounding a bit sleepy.

“Miss Tishinsky, you don’t know me, but I represent someone you know. It is very important that I speak with you early tomorrow morning before you report to work. It’s about Victor Panin.”

“Can’t you tell me now?”

“I’m afraid not, Miss Tishinsky, however, I am sure the information I have will please you.”

Vicky thought this was very mysterious, but it could be some information she could use to give to Inspector Boshnikoff. Victor didn’t give her anything that she could

use, so this might be the break she needed. Maybe Victor was a traitor after all. She was confused, but felt this might salvage something with the inspector.

“Okay, where do you want to meet me?”

“Meet me at the Dinamo Metro Station on Leningradskiy Prospekt at 7:00 a.m. I will be wearing a tan overcoat with a plaid scarf. I will be standing at the news kiosk.”

“What is your name?”

“My name is not important, Miss Tishinsky. If you want the information, you will be on time. Goodbye.” Walenski hung up quickly before she could ask another question. He had given her the bait and he knew she would be there.

Panin called the security guard at the main entrance to the Aviation Institute and asked the guard to call director Dubikoff. The guard was reluctant, but Panin insisted that it was an emergency. He gave the guard his telephone number to give to the director.

Panin’s phone rang two minutes later.

“Comrade Panin, this is Comrade Director Dubikoff. What can be so important that you call at such a late hour? It is past 11:30 p.m.”

“I am very sorry to have disturbed you Comrade Dubikoff. I was afraid I might miss you in the morning as my flight takes off so early. I am not certain and this may be nothing at all, but I am afraid that I must report that Miss Victoria Tishinsky just may be working for the CIA. She was out with me at a café tonight and was asking me questions about my work at the Cosmodrome.”

“Did you tell her anything?”

“Of course not, comrade director. I never talk about my work outside the

Cosmodrome. I am sorry to have disturbed you. I am probably way off base with my suspicions. She had been asking questions about my work many times before and I always ignored her. This time, however, she was very persistent and asked things that she should have no knowledge of. I apologize again for disturbing you; it may be nothing at all other than just a very curious secretary.”

“Don’t apologize, Comrade Panin. You have become a good candidate for the Party as you are very observant and a good patriot. I am glad you called. You have done well to call me with this information. I shall look into it. Goodnight.” The director hung up and immediately called the number where Boshnikoff was staying.

Boshnikoff answered on the first ring.

“I am most sorry to disturb you, Comrade Inspector, but I have news that I think you may want to hear, even at this late hour.”

“What is it?”

“I know I told you that we were suspicious of Victor Panin, but he has just called me to tell me that his girlfriend, Victoria Tishinsky is acting suspiciously. He said she was asking questions about his work that she should not be asking. He said the questions concerned his job at the Cosmodrome.”

“Thank you for your concern, Comrade Director, but I asked her to probe him with questions. You could not have known that, but I am glad you called to tell me. It lets me know that she was doing the job I sent her to do. Goodnight, Mikhail Dubikoff.” Boshnikoff broke the connection.

Boshnikoff lay back on his bed and thought about it. It could be just a diversion on the part of Panin to draw attention from himself. Then again, if he were telling the

truth, it may very well be that it is Victoria Tishinsky that is the agent for the CIA and not Panin after all. He couldn't afford to ignore this tip. Colonel Vashti would have his butt if he were wrong. He would have to place a tail on Miss Tishinsky just in case. He called one of his agents at his home.

“Gunther get out of bed and call Paukin and Doski. I want the three of you to watch every move that Victoria Tishinsky makes for the next three days. She is the one I told you about. I want to know everything she does and when she does it. Report to me the moment she does something out of the ordinary.”

“Yes Comrade Major. I will let you know the moment I see something unusual. Anything else?”

“No, that's it.” Boshnikoff hung up.

Johnson came out on the porch where Kurt and Mary were sitting.

Stillwell said, “Hey dad, can I have the keys to the car tonight? I've got a hot date with a pretty girl.”

Johnson laughed and said, “Okay, the phone calls have been made. I guess it's time that you two got on the road. Mr. Polynaka has refilled the gas tank from the spare cans we keep in the barn. Everything you'll need is in the car. Your chariot awaits.”

Kurt winked at Mary and said, “Race you to the car sweetie.”

Mary laughed at him, shook her head and said to Johnson, “This is what I will have to put up with?” Then she bolted off the porch and got to the car before Kurt did.

Johnson just stood on the porch shaking his head from side to side with a grin.

Stillwell started the engine, put it in gear and they were off. It would be a long

drive and they would have to take turns so each could get some rest along the way. The drive would take all night and up to the following night to accomplish.

**Early Wednesday morning, September 19, 1984, Dinamo Metro Terminal, Moscow-**

Victoria Tishinsky made her way out of the subway car and onto the platform. Fortunately, this was only three stops from where she got off at the Sokol Station a few blocks from the Aviation Institute. She could get right back on when the next train came through if this meeting didn't take long. She was curious about who this mystery man might be. Was it someone who was watching Victor and had something that would be useful? If so, who could it be? If it were a KGB man, he wouldn't go to her. He would go to his own superior with the information. It just couldn't be anyone from the government. She would just have to wait and see.

The station was crowded and noisy. Lots of people coming and going, even this early. Most Muscovites used public transportation, as it was too expensive to own a car. Victoria had one that was passed on to her by her late father. If not for that, she wouldn't have one. Even so, she could only afford to use it very sparingly, certainly not for commuting to work.

Gunther Czarnoff got off the car behind Vicky. She didn't notice him watching her because of the enormous crowd. Even so, he put some distance between them. He kept a sharp eye on her while he pretended to read his paper as though he were waiting for the next train.

Vicky made her way over to the news kiosk and saw Walenski standing there reading yesterday's news. He was the only man in the area wearing a tan overcoat and a

plaid scarf. She walked up to him and said, “Excuse me, are you the man who called Victoria Tishinsky?”

Walenski turned to her and said, “Yes, I am. I have a message and a gift from Victor Panin’s Mother.”

Vicky was a bit shocked. She never imagined that Victor’s mother would have someone meet her. Victor’s mother was on her way to Siberia. Why would she send a message through this stranger?

“I must not take too much time, Miss Tishinsky. Take this envelope.” He handed her a thick envelope, which he had pulled from inside his coat. “It contains a plane ticket for passage to America. It also has a passport in your name and one for Victor Panin. The passports are a gift from a good friend of Mrs. Panin who is sympathetic to her and her son. The money is what she has saved over her lifetime. She has entrusted me to give this to you. There is enough money there to keep you both in a nice apartment in a New York suburb for six months. The address of the apartment is in a letter she has written to you in the envelope. You see, she wants her son to go to America. She feels he will be much better off there, but she knows he will not go no matter how much she tries to convince him. The only way she could think of to get him to go was to have you go with him. She knows he loves you and wants you two to have grandchildren for her.”

“Mr...whatever your name is, how could a peasant woman come up with that kind of money? Even if she saved for her entire life?”

“Mrs. Panin has no idea how much this has really cost. She thinks she has paid for everything with her life savings. It took fifty times that much to do this. That’s where the General comes in. It is his way of paying back her husband who saved his life

during the war, even if her husband is no longer alive. He is doing it for the man's widow. Take the gift, Miss Tishinsky. It can be the start of a new life for you. I must go now." He turned abruptly and made his way up the staircase to the street level before she could respond.

Vicky stood there for a moment staring at the bulky envelope. She dared not open it because of what this man had said was inside. She put it in her pocket and turned to wait for the next train to come through the station. *I can't believe this has happened! This could be what Victor and I needed all along. I will open the letter tonight and call Victor. Maybe I can convince him to go to America with me as a couple, since this man said Victor's mother wants him to go. Someday, before we get married, I will tell him of my foolish treachery and maybe he will forgive me. He is such a good person, I just know he will. I hope he will continue to love me. I'll just have to take that chance. All he will need now is convincing. I am sure Victor does not know about this. His mother must have been planning this for a long time as a surprise for him. And here he was thinking that he was surprising his mother with the trip to see her sister. What a wonderful mother Victor has and what a wonderful surprise it will be for him. We could both get jobs and raise a family together. The more I think about it, the more wonderful it seems. I can hardly wait to tell Victor!*

Gunther Czarnoff saw the entire scene unfold before his eyes. He was about thirty feet away, but could clearly see Vicky talk to this man after getting off the train and saw the envelope he handed her and how she put it into her pocket. Now she was waiting for the next train. He would follow her further to see if she got off at the Metro stop

where she normally got off for her walk to work.

Vicky did not see Czarnoff follow her from the station. The streets were crowded and she never gave any thought to being followed. She walked the few blocks to the Aviation Institute and went through the gate and inside the building. Czarnoff followed and after Vicky was inside, flashed his badge to the guard at the gate and went into the building. He stopped at the receptionist's desk and asked for a telephone after showing her his KGB identification. She showed him to a telephone in an empty office where he could make a call in private.

Czarnoff got through to Boshnikoff immediately. He told him how he had followed Tishinsky to work on the Metro and how she made a premature stop three stations before her normal stop.

"She met with a man on the platform and he handed her a thick envelope. She then boarded the next train and continued on to her job. I have followed her here. I am calling you from an empty office."

"Good work, Boshnikoff said. Bring her to me at the Cosmodrome. I want to talk to this traitor." Boshnikoff hung up.

Czarnoff put the receiver back in its cradle and left the office. He stopped at the receptionist's desk and asked where he could find the secretarial pool. She walked with him to the second floor and let him into the large room where at least a dozen people were busy typing at their desks. She pointed out where Vicky sat and then left. He went immediately to Vicky's desk and said, "Miss Tishinsky, you will come with me please." He showed her his badge and she went white with fear. He said, "Do not try to resist. Where have you hung your coat?"



Vicky turned pale and got up with her knees shaking and showed him where her coat was hanging in the locker area. He reached into the inner pocket and found the envelope still sealed. He didn't open it, but put it into his pocket. Vicky's knees went weak. She thought, *Oh no! He'll think I am a spy and that man was trying to pay me. How will I explain this?* Vicky started to say something, but he cut her off with a raised hand.

“You will say nothing, Miss Tishinsky. You will only speak again when you are standing in front of inspector Boshnikoff!” Vicky passed out and hit the floor hard.

## CHAPTER TEN

### **Early Wednesday morning, September 19, 1984, the Russian countryside-**

Stillwell and Anderson were tired from driving all night. They were coming up to a small village in the mountainous countryside and Kurt watched her from the passenger seat he could see that Mary was far closer to exhaustion than he had guessed earlier. He could have gone for another two days without stopping but he didn't want her to be so wrung out that she couldn't do her job tonight. He knew they would have to stop somewhere for a few hours rest. They came into the village and Kurt asked Mary to pull up to the inn at the end of the main road.

“How about some breakfast, pretty lady? I, for one, am starving.”

“I think I could eat something, Kurt. Sounds like a good idea to me. We can play the role of tourist for a while and continue our pretend marriage, right?” *I've given a lot of thought to you and I over the past few hours of driving and I am beginning to think more and more of how it would be if we really were married. I get all tingly just thinking about how we would be together. I'd gobble you up like a starved little kitten being offered a delicious meal!*

“Right Mary, I think I like the idea even if it is pretend. You don’t know this because I haven’t told you, but I speak fluent Russian. I’ll order us some breakfast and we can rest up a bit.”

“Oh! I am truly impressed, Mr. Stillwell. Okay, let’s get some breakfast. By the way, I took a little Russian back in college. Maybe I can try it out here.”

They entered the inn and found that there was just one other man and woman at a table there. They went to a table in the far corner and waited for the matronly old lady who was waiting on the other couple to come over to take their order.

It was warm in the inn and they took their coats off and put them on the backs of their chairs. Mary was wearing a nice looking light blue skirt with a matching light blue cotton blouse. Typical American tourists. Kurt was wearing dark blue slacks and a medium blue long sleeved shirt. Nicely matched couple. He looked like a business executive trying to dress down and she looked like a newlywed bride by the way she was clinging to him on the way in. The old lady made her way over to them and asked if she could help them.

Kurt said, “Mnye Pazhalusta yiishnitsa, blinchiki.” He then said, “But’tye dbry chornyi kofe.” The old lady smiled and asked him what his beautiful wife would have. He told her that she would have the same, but instead of black coffee, she would have “Chai s-limonam”, tea with lemon. The old lady nodded and left to attend to their order.

“Hey, what did you order?”

“Eggs and stuffed pancakes for us with black coffee for me and tea with lemon for you.”

“Very good my husband. You make a fine Russian gentleman!” She smiled,

winked at him and squeezed his arm. *I like the way this feels! Even pretending to be husband and wife is exhilarating. I don't ever want to let go of this man!*

The old lady was watching and said something to her husband who was tending the kitchen and they both chuckled and smiled at Kurt and Mary. Kurt smiled back and Mary blushed.

“I think I'd like to try a bit of Russian out on her. Do you mind?”

“Of course not, pretty lady. Go for it!”

When the old lady brought their order to them, Mary smiled and said, “Ya biryeminna.” Then she placed her hand on Kurt's arm and said, “Vot Kvitantsiya.” Kurt started laughing and couldn't stop. The old lady started laughing too and patted Mary on the shoulder and said, “Ochin' priyatna” and continued to laugh as she walked away. Kurt was laughing so hard tears were running down his face.

“Oh my word, what did I say? I thought I said that we are married and that you are my husband.”

“What you said is usually a result of marriage, but you were a little off, pretty lady!” Kurt could hardly get the words out for laughing. The old lady told her husband what Mary had said and he started roaring with laughter. By this time, Mary was more than a little embarrassed and blushed again.

She giggled and pleaded with Kurt as she squeezed his arm. “Please stop laughing long enough to tell me what I said!”

He finally caught his breath and looked into her beautiful blue eyes and said, “You said, ‘I'm pregnant.’ Then you put your hand on my arm and said, ‘Here's the

receipt.' I'm sorry, Mary, but it was so funny I couldn't stop laughing. The old lady said, 'Pleased to meet you' while she patted you on the shoulder."

"Kurt, I think I'll leave the Russian to you from now on." She started to giggle again when she thought about what she had said and gave him a hug. The old lady and her husband looked at them and sighed together. Such a nice young married couple. They looked so happy together.

After Kurt and Mary had finished their breakfast, Mary started to yawn and stifled it with her hand. "I'm sorry, Kurt. I guess the breakfast and the friendly atmosphere has helped me relax and the all-night driving has caught up with me."

"Look, Mary, we're way ahead of schedule and we have a five-hour margin built in just in case we ran into some snags. I think we should check into a room so you can get some decent sleep like I did when we traded places driving last night. I have to make sure you are fresh when we meet Panin. I can't have you tired and making mistakes. Besides, it's easier to sleep in a soft bed than it is on a hard car seat."

"A little nap would do me some good. You're probably right; I do need to be sharp and what the heck, we're an American married couple on vacation anyway, right?"

"Absolutely."

After they had finished their breakfast, Kurt waved at the old lady who was standing by the kitchen. She came over and he said, "Ya by khat yel tikhii nomir, nomir z-dushem." The woman nodded, smiled at Mary and went to get a key.

"I said that I would like a quiet room with a shower. The shower will help both of us freshen up and I need to get rid of this overnight growth of whiskers."

Mary smiled and ran her hand lovingly down his face as a caring wife would do

and said, “You do look a bit scruffy this morning, my love. A shave would seem to be in order.”

The old lady came back and motioned for Kurt and Mary to follow. She led them to a lovely room overlooking a nicely landscaped garden in the rear of the second floor. It had its own bath off to the side, which was unusual for such a remote town. Usually, the guests of inns had to share a bathroom with other guests. Stillwell asked why this room had its own private bath and the old lady explained that the inn was once the home of a wealthy industrialist, but when he died, it was converted to an inn by his family and she and her husband ran it for them. That was the reason for the private bath.

Stillwell paid for the room and told Mary he would go down to get their bags. When he came back she was in the shower. He put their bags down and walked over to the window to look at the garden.

Mary finished the shower and after drying off, looked at herself in the mirror. She was pleased that her body had the same shape as it did when she was in her mid-twenties. Her breasts were full and had not lost any of the youthful firm shape and stayed up without the aid of a bra. She had a small waist and a very shapely bottom. She came into the room with a large towel wrapped around her covering her from just above her breasts to just barely above her labia. She had another towel wrapped around her hair and had her head down as she dried it off, unaware that Kurt was now in the room. Kurt turned and smiled at her and said, “Refreshed?”

Mary was a little surprised that he had returned and was also unaware that the bottom towel was above her private parts. “Yes, thank goodness. The shower is all yours. There’s an abundance of towels in there. I’ll dry off and change out here while

you shower.”

“Thanks, I need a good hot shower.” Then he grinned at her and saw that she had very little blonde pubic hair on her mons pubis and it was so thin that it looked as if nothing were there and her labia was beautiful to look at. “By the way, that towel is shorter than you may think, sweetie. I’m getting a great view and from what I can see, you are as beautiful down below as you are up above.” He gave her a wink, walked past her with his bag into the bath with a big grin on his face. She gasped and looked down to see that she indeed was showing everything. He called out from the bath and said, “Mary, if you want to stretch out on the bed, its fine with me. I’m not tired enough to sleep. I think I’ll go down and talk to the nice old folks who run this place while you get some sleep.”

“Thanks, Kurt. Oh, sorry about the towel. I didn’t realize it was so short!”

Kurt called back, “Hey don’t apologize. I’m not sorry. I did like what I saw. Actually, I think you look great in a towel. You have a beautiful set of legs!” *I’d love to see a lot more than that Pretty Lady, but I have to keep my cool and can’t let my emotions get in the way. You are so beautiful I would like nothing better than to hold your naked body against mine. Damn! I’m getting hard just fantasizing about it!*

Although Mary was totally embarrassed, she smiled to herself while she got dressed. *I was actually getting quite hot standing there in front of him with nothing but a towel on and I had no idea I was showing him everything but my breasts! He has no idea how badly I wanted to drop that towel and give him a better look. Now I’m starting to breathe heavily and my heart is pounding. I’m starting to get wet just thinking about it! Got to get my mind off this before I get into trouble! Get dressed, you hussy; time for*

*romance later.* She had to admit, he was a total gentleman and a real man. She like the way he looked at her. Not a leering kind of look some men had when they saw a nearly naked woman. He had a reserved, appreciative look. Like looking at pretty flowers in a garden, but he knew when he should and should not pick the flowers.

After his shower, Kurt went through his bag and pulled out a fresh change of underwear and a change of clothes. He pulled out the typical American casual wear for a chilly fall day. Western jeans, a sweatshirt, and jogging sneakers. He came out of the bath refreshed. Mary was sound asleep on top of the bed wearing her change of clothes. She had on a pair of jeans and a pullover blouse. She was curled up and sound asleep hugging a pillow. Kurt slipped quietly out of the room and went down to the dining area of the inn. It was now late morning and the guests were out and about. Only the old man was there tending the bar. Kurt sat down and began talking to the kind old man while having some coffee with him.

In the early afternoon, Kurt went back to the room to wake Mary. He eased himself gently onto the edge of the bed and watched her for a minute. He was really becoming attached to her. She was on her back and her full breasts were rising and falling with her breathing and Kurt got an erection just thinking of her naked that way. *She's so beautiful. She has everything a man could possibly want in a woman. Beauty and brains. I think I'm starting to fall for this pretty lady in a big way.* He let himself think of what the future might be like with her and he liked what came into his head. She was not only beautiful; she was vibrant, intelligent and had a great sense of humor that was compatible with his own.



Kurt leaned over and gently kissed her on the cheek. He eyes fluttered for a second and she smiled when she saw him leaning over her. She had a bold moment and quickly wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her and gave him a long, passionate kiss. She let go of him and softly purred like a kitten saying, “I just couldn’t resist that, Kurt. After all, we are posing as husband and wife and I just thought of Sleeping Beauty as you kissed me on the cheek. So, what time is it, my Prince Charming?”

While the kiss surprised him, Kurt loved every second of it. It was more than sensual. It made him catch his breath. He said, “Just one kiss isn’t enough for this Prince Charming.” He leaned back over and kissed her again. Long and passionate. Their tongues met halfway through the kiss and they explored each other for a few moments more. She ran her fingers through his hair and down his back feeling the muscular strength in his body. He slipped one arm around her back and gently caressed her breast with the other. They both felt the heat build up between them and knew they had to stop before this got out of hand. They gave each other a final passionate kiss and then slowly eased up and he sat back up. He was instantly aroused and had to regain his composure before he could speak, because he was breathing as heavily as she was. After a moment he said, “It’s One o’clock, my lovely wife. There is nothing better I would like than to continue, but we should have some lunch here and then get on the road again. We still have a good distance to go before we get to the Cosmodrome.” *Just the thought of her being my wife gives me a thrill deep inside. What a wonderful thing to dream about! She is having quite an effect on me and I love it!*

Mary thought *I just couldn’t resist that. He was so close and that kiss on the*

*cheek was like Prince Charming coming to wake Sleeping Beauty. I loved the way he held me and I could feel my nipples getting hard at his tender caressing. I know I want him more than ever now and that second kiss got me wet again!*

“Okay, my pretend husband. Thanks for letting me get some sleep. I feel brand new and lunch sounds good too.”

They gathered up their things and went down to the car and then came back inside to get something to eat. The restaurant was only half full so they found a good table near a window.

After lunch, the old man and old lady of the inn went out to the car with Kurt and Mary. They both wished them a safe journey on their vacation and gave them both a big hug. As they pulled out, both Kurt and Mary waived and shouted, “Da-svidan’ya!” the couple stood with their arms around each other, waived and called back, Da-svidan’ya!”

When Kurt and Mary were on their way, Mary said, “That was one of the nicest old couples I have ever met, just like the Polynakas. I’ll remember them for a long time.”

“That they are. The old man was good company for me. He took a liking to me and insisted that I take his old army saber as a gift. He wouldn’t take no for an answer. I couldn’t insult him and had to give in and take it. I guess I can get it out on the diplomatic flight when we leave as Mr. and Mrs. Fat Cantrell.”

“Oh no, don’t remind me that we still have to put that junk back on again!”

“Yeah, but this time, it will only be until we take off. We can get out of that stuff on the plane this time since it will be the diplomatic flight.”

“Thank goodness for that. I don’t think I’d like having to wear that outfit again for two days like we did on the way in.”

On the way, Kurt told Mary about Panin being suspected of treason and how his girlfriend had tried to get information from him and the plan to reverse the suspicion from Panin to his girlfriend, even if it was temporary and the KGB would be chasing nothing. He had no idea whatsoever about what had really happened with Panin's girlfriend. He thought that they were just going to cast some suspicion on her, she would be followed for a few days and that would be it when they found nothing to implicate her.

### **Wednesday afternoon, September 19, 1984, the Cosmodrome-**

The Cosmodrome was a sprawling complex that covered 10 square miles. There were three rocket launch facilities; each one had its own hangars and gantry cranes. The main launch facility was the one adjacent to the airfield. The airfield had a 10,000-foot runway for recovery of the Boran space shuttle. The Soviet shuttle had an uncanny resemblance to America's shuttles. The main difference being that the Boran was all automated and landed itself instead of being operated by pilots. The American shuttles had the capability of landing themselves, but it was never done.

The Cosmodrome was an entity unto itself. Everything the occupants could possibly need was there. All supplies were either trucked in or flown in by transport. Iran was flying in special lubricants on many occasions. Several other eastern block countries were also providing everything from food to pharmaceuticals.

The compound's main launch facility consisted of 33 buildings and hangars. There were three launch/assembly hangars. One hangar for the Boran space shuttle, two hangars for transport aircraft and helicopters, a tower/terminal and one hangar on the far side of the field for alert aircraft for defending the Cosmodrome. The other buildings

consisted of headquarters, two buildings for civilian personnel housing, two for troop housing, military headquarters, gymnasium, arsenal, armored division, fuel depot, research, engineering, design, laundry, motor pool, power plant, four repair shops, hospital, theater, one mess hall for civilians and one for the military and a commissary.

Colonel Tamkorski Gave Boshnikoff a VIP office for the time he was in the compound. It was located in the headquarters building. The colonel sat in Boshnikoff's temporary office and talked with his old friend. "Igor Boshnikoff, it has been a long time since we shared a bottle of vodka together. What can I do for you besides giving you an office in my compound?"

"Nothing else that I can think of my old friend. I must conduct an investigation into possible leaks in our space program. I have two individuals in mind. One more so than the other at this time. The first one to come to my attention was a young man in the electrical design department. That's why I am here, I want to talk to your psychological behavior counselor. The second person is a young lady working at the main headquarters in Moscow. Colonel Vashti has assigned me to find out if they may be working for the American CIA."

"I wish you well, my old friend. I hope you find out who it is for two reasons. First, you deserve credit for the many years you have put in protecting the motherland. Second, Colonel Vashti is an opportunist and a deadly one at that. Fail him and you could end a brilliant career. I wish you great success in the first scenario." He raised his glass of vodka and toasted his long-time friend.

The helicopter carrying Victoria Tishinsky and Gunther Czarnoff landed in front

of the transport hangar, its blades making a shoop shoop sound as they wound to a stop. Victoria had been blindfolded during the trip and the blindfold was now removed. She was still in handcuffs and Czarnoff made no effort to remove them. He wanted the humiliation to be complete. Czarnoff pulled Vicky roughly out of the helicopter and held her by the arm as he marched her across the tarmac to the waiting staff car. Vicky kept her head down to avoid the stares of the people on the flight line. They drove to the headquarters building and Czarnoff again roughly dragged her out of the staff car. Her dress caught on the window crank and she momentarily pulled back to free it. Czarnoff did not see that her dress was caught and thought she was trying to resist him. He reeled on her and grabbed her by her blouse front and pulled hard. It ripped the front of her blouse open and tore her skirt as she was pulled forward. Vicky cried out in distress. Partly from the pain caused by Czarnoff's rough handling and partly from embarrassment of her clothing being torn to shreds in front of the gawking passersby. One of the military officers passing by saw the rough treatment and stopped to confront Czarnoff.

“Excuse me sir, that young lady is half your size and in handcuffs. I assume she has committed some wrongdoing, but you need to treat her with some dignity. You are humiliating her before all those who are passing by and that is not acceptable. I suggest that you handle her a little more gently.”

Vicky looked up hopefully at the military officer and had those hopes dashed with Czarnoff's answer. “You will do well to mind your own business, Captain. I am inspector Czarnoff of the KGB. We are investigating this traitor. Do you wish to become involved?”

The officer quickly apologized. “I am sorry, sir. I did not know. There is no

treatment rough enough for a traitor. Please excuse me for interfering.”

“Think nothing of it Captain. You could not have known.” Czarnoff once again yanked Vicky forward and she half stumbled and half walked up the steps into the building.

Czarnoff stopped at the receptionist’s desk to inquire where Major Boshnikoff’s office was located. The receptionist looked at Vicky standing there with her torn skirt her blouse torn open and her bra showing. Vicky had her head down and tears were flowing from her eyes and down her cheeks as she sobbed. The receptionist gasped, but said nothing, for the look on Czarnoff’s face told her that she had better mind her own business. She directed him to the second floor where Major Boshnikoff had his temporary office.

Czarnoff again dragged Vicky unceremoniously up the steps where she fell on the steps and cried out. Czarnoff grabbed her by the arms and slammed her into the wall. He hissed, “You will walk or I will drag you to Major Boshnikoff. He started off again with his arm under her left arm dragging her to the second floor and down the hall to the Major’s office. When he entered, he stood her up and pushed her forward. Boshnikoff was closing the side door through which Colonel Tamkowski had just exited. He turned and looked at Vicky and Czarnoff standing before his desk.

“Well, Victoria, it looks like you have given my inspector a hard time.” Czarnoff handed major Boshnikoff the envelope that he had taken from Vicky’s coat in the locker room. “You may go now Czarnoff, and thank you for bringing her to me.”

Once Czarnoff had left the office, Vicky, now shaking, had her head down. “What has happened to your coat, Victoria? It is rather chilly outside.”

In a small broken voice, still trembling and looking down, Vicky said, “It is still in the helicopter. I did not have time to put it on before the inspector handcuffed me again.”

Boshnikoff shouted, “Look at me when I talk to you!” He slapped her hard across the face. The blow was hard enough to knock her backward and she lost her footing and fell to the floor. He walked over to her and grabbed her by the front of the torn blouse and pulled her up. The blouse tore even more. Vicky looked at him in sheer terror. Afraid to look away for fear that he would hit her again, she was trembling and her eyes were wide and showed her fear. Her face was blossoming pink where he had struck her.

“So, I send you to see if you can find something out about your boyfriend and all along it was you who is the traitor!” Vicky did not respond. She just stood there shaking with fear.

Boshnikoff opened the envelope and examined the contents. He then laid them out on the desk for her to see. There were two one-way airline tickets to Poland with connections to England and then the United States. A passport in her name and Panin’s with their photographs and ten thousand dollars in United States currency was included in the lot. Vicky was aghast. She opened her mouth to try to explain, but Boshnikoff again hit her. He backhanded her so hard that she again fell to the floor. This time there was blood running from the corner of her mouth. He went over to her and grabbed her, lifting her up by her arms. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a military pocketknife. He opened the knife and Vicky’s eyes went wide in fear. She was sure he would shove the knife into her. Instead he grabbed the blouse and cut the remainder of it away. He threw the scraps on the floor and then slid the knife under her bra between her breasts. He

twisted the knife so the blade faced him and cut quickly lifting in an upward direction towards himself. The bra suddenly snapped apart and her large breasts plunged forward once the restraint of the material holding them had been released. He cut the straps and then threw the bra on the floor with the remainder of the blouse.

“Victoria Tishinsky, you have stripped the motherland of her dignity. It is required that I do the same to you.” He reached down and took her hold of her skirt on both sides of the tear that the car door had caused and pulled hard to each side. The material parted all the way up to her waistline. He put his knife under the waistband and cut it loose. The skirt fell to the floor. She was now standing there with blood running down from the corner of her mouth and a red swollen spot on her cheek, clothed in nothing other than her lace panties and a pair of gray pumps she liked to wear to work. He was humiliating her to the maximum. He wanted her to be cowering before him. A technique he had learned a long time ago before master interrogators. It always worked with women.

By this time, Vicky was sobbing uncontrollably. She felt as though she were going to die right her in this office at the hands of this man who only a day before had made passionate love to her and was now totally and brutally humiliating her. She hated him and feared him at the same time.

“Tell me, Victoria Tishinsky, did you think you were really going to get to the United States without us catching you?”

Between sobs she said, “Major Boshnikoff, I beg you to believe me. I am not a traitor. I knew nothing of this. I received a telephone call last night to tell me that I was to meet someone at the Metro Station. I thought it might be information on Victor



Panin.”

“Really? How stupid do you think I am Victoria?” I was the only one who knew I had sent you on a mission to check out Victor Panin. How could anyone else know? Unless, of course, it was you all along who is the traitor and got caught in the process of getting your payoff. I see the tickets are for early next week. You were going to make a quick getaway and take your boyfriend with you, weren’t you?” He walked around the desk and casually went to look out the window as if he were just checking the weather.

Terrified, she stood as still as she could in front of the desk. “Please, you have to believe me.” She was shaking and trying to cover her exposed breasts at the same time. The handcuffs made it difficult. “I knew nothing of this. The man did not identify himself. He only handed me the envelope and said that Victor’s mother had sent him with it. He said that the money came from an army general who was grateful that Mrs. Panin’s husband had saved his life during the War and wanted to help her. The man said that Mrs. Panin wanted me and Victor to go to America. He said that she knew her son would not go if she tried to tell him to go, but that he would go if I went. He said there was a letter from her in the envelope along with the passports, which I have no idea how they made up. Victor doesn’t even know about this as it was supposed to be a surprise from his mother. I didn’t even know how much money was in there. I swear to you, that is the truth!”

Still looking out the window, he said very calmly, “A very good story, Victoria. There is only one problem. There is no letter in there. I also find it hard to believe that a Russian General would contribute money to help you get out of Russia.”

“The letter has to be there. He told me it was there.”

He turned and gave her a hard look and raised his voice to a shout. “What you see on the desk is what was in the envelope, Victoria Tishinsky. Nothing else! You are a traitor and a liar that has been caught. He fiddled with the knife in his hand and walked back around to the front of the desk. You have a lovely figure, Victoria. If you want to keep it that way, you will tell me who your CIA contact is...now!”

Vicky was horrified for she knew there was no such person. Her knees were beginning to get weak at the thought of him cutting into her. “Please, I do not have a contact. I am not a spy. You must believe me. Someone has set me up! I made love to Victor just like you ordered me to do. I tried very hard to get the information you wanted, but he just wouldn’t give it to me and I think he must be innocent.”

“I am now sure he is innocent because he didn’t have any information to give you, Victoria. Now, who is your contact?” Boshnikoff was shouting again.

Vicky trembled and said, “I don’t have one and that is the truth. Please, you must believe me!”

Boshnikoff drove the knife into the desktop, which made her jump. He then turned and hit her square in the mouth with his fist. It knocked her backward and she hit the floor with a thud. She was out cold. He walked over to her and picked her up and carried her to an overstuffed chair. He unceremoniously dropped her down in the chair and called for his temporary secretary.

When the secretary entered, she was visibly shaken at the sight before her. Vicky’s shredded clothing was on the floor and Vicky was slumped in the chair with blood running from her mouth. “Get this piece of traitorous garbage out of here. Get help from one of the other secretaries if you need to. Call the military police and have

her taken to a cell in the compound. I will deal with her later. She is not to have any clothing. Let her stay the way she is. Cover her with only a blanket, which she can take to her cell. Nothing else is to be provided.” He walked out of the office with the secretary turning white as a sheet and frightened at the rage this man had shown. There was no way she would question what had taken place in this office. She quickly went to the phone and called for assistance.

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

### **Wednesday afternoon, September 19, 1984, Dreamland in the Nevada Desert-**

The Boeing 747 touched down smoothly at Dreamland after having carried the newest version of War Club in its nose. The special configuration was adapted so that they could test the mobile targeting capabilities of the satellite. It was a resounding success. Every time it fired at a drone, it made a direct hit and destroyed each one.

Tom Crenshaw turned to General Martin and said, “Well General, I think we’ve pretty much proven the capabilities of War Club, don’t you agree?”

“Without a doubt, Tom. As soon as you can get that baby unfastened from the nose of the 747, I want it on its way to Vandenberg to be attached to the top of an Atlas rocket for launch. When do you think you can accomplish this?”

“We can have it mounted and ready by early next month, General. The next unit is just about ready. We can have the full compliment of 24 satellites in geo-stationary orbits by the end of next year. We just have to make sure this one is launched and over Soviet territory before they can launch one. I just hope Stillwell and Mary Anderson are successful in making the changes to the Soviet electrical diagrams. If they can launch

before we can position ours, we may have our first ‘Star Wars’ battle on our hands in space.”

“I hope we can make it, Tom. The President will be thrilled. This of course, won’t mean global peace by any means. What it will mean is that no country on this planet will be able to launch a rapid ‘first strike’ by using intercontinental ballistic missiles against us. The weapons will be reduced to delivery by aircraft, which will be easier to deal with and we can blast them out of the sky with the War Club satellites as they try to enter our airspace. Like I said, we don’t eliminate war, just the use of deadly ballistic missiles and invading aircraft being used on the United States and our allies.”

### **Wednesday evening, September 19, 1984, deep in the Russian mountains-**

Stillwell and Anderson rounded a curve in the last mountain they had to negotiate and the Cosmodrome came into view below and to the East. The sun was low in the sky and they had to get down from the mountain before it became dark, forcing them to travel using the headlights. The last thing they wanted was to attract attention to themselves.

Any vehicles they saw were going in the other direction and at that it was only an occasional truck that had delivered some supplies to the base. The local towns were supplying most of the food. The deliveries by truck were manufactured goods.

The Cosmodrome was still a good five miles distant from their vantage point high on the mountainside. Kurt accelerated smoothly on the downward side and they made it to the base of the mountain in 15 minutes. There were several side roads branching off to various villages around the Cosmodrome and Kurt watched carefully for the sign pointing to the town of Nestiary. It was the closest town to the Cosmodrome and they could hide

the car in one of the farm sites that was chosen for them and then walk the remainder of the way to the perimeter fence, which would be about a three-mile hike.

Kurt was surprised that they hadn't encountered any checkpoints along the way. He supposed it was because the Soviet economy was getting weaker and they could no longer afford to house so many troops all over the countryside. The effort was probably concentrated into the perimeter of the military bases and would mean that they had to be very careful in getting into the Cosmodrome. It was more than likely heavily guarded with all types of armored vehicles and dog patrols as well as a wired fence line.

Vicky awoke curled up in a fetal position on her left side in a cell lying on a bare mattress with only a wool blanket covering her. Her jail cell was in the military barracks. There were no windows in the room that housed the cells. For that, she was grateful. The weather was turning colder and windows would only mean more cold air. It was cold enough in this room as it was. The temperature must be near 70 degrees Fahrenheit. She was shivering because she was naked underneath the blanket and they had not even given her prisoner coveralls. She remembered what had happened before she blacked out in the office of the military police commander. Vicky moved her right hand down to her vulva, which was swollen and sore. The wool blanket felt like painful sandpaper on her wrists. They had been rubbed raw from the handcuffs and the skin had been chaffed in several places. She started to sob again remembering the pain and humiliation she had gone through.

She had been awakened by Boshnikoff's temporary secretary. The woman told her she was not allowed to give her clothing, but that she was allowed to cover her with

the blanket that another secretary had gone to get for her. She told Vicky that she was ordered to call the military police. The secretary had tended to Vicky's cut mouth the best she could and was trying to comfort her when the officers arrived from the barracks. They allowed her to keep the blanket wrapped around her because it was getting cold outside. They put her in a van and took her to the military police barracks where there were jail cells in the rear. It was the Cosmodrome's local jail, used mainly for drunken military men to sleep off the effects of too much booze.

They took her inside and made her stand before the captain in charge of security. Captain Alex Poltava ordered his two officers to remove the blanket. They pulled it from Vicky and the Captain gaped at what he saw. A lovely young woman with full firm breasts and a slim figure stood before him in nothing more than a pair of handcuffs, panties and gray pumps. Vicky was once again humiliated. She started to cry and looked at the floor. She didn't try to cover her breasts this time. She was so depressed that it didn't matter any more. The other two officers were elbowing each other and smirking behind her.

Captain Poltava said, "Well, I hear you are a traitor. We dispose of traitors in this country, young lady, but before we do, I think you may as well be of service to your country before you face the firing squad." He got up from his desk and walked around to where she stood. He grabbed her right breast in his beefy hand and squeezed. "Nice, very nice." Vicky knew they were about to rape her and she started to plead for herself.

"No, please, no." She was shaking and crying at the same time.

Poltava ignored her pleading and the three men pulled her face down across Poltava's desk and took turns raping her from behind until she passed out from the pain

and fright.

They removed her handcuffs and carried her to a cell where they placed her on the mattress and covered her with the blanket.

As Poltava left the cell, he said to her, “Thanks traitor. We’ll put in a good word for you with the firing squad.” They all laughed and he slammed the cell door shut and locked it and they left the cell room. Vicky, of course, heard nothing. She was still unconscious.

Colonel Jabul and Captain Shakur were entering the Cosmodrome air control area and tuned into the control center frequency. Shakur said into his headset microphone, “Cosmodrome control, this is Iranian national flight 742, requesting landing clearance.”

“Iranian flight 742, you are pre-cleared for runway 90. You will not need to contact the tower until departure. The winds are out of the North at 10 knots. Taxi to the supply depot at the far end of the field. You will remain with your aircraft until it has been unloaded at which time you will receive clearance from the Cosmodrome tower to depart. Acknowledge, please.”

Shakur said, “Acknowledged control.”

The Colonel said, “I guess the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini ticked off the Soviet Premier when he demanded more arms for the special lubrication. Now they don’t want us to even leave the aircraft to relieve ourselves. Well, I have a contact on the base who will be waiting with our traditional case of vodka. It has cost me, but it is worth it. This is the only time we have to drink and I was looking forward to this trip. That’s the only thing I don’t like about Islam, we’re not allowed to drink and have fun.”



“Colonel, that’s what I like about you. You always have a way to get what you want. Flying with you is a pleasure. What the Ayatollah doesn’t know won’t hurt him, right?”

“Correct, my Islamic brother. Just don’t tell anyone. Let the leaders fight all they want. We still have our friends.” They both laughed and looked forward to the high-powered vodka they came to love.

A few minutes later, Jabul banked the big C-130H into the landing pattern and made a straight-in approach. After landing, he taxied to the supply depot and followed the parking directions of the flight line mechanic with the red wands. It would be a few hours of sitting while the big cargo aircraft was being unloaded. Colonel Jabul turned to Captain Shakur and his flight engineer/loadmaster Sergeant Kasam and said, “Well, we have plenty of time on our hands while the ‘Comrades’ unload their lubricants. Kasam, why don’t you see if you can find our friend with our trade; our money for their fine vodka.”

“Consider it done, my Colonel!” Kasam went back into the cargo hold to start the auxiliary power unit before the last engine was shut down and opened the rear cargo doors and lowered the ramp and then went looking for their ally.

### **Wednesday night, September 19, 1984, three miles from the Cosmodrome-**

Stillwell drove slowly through the town of Nestiary. Mary had a babushka tied over her head to cover the blonde hair. She wanted to look as native as possible. The less attention they attracted the better. No one seemed to pay attention to them. Most were intent on getting inside for the evening meal. A different vehicle coming through

this town didn't attract attention because of its close proximity to the Cosmodrome. They had many visitors who wanted to sample their inn rather than eating on the base. Kurt looked like one of the technicians with his girlfriend.

Stillwell found the side road he was looking for at the end of the main street and turned onto it. It was a small winding road that snaked off into the forest. He followed the road for another few miles and found the farm he was told to look for. He pulled into the farm road and drove the car to the rear of the barn where he parked it and turned off the engine and lights. It was extremely quiet. Kurt told Mary to reach into the back seat and grab the blanket they had kept there to cover themselves while napping. He told her to cover herself completely, including her head as though she were asleep. In about two minutes, the back door to the farmhouse opened and a man walked over to where they were. After greeting him, Kurt said, "Mozhna astravit yiyuo?" Can I leave it?

The man nodded and walked back to the farmhouse.

Mary heard him walking away and came out from under the blanket. "That was quick. He didn't seem to be interested in any conversation."

"He knew we were coming. He doesn't want to know anymore than the fact that we are using his place to hide this car. He's being paid well for the privilege of our using his farm as a parking lot, Mary. If anyone comes here looking for this car, he can say it was abandoned here during the night and he knows nothing else about it. I didn't even want him to know that I have a woman with me. The less he knows the better. They may see two sets of footprints, but all they'll know is that there were two people here; one shoe size larger than the other." Kurt smiled at her, "We have along walk ahead of us, pretty lady. Time to grab our gear." Mary smiled at the way he often referred to her as

“pretty lady”. It was a special name Kurt seemed to be fond of using. A term of endearment and she found that she liked it.

They didn't have too much to take with them, two backpacks with a change of clothes. Kurt carried the Walther 9mm automatic with him. There wasn't any need for more than that. What they needed was in Mary's head; the changes to the diagrams and formulas for resisters that would make the Soviet satellite overload itself. Kurt said, “I don't want to leave anything in this car that might make anyone suspicious other than that there is an abandoned car here. I had better take this saber along. I can cover it in the underbrush with our bags and pick it up on the way out.”

They gathered up their things and started walking back down the dirt road to the entrance of the farm. They would follow the main dirt road farther into the forest until it ended at a lake. They would then follow one of the streams feeding the lake that would take them to the perimeter fence of the Cosmodrome. The cool night air refreshed Stillwell as he walked the road with Anderson.

### **Wednesday night, 10:00 p.m., September 19, 1984, the Cosmodrome-**

Panin left his assigned one-room apartment and walked from the civilian quarters for his nightly jog. He had been doing this for several weeks now and the patrolling guards became used to seeing him jogging the perimeter of the Cosmodrome. What they didn't know was that each night he would pass a remote section near a drainage ditch and stop to work on the fence. He took a few tools with him each time he went. Enough to hide under his clothing, but not enough to show. He was busy jumping out the wiring on the fence in the shallow drainage ditch. He needed just enough jumper wire to make a

loop big enough for a man to pass through. He was good at it because of his education in electrical engineering. Tonight, however, he didn't need to make any more preparations. The jumper loop was completed and the section of fence in the drainage ditch was fastened with six clips he had fashioned to hold the chain link in place. All he needed to do tonight was to meet Stillwell and Anderson. Stillwell, he knew as John Benson. He had not yet met Anderson.

Stillwell and Anderson followed the stream toward the Cosmodrome until it became nothing more than a drainage ditch ending at a chain link fence. He motioned Mary to keep low and they eased into the brush at the edge of the trees where he stashed their bags. They quickly changed into black coveralls, black knit facemasks and black boots similar to the ones worn by Delta force troops. They had black leather jackets to put over the coveralls.

There were about 20 yards of cleared ground between the trees and the fence. It had a gravel road running around the inside and the exterior was low grass that was mowed to keep it down. The ditch went under a small bridge made for the perimeter patrol vehicles. The fence went completely to the bottom of the ditch and a small trickle of water was draining out through it. It would become a fast running drain when the spring rains came. For now, it was down to almost nothing.

Kurt watched as a patrol vehicle drove past. The driver was waving to someone as he crossed the bridge. The man the driver was waving to was jogging along the roadside. When the armored vehicle passed, the man slowed down in the darkness and quite suddenly jumped from the small bridge to the drainage ditch. It was Panin.

Kurt motioned for Mary to follow him and he put his finger to his lips to indicate that she should not talk. He moved quickly forward along the edge of the ditch and went right to where the fence was at its lowest point in the drainage ditch. Panin saw him coming with someone close behind. He quickly unsnapped the clips that held the small opening in place and removed the two-foot by two-foot square opening. Kurt motioned for Mary to slip through and he quickly followed. Panin then refastened the fence.

Panin whispered to Stillwell, "I must continue my jogging around the perimeter so they won't think anything is wrong. I will be gone for about 20 minutes at which time I will double back and meet you. Follow this ditch until it ends at a large concrete drainpipe. Go inside the pipe and wait for me. We will go to the engineering building from there." Kurt gave him the thumbs up sign and Panin looked above the small bridge. He saw nothing coming and climbed the embankment to restart his jogging along the road. The whole sequence took only three minutes and he could make up the loss of ground so that he would come out at his usual point at the same time he did every night.

Kurt and Mary worked their way along the drainage ditch, being careful to stay on the shaded side of the ditch until they reached the concrete drainpipe. It was six feet in diameter and easy to hide in. There was only a trickle of water running from it and it caused no footing problem for them. They waited for Panin to arrive. Fifteen minutes later, Panin slid down the side of the embankment and motioned for them to follow. They climbed out of the ditch and ran to the side of one of the supply buildings. Panin took them around the back of the building and pointed with his index finger to the engineering building across the road. He looked around the corner of the supply building and started toward the front. Kurt and Mary followed him. Panin stopped at the front of

the building as though he were listening for something. In a moment he was satisfied and waved to them to follow him. They ran across the street and down the side of the engineering building. Panin used his key and opened the side door through which they entered quietly. As soon as the door was closed, a patrol vehicle drove by. Panin went flat against the wall as Kurt and May ducked down to the floor. They all breathed a sigh of relief as the vehicle continued on. Panin whispered to Kurt, "We have to work our way through the drawing room. We must keep to the floor so that we do not offer a view of us through the large windows in the front of the building. The electrical print room is at the other end of the drawing room. We will have to snake our way through here. Try not to make any noise and keep very low. It is best that we crawl on the floor below the desk line. There is a full moon tonight and with windows at both sides of the building, we would be seen if we were to walk through, even though you have dark clothing on. Our silhouettes would be seen easily. The electrical print room is without windows and once we are inside we can close the door and turn on a small lamp without it showing outside."

Panin crouched down and started working his way across the room with Mary and Kurt close behind. They had to make several turns before they came to the electrical print room door.

Kurt whispered, "I'll stay out here and watch. You two go do your thing."

Panin nodded and reached up and opened the door. He and Mary crawled through the opening and he closed the door. Once the door was closed, Panin stood up and turned on a light over his desk, which was next to the door. Mary stood up and pulled off her knit hood. When her blonde hair fell out and her pretty face showed in the light, Panin

blinked in shock and he whispered, “I didn’t know the electrical engineer would be a woman!”

“Surprise!” Mary whispered with a smile. “Women engineers are not as rare in America as they are here in Russia, Mr. Panin.”

When Panin recovered from his initial shock, he said, “Well, I guess we had better get on with making the changes. I have the drawing of the relay circuitry for the firing mechanism on my desk now. By the way, I didn’t get your name.”

Mary looked at him, smiled and said, “You weren’t supposed to. Just call me Martha.” She leaned over the desk and studied the plans. “Amazing, the prints are exactly like the ones we have back home!”

“Yes, Martha, they were copied by camera and sent by microfilm here and reproduced to full size. My job is to translate the symbols into Russian so our technicians can put it together with the right parts.”

“Well, we’ll change that for them.” Mary then pointed to the areas that needed to be changed. Panin made several changes to the sizes of the diodes and resistors that made up the linking circuit for the firing mechanism as Mary guided him. The reduction in the sizes of the diodes and resistors would create an overload condition. Not quickly, but after about three firings of the pulsar, it would overload the circuit and render the firing mechanism useless. It would be a powerful weapon unable to fire its lethal beam. They spent about twenty minutes on the diagrams and circuits and Panin made the changes as Mary instructed. Once they were finished, Panin turned out the light and Mary put her hood back on. They crouched down to the floor and Panin opened the door.

Just as Panin and Mary were coming through the door; Kurt spotted a foot patrol

passing the building. He put up his arm to stop them. They froze in place. The patrol came up the steps in the front of the building and looked through the windows. Seeing the open door to the electrical drawing room, they went back down and continued on their walking patrol around the perimeter of the building. Kurt heard them talking about the open door and whispered, "Panin, you and Martha make your way to the side door and wait for me there. They've spotted the open door, even though the light was off. They said it was unusual and started walking around the side of the building. If the patrol comes back and into the building, I'll create a diversion here and you and Martha can get out the side door and across the street to the side of the supply building."

Panin said almost in a panicky voice, "What kind of a diversion can you create that won't make them suspicious to what we have been doing in here?"

"You two didn't see it, but I whacked a rat over the head when we were crawling around the floor in here. I have been holding him hostage inside my knit cap. I guess you two didn't notice that I took it off. If the guards come in, I'll let it out and scare the daylights out of them. You two can get out the door when they start jumping around." Mary was impressed by Kurt's resourcefulness, but shivered at the thought that he was carrying a rat in his knit hat.

Panin and Mary started to crawl toward the side door through the maze of drawing boards. Panin was moving faster than Mary could and got way out in front. Mary couldn't call out to him when he turned the corners and tried to remember which way he had turned. She panicked a little and made the best guess she could as to which way he went. She got lost between the desks and drawing boards. The guards came back around the front of the building and opened the main door with their keys. Mary froze



and crawled under a desk. Using their flashlights they made their way back toward the electrical drawing room where the door was open. Kurt was crouched down alongside a desk near the door. When they got near the door, Kurt released the rat from his hat and it skittered across the floor toward the light. The guards jumped back and yelled. One guard pulled out his nightstick and started whacking at the rat as it tried to get away.

Kurt took the opportunity to get to the side door. He made it quickly because of the noise the two guards were making with their nightsticks chasing the rat. Kurt went through the door quickly and ran across the street to join Panin and Mary. He saw Panin turning the corner at the side of the supply building and made his way back there. When he got to the end of the building Panin was heading for the drainage ditch. Kurt thought that Mary must be ahead of Panin and ran to catch up with them.

The guards finally killed the rat and took it to the front door with them. They commented that it was probably the reason the door to the electrical drawing room was open. They went out the front door and locked it.

Mary felt it was time for her to get moving as she had seen Kurt move quickly past her in the next isle without seeing her, but she couldn't call out to him. She watched which way he went and then knew how to get out. She made her way to the side door and went through it. As she was descending the steps to make her way to the front of the building, the two guards came around the side to dispose of the rat. They saw her and yelled for her to stop as one of them dropped the rat and they both raised their weapons. Mary froze in her tracks, her heart pounding.

Kurt caught up with Panin and said, "Where's Martha?"

"She was behind me as I was leaving the building, but she must have made a

wrong turn. I thought she might come with you.”

Kurt said, “Find your way back to your quarters. I’ll take care of this.” He turned quickly and began to run back to the engineering building. When he rounded the corner of the supply building he had to stop quickly. There across the street was Mary being led away by two armed guards. They had pulled her knit cap off and her blonde hair showed clearly in the dim light. Kurt flattened himself against the side of the building so he wouldn’t be noticed. They went down the street toward the military barracks. Kurt followed in the shadows on the other side of the road, dashing from building to building. The guards were intent on their captive and didn’t notice the figure stalking them in the shadows across the road.

## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

The two guards ushered Mary into the rear of the barracks where the jail was located and brought her before Captain Poltava.

“Well, well, what have we here”, Captain Poltava said in Russian. “Another woman and a very pretty one at that! This one is quite different from the other. She is dressed like she is some sort of spy. What do you say to that?”

Mary didn't answer and the guard said that he didn't think she spoke Russian. Poltava changed to English. “Who are you and what is your business here?”

Mary was terrified. She felt it was best if she said nothing at all, which turned out to be the best thing she could have done. “So we have a tough one here, do we? She must have come to get Tishinsky out. Probably her CIA contact. Major Boshnikoff will interrogate you in the morning. I will not waken him until then. There is no sense in depriving the Major of his sleep.” Looking at the two guards, he said, “Take her to the cell next to Tishinsky and then continue your patrol. I will notify the Major in the morning and give you the credit for such vigilant work.” The two guards did as they were told and shoved Mary into the cell next to Vicky's. They left the building and continued their rounds.

Kurt watched the men leave the building. He knew he needed to move fast. He had no idea as to when they would return. When the men rounded the corner, he ran

across the street and to the back of the barracks where the jail was. He peeked through the window and saw the Captain sitting at his desk playing with his sidearm. Just then two new guards came through the door on the other side of the room and started talking with the Captain. They were reporting in from their patrol of the flight line. Kurt decided the 9mm automatic would make too much noise and bring down the entire garrison upon him if he used it. It did not have a silencer and would be heard easily without one. He remembered the gift from the kind old Russian at the inn and turned and ran the route back to the drainage ditch and made his way along it to the fence. He unclipped the chain link and went through it.

Mary sat on the mattress in the cell and looked over at Vicky. She was awakened because of the noise the guards made bringing Mary to her cell. Mary saw the bruises on Vicky's face and also saw that she was shivering in a blanket. When the guards left the room, Mary took off her coat and handed it through the bars to Vicky. Vicky reached for the leather coat and said, "Bla'shoye spasiba", Thank you very much. She dropped the blanket on the mattress and quickly put the waist-length jacket on and zipped it up. She then grabbed the blanket and wrapped it around her waist like a skirt and sat back down on the mattress. Apparently, the only thing she had in the cell with her was the pair of gray pumps she had on and a blanket. Mary was aghast. This poor girl had gone through a lot of abuse. She decided not to ask.

Mary said, "Izvinitye, ya ni gavar' u pa-ruski." I'm sorry, I don't speak Russian.

Vicky was fluent in English and said, "I am very grateful. My name is Victoria Tishinsky. My friends call me Vicky. You may call me Vicky if you like."

Mary thought for a minute and decided to give her real name. “My name is Mary, the guards don’t know my name yet. I’d appreciate it if you would not call me by my name if they come back.”

“Of course, Mary. I am pleased to meet you, only I wish it could be under better circumstances.”

“Me too, Vicky. I don’t like being put in jail. I just hope Kurt and Victor got away safely.”

Vicky lit up when she heard the name Victor. “You couldn’t by any chance be talking about Victor Panin, would you?”

Mary became alert instantly. She thought, *How could this girl know about Victor Panin? Was she put here as a plant to get information from me? No, that’s silly, how could they know that they would capture her and have someone in a cell waiting for her? Got to think straight. This has to be just a weird coincidence.* “How do you know Victor Panin?”

“He is, or perhaps I should say, he was my boyfriend. I do not deserve him now. I have tried to use him to climb the political ladder and now look at me. Not only have I lost my boyfriend who I know really loved me, but I have managed to become a suspect of treason. I have been humiliated, stripped of my clothing, beaten, brutally and repeatedly raped and now I am in jail awaiting a firing squad.”

Mary was horrified by Vicky’s story and said, “If you don’t mind my asking, how did you use Victor?”

“An Inspector Boshnikoff came to me because they suspected Victor was working for the CIA. He asked me to try to find out if Victor really was a spy since I was his

girlfriend. Like a stupid young girl, I thought that since the authorities were suspicious of Victor, he must be guilty. I decided that since he must be guilty, I would use that to help them and earn their favor and perhaps gain a more respected position in the government. How stupid I was! Look what they have done to me. I was used by them and betrayed by someone else. I have no idea who set me up as a traitor and I cannot understand why, even though I probably deserve what I got for trying to betray Victor and move up the political ladder. I'm no better than the rest of the communists who only think of themselves and how they can gain favor and become one of the privileged. I even let the Major make love to me to gain his favor. What a slut I am! I deserved to be raped by the guards. I am a miserable excuse for a human being." She hung her head down and started to cry.

Mary's heart ached for Vicky. Kurt had told her about the plan to cast suspicion on her, but that was only to draw off the KGB from Victor and have them follow her to a dead end road as far as getting information was concerned. Mary had no idea what Johnson had done. Vicky was just a misguided young woman who saw a chance for a better life if she helped catch a suspected traitor. Granted, she was willing to submit to a bureaucrat's bidding to gain favor and Mary couldn't see how she could do that, but then she wasn't familiar with Russia and all of the treachery these people were subjected to. Mary felt she had no cause to judge this young woman. She did what she thought was necessary. Her boyfriend was suspected as a traitor and she was trying to expose that traitor. Unfortunately, she let herself be used by someone else in the process. What a twisted web!

"Vicky, how did they suspect that you were a traitor?"

Vicky told Mary about the meeting with the mysterious man at the train station, and what he had told her about Victor's mother and the plan to get them both to the United States. She also told Mary about being caught by a KGB inspector and how she was brought to the base and what was really in the envelope and how Major Boshnikoff had beaten her and had her taken to the jail where the guards raped her. Mary then knew that Johnson had done more than just cast suspicion on Vicky by having her tailed to a dead end. Johnson had used the plan to get attention away from Panin in a gruesome way. The poor girl was humiliated, beaten and raped. Mary was furious at Johnson for his treachery and vowed to let Mr. Riddle know about it if they ever got out of this mess alive, which at this point didn't seem likely.

Mary felt her heart breaking for Vicky and talked to her some more. "Vicky, you may not know this, but your government has been stealing information from the United States for years. In an effort to dominate the world with the Communist ideals, they have been playing a deadly game of espionage for a long time. Victor was helping us, but only to keep Communism from spreading throughout the world. The satellite Victor was helping to build is an example. He was translating the stolen plans into Russian terminology so your government could build a killer satellite, not to use as self-defense like the United States, but to dominate and control. When he saw the treachery that was used, he felt he could no longer help his government with the stolen plans. Can't you see how they use who they can and by whatever means they can to achieve their goals, even if it is using their own people?"

"I suppose you are right. I was used and let myself be used. I am just a poor secretary who got mixed up in something way over my head that I had no business

getting into. It hurts though, knowing that Victor really was giving information to the CIA. According to you, he was working with you and another man to deceive our government. I don't understand how Victor could have done that. He told me he loved Russia and would give his life for it."

"Victor does love Russia, Vicky. He became disenchanted with the Communist doctrine, not Russia. He saw how communism had destroyed the way of life Russians loved. How that doctrine was misused and became a vicious tool for the betterment of a select few. He saw how the common people were starving while those in the government were getting fat. He felt the pain a son would feel knowing that his mother had to stand in line for hours for scraps of food while the bureaucrats ate at the finest restaurants and had summer homes in the warmer climates. He knew his government was stealing from America because it was the only way they could gain the supremacy they sought. They weren't achieving their great power by their own initiative, but by deception, lying and stealing. Is that the kind of government you can be proud of?"

"No, you are right. The Russian people do not know what goes on behind the Kremlin doors. They have to trust in their leaders, even though they are treated badly. But, what else can we do? How can you work against such a tremendous power?"

"The love Victor has for his Russia was part of his decision to work against the Communist leaders. He saw the treachery. He knew they were stealing and he was ordered to help translate the stolen plans to help the government make a killer satellite that would be used to gain world supremacy and force the Communist doctrine on other countries. Vicky, it is one thing for a country to choose a certain kind of doctrine, but to force it upon other countries is wrong. We in America believe fervently in freedom of



choice. That is what we are founded upon. We do not try to force our chosen way of life on others. We let them choose for themselves. We help the countries who ask us for help. We have never invaded another country for selfish gain to try to force our way of life upon them. It would be contrary to everything we stand for. Victor was only helping us get back what was rightfully ours. He would like to change the way of life in Russia back to the old times before Communism, but he knows he can't do that from within. That is why he chose to help us. He felt he could help his own people by slowing down the Communists. Perhaps if Communism fails, the Russian people will have the power to take back their country."

"I have misjudged him and I am so sorry I did that. I should have listened to Victor more carefully. I hope Victor is safe. I will never see him again, but I wish I could tell him how sorry I am that I interfered and perhaps have caused him harm. Maybe he could find it in his heart to forgive me, but I will never get the chance to ask, as they will execute me soon"

"Vicky, I'm sure Victor would understand. If he knew what you have been through and how you too were deceived by the Communists, he would forgive you in a heartbeat; I am sure of it. He knows how the Communist leaders and the KGB work hand in hand against whomever would stand in the way of their domination of others. We will both be facing the firing squad together. I am here because I was trying to help my own government. It was my own free choice and I had nothing to gain but to help preserve the freedom that my people have enjoyed for over two hundred years. I was here to help Victor and then get out safely, but I got caught. I just hope Kurt and Victor made it safely away. I guess I will probably be shot standing right next to you Vicky."

Tears started to fill Mary's eyes and her lips trembled as she was speaking. She thought of Kurt and what she had lost and it brought even more tears. She was feeling some of the pain that Vicky must be feeling. They both had lost a love to Communism. Vicky saw the tears starting to stream down Mary's face and put her hand through the bars in a gesture of comfort. Mary took her hand and they held onto each other as they both shed tears.

Kurt carefully ran the length of the ditch, keeping to the shaded side into the woods. He found the spot where they had hidden the bags and pulled out the saber. He then ran back the same way, was careful to refasten the chain link with the clips and made his way along the trench to the concrete drain and back to the barracks again. He looked thorough the window and saw the two guards were gone. They were probably back out on their patrol again. Still, he had no idea of how long it would be until the next set of guards reported in. He felt he had to take a chance and make a move now. Just as he was starting to turn to head for the side door to the jail, he saw the Captain get up from his chair and walk to the room where they probably kept the cells. He waited for he Captain to go through the door and then waited a few more minutes to see if anyone would come through the door across from the door he would enter. He went up the steps and tried the door.

Lieutenant Fyodor Dostoyevsky and Under Lieutenant Pelikan were cruising in their armored personnel carrier around the perimeter of the Cosmodrome when Lieutenant Fyodor said, "Captain Poltava knows how to have fun, my friend. I have to

give him credit for that.”

“True Comrade. I’ll bet he is having some fun with the newest arrival right now. What a beauty! I can just imagine what she looks like under that leather jacket and black jump suit. I can just see the good Captain going at it with her in the cell right now.”

Fyodor thought about that for a moment and then said, “Why should he have all the fun? He shared the last one with those big luscious boobs with us, why not this one too? If we go back right now, I’ll bet we can catch him in the act and he will have to share her also so we won’t turn him in!”

“Fyodor, you’re more devious than the Captain. I agree with you though. Let’s go back now. I can’t wait to see what this blonde beauty looks like. I can feel her soft body and American legs wrapped around me right now!”

“Okay, you pervert. Let’s go.” Fyodor wheeled the big armored carrier around and headed back for the guard headquarters and jail.

Captain Poltava closed the door to the cell room behind him and walked to the cell Mary was in. He saw Mary and Vicky holding hands for comfort and the tears running down their faces. They looked up at him and fear came over them. Poltava said, “Well now, isn’t that nice. You two have come to know each other. Sharing love stories ladies?”

They didn’t answer him, but let go of their handclasp. Poltava looked at Mary and said, “I think you and I should get to know each other. I have a little time before my next patrol reports in and that should be just enough to see if you are as lovely naked as your friend over there. Without your jacket, I can see that you have some nice large, well

rounded breasts just waiting for me to put my mouth on.” He gave her a leering look and got his keys out.

Kurt found that the door was unlocked and slowly turned the knob and went in being careful not to let the saber hit the doorframe. He looked around the room. It was Spartan in furnishings. A metal desk with an armchair behind it in one corner, several square metal chairs with padded backs and padded seats across the room from the desk, two filing cabinets, a set of lockers along one wall and a schedule board on the wall behind the desk. The office was about 12 feet by 14 feet. Another door to what was probably a hall to the other part of the barracks was directly across from the door he had entered. The door to the room the Captain went through was to his right.

Mary drew back into the corner of the bunk against the wall with her feet drawn up and her knees against her chin. Poltava said, “Now don’t be shy. I can be very nice, you’ll see.” He opened the cell door wide and grinned at Mary.

“Leave her alone you filthy scum. Haven’t you had enough for one day?”

“Oh, we hear from the brave little one now, do we?” I will let you watch if you like, little one. Yeah, that will be a real turn-on for me!” Poltava walked into the cell toward Mary. By this time she was feeling real terror. Suddenly she remembered what Kurt had said about adrenaline and how you could make it work for you. She waited until he was within three feet of her and she put her hands down on the bunk, leaned back against the wall and shot both feet upward toward Poltava. She hit him squarely in the chest and it lifted him off his feet and sent him backward through the cell door crashing

into the wall across the isle from her cell. The impact of being hit so hard and then landing eight feet across from where he originally was stunned him. Poltava shook his head to clear it and said, “Okay, bitch! That’s it. I can make love to a dead body as well as a live one! I’ll just say that you tried to escape when I opened the door to give you water.” He drew his service pistol and pointed it straight at Mary. She closed her eyes in anticipation of her imminent death.

As Poltava started to squeeze the grip on the pistol taking aim, he suddenly saw a bright metal flash before his eyes and saw his gun drop to the floor along with his arm. He opened his mouth to scream and looked at the same time to his left from where the flash had come from. It was just in time to see a saber come at his throat with lightening speed. He never got the chance to scream. The saber cut his vocal cords and jugular vein at the same time. Kurt withdrew the sword and Poltava fell forward across his severed arm. It was a ghastly sight and Vicky had to close her eyes to blot out the bloody scene before her.

Kurt stepped over the body of Captain Poltava and laid down the saber as he entered the cell. He said, “Mary, I’m here. You’re okay now.”

Mary opened her eyes and saw Kurt standing before her. Eyes went wide with excitement; she jumped up from her bunk and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Thank God, somehow I knew you’d come for me!” She was so happy, tears of joy started to run from her eyes. She was still shaking from the adrenalin surge and held on tight to regain her composure. She looked down past Kurt and saw the ghastly sight of the Captain on the floor minus one arm and in a growing pool of blood and almost gagged at the sight.

“Sorry about the mess, Mary. Try not to look at it and don’t step in the blood as we leave the cell. We’ve got to get out of here now. There’s no telling when the next patrol will come in.” He took her hand and helped her step over the body of Captain Poltava.

“Kurt, wait, please. We have to take this young lady with us. She has been brutally beaten and raped by the guards and they plan to execute her. We can’t leave her behind.” Vicky looked hopefully at Kurt. He took the keys from Poltava’s belt and opened the door to Vicky’s cell. He saw that she had only a blanket around her waist and was wearing Mary’s jacket. He then knew the brutality Mary had referred to had been real and this young woman had suffered greatly.

“Mary, I’ll go look in the lockers out in the other room to see if I can find something she can wear. She can’t go out in that blanket.” He went quickly in to the other room and opened a locker and found a uniform and winter jacket with a pair of boots and spare socks that looked like they might fit her. He removed them and brought them back to the cell room. He handed the uniform, boots, socks and jacket to Mary who took them into Vicky’s cell to help her get dressed.

“I’ll wait in the other room.” He didn’t want the young woman to suffer any further embarrassment by having to get dressed in front of him. She had suffered far too much already. Mary helped her get into the uniform and traded jackets with her. Fortunately, the boots fit pretty well and were only a little loose. Vicky pulled the laces as tight as she could to take up the slack and it seemed to work well.

Mary called out, “Okay, Kurt, we’re ready.” Kurt came back to the doorway as Mary and Vicky were coming out of the cell. Mary looked past Kurt and her face went

white. She gasped and Kurt turned quickly. Lieutenant Dostoyevsky was raising his pistol to strike Kurt in the back of the head. Kurt bent down quickly and with the same swift motion shot his right leg out while holding onto the doorframe. He hit Dostoyevsky in the stomach and it doubled him over. Kurt then reeled around to face him and brought his right elbow down on the man's neck, which made a snapping sound as he fell to the floor. He was dead before he hit the floor. The other officer was fumbling with the latch over his service pistol in an effort to get it out for a shot at Kurt. Kurt felt he didn't have time to get his own gun out and still didn't want to make the noise. He leaped forward and body tackled the officer who went back against the wall. He had just pulled out his gun and the impact of hitting the wall jarred the gun loose and it fell to the floor. Mary saw what was about to happen and dashed back to get the sword. She gagged at the sight of the Captain on the floor and felt bile coming up in her throat. She managed to keep it down and grabbed the sword and quickly ran back to the doorway. Kurt and Lieutenant Pelikan were struggling to get to the gun and Pelikan pushed Kurt back from himself and kicked him in the stomach. Kurt grunted in pain from the kick and was thrown backward to the desk. Pelikan followed through with another kick to the side of the head and Kurt went down to the floor seeing stars. As Kurt started to get back up, Pelikan saw the gun on the floor and went to pick it up. Mary yelled, "Kurt!" and he turned to her as she tossed the saber to him grip end first. While bent over to pick up the gun Pelikan took a second to look behind him to see who had yelled. It was a big mistake. He grabbed the gun and started to come back up while turning toward Kurt with the gun coming up to shoot. Pelikan saw the saber flying through the air and thought that it was going to hit him. He ducked and turned back to Kurt.

The saber was rolling on a linear axis as it went through the air and Kurt caught it by the grip as the curved blade was rotating toward the floor. He brought it forward in a stabbing motion as you would an ice pick and it came down on Pelikan as he was turning back toward Kurt still bent over. It entered his back just behind the left shoulder and went with such force that it came out the front and into his right leg. Pelikan fell to the floor without a sound. Kurt pulled the saber from the man, dropped it on the floor next to him and said, "Thanks, Mary. I don't know how you did that, but the timing was perfect. Let's get out of here before somebody else shows up."



## **CHAPTER THIRTEEN**

Kurt, followed by Mary and Vicky, went to the side door of the jail. Kurt stopped momentarily at the door and eased it open to look out to the street and in both directions. No one was in sight and he motioned the women to go through. He closed the door behind him and as they started down the walkway, he saw the armored personnel carrier sitting alongside the building and decided to take a chance on it. He turned to Mary and said, "We'll have to find another way out of here. Someone is sure to find the mess I made in there within the hour and the alarm will sound. If we go out through the fence, we'll probably be caught. The fence line is the first thing they'll check. When they find the opening, it will be only a matter of time before they catch up to us. We may not even make it to the car in time. Even if we did, they'll set up roadblocks all around here."

"What can we do Kurt?" Her voice tinged with fear, Mary was beginning to think that they would never make it out alive. She knew they would all be shot on sight after the breakout from the jail.

"Let's get into this armored personnel carrier and head for the flight line. There may be some kind of aircraft there that I can steal and fly us out before they sound the alarm." Kurt opened the back and Mary and Vicky climbed in. He jumped into the front

and saw that the guards had left the keys in the ignition. *Why not, he thought. Who's going to steal an armored personnel carrier inside the Cosmodrome?* He started the engine and put it into gear. He pulled out at what he thought would be a normal rate of speed so he would not attract attention.

Colonel Jabul and Captain Shakur were sitting on top of the lubricating drums watching Sergeant Kasam direct the unloading of the special lubricating oils. The last barrel was on its way down the ramp and Jabul and Shakur had already finished half of one liter of vodka apiece. Sergeant Kasam was drinking from his bottle while directing the unloading. He hadn't quite finished his first bottle yet.

Shakur said, "Colonel, I'm feeling no pain at all. Too bad we can't stay over. I'd like nothing better than drinking this vodka for a few more days."

"Not to worry my brother. We have stored enough beneath the floorboards on the cargo deck to keep us busy for a long while when we get back. We just have to be careful not to get caught, that's all."

"Yes, it will probably cost us a few bottles for the security personnel, but it will be worth it! I just hope we are sober enough to get this bird back in the air again."

"That's not a problem. I can fly this thing blindfolded. It is a very friendly aircraft. The American Lockheed Company knew what they were doing when they made this one. It practically flies itself. Once airborne, I will set the autopilot and we can catch a few hours sleep on the way home and make a sober landing."

Shakur said, "I think we may have to put Sergeant Kasam into a bunk even before takeoff. He is beginning to stagger a bit." They both laughed watching Kasam try to

keep his balance while walking back into the aircraft to close the ramp as the off-loading crew departed.

Kurt turned the corner off the main street and headed toward the flight line. He could see the blue lights along the taxiway and the white lights at the edge of the runway clearly. He drove along the edge of the taxiway toward the supply depot at the far end of the field. As he approached, his face lit up and he let out a whoop. It startled Mary and Vicky and Mary said, "What's wrong Kurt, have they spotted us?"

"Heck no, I see a C-130 sitting at the end of the field. It looks like it's here making a delivery. Maybe there's a way out of here faster than I thought!"

He drove on toward the C-130 and slowed down when he approached the loading area as if it were just a watchful patrol team. The C-130 turned out to be an H model delivered to the Imperial Iranian Air Force in 1971 with the tail number of 5-127. It was painted in two-tone desert camouflage with the Iranian flag showing green, white and red on the tail. Kurt drove the vehicle around to the side of the loading area and parked it. He said to Mary and Vicky, "Stay here. I have some sneaking around to do. I'll come back for you in a few minutes." He left the armored personnel carrier and ducked down behind the barrels that lined the side of the ramp. The off-loading crew had completely departed the area for the night. They would return at daylight to take the barrels to the supply depot. The C-130's auxiliary power unit was running and it looked like the aircraft was being made ready for a return flight to Iran.

The perimeter patrol stopped at the barracks office and the two officers went

inside. They froze at the doorway when they saw two of their comrades lying on the floor. One next to the desk and the other at the doorway to the jail cells. Entering the office, they looked into the cell room and saw Captain Poltava lying on the floor in a pool of blood at the doorway to one of the cells. The cells were empty. Lieutenant Sikorskin went to the telephone and called Major Boshnikoff.

“Yes, what is it?”

“I am sorry to bother you so late at night Major Boshnikoff, but we have somewhat of an emergency here at the military guard headquarters.”

“Spit it out Lieutenant and it had better be good to wake me at this hour. It’s well past midnight.”

“Sir, the prisoner you had sent to the jail has somehow escaped with several intruders who have taken her out. They have also killed three of the officers here.”

Boshnikoff sat straight up in bed. “Don’t do anything until I get there!” He jumped from his bed and hurriedly got dressed.

When he arrived, Boshnikoff ran up the steps to the office and met the Lieutenant at the doorway. “How long has it been since this happened, Lieutenant?”

“We’re not sure, Major. Perhaps within the last half hour. The maximum time that could have elapsed is one hour between patrol check-ins.”

“Any idea as to how many people were involved in this?”

“It must have been several well trained men, Major. I can’t imagine it being less than five. Our men are well trained.”

“They must still be somewhere in the Cosmodrome. I want a triple patrol on the perimeter fence. I want to know where they came in and when we find it, I want men

waiting there on the outside of the fence to take them as they try to get out, is that clear Lieutenant?"

"Very clear, major. It will be done immediately." He motioned to one of the sergeants standing nearby and told him to get the patrols out.

"One more thing. I don't want a general alarm sounded. Do this quietly. I don't want them to know we are on to the escape yet. If we sound an alarm, it will alert them. I want them to be able to make a mistake. They have already made one mistake by giving their identity away. That saber on the floor is a mid-east weapon. We must be quiet and quick as they will be more careful if we alert the whole Cosmodrome. If we look for them without a lot of noise, we may have the advantage, if you know what I mean."

"Yes sir. We will have surprise on our side."

"Exactly, now go to it."

The lieutenant stopped the sergeant and instructed him to make the patrols quiet as instructed by Major Boshnikoff and the sergeant then hustled out the door to make it happen.

Stillwell watched the two officers hop down from their perch on the barrels and start toward the aircraft. They were about to perform their preflight inspection. The command pilot went forward to check the engines and the nose gear and the copilot walked around the rear of the aircraft. When the command pilot was out of sight, Kurt walked casually toward the copilot from his vantage point behind the barrels. The copilot thought he was from the loading crew and stopped his inspection to see if there was a

problem. Kurt kept walking until he was right up to the man and simply hit him with a roundhouse right hook that sent the man flying backwards. The punch was so hard and sudden that it completely knocked the man out. Kurt grabbed him by his feet and dragged him back behind the barrels and waited for the command pilot to come looking for him. It didn't take long.

“Captain Shakur, where are you?” No answer. “If you've passed out behind one of the barrels, I'll leave you here and tell them you defected, you old rag head!” Colonel Jabul thought that was a funny statement and started to laugh. He came back to the barrel area and poked his head between them looking for Shakur who he was sure had passed out somewhere back here.

When Colonel Jabul reached the barrel with Stillwell behind it, he turned at the sound of a noise at the other end of the line. Stillwell had tossed his pocketknife so that it clattered against the barrels at the other end. As Jabul turned, Stillwell stood up behind him and chopped him across the back of the neck, which put him out. He dropped like a rock. Stillwell then pulled him to where he had the copilot and went back to the armored personnel carrier. He opened the back door and told Mary to see if she could find something to tie two men up with. She found two coils of rope on one of the bulkheads and handed them to Kurt.

“Time to take a ride ladies. Flight 101 from the Cosmodrome will depart shortly. Just a few loose ends to tie up.” He winked at Mary as he helped them descend from the vehicle.

“What can we do to help, Kurt?”

“Come over here behind the barrels with me and tie these two critters up while I

find the engineer. I'll come back for you in a minute. He led them to where the two Arabs were lying and they began to tie them up. "Make sure you gag them too. I don't want them to call out to anyone. You can use their turbans for that." He left the two women to tie the men up, went to retrieve his pocketknife and then went to the back door of the C-130.

The rear ramp to the inside had already been raised and the upper clamshell closed. Stillwell couldn't see anyone in the rear of the aircraft and pulled himself up over the sill. He stood behind the wheel well and looked cautiously to the front of the aircraft. The engineer was busy putting the cargo straps into the locker. With the APU running, he couldn't hear Stillwell approach from the rear. Stillwell tapped him on the shoulder and the engineer turned around thinking that he would see one of the pilots. Instead he saw a fist coming at him. The impact sent the engineer back against the bulkhead and his head hit with a resounding thud. He slid down to the floor out cold. Stillwell said to no one in particular. "Sure is a lot easier when they don't expect it!" He found some rope in the locker and bound the engineer and placed him in one of the web seats along the outer fuselage. He then went back to the rear door and jumped out. He ran back to where Mary and Vicky had tied up the pilots and said, "Time to load the baggage, ladies!" He grabbed the collar on each one of the pilots and dragged them to the rear door. He told Mary and Vicky to climb in first and then he lifted each of the pilots into the aircraft and Mary and Vicky helped by pulling them in as Kurt pushed them over the sill.

Stillwell pulled the chocks on the port side and then ran around to the starboard side and did the same. He climbed into the aircraft through the back door, closed it securely and pulled the two pilots to web seats next to the flight engineer. He fastened

them into the seats with the seat belts and told Mary and Vicky to climb up into the cockpit with him.

Stillwell climbed into the left seat and told Mary to get into the right seat. He turned to Vicky and said, "Strap into the navigator's seat over there", pointing to the spot on the starboard side where she was to sit.

He started the sequence for bringing the engines to life and showed Mary where the gear handle was located. He said, "When I call for gear up, you lift that handle, okay?"

"Okay, anything else?"

"Nope. I've flown one of these birds so many times in Vietnam that I know the rotation speed by sheer feel."

"What's does that mean?"

"It means the speed that is required to lift this bird off the ground, Sweetie."

"Do we have enough fuel, Kurt?"

Kurt checked the gauges and saw that they had topped off the tanks and said, "You betcha. This baby can fly over 5,000 miles on fully loaded fuel tanks. We have more than enough to get to international waters." He showed her and Vicky how to talk to him over the intercom using the headsets and then instructed Mary as to which engine gauges he wanted her to watch and to alert him if they made any radical changes.

Stillwell started the engines in sequence and then pulled the APU off the line. He saw that the pilot had left the radio tuned to the tower frequency and was grateful for that. He called the tower in Russian and asked for clearance to take off. A sleepy voice came back over the headset and gave clearance, taxiing instructions and wind direction and



velocity. He was also told which direction to head out in and when to make his turn to the South. Stillwell acknowledged and winked again at Mary. “Time to boogie, Sweetie!”

He spooled the engines up and rolled forward a bit to test the brakes. Satisfied that all was working well, he started to taxi out to the main runway.

Boshnikoff was running the perimeter road in an armored personnel carrier when he spotted the Iranian C-130 a short distance from them taxiing toward the end of the active runway. He told the driver to catch up with the aircraft. He had a strange feeling about this and felt that the men who had taken his prisoner were on that aircraft with her and he accelerated across the grass and onto the taxiway. He turned toward the moving aircraft and accelerated again to catch up with it from behind. The driver brought the vehicle up alongside of the aircraft on the left side. Boshnikoff flashed a spotlight at the cockpit and Stillwell looked to his left. A man was standing up through the hatch in the top of the carrier waving his arms. Stillwell kept the aircraft moving to the main runway. Boshnikoff flashed the spotlight again and made a motion across his throat like he would to indicate cutting the engines. Stillwell again ignored him. Boshnikoff pulled out his handgun and aimed at the cockpit.

Stillwell saw the gun and said, “Oh boy, he wants to play Cowboys and Indians.” Stillwell pushed the throttles forward to pull away from them while he reached behind his back and pulled out his 9mm automatic. The driver of the personnel carrier saw the aircraft accelerate and floored the accelerator to keep up with the big C-130. That knocked Boshnikoff off balance and spoiled his aim. Stillwell pulled back the side

window and put the 9mm up to it and fired three quick shots when the vehicle came alongside again. The first hit Boshnikoff in the left leg, the second shot ricocheted off the side of the armored personnel carrier and the third shot went through the head of the driver. The vehicle careened off to the side and down an embankment and came to a stop in a gully. The sudden stop threw Boshnikoff over the top of the guardrail and he landed on the hood of the vehicle. The tower operator didn't see any of this because it was on the other side of the aircraft and hidden from his view. He did see the aircraft accelerate and called to ask why. Stillwell replied that there was some debris rolling across the taxiway that looked like loose containers and he had accelerated to avoid hitting them. He said it looked like containers had fallen off the back of one of their service vehicles and requested that they send someone out to clean it up.

The big C-130 reached the end of the taxiway and Stillwell turned it onto the main runway. Without stopping, he ran the engines up to full takeoff power and started his roll down the runway. When he reached the takeoff speed, he pulled back on the yoke and the big C-130 lifted smoothly off the runway. Stillwell called out to Mary, "Gear up" and she lifted the gear handle as he had instructed. The gear went into the wheel wells with a clunking and thumping sound and three green lights showed up on the panel. Stillwell raised the flaps and climbed the aircraft up to the assigned altitude of 25,000 feet and turned south were instructed. As soon as he was 100 miles out, he dialed up the international distress frequency on the radio and called in a Mayday distress saying that they were suddenly losing altitude and were going down in the mountains and went off the air before anyone could respond. He dropped the big aircraft down into the mountainous terrain and turned it toward the north.

Kurt spoke to Mary and Vicky over the intercom, “There’s a storm moving in from the east. It will help us a lot. They will think that this aircraft has augured into the side of a mountain in this remote area and won’t be able to send out search planes until daylight at the earliest. We’ll be flying north and then northwest to skirt the storm and also to go around the Cosmodrome and any populated areas. I’m going to be pretty busy watching for mountains through the windscreen and also with the radar. Mary, I’m going to have to teach you a code to use so that we can communicate with Riddle at the NSA. It isn’t difficult, but it is unbreakable by any computer in the world.” He turned to Vicky and said, “I need you to go back into the cargo compartment and check on our Arab passengers.” He handed her the 9mm automatic and said, “Take this with you.” He showed her where the safety was and said, “Leave the safety on, they’ll never know the difference. It just makes you look more authoritative and they won’t argue with you if you are armed. Don’t get too close to them. Just make sure they haven’t come loose.”

Vicky removed her headset, took the automatic from Kurt and went back into the cargo compartment to make sure the Arabs had not come loose from their bonds.

Kurt turned to Mary and said, “I just realized that you didn’t tell me who she is or why she was in that jail, not that you had any time to do so.”

“She is, or was Victor Panin’s girlfriend.”

Stillwell turned back to the front, mostly because he had to watch where he was flying and also to let what Mary had just said make some sense. It didn’t. He said, “How in the world did she get in that jail?”

Mary told him what Major Boshnikoff had been told about Vicky’s meeting with a mysterious man and how Boshnikoff suspected her of being a spy because of the money

and passports for her and Victor that she was given. Boshnikoff had her flown out to the Cosmodrome because he didn't want to go back to Moscow to interrogate her. Vicky, of course, didn't know anything about the plan to divert attention away from Panin and implicate her in spying. All she knew was that someone had set her up. Mary told him about the beating she took and the rape. She knew it would hurt him to hear that, but she felt he had to know sooner or later.

Stillwell felt rotten. He told Mary that he had come up with the idea that would take the suspicion from Panin and divert it to Vicky, but that is was only intended to be a diversion and not have the CIA set her up like that. *Damn that Johnson! He was only supposed to cast suspicion on her, not set he up like that. The CIA plays pretty dirty after all. Johnson had no right to add to the plan. It caused Vicky a tremendous amount of physical pain and suffering and was totally unnecessary. Johnson's creativity has put him on the top of my list for scumbags. I really hope I get the opportunity to meet him again the future. Now I know why Mary was so concerned that we bring her along in our escape.* It was the beating and the rapes that stunned him. He had no idea it would turn out this way. He just wanted to set up a diversion to draw them off Panin and had trusted Johnson to do that. He felt extreme remorse for the suffering Vicky had been through. Kurt vowed in his heart that if he ever saw Johnson again, he would beat him to a pulp for what he did.

Mary felt his pain and put her hand on his arm. "Kurt there was no way you could have known what would happen to her. You were sure she was trying to blow the lid off the mission, which is actually true if she had found out about Panin and then turned him in. Don't punish yourself. Instead, give yourself some comfort in the fact

that you punished her rapists.”

“Thanks, Mary. I know you want to help me get over the guilt of putting her in harms way, but it will take a long time before I can forgive myself for that. I’m not used to putting women into such jeopardy and I am totally pissed at Johnson for changing a plan to have her followed that would have turned up nothing and have been a harmless goose chase into something that nearly cost Vicky her life.”

“Well, don’t forget, if she had been successful in exposing Panin, the entire mission would have been washed up and the Soviets would have won the killer satellite war. By doing what you did, you saved the mission. You did save her life though.”

“Yeah, thanks again, Mary. You’re right, it did save the mission. Well, I guess I am glad that those scumbags got payback for what they did to her. I don’t kill men because I like it. I did it because I had to. It was either them or us, and by us I mean the entire mission and what we stand for in America.”

“Kurt, she doesn’t need to know about the diversion plan does she? I mean, it won’t do her any good now, will it?”

“No, it won’t. It would only hurt her more. But I have a score to settle with one badass CIA guy.” Mary knew that someday, somehow Kurt would keep that oath.

Major Boshnikoff climbed down the front of the armored personnel carrier to the ground. The bullet hole in his leg was giving him a lot of pain, but he was able to hobble back to the passenger door. He opened it and used the radio call for help.

When another armored personnel carrier arrived, the men jumped out and ran to where Boshnikoff was sitting on the running board of the vehicle. He had made a

tourniquet out of his shirt to stop the flow of blood from his leg. The sergeant driving the personnel carrier ran back to his vehicle and retrieved a first aid kit and came back to put a bandage on Boshnikoff's leg. As soon as that was done Boshnikoff said, "Get me to headquarters. I want that Iranian C-130 forced down before it leaves Soviet air space."

## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN**

The three Arabs were tied securely and still unconscious, the combination of the vodka and the hit on the head kept them asleep in their web seats. Vicky climbed back into the cockpit, put her headset back on, pressed the intercom button and told Kurt that the men were still sleeping peacefully. She handed the automatic back to him and said, “I didn’t get the chance to thank you for saving my life. I am very grateful.” She put her hand out to shake Kurt’s hand. Kurt turned partially around and clasped her hand and smiled warmly.

“You are more than welcome, Vicky. I’m glad we were able to take you with us.” Kurt turned back to the windscreen because he could not take his eyes from it for more than a few seconds. Between scanning the radar and looking forward for visual sighting, and monitoring the gauges, it kept him very busy. Fortunately, the storm closing in behind them was a small one and now they were heading away from it. The full moon gave him a lot of help to pick out the mountains from the dark sky.

“Will you be taking me to America with you? I don’t know where else I could go. I don’t know anyone outside of Russia.”

“Yes we will, Vicky. It’s for certain that you can’t go back to Russia again. You need a chance at a new life after all you’ve been through. Mary told me what happened

and I am very sorry you were subjected to that kind of brutality. We have some friends in our country that can help you get started on building a new life for yourself. I think you'll like America, Vicky."

Colonel Tamkorski was waiting at the headquarters building when Boshnikoff arrived. "You need to get to the infirmary, Igor. That wound looks pretty bad."

"The sergeant put a bandage on it. The bullet passed through completely. It is a little painful, but I will survive."

"If you will not go to the infirmary, I will have a doctor sent here to attend to that wound. I don't want you to get an infection and lose your leg."

"Thank you for your concern, Colonel. I must get on the telephone to Colonel Vashti. I need him to go to General Balkon to get our fighters in the air to intercept that C-130 that took off a while ago. I believe the Iranians are the ones who took our prisoner out of here."

"What makes you think it was the Iranians and how could they have known she was here at the Cosmodrome?"

"There must be a mole in the Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute. Mikhail Dubikoff will have to answer for that one. It is the only possible explanation. The plane that just took off was Iranian and our Miss Tishinsky is on board, I am certain of it. The pilot took three shots at us. I can't believe how lucky the bastard was. He just stuck a gun out his side window and fired off three quick rounds. I tried to get them to cut their engines and stop on the taxiway so I could inspect their aircraft, but when I got their attention with the spotlight and made the signal to cut the engines, the pilot took the shots at me. I



couldn't see his face because I was out beyond the wing tip. When I pulled my weapon to shoot at the cockpit, the bastard accelerated the plane and my driver panicked and tried to catch up with him. That driver is dead with a bullet through his skull. There could be only one reason for him to shoot and that is because they were part of getting our prisoner out of here. The Ayatollah was probably behind the whole thing. He's not satisfied with buying arms from us; he wants to build his own weapons with information he can steal from us."

Colonel Tamkorski said, "Did Captain Polynaka tell you how many were involved in the rescue of Victoria Tishinsky?"

"Captain Polynaka is dead. Killed with what appears to have been a saber. The Iranians love sabers. Two more officers were killed with him. We have no way of knowing how many there were, but I am told that it must have been at least five men. That Iranian C-130 had three men on it. Who knows, there may have been more men hidden amongst the cargo that slipped out during the unloading. They took the armored personnel carrier and went straight to the flight line where the C-130 was parked after the breakout. It must have been the Iranians!"

Just then, an aid came into the office and said, "Colonel Tamkorski, we have received an international distress signal from the Iranian C-130. It has reported that it was going down about 100 miles from here in the mountains. We can't send out helicopters to investigate until daybreak because of a storm that is passing through the area. The aircraft went off the radar just after the distress call, Colonel."

Boshnikoff said, "That's exactly what they want us to think. They didn't go down at all. It is just a ploy to put us off track. They think we will wait until daybreak to look

for wreckage. They are turning and going in another direction so we will not be able to catch them. They want us to look in the wrong area, I am certain of it! I must get fighters up to find them right away, Colonel!”

“You may use my telephone, Igor.”

“Thank you Colonel. I must not waste time in getting to Colonel Vashti.”

Boshnikoff picked up the telephone and instructed the base operator to call Colonel Vashti in Moscow.

**1:30 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, somewhere between the Russian mountains southeast of Novgorod at an altitude of 500 feet at 150 miles per hour-**

Stillwell said, “Mary, I have to get in touch with Bob Riddle at the NSA headquarters in Langley. It’s about 5:30 p.m. last night over there right now. We’re about eight hours ahead of them. Before I do that, I have to teach you that code right now.”

“There are two kinds of codes that are unbreakable. The first is very simple but fallible. Two agents have the same novel in their possession. You use the novel to give words for your message. First you give the page number of the novel and follow that with the number of the word on the page. The words on each page are counted from left to right, top to bottom. You could only break that code if you knew what novel the two people were using. The fallibility is that if one person is caught with the novel, the code could be broken. The second unbreakable code is one I developed in Vietnam. Up until now, only two people in the world knew that code. Bob Riddle and me. Now there will be four of us who know. I want you to write down the Lord’s Prayer.”

“Excuse me?” Mary said.

“The Lord’s Prayer, Mary. That’s where the code is.

Mary turned to Vicky and asked her if there was paper and a pen at the navigator’s station. Vicky found a note pad and a pen and handed it to Mary. She wrote down the Lord’s Prayer and when she was finished said, “Okay, I’m ready.”

Kurt said, “Okay, there are two ways to use this code. One is for numbers and the other is for letters of the alphabet. When I send a transmission to Bob Riddle, I say that I have a message for an ‘old friend’. The words ‘old friend’ indicates that I am going to use ‘Kurt’s Code’. If I precede the code with the word ‘primary’, it means the code that follows is numerical. If at any time I use the word ‘secondary’, the code changes from numbers to letters, you simply precede the code with the words ‘primary’ or ‘secondary’.”

Kurt hesitated a second and then said, “Now for using the Lord’s Prayer for numbers, you pick the word you want of the prayer and then the letter in the word which represents the numerical value in the alphabet. For example: To get the number nine you may say five and then one. This means the fifth word in the Lord’s Prayer, which is the word ‘in’ and the first letter of that word. The numerical value of the letter ‘i’ is nine because it is the ninth letter in the alphabet.”

Again, Kurt hesitated and said, “Are you with me so far?” Mary nodded and he went on, “You can mix it up by saying it differently each time. For example: to get the number nine again you may say twenty-five and then two. The 25<sup>th</sup> word in the Lord’s Prayer is ‘Give’ and the second letter in the word is ‘i’. Again, the numerical value of the letter ‘I’ is nine in the alphabet. By mixing the combination to get the number nine

differently each time, you make it impossible to break the code.”

“That’s pretty tricky, Kurt. How do I use it for letters?”

“First, you say ‘secondary’ and then you are ready to use letters. You use the words and the letters as they are. For the letters that do not exist in the Lord’s Prayer, use the numerical value in the alphabet such as plus ten for the letter ‘j’; plus seventeen for the letter ‘q’; plus twenty for the letter ‘x’; and plus twenty six for the letter ‘z’. Using the word ‘zero’ means a space between words. To use the word as it is, you simply use the number of the word in the prayer without using another number behind it. Just follow it with a zero for a space. To use letters connected together to make a word, you simply put a dash between the numbers. You can mix up the letters the same way you do the numbers so you can keep the code secure.”

“Kurt, you’re a genius! That code would drive a computer bonkers trying to figure it out.”

“Yeah, I know. This way, both sender and receiver know that they are using the Lord’s Prayer for the code and no one else. You’re not carrying a book around with you that can get lost, or worse yet, found amongst your things and used to break your code.”

“Colonel Vashti, I am sorry to disturb you at this very late hour, but I need your authorization to order fighters out to intercept an Iranian C-130 that took off within the hour and is headed back to Iran with a prisoner we had in jail.”

“Major Boshnikoff, have you lost your mind? I need more than that to authorize such a hostile and provocative move. You must be aware that we depend heavily on Iranian oil for our economy, even the jet aircraft that you want to chase them with. How

did this happen and what is so special about one prisoner?”

“She was a spy, Colonel Vashti. I had her in the jail in the Cosmodrome. The Iranians must have had a mole in the Ordzhonikdze Aviation Institute because they were the only people who knew where I had the woman brought for interrogation. They just flew in here on an oil drum delivery and must have had a combat team with them. They broke into the jail and killed three guards and flew out with the prisoner. They even killed another man in an armored personnel carrier and put a bullet in through my leg when I tried to stop them.”

“Boshnikoff, listen to me. I cannot give you authorization for such an assault on one of their Imperial Aircraft. It could cut off our national oil supply. One prisoner isn’t worth an international incident, do you understand?”

“But, Colonel, they must be plotting to copy our weapons systems.”

“Don’t be a fool, Boshnikoff. I cannot let you go off on such a mission on what you *think* is happening. Even if you were positive and had proof, I still wouldn’t let you jeopardize the entire country’s oil supply for one spy. That’s it, Major. You will not bother the Iranian aircraft, is that clear?”

“Yes, Colonel Vashti. You are very clear. I again apologize for waking you at this hour.” The line went dead before Boshnikoff could finish the sentence.

Colonel Tamkorski said, “Igor, my friend, it does not sound like you have the support you were looking for. I am sorry.”

“Do not be sorry for me. I have not finished yet. General Balkon will listen to me.”

“Igor, if you go to General Balkon, Vashti will put a quick end to your career.

You must think carefully before you take that step. Vashti will have your head.”

“Not if I am successful.”

“Good luck, my friend. I don’t like Vashti any more than you do. I hope the General will listen to you. If he does and you are successful, you will still have to deal with Vashti; you know that, don’t you?”

“If I am successful, Vashti will look like a bumbling fool and the General will probably replace him. And if I am successful, I may just be appointed to take Vashti’s place.”

**2:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, the Russian mountains, east of Novgorod at an altitude of 500 feet at 200 miles per hour-**

Stillwell gave Mary a message to encode that would tell Bob Riddle that they were in an Iranian C-130 heading for the northwest coast of Russia and would try to exit into Finland somewhere east of Oulu and fly across Finland and into the Gulf of Bothnia and then head south past Stockholm Sweden toward the island of Gotska Sandon where Sweden had a national park.

When Mary had finished sending the message, Kurt said, “I’m gradually increasing our air speed. We were in some pretty tight mountains for a while, but now it is opening up and I can get some distance out of this baby. We’re almost directly east of Nestiary by about fifty miles. They won’t be looking for us so close to them. I’ve got to be careful to weave us through these mountains and try to stay away from the large towns that have telephones. I found a map here in the pilot’s seat pocket and have been able to stay away from them so far. The trick is to follow the rivers north toward the towns and

when I get within ten miles of the town, I pop over the mountains and into the next range.”

Mary said, “That’s why we felt like we were on a roller coaster! I haven’t seen any lights from towns so far. You’re doing a great job, Kurt.”

“I just hope I can keep it up. The farther north I can get, the better our chances are. I want to turn northwest before we reach Syktyvkar and head toward Finland. There’s a plain running from Kotlas all the way up to near Pleseck for about two hundred miles where I can lay this baby down on the deck and go flat out. All I have to make sure of is that I pass halfway between Senkursk to the south and Kondratvskaja to the north.”

**5:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, the Cosmodrome-**

“General Balkon, thank you for listening to me at such an early hour. I believe what I have to share with you will be well worth the inconvenience of this early morning call.”

“Major Boshnikoff, it takes courage for members of my staff to awake me at such an hour. Since you are well aware of my no-nonsense approach to everything, you are also well aware that I do not take emergency morning calls lightly. For you to have placed yourself in such a precarious position without the direct authorization of your immediate supervisor is commendable. I do not believe you have made your decision lightly and therefore I am willing to listen to what you have to say. The merits of what you are about to tell me will be for me to decide once you have completed your statements. You may precede, Major Igor Boshnikoff.”

Boshnikoff took a deep breath and began to tell the general about what had

happened. He started off with the suspicion of one of the electrical technicians and then what led him to Victoria Tishinsky as the prime suspect of spying as a result of the meeting with the man in the metro station and the envelope containing the 10,000 American dollars, the passports and the plane ticket. He told him that he suspected the Iranians were trying to steal military hardware secrets and that Tishinsky was working for them. He explained that he had Tishinsky brought to the Cosmodrome for interrogation and then the subsequent infiltration by an elite Iranian strike force in the C-130 and the fight to free Tishinsky and then the use of the Iranian C-130 for the escape.

Boshnikoff told General Balkon about the pilot shooting at him when he tried to stop the aircraft from taking off and that he now suspected that the Iranians were behind the spying in the first place and that he wanted authorization to force down the Iranian aircraft before it left Soviet airspace. He also told the general about Vashti's refusal to allow the pursuit. That would ensure Vashti getting replaced if he were successful in capturing the C-130 and its crew.

Balkon was silent for a long while after Boshnikoff finished. Boshnikoff said nothing for he knew that the general was in deep thought, weighing all of the angles before either having him demoted or praising him for his tenacity. Finally, Balkon spoke, "Major, you have my permission to pursue the aircraft. I have friends in the military and will make a call to General Shinkoff of the air guard at the Cosmodrome to get use of two of his fighters so you can get the job done. We must get our hands on that aircraft and expose the Iranian plot to steal our secrets. You will use no more than two fighters in this, Major. I want that aircraft forced down and I want the occupants taken into custody. If we keep this out of the news media, the Kremlin can use this to bargain for more oil at



a cheaper price. The Iranians can ill afford an international incident like this. Success will mean a promotion for you, Major. Move quickly and effectively.”

“I shall leave immediately General Balkon!”

“Contact me immediately when you have them in custody on the ground. I want to be there when they are taken off the aircraft.” General Balkon hung up.

Boshnikoff grinned as he hung up the phone. Having General Balkon on his side was his ticket to a quick promotion and he looked forward to it.

**5:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, the run through the plains at an altitude of 200 feet at 330 miles per hour-**

Stillwell clicked the intercom and said, “Mary, I can’t take my eyes off the terrain. Even though this is a flat plain, it has rises here and there and we are so low, we can make ground contact in a heartbeat if I don’t stay with it all the way. I’ve got us up to almost the maximum airspeed this baby will do. I’m glad that small storm is way behind us and I’ve got the full moon to light up the horizon for me. The dawn is about to break and that will be even better.”

“That’s encouraging, Kurt. By all means, don’t take your eyes off the horizon! I don’t want us to become fertilizer for the land below! Is there anything else I can do? Bob Riddle has acknowledged our message and knows where you plan to be, although, I did notice that you did not give him the name of an airport where we would be landing.”

Kurt laughed at Mary’s fertilizer comment and while looking straight ahead said, “Mary, that’s because there won’t be an airport. We’re bailing out over a Swedish national forest on an island.”

“Excuse me! Did you say, we would bail out? Tell me you’re joking, Kurt.”

“Mary, we can’t land in Sweden or Finland. It would cause an international incident for sure. We’d probably blow the whole mission. Think about it; we’ve got three Arabs tied up in the back, we’ve stolen an Imperial Arab Air Force transport; we’re guilty of spying on Russia; we have a Russian national with us and I’ve killed three Russian army officers. Even in a neutral country, we’d be the biggest international incident since the Pueblo. Don’t worry Sweetie; I’ll get us all down in one piece. I’m going to set the autopilot just before we parachute out the back ramp and let the Arabs have their aircraft back. They won’t be able to land and go after us and will have to continue on to their homeland if they aren’t caught before getting there. I don’t think the Russians will sit by and do nothing after what happened at the Cosmodrome. They’re probably getting fighters in the air right now looking for this bird.”

“Oh my gosh! I can’t believe we are going to jump out of this airplane. Kurt, you’ve probably parachuted from a plane sometime before and know what to do. I’ve never skydived before and I doubt that Vicky has either. I don’t even know what you are supposed to do. I can just picture myself making a colossal splat on the Swedish landscape!”

Kurt chuckled at her humor and said, “Don’t worry, Mary. I’m not about to lose you. I’ll make sure you get down okay. I don’t want you to ‘splat’ either! I’ll tell you what to do just before we jump. It’s real easy. Just ride it down, keep your knees bent and roll when you land. You and Vicky will be fine.”

“Kurt, you weren’t kidding when you said we may be doing some dangerous things. I never dreamed it would be this wild. What a story I’ll have to tell my

grandchildren! How I jumped out of a stolen airplane and got goosed by a pine tree!”

This brought on more laughter. “Glad to see you still have your sense of humor. We’ll all be fine, you’ll see.”

Vicky came over the intercom and said, “I’m really scared, Mary. I don’t know if I can jump from an airplane. I might not be able to do it. Maybe you can just leave me behind. At least the end will come quickly when the plane crashes.”

Kurt said, “Don’t be so fatalistic, Vicky. This plane isn’t going to crash. Like I said, I’m giving it back to the Arabs just before we bail out. You don’t want to be with them, believe me. Please trust me, Vicky. I promise to get you out safely. We’ll all go out the back ramp together. It’s a piece of cake; you just walk off the end of the ramp and pull the D-ring on the chute that is on the front of the harness. Vicky, I have jumped many times before. I was in a skydiving club in the Air Force and had a lot of fun doing it. It’s very safe and if you follow my instructions, you may even enjoy the ride down!”

Mary said, “That’s what I was afraid you’d say. Oh well, Vicky, I guess we’ll just have to trust this guy. He’s got us this far and I guess he knows what he is doing. From what I’ve heard, he’s the best of the best and fearless at that. If he says we will be fine, I am ready to believe him. I have that on good authority and besides, I kind of like him and I think I’d like to be with him no matter where he goes in this world.”

“Vicky said, “Sounds like you are in love, Mary.”

The realization hit Mary as to what had just crossed her lips. For the first time, she was expressing her inner feelings out loud. “It does, doesn’t it? I guess I am, Vicky. No, let me re-phrase that. I *know* I’m in love and it is with this very special man. He is everything any woman could want in a man and I want him in my life forever. I hope I

can convince him that I can be the right woman for him in his life. Wow! This is the first time I am saying this and here it is in an airplane, going hell bent for leather across a foreign land and confessing all this in front of you, Kurt and the Lord above on top of all that!”

Kurt was thrilled at hearing what Mary had just said. It made him feel warm inside as though her words were lighting a loving flame in his heart. While looking straight ahead he said, “We’re both in love, Vicky. I haven’t had the time to tell this pretty lady everything I have wanted to say to her yet. I do want her to know that she is the woman I want in my life forever and I want her to have my heart and I am just as much in love with her as she says she is with me.” Mary was looking at Kurt when he said that and he turned and smiled at her quickly before turning back to the windscreen again. “Now we’ve both made a confession of what is in our hearts and it feels good from my head all the way down to my toes.”

Vicky was smiling too and decided to add a bit of humor to all this. “I now pronounce you both hopelessly in love forever!” They all laughed at that and it made them all feel a bit more relaxed in this time of extreme tension.

Mary thought, *At last! We have both been able to speak what was in our hearts and it feels great. I have fallen in love with the man of my dreams and he has said he loves me too! I just need to pray that the Lord will guide and protect us through this and we can be with each other for the rest of our lives. Oh, Heavenly Father, hear my prayer. Please protect Vicky. She is so young and she needs a blessing. She has been through so much. Please send your angels to stand guard around her and protect her from any further harm and carry her to safety and please bless the love that Kurt and I have*

*expressed for each other. Wrap us up in your loving arms. In Jesus' name I pray, Amen.*

Vicky said, "Thank you for talking to me about this jump, Kurt. I'm still scared, but not as much now, knowing what you have just told me. I am happy that both of you have found love and I do hope we get out of here safely. Maybe someday I too will have grandchildren to tell this story to."

"Kurt said, "I know you will, Vicky. I am sure of it."

Kurt checked his heading and then said, "Mary, I need you to send another message to Bob Riddle. I want you to tell him two things. First code out the words Fulton Recovery System and then the words marker flares. He'll know what I mean. We'll send one more message when we bail out. It will be one word only and that word is Bingo."

## **CHAPTER FIFTEEN**

A staff car took Boshnikoff to the flight line where he went to the pilot's ready room and donned a flight suit. His pilot was already in his aircraft inside the alert hangar with the front and rear hangar doors open, the engines running and the boarding ladder hung on the side at the second seat position. The wingman's plane was next to him with his engines running also. The crew chief was waiting at the foot of the ladder to climb up after Boshnikoff to assist him with getting his gear hooked up. The big Mikoyan Mig-25 code named Foxbat by NATO was imposing as it sat with the engines idling. Even at idle, the engines made a throaty rumbling that shook everything around it. It was powered by two Turmansky R-266 axial turbojet engines with an output of 27,115 pounds of thrust each with water and methanol injection. It could fly at a maximum speed of 2,111 m.p.h. (Mach 3.2). The aircraft carried a modified GP-9 gun pod with a 23-mm cannon holding about 300 rounds. They were not carrying missiles because of the large auxiliary tanks that would give them greater range and they did not intend to shoot down the C-130 anyway. They just wanted to force it down inside Soviet air space.

Boshnikoff made his way to the aircraft as quickly as he could, half limping and half running. Captain Tupolevski greeted Boshnikoff over the intercom when Boshnikoff was strapped in, the ladder was removed and the crew chief waived them out of the hangar. Their wingman had moved out onto the ramp waiting for them to lead the way to the active runway. As the pilot closed the canopy he said, "Welcome aboard, Major Boshnikoff. I understand you have flown in fighter aircraft before."

“Yes, I have Captain Tupolevski, but not one like this. I flew in the Mig-19 back in the late 1960’s.”

“You will then appreciate the difference, Major. We can fly twice as fast as the Mig-19.”

“Good, we have a lot of ground to cover. Let’s get moving Captain. That C-130 could be just about anywhere by now. I want to go north from here.”

“But, Major, that is the opposite direction from where they would go to get home.”

“Exactly, Captain. That is why we will search in that direction first.”

The big Mig-25 taxied out to the active runway with the wingman close behind. They lined up staggered on the runway and took off in afterburner instead of full military power as was normally done. They would waste no time getting airborne. The two-seat E-model version had a five and one half-hour flying time without the missiles and they wanted all the airtime they could get. Flying due north would put them right behind the C-130, although Boshnikoff did not know that. He was sure they went north, but would have to rely on radar to guide them to the C-130. They would be over the plains in about 20 minutes.

**5:30 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, 15 minutes from entering  
Finland-**

Stillwell clicked the intercom, “Mary I want you and Vicky to go back in the cargo compartment and tie the pilot and copilot with as much rope and cargo strapping as

you can find. Cut it in pieces with my pocketknife and make as many knots out of the ends as possible. I want it to take a long time for their engineer to untie them. I plan to open the cargo ramp in the rear of the aircraft and toss out all of the extra chutes so one or more of them can't come after us. We will have the only chutes left. I'm going to take this baby up to 10,000 feet and level it off and head it south down the Baltic Sea. We'll bail out over the island of Gotska Sandon after I've set the autopilot. I'll untie the engineer after I do that. He'll have to untie one of the pilots and by the time he does, they'll be picked up on radar by Sweden and probably Russia. It will be a mad scramble to see who get to the unidentified aircraft first. I'll smash the radios before leaving the cockpit so they can't communicate until they're on the ground. That should give us enough time to get picked up before they figure out where we've bailed out."

Captain Tupolevski double-clicked the intercom and said, Major Boshnikoff, we have flown the entire length of the plain and have spotted nothing either by sight or on radar. I suggest we turn north toward the Barents Sea. They may be trying to exit that way and head east toward Finland, Norway or Sweden."

"Good thinking, Captain. Let's get moving, we are running out of time." They banked to the right and headed toward the Barents Sea.

Stillwell turned the C-130 toward the southern coast of Finland. This section of the country was covered with hundreds of islands between the mountains and it was easier to snake the big aircraft between the sparsely populated towns. He stayed to the east of Mikkeli and headed due south. This would take him between five airports in a



very small area, four to the west and one to the east at Lappeenranta. He would exit the landmass to the east of Helsinki and be precariously close to the Russian boarder again.

Mary watched for signs of pursuing aircraft on the radar and out the windows to the starboard side while Vicky watched the port side behind Stillwell. As soon as they cleared land, Stillwell dropped the big aircraft right down to the water. He was now flying no more than ten feet off the surface. The compression caused by the huge aircraft churned up spray, but it kept them off the radar. Stillwell had to climb to 150 feet to bank hard to the right to head out of the Gulf of Finland and hug the coastline in Finish waters and out of Russian waters. He did not want to get picked up by the powerful radar at Tallin. Once he was out into the open Baltic Sea he increased his altitude to 200 feet and headed for Stockholm.

Mary said, “Kurt, I’ve put all of the chutes at the end of the cargo ramp like you said and the pilot and copilot are bound up like mummies. The engineer kept trying to talk to us, but we ignored him and said nothing.”

“You did good, Mary. I’m going to bank south in a minute and head for the island of Gotska Sandon. As soon as I make the turn, I’m going to increase the altitude to 10,000 feet and set the autopilot. I want you and Vicky to wait at the cargo ramp for me after you make the one word call to Riddle.”

“Okay, Kurt.” She made the coded call and then said, “We’re on our way.” She got up from the copilot’s seat and lightly kissed him on the cheek as she stepped over the radio console. “See you in the back, Sweetie.” She winked at him and then climbed down into the cargo hold with Vicky and went to the cargo ramp at the rear.

Stillwell banked the aircraft to the south and climbed to 10,000 feet where he

leveled off. They would now show up on every radar in a hundred mile radius. He set the autopilot and got out of his seat and took the fire axe off the rear bulkhead and used it to smash the radios, which popped the radio circuit breakers as he did it. He then removed the flare gun and flares from the emergency stowage and put them in the side pocket of his jump suit.

Stillwell climbed out of the cockpit and quickly went to where the Arabs were tied up. He pulled out his gun and grabbed the engineer by the ropes and dragged him to the rear of the aircraft. The engineer's eyes went wide because he thought Stillwell was going to throw him out the rear ramp. The engineer started to plead with Stillwell and stopped when he was dropped on the deck. Stillwell bent down and yelled in his ear in Russian over the din of the turboprop engines, "I am going to untie you. We have no quarrel with you. We just needed your aircraft for a while. If you try to stop us, I will shoot you and you will all die because there will be no one to untie the pilot or the copilot. We are going to jump out the rear cargo ramp in a few minutes. Just before we do, I will untie the last bond that holds your hands behind you. You can then go forward and untie the pilot or copilot and they can safely land somewhere. Do you understand me?" The engineer's head was against the cold deck and he nodded and lay still while Stillwell checked the chutes on Mary and Vicky to see that they had them on right and fastened tight.

Stillwell told Mary and Vicky to sit in the rear seats near the rear ramp and hold on. He then actuated the upper cargo door and watched as it opened inward to the top of the fuselage. The noise of the turboprop engines became louder as a cold blast of air rushed in. When the door reached the stops, he lowered the cargo ramp so that it was

level with the floor. They could now walk straight out the back of the aircraft. He went over to the stack of about a dozen parachutes and pushed them out into open space.

Stillwell ran toward the cockpit and up the ladder to look out of the windscreen. He saw the island coming up and estimated the time to their arrival over the island. Counting off the seconds in his head, he jumped back down to the cargo floor, pulled out his gun, ran back to where the engineer was laying and held it to his head as he untied him. He motioned for the engineer to go to where the pilot and copilot were and then went to where Mary and Vicky were sitting. As he watched the engineer scramble toward the front of the aircraft, he leaned over and yelled so they could hear, "Time to go, ladies." He asked Mary if she could go out by herself and she nodded.

Mary was actually terrified. She thought, *I've trusted Kurt this far, there is no sense in not trusting him again. If he says I can do it, I can. I've got to go fast before I change my mind and make it difficult for him.*

Stillwell then asked Vicky if she could follow Mary out the open cargo door and she shook her head from side to side, eyes wide in fear. Stillwell motioned for Mary to go quickly as he was down to the final seconds. She jumped up without hesitation and literally ran out the back of the aircraft. As she was getting up, Stillwell stuffed the gun in his belt and grabbed Vicky by the harness and lifted her off her feet. He spun around and ran with her to the ramp. When he reached the end of the ramp, he again turned back to the inside of the aircraft. Just as Mary cleared the ramp, he fell backward and at the same time pulled Vicky with him as she let out a terrified scream that he could hardly hear because of the noise of the engines and the rushing wind. As soon as he saw Mary's chute open, he pulled the D-ring on Vicky's chute and it yanked her from his

grasp when the chute blossomed. He then fell for three more seconds and opened his own chute.

They were all descending within 100 feet of each other at about 75-foot intervals in elevation. Stillwell on the bottom, Vicky in the middle and Mary in the top position.

The big C-130 was thundering off to the south, no doubt causing a scramble of alert aircraft from the Swedes as well as the Soviets. The noise faded and only the chill of the morning air was with them as they quietly glided toward the island below.

**6:30 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, near Belomorsk, Russia-**

Major Boshnikoff was monitoring the radio frequencies and heard the radar operator at Tallinn on the edge of the Gulf of Finland call them. “Cosmodrome guard, we have a contact for you.”

Boshnikoff was excited; maybe they had them! “Acknowledged, Tallinn. Give us the coordinates.”

The operator gave Boshnikoff the coordinates of where the C-130 had popped up on the radar just outside of their airspace near Stockholm. He reported it as heading south at 10,000 feet and the IFF squawk matched the Iranian C-130’s identifier.

Boshnikoff worked out the intercept path as he instructed the pilot to go into afterburner and head southwest to the Baltic Sea.

Stillwell saw that they were headed for an open field on the northern end of the island. He gave thanks to the Lord for this blessing and prepared himself for landing. As he hit the ground, he rolled forward and came back to his feet where he released the

chute. He looked up and saw Vicky was on her way down about 50 feet away. He ran toward her as she landed. She let out a yelp and collapsed on the ground as the chute started to drag her across the field. Stillwell went into a full run and caught up with the chute and collapsed it. He released the harness and said, "Vicky, are you okay?"

Vicky looked up at him, broke into a laugh and said, "Yes, yes, yes! I think I sprained my ankle, but I'm fine, otherwise. Thank you for saving my life!" She threw her arms around him and gave him a bear hug. Stillwell looked up and didn't see Mary's chute. He panicked and stood up and looked around the field. About 100 yards to the south, he saw the chute caught in the trees at the end of the open field.

"Vicky, stay right here. I'll be back. I've got to help Mary get down." He took off running half panicked to where he saw the chute in the trees. As he approached, he saw the chute had caught in the upper branches of a tree and Mary was dangling with her feet about six inches above the ground and he slowed to a walk with a big grin on his face.

With a smirk, Mary said, "Well, take your time big boy. I'll just hang around her for a while!"

As Stillwell walked up to her, he saw that she was just high enough to look him straight in the eyes and was grasping the harness just above her shoulders. He went to her and put his arms around her and hugged her. She let go of the harness and wrapped her arms around his neck and then gave him a long, soft sensual kiss. He parted his lips and she put her tongue into his mouth and they enjoyed the sensation and sexual excitement it gave them. After the kiss, Mary said, "What a ride! Scared the pants off me, but it was something else!" While keeping her arms around his neck, she wrapped her legs around his waist and said, "Okay, Kurt, you can release the harness now."

Kurt said, “Too bad, your pants are still on you. Darn it! Hey, this harness holding you up and your legs wrapped around me provides a kinky fantasy, Sweetie!”

Mary laughed and said, “Yeah, it does, doesn’t it? We’ll have to try it sometime.”

They both laughed as Kurt unfastened Mary’s harness and gently let her down.

Mary said, “Did Vicky make it down okay?”

“She seems to have sprained her ankle, but other than that, she’s fine. Let’s go check on her.” They both ran across the length of the field to where Vicky was waiting.

## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN**

Sergeant Kasam worked feverishly on the knots that bound Colonel Jabul. After five minutes, he had the Colonel untied. Jabul yelled, “Get Captain Shakur untied and close that cargo door and ramp. I’m going to the cockpit to take control of the aircraft and transmit our hijacking to Tehran.”

“Yes, Colonel. I wish I could go back to punish the swine!”

“We will find a way, Kasam, you will see.” Colonel Jabul ran to the cockpit ladder and quickly climbed up into the cockpit.

As soon as Shakur was freed, he also rushed to the cockpit as Kasam closed the rear of the aircraft. When Shakur reached the cockpit he saw Colonel Jabul ranting and raving and waiving his arms about. “That scum smashed the radios. We cannot radio our position or what happened to us. Tehran will be furious. We should have been home by now!”

“It is hard to believe that we were attacked in such a secure Russian facility, Colonel. One of the women attackers was in a Russian guard uniform. The man and another woman were in black jump suits and the man spoke perfect Russian. Kasam said the man told him that they wanted our aircraft and did not mean any harm to us and that is why we were tied up and not shot.”

“Yes, Shakur, my brother. What puzzles me is what they were doing in the first place. I can only surmise that the two in the black jump suites were there to remove the guard from the facility for some reason. Perhaps the guard was a spy and they were

helping her to escape before being caught.”

“Even so, my Colonel, we will have a hard time trying to explain why three of Iran’s elite fighting force were overcome by one man and two women. Two women! We will be utterly humiliated and maybe even executed for the shame of being brought into submission by two women.”

“You are right, Shakur. We must not let this be known. We must at least tell our superiors that it was three elite commando troops who attacked us while we were intent on getting our aircraft ready for takeoff. We will tell them that the men were defecting to a neutral country and that is why they bailed out and took our chutes so we could not follow them.”

“Yes, that’s perfect, Colonel, but what if the Russians tell our leaders about the two women?”

“We will then say that it is the Russian way of trying to humiliate us. It was at their base that we were attacked. They have made up this story to divert attention to the fact that their most secure facility is so loosely guarded. It is they who will be brought to ridicule, not us. Get Kasam up here, we must all tell the same story.”

**7:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, twenty miles west of Kaliningrad, Russia in the Baltic Sea-**

“Major Boshnikoff, we have a confirmation on the contact. It is the C-130 flying due south and very close to Russian air space. We will be on them in two minutes.”



“Good Captain. We will force them into our air space so we can make them land at Klaipeda, north of Kaliningrad. It is the closest airfield. I will radio General Balkon now so he can fly to the airfield and be on hand when we search the aircraft.”

**7:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, on the Swedish island of Gotska Sandon in the Baltic Sea-**

Stillwell carried Vicky to the edge of the field and set her down at the tree line in a grassy area. He sat down facing Mary and Vicky and said, “The last transmission we sent to Bob Riddle was to tell him the exact time we departed the aircraft, nothing else. He already knew where we would be parachuting to. We used the word ‘bingo’ in Vietnam to say we were out of fuel. In this case it meant we were out of the aircraft.”

Mary said, “Why did he have to know the exact time?”

“The second message you sent was to tell him we needed to be picked up by the Fulton Recovery System. He would need to know that and then the exact time we would be getting here. This way he won’t have an aircraft roaming around Swedish air space drawing attention to us. He can just send one in quickly. They have one aircraft stationed in England, which they use in recovering weather balloons from ice stations in the Arctic. They can send that one to pick us up.”

“What kind of airplane is it?” Vicky asked.

“It’s another C-130, similar to the one we just left.”

Mary said, “Kurt, how will it be able to land here? There doesn’t seem to be more than 100 yards of field here.”

“It won’t land, Mary. It will pick us up with a harness, one at a time.”

“Oh, no! I thought the jump was wild. You mean to tell me that it will fly by and pick us up off the ground without landing?”

“Sure will, it’s been done many times in the past. They actually have done what they call a dual live snatch, two people at one time.”

Vicky said, “How does this work? Won’t we be injured by being pulled from the ground by an aircraft flying over us at high speed?”

“No, Vicky. The Fulton Recovery System was developed a long time ago to make live emergency pick-ups where there isn’t a place for the aircraft to land, just like we have here. When we hear the aircraft in the area, we shoot off a flare to let them know what part of the island we’re on. They’ll drop a package, which contains the harnesses we need along with the cable and helium balloons to raise the cable up to 500 feet. As the aircraft comes back for the pick-up, it snatches the cable and the ‘snatchee’ is lifted off the ground and reeled into the open rear doors of the C-130. The aircraft is specially fitted for this task. It has two 18-foot long aluminum recovery forks attached to the nose of the aircraft. They stick out like a giant mustache 36 feet wide. The pilot guides the plane toward the cable under the balloon and it is snagged by the aircraft.”

“Mary said, “What if the pilot misses and the cable gets caught in the propellers?”

“Good question, but it can’t happen. There are fiberglass lines running from the nose to the wingtips to prevent the cable from fouling in the event of a miss. It’s been used many times and in all kinds of weather conditions. All we have to do now is wait. They should have been airborne just after we signaled and I expect them to be here very soon.”

**7:02 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, the Baltic Sea-**

“There they are Major Boshnikoff, ahead at our two o’clock position, just 1,000 feet below us.”

“Let’s get down there, Captain. Line up with the cockpit and radio the aircraft to land at Klaipeda.”

Captain Tupolevski banked the Mig-25 and headed down toward the C-130, with his wingman instinctively following. When they were alongside the C-130, Captain Tupolevski radioed the pilot of the C-130 on the same frequency used by the air traffic control at the Cosmodrome. There was no answer. He tried several other frequencies with the same results. Finally, he moved ahead of the C-130 by about 100 yards and wagged his wings and dropped his gear, a signal for the C-130 to land. He moved away to the left and slowed a bit to let the C-130 come back along side of him again. There was no reaction from the pilot so he let loose with a stream of fire from his Gatling gun loaded with tracers that the pilot could plainly see. This was a warning that if they didn’t follow his instructions that the next rounds would be penetrating the C-130. The pilot got the message this time and lowered his landing gear. The pilot then pointed to his headset and shook his head from side to side, indicating that the radio did not work. Tupolevski pointed down with his right hand. The pilot of the C-130 nodded acknowledgement. Tupolevski sent his wingman out to the other side of the C-130 and banked down and in the direction of Klaipeda. He called the tower on the allotted frequency and obtained clearance for a direct approach. The tower acknowledged and indicated that they would have full security forces waiting and that the three aircraft should go to the far end of the airfield away from all commercial aviation.

The two Migs stayed with the Iranian C-130 until it was just about ready to touch down and then banked off, one to each side of the airfield and then circled to land together behind the C-130. There was a “follow me” truck waiting at the end of the runway which would lead the aircraft to the far end of the airfield away from the commercial aviation as instructed by the tower operator. There was also a contingent of military vehicles waiting. Several staff cars and four armored personnel carriers with their weapons aimed at the C-130.

After the pilot of the C-130 shut down the last engine, the engineer opened the cargo door and lowered the loading ramp to the concrete so the military troops could enter the aircraft. Boshnikoff climbed down from the Mig-25 and was joined by general Balkon at the rear of the C-130.

Boshnikoff gave a quick salute to the general and said, “With your permission, I will go into the aircraft with six armed troopers and remove all of the occupants, General.”

Balkon replied, “Do so, Major. I want to see who comes out of this aircraft. We will make great strides with obtaining better oil deals with this capture. This will be the greatest spy coup since May 1, 1960, when a U-2 flown by Francis Gary Powers was shot down near Sverdlovsk in the USSR by a Soviet surface-to-air missile!”

Boshnikoff went over to the captain of the guards and asked him to pick out six of his best men to accompany him into the aircraft to extract the occupants. The captain quickly rounded up six of his best men and they went up the ramp on each side of Major Boshnikoff with their automatic weapons leveled at their sides.

Colonel Jabul was standing in the middle of the cargo bay with Captain Shakur to

his right and Sergeant Kasam to his left. They raised their hands above their heads when they saw the contingent of armed men coming up the ramp. Colonel Jabul said in a loud voice, "I am Colonel Jabul of the Imperial Iranian Air Force. This is Captain Shakur, my copilot and Sergeant Kasam, my flight engineer. I demand to know why your commando forces have hijacked our aircraft."

Boshnikoff said, "Shut your mouth, Colonel. You will speak only when spoken to. Do otherwise and you will have no teeth in your mouth seconds later." Boshnikoff turned to the captain of the guards and said, "Search it." Two of the guards and the captain went on a quick search of the aircraft, which only took a minute since it was empty. It only took a quick look into the cockpit to see that the three Arabs were the only people to come in with it.

The captain came back to Boshnikoff and said, "It is clean. No one else is on the aircraft, Major."

Boshnikoff turned to Jabul and said, "Where are the others?"

"If you mean your commandos, they bailed out over the Baltic Sea."

"You insolent pig!" Boshnikoff shouted as he backhanded Jabul. "You will talk differently when I have some more time with you!"

With blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, the Colonel said, "I will say nothing more and neither will my men until we have spoken to our military commander in Tehran."

"Colonel, I am the one you will be talking to and you will tell me everything I want to know and if you don't, you will die very slowly and painfully."

Jabul was defiant once again and said, "I demand to speak to our base commander

in Tehran!”

Boshnikoff took a rifle from one of the troops and slammed the butt end into the stomach of Jabul who doubled over in pain. The other two Arab’s eyes went wide with fear and then Boshnikoff turned to the captain. “Take them into the hangar, we will use the office there. It will provide us with more privacy for the General to interrogate these pigs and it will also serve to hide their screams of pain.”

Boshnikoff walked out the end of the aircraft and over to General Balkon.

“General, I am afraid that some of their men have parachuted out somewhere over the Baltic Sea with the prisoner they came to free. They must have had a boat waiting for them. We will take them into the hangar for interrogation, with your permission.”

“Yes, major. I would like to handle this personally, although I want you there to assist me with your interrogation expertise. If they do not survive the interrogation, we will tell the authorities in Tehran that the C-130 crashed in the Russian mountains during a severe storm and will deliver the charred bodies and burned parts of the aircraft to them with our condolences.”

**9:00 a.m. Thursday morning, September 20, 1984, on the Swedish island of Gotska Sandon in the Baltic Sea-**

Stillwell heard the approach of the HC-130H long before it was in sight. He loaded the flare into the flare pistol and shot it into the air.

Captain Ben “Herky” Henderson saw the flare five miles ahead over the island and at the forward edge of a field. Henderson clicked the intercom and said to his engineer, “Jacobson, open the back door and drop the bundle when I give you the green

light.”

“You got it, Captain.” Jacobson had everything ready to go and opened the cargo door and lowered the ramp to the level position. When the green light came on, Jacobson released the bundle and it slid smoothly out the open ramp. The lead chute opened and pulled the main chute open. It floated down with the package landing directly in the middle of the open field. Looking out the rear of the aircraft at the landing, Jacobson said, “Bingo! You did it again, Captain. Right in the middle!” Captain Henderson flew on for a few miles and then made a long banking turn to return back to his starting point several miles out for a lead in again to the field.

Stillwell and Mary ran over to the bundle and started to unpack it. It contained a radio so Stillwell could talk to the pilot of the HC-130H. He called the pilot over the preset frequency. “I’ll have us set up in about 15 minutes. How much time between pick-ups?”

“Let’s run 10 minutes between ‘snatches’ so we have enough time to reel in before the next one. I’ll keep circling out in the bay far from the island so they won’t hear us and then head back in again after you call telling me you are set up.”

“You got it. The two ladies first, then me.”

“Roger. Be back in about 15 when you call.”

Stillwell started to set up the rig that would hold the harness and inflate the balloons. “Mary, can you help Vicky over here so we can get her into the harness? She goes first. We have to move fast. The park rangers will get curious after the second pass by that C-130. If they find us here, we may be detained and have a lot of questions to answer. We don’t need an international incident right now.”

“Okay, Kurt.” Mary ran the 50 yards to where Vicky was waiting. She helped Vicky up and put Vicky’s arm over her shoulder as she helped her walk back to Kurt and the pick-up point.

Stillwell had set up the poles that would hold the harness and cable and was inflating the balloon with the helium cartridge when they arrived. While he helped Vicky into the harness, which resembled a nylon baby swing, he said, “Okay Vicky, it works like this, you sit in this harness, I fasten the straps around your chest, waist and legs. You face the direction that the aircraft will be coming from so that you’re picked up backwards. There is stretch built into the pick-up like a bungee cord so that it’s not a violent start. It is almost like an ejection seat out of a jet aircraft but not quite as fast. Since you don’t know what that is like, just think of it as one extremely fast elevator. More like an amusement park ride. Don’t be frightened by the acceleration. The C-130 will be flying past at slightly over 140 miles per hour. You will be reeled into the back of the C-130 through the open rear doors. Think of it as a reverse of what you did coming out of the other one. We’ll be joining you shortly.” Kurt put his hands to her cheeks looked into her frightened eyes and said, “Are you Okay?” Vicky nodded her head and Kurt gave her a kiss on her forehead. She smiled at him and his tender gesture and Mary gave her an encouraging hug as he got the radio out to call the C-130 pilot to come back for the ‘snatch’.

Stillwell called over the radio and told the pilot they were ready. The C-130 returned from its holding point and flew directly over them and Vicky, with her eyes closed, teeth clenched, and a white-knuckled grip on the harness, was suddenly pulled up and backward from where she was sitting.



Johann Sergel looked up from his forest ranger observation post in the wooden tower as the HC-130H passed again. It was about five miles distant and very low, just as in the first time he saw it. This was the third time he had seen a C-130 fly over the island this morning. First it was one with a two-tone desert type of paint high up and now two hours later, this one flying low was silver colored with international orange painted on the wing tips, nose and tail. This particular C-130 was on its second flight past.

He quickly raised his binoculars and saw that the nose had a strange looking set of arms extending out with a cable running down several hundred feet to what looked like some kind of small package. He hadn't been told of any type of military exercise in the area and this was far from ordinary air traffic.

Sergel called his command post and told them he would be leaving the tower to investigate aircraft that were passing over his territory and that they seemed to be on some type of military maneuvers. He was given permission to leave the tower to investigate. He strapped on his ITM 2000 semi-automatic and climbed down the steep ladder from his observation shelter and went to his jeep. He couldn't imagine what these aircraft could be doing passing over the island, but he wanted to find out. This last pass seemed to be some kind of a pick-up. If they had no clearance from his government, it would be illegal. He wished he had some help. Facing off military troops with only one semi-automatic pistol was not what he considered an easy task. He put the key into the ignition, started the jeep and drove off down the winding gravel road toward the direction that the C-130 had come from.

Mary fastened the straps around her chest as Kurt worked on the straps over her

legs. “Kurt, what about the rest of the equipment? Do they have to fly back and pull it up?”

“No way they can, Mary. All that will be left are the launch poles, some anchor cable for the poles and the sack this stuff was dropped in along with the chute it came in. Aside from that, we’re only leaving the Iranian chutes we dropped in with. Not too much litter, but enough to make them curious. They’ll ask some questions and our embassy will give vague answers which will soon be forgotten.” He looked into her eyes, put his arms around her, and gave her a long kiss, which she received with eagerness. When he pulled back, he said, “Mary, I wanted to tell you this in a much more romantic setting, but this will have to do.” He hesitated for a second and then said, “I’m deeply in love with you, pretty lady and I want to marry you.”

Mary smiled and kissed him again and said, “And I must confess, Kurt, I too am in love with you. I want you in my life forever and yes, I will marry you!”

The drone of the C-130 was now coming into earshot and Kurt said, “Hey, we’d better get you hooked up.” He hooked the overhead lines to the harness and gave her one more quick kiss. He then backed up and called the C-130 pilot for the second pick-up as he gave her the thumbs-up signal. Mary returned the signal as she smiled at him. She thought, *I never in my wildest dreams thought I’d fall in love this way. Kurt is the best thing that has happened to me in a long time. What a wild way to fall in love. Thank you Jesus!*”

The C-130 came thundering overhead and flew past once more and Mary was lifted from the ground as smoothly as the first pass that lifted Vicky. Stillwell pulled out the last harness and started the process all over again with his own preparations.

Sergel looked up from his jeep as he again heard the aircraft passing by, but could not see anything this time for the tall trees blocking his view. He continued on and was determined to find out what was going on. He had about another two miles to go on this dirt road and had to proceed carefully as he didn't want to run into a military group heavily armed and get shot. He would have to slow a bit and when he arrived and he would look for the officer in charge to find out what this was all about. As he rounded the last turn that would put him into the open field at the end of the island, he saw a balloon go up with a cable attached to it. He knew someone was sending up packages now. When he drove out into the open field, he came to a sliding halt in the jeep and stared at the sight before him. A man in a dark jump suit was sitting between two poles in some kind of harness that resembled a child's swing. The balloon he saw ascending was now up about 500 feet and was attached to the end of the harness behind the man. He accelerated the jeep across the field just as the C-130 came thundering back overhead. He ducked instinctively as the aircraft passed over his head and he slammed on the brakes skidding to a stop. The man in the harness was suddenly pulled from the ground. As Sergel looked at the spot where the man was picked up, he could have sworn the man was smiling at him and gave him a salute. He drove up to where the poles were and looked around. No one else was in the area. He saw three parachutes lying in the field nearby along with a large canvas bag and another parachute at the far end of the field hanging from a tree. He then knew that someone had come in by parachute and had gone out by this strange method. He thought, *Well it had to be military maneuvers. I just wonder why they didn't tell us in advance unless it is top secret. That's it, it must be*

*secret or they would have advised us. Got to admit, that was a strange way of picking up troops. Must be some new invention they are testing out.* He got out of his jeep and started to pick up the chutes for his supervisor when they came to investigate.

Once Stillwell was pulled into the back of the HC-130H and the rear doors were closed, the engineer handed him a set of headphones to talk to the pilot. The pilot said, “Welcome aboard, Mr. Stillwell. Looks like we made a clean sweep. We’re taking you to our base in England where there is an Air Force C-121 waiting to take you and your lady friends back to Washington.”

“Thanks. We’re grateful. Nice job on the pick-up.”

“We aim to please, Mr. Stillwell, glad we could be of assistance. You must have some very influential friends in Washington. I’ve never been rushed through a briefing so fast in my entire career. I’m sure there was good reason for it though.”

“There was, believe me, there was.”

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

**Friday morning, September 21, 1984, at the headquarters of the NSA in Langley, Virginia-**

Kurt Stillwell, Mary Anderson, and Vicky Tishinsky were in the conference room waiting for Bob Riddle. Mary had given Vicky the business suit she came to Washington in and had left behind when they went to Russia. She wanted Vicky to have something to wear to replace the flight suit the Air Force had given her when they were in England. Now she looked more feminine and was beginning to relax a bit. Mary was sitting next to Kurt wearing her chiffon dress and Vicky was on the other side of her.

Mary said, “Vicky, you look very attractive in my clothes. They seem to fit you pretty well even though you are making that blouse fill out to its limit. I’m glad the buttons haven’t popped!”

Vicky laughed at Mary’s humor about her much larger breasts. “Thank you, Mary, the clothes do help me feel better. The lady doctor was very kind and said I will be back to normal in a little while.” Just then, Riddle came through the door to the conference room.

“Sorry if I kept you waiting, I had to meet with the director this morning.”

“Not a problem, Bob”, Stillwell replied. We’ve only been here a couple of minutes. Mrs. Casey brought us some pastry and coffee. Won’t you join us?”

“I’ll have some coffee.”

While he was preparing his cup of coffee, Stillwell said, “Mrs. Casey said Brian

had a great time with her husband and his classic car collection. Thanks for getting him out safely and please extend my thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell.”

“Will do, Kurt. Now, how did everything go? Were you successful in making the alterations, Mary?”

“Yes, Victor Panin made them while I told him where and what to do with the different resistors and diodes. It didn’t take long, but we almost got caught while we were inside the engineering building. Actually, I did get caught outside and was put in their jail. Kurt came in and rescued me and Vicky.”

“I know, Kurt sent a complete written report to us while you were in flight from England. I’m just glad you made it out okay and Miss Tishinsky, welcome to America and your new home.”

“Thank you, Mr. Riddle. Can you tell me if Victor will be coming to America also?”

“Actually, we are planning to bring him out tonight, even before we find out if our changes to the plans that were stolen from us will work. We figured that he has earned it. You should be able to meet him by Sunday night.”

“Thank you, I am kind of scared about that. You see, the last time we were together, I was trying to find out if he was a spy. I was a foolish young woman. Even though he was actually working for you, I have since learned that it was totally justified. I do not like to hear that my countrymen have been stealing most of our technology from the Americans. I had thought all along that it was the other way around.”

“Most of the Russian people have been told that, I’m afraid. That’s part of the propaganda that goes with the cold war that has been going on between our two nations.

I will make sure that I have a long talk with Victor before you get to meet with him. I am sure he will understand what has happened and will be willing to start a new life with you here in America. We will go to great lengths to change your identity and help you get a fresh start in your new country. I am sorry for what the Russian KGB and military did to you. I hope we will be able to make it up to you with this new start.”

“Oh yes, if Victor can forgive me, I will be very happy. I only hope he can find it in his heart to do so.”

Mary put her hand over Vicky’s, gently squeezed it and said, “Vicky, I know he will. You just be ready to meet him. I know he’ll be very happy to see you again.”

Riddle said, “Well, I think you will find our facility very comfortable while you wait. Mrs. Casey will be staying with you in case you need anything. She will also help you to become familiar with our country and she will take you shopping in Crystal City nearby for some new clothes. After this weekend, and if things go well with you and Victor Panin, you will start a new life out in the mid-western United States next week.”

Just then, Mrs. Casey came into the conference room as if on cue and said, “Vicky, won’t you join me for a tour? I want to get acquainted with you and my boss is willing to let me have all the time off I need to be company to you. I want to take you shopping. It will be fun for me watching a pretty girl like you pick out new clothes.”

Kurt said, “Mrs. Casey, I want to thank you for watching over my son while we were away.”

“Don’t mention it, Kurt; it was pure pleasure watching him and my husband with the car collection. It did Jonathan a lot of good. It was like watching him transform into an excited teenager. I think your son did more for us than we did for him.”

Mrs. Clancy left with Vicky and Riddle turned to Kurt and Mary. “Well, you two. It will only be a matter of time now. The week after next is the launch for the killer satellite War Club. We’ll have to wait and see what happens. I’d like the two of you to join us in Utah when we become operational. If the Soviets get their version launched, it would be nice to have you on hand to see what will happen when they try to zap War Club, which we know they will try to do.”

Kurt said, “Thanks for the invitation, Bob. I’ll look forward to it. For right now, though, Mary and I have made a promise to Brian that we want to keep. We want to rent a car and stop off in Orlando at Disney World for some fun. We can fly out to Utah week after next, after our little vacation, if that’s okay with you.”

“I don’t see why not. The folks at Dreamland have finished their work and Mary won’t be needed there for a while. By the way, Mary, Tom Crenshaw sends his regards. He said you can have all the time off you want.”

“Thanks Bob. I’m looking forward to the coming week with this handsome guy next to me.” Kurt and Mary had been holding hands under the table the entire time and she squeezed his hand as she turned to him and smiled. Kurt returned her smile and winked at her while returning the squeeze.

“Get out of here then, I’ve got work to do and thanks again, Kurt.” Riddle stood and put his hand out and continued, “Your son is waiting in the suite. I’ll send someone up to get you in a little while. The car rental and all your expenses on your vacation are on us. We’ll let you know when the car arrives. I’ll send someone to get it for you. How about a nice big comfortable Lincoln?”

Kurt and Mary stood up and each one of them shook his hand. Kurt said, “Thanks



for the car and vacation Bob and you're welcome, old friend, just don't ask me to do that again!"

Riddle gave a smile in return to the grin Kurt had on his face and said, "Not a problem, Kurt. I'm glad everything turned out okay as far as everyone's safety is concerned. See you week after next in Utah." Kurt and Mary left holding hands. Riddle watched them go, still smiling and shook his head and thought, *I may have played cupid unknowingly in this whole thing. I'm real glad for the both of them. Something good has already come of this. Damn! That woman has one incredibly sexy body. And that walk with those swaying hips would drive any man wild. Good for you, Kurt!*

#### **Sunday afternoon, September 23, 1984, Orlando, Florida-**

Before driving down to Orlando from Washington, D.C., Mary had time to do some shopping. She wanted to buy some very fancy dresses, shoes, purses, a new bikini and some very sexy bras and panties. Kurt took Brian to J.C. Penney and bought him a half dozen new outfits as well as some things for himself. It was cheaper than flying to Ft. Lauderdale to get their clothes and then back to Orlando.

Epcot Center, Disney/MGM studios, Sea World and Universal Studios provided a great way to vacation for Brian, Mary and Kurt. Brian enjoyed watching his dad and Mary act like two teenagers in love as much as they enjoyed the shows and rides. They joked together, laughed at themselves and each other, put on funny hats, made funny faces and funny poses for the camera and ran from one amusement to the other with child-like abandonment. Brian was bonding with Mary. She was becoming a vital part of his life and he enjoyed having his dad show the sheer joy of being in love and being

loved. Brian was convinced that he would love having her for his new mom. Not that she would ever replace his mother, but that she would fill the void in his heart that was there since his mom was killed in that car accident. He was even happier that his dad was in love and felt even closer to him now. His dad's life was back together in a wonderful way.

Kurt had rented a time-share condominium on the outer edge of Orlando. A three-bedroom apartment on the top floor of a modern high-rise building. It came fully equipped with everything except food. Kurt and Mary didn't bother to stock the place with food because they had agreed that you shouldn't have to cook on vacation.

They enjoyed the time-share condominium immensely. It had a gym, tennis court and large pool. Brian was in the gym trying out the exercise equipment and flirting with some young girls on vacation with their parents.

Kurt was standing next to a lounge in his boxer swim trunks and caught his breath when he saw Mary come out of the bath house in her new silver bikini for the first time.

*She is magnificent! That small 24-inch waist, and what looks like a nice set of 36C breasts straining to get out of that tiny bra top has me gawking at the gentle up and down movement they make as she walks. That flat stomach above that thong bikini bottom gives her a Playboy Playmate look. She walks with sheer grace in those matching silver heels mesmerizing me with the sway of her hips. The men around the pool are gaping as much as I am! I'm getting hard just watching. I'd better sit down before it shows!*

Mary, of course, ate it up. She got a bikini wax to remove her blonde pubic hair as the bikini thong was so small it would show above it. The thong covered only the barest

portion in the front and was just a piece of thin silver string in the back. The looks she was getting told her that all the time she had spent in the gym over the years had paid off. She especially liked the way Kurt was watching her. Mary joined him as he sat on a lounge at the side of the pool. She gave him her knowing smile and winked at him.

“Mary, you look absolutely magnificent in that tiny bikini. My heart is beating fast just looking at you and that thong bottom shows off the most perfect derriere I have ever seen and if that small piece of material in the front was any smaller, you could use it as a postage stamp! Every man around this pool is staring and I can’t blame them. The women are green with envy and that waiter just tripped over a chair with the service tray as he was walking and watching you! You are having a devastating effect on everyone at the pool, especially me.”

“Well Kurt, it looks like my plan worked then!”

“Yeah, and I won’t be able to get up for a while because of what it is doing to my lower extremity!” She gave out with a delicious giggle and leaned over to hug him, which only made him harder as he watched those breasts just about pop out of that tiny top. “You’ll have to wrap up in a towel if I am ever going to get up from this lounge. Will that skimpy bit of material stay put when we go into the pool?”

“You bet. It’s tight enough so it won’t move out of position when I move around, even in the water.”

“Well, I’ll have to go in first by going backwards so no one will see the bulge in my trunks!”

“Oh, you bad boy!” I’ll just make it worse when I get in with you and wrap my legs around you, big guy.”

“No doubt about that, Mary. Maybe the cool water will help me get the bulge to go down.”

She giggled and said, “I’ll just get it up again when you get out, Sweetie!”

“Right again, my love.” This was exactly what happened, not only for him but for just about every man around the pool. Erections were coming on wholesale and tents were being raised in salute and a few women stalked away from their husbands, furious at the reactions they were showing to that sexy blonde in the skimpy bikini! The waiter had gone off quickly to tell his buddies and more and more guys were showing up to do chores around the pool, such as re-arranging the lounge chairs and cleaning table tops that didn’t need cleaning all the while watching the beautiful blonde with her guy. Kurt just smiled and ate it up. Mary was stunning in that tiny bikini and it was if she had her own swimsuit show going on.

### **Sunday evening, September 23, 1984, Orlando, Florida-**

Kurt, Mary and Brian ate every meal in the fine restaurants that permeated the Orlando area. This arrangement was just fine with Brian. As a healthy young teenager, he liked dining out because it gave him an opportunity to flirt with the pretty young girls who had also been on vacation with their parents. He managed to get some time away from Kurt and Mary from time to time and always agreed to meet at a certain location in any one of the theme parks they were visiting. This allowed him time to have some fun on his own and time for Kurt and Mary to act like kids themselves. Brian managed to get a few phone numbers from the girls he met on the rides so he could call when he was back home again.

The condo provided a respite from the daily excitement of the variety of activities in the area. Instead of spending all of their time in Disney World, they went to each one of the major attractions each day, providing a week of pure fun and excitement. They didn't want to waste a minute of it. Getting up early and dashing off to breakfast in a different location each morning was part of the fun. They followed that with a visit to one of the theme parks and then back to the condo at the end of the day to rest up for the next day's adventure. Kurt and Mary had separate rooms and Brian had his own room. The arrangement worked out very well.

**Sunday evening, September 23, 1984, Langley, Virginia-**

Vicky was waiting nervously in the conference room where she was to meet Victor. She paced back and forth trying to form in her mind the right words to say. Vicky was wearing a bright pink dress she purchased on a shopping trip with Mrs. Clancy in nearby Crystal City. She turned as the door opened and Riddle walked in with Victor Panin close behind.

Riddle said, "I'll leave you two alone to get reacquainted for a while." He backed out and closed the door to the conference room.

Vicky started to say something but the words just wouldn't come out. She started to cry. Victor saw her struggling and the fear on her face that he would not want her and it broke his heart to see her cry and he spoke first. "Vicky, Mr. Riddle has told me everything. Can you ever forgive me for all the pain and suffering you had to go through?" His voice was starting to crack and tears were starting to run down his cheeks.

Vicky saw this and her heart leaped within her. She ran across the room to him

and put her arms around his neck. “Oh, Victor! Yes, yes, I do, but more importantly, can you also forgive me for ever doubting you?”

“I already have. Can we start over?”

“Oh yes, I love you so much!” She hugged him tightly and he returned the hug and they gently kissed each other’s tears away over and over. This was a new start for them and the beginning of a bond of love that would last a lifetime with many children to add to their joy of being together again.

### **Late Sunday evening, September 30, 1984, Orlando, Florida-**

On this, the last evening at the condominium, Kurt and Mary went out on the balcony high up on the 28<sup>th</sup> floor to watch the sun set in the west and watch the fading light shimmer over the expansive lake that lay before them. It was a serene setting. Brian was in the living room watching a movie on a cable channel. The owners of the condo had furnished it well and there was an eight-piece set of balcony furniture. A glass-topped table with four padded chairs, two doublewide chaise lounges with a small glass topped table between the chaise lounges. Mary stretched out on one of the lounges while Kurt opened a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon in the kitchen. He took the wine with two glasses to the balcony.

Mary was wearing a low cut form-fitting white knit dress that showed off her tiny waist and accentuated her full breasts. It was cut about six inches above the knee and had slid up a bit further when she slipped onto the lounge. It made her legs look even longer as she lay back with her eyes closed. A cool sub-tropical breeze was gently blowing and as Kurt came out through the sliding glass door, he saw how Mary looked on the lounge

and he almost stumbled on the sill. Mary said, “Oh, Kurt this is delicious. I could sit here for a long time and watch this beautiful sunset.”

“The sunset isn’t half as beautiful as you stretched out on that lounge, pretty lady. I’m going to have trouble watching the sunset. I think I’d rather watch you. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I’m getting short of breath just taking in this sight before me. I know now why you went to change after we got back from the theme park. You are stirring every male hormone I’ve got right now.”

*That’s exactly how I planned it, big guy. I wish we were alone, but since we aren’t, I’m just letting you know what you are in for when we are. I want to turn you on every day for the rest of your life.* “I’m glad you like the knit dress, Kurt. I bought it especially for our last evening here. I wanted to look sexy for you. I’ve got to be careful though. You bring out the part of me that wants to be totally feminine and be the woman you need in your life. I just love turning you on! There is a very impressionable young man inside and I know I have to behave myself. I’m glad he wasn’t out at the pool when I wore that bikini. That show was just for you. I got a kick out of the attention from the men around the pool and had to giggle at all the young men who suddenly showed up after that waiter tripped! I felt like a model on a runway. That bikini will be held in reserve for when we are on vacations without Brian. As I said, I need to be careful around him with how I turn you on. I’d better pull this dress down a bit. Looks like it went up when I slipped onto this lounge.” She quickly slid the dress down to its original location and giggled at the same time.

As Kurt sat on the lounge next to her and put the wine and glasses on the table he said, “You are so devastatingly beautiful, it is driving me wild, pretty lady. Not only are

you extremely smart, you radiate a beautiful aura that drives me to shortness of breath.”

He slipped off the lounge and got down on one knee. “Mary, you have captured my heart and I am thrilled that you will be my wife.” He had bought a diamond ring in Washington when she was out on her shopping trip and he and Brian on theirs. He slipped it out of his pocket for her to see.

Mary was so happy she started to cry. “Yes, yes, yes! I love you Kurt Stillwell and I will be thrilled to be your wife.” He slipped the ring onto her finger and amazingly enough it was a perfect fit.

Kurt eased onto the lounge with her as she scooted over to give him room. “I wanted to get a beautiful diamond on your hand that will sparkle as bright as the starlight in your eyes!” She put her head on his chest and her arm over him to hug him. They stayed that way for a long time as the sun set in the west, enjoying their bond of love. It seemed like a magical time for both of them. They had filled a void in each of their lives and it seemed as though only the two of them could fill it exactly for each other. At 11:00 p.m., Brian came to the door and said, “Dad, the movie is over and I’m heading to bed now.”

“Okay. Goodnight Brian.”

“Goodnight, Dad and Miss Anderson, thanks for becoming part of my Dad’s life.”

Mary smiled at Brian as she looked up from her spot on Kurt’s chest. She lifted her hand up and showed him her new diamond engagement ring.

Brian was thrilled and said loudly, “Yes, That’s what I wanted to see!”

“I like becoming part of your dad’s life and him being a very special part of mine. Looks like you will be able to call me ‘Mom’ soon!”



“That is so cool! I think you were made for each other and I look forward to calling you Mom. Dad, can I be the best man at the wedding?”

“Kurt was so proud of his son and so thrilled to be so much in love he had tears streaming down his cheeks. I wouldn’t have it any other way, Brian.”

“Well, goodnight then, I’m heading in. I’m so happy for you two and now we’ll have a complete family.” Brian went back inside and slid the door closed.

Mary was quiet for a while and then said, “Kurt, I need to talk to you about a very intimate subject and I hope you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind at all, Mary. We need to be able to communicate freely if our future together is to be successful. That includes intimate subjects.”

“I have a confession to make, Kurt. Do you recall me telling you about my former husband, Sam?”

“Yes, I do. You told me he was very nice, but a demanding husband. He wanted you to be a nice little housewife and raise a lot of children for him, right?”

“Yes, that’s Sam all right. That was only part of the problem. Sam was demanding in more ways than that.” Mary took a deep breath and continued, “Sam was also an accountant and consequently was very regimented in his approach to everything, including sex. Sam had a great personality, but when it came to the bedroom, he seemed to change. He had it in his mind that sex was an act that two people performed when they were married to each other and it was a means to having children. It was to be performed exactly the same way every time or it wasn’t right. I don’t suppose Sam was ever educated by his dad nor had much of an education in school or from books when it came

to sex. He had the rudimentary basics down, probably from his sex education class in high school, but that was just about it.”

Mary seemed to be struggling to explain and Kurt didn't want to interrupt her train of thought. He had to let her get it all out before responding. He patiently waited.

“First, it was his idea that a woman was meant to have children and raise them for her husband. Second, it was his stoic approach to sexual matters. He was an automaton when it came to the bedroom. No emotion, no feeling, just a mechanical approach to getting the job done. He seemed to be very passionate when we had our clothes on. Tender kisses and sweet nothings whispered, but then he was the real classic ‘wham, bam, thank you mam’ kind of man in the bedroom. Get undressed, get in bed, do it and then get off and go to sleep. I was totally disappointed in that. I couldn't become his ‘Stepford Wife’, if you know what I mean. There was no joy in our love making, if you could even call it love making. Kurt, this is embarrassing for me, but I think you have a right to know about it.” Mary seemed to struggle once again, but continued bravely with her confession. “Kurt, I know all about what is supposed to happen when two people in love have sex, but believe it or not, I never had an orgasm with him. I had come close, I think, but whenever Sam reached his climax, I wasn't ready and only got to the approach of an orgasm and not to the point of experiencing one. My feelings grew cold for Sam and eventually we separated and got a divorce.”

“I feel a stirring within me when I'm with you and I think you will be the kind of man who is as concerned about me as your lover as you will be for your own satisfaction. I would like to experience total love and be able to give of myself freely so that I can finally attain what has been missing. It seems to me that an orgasm with the man I love

could be intense, beautiful and satisfying if I could get there.”

“I know what you mean about the self-centered approach to sexual intercourse that many men use. Mary, the sex act isn’t complete unless both partners experience an orgasm. If only one does, it defrauds the other of one of the most important sexual experiences you can have in a relationship. A good many men have no idea whatsoever as to how to go about having a sexual relationship with a woman. It’s even more amazing when you see how many books are available that will help men understand more about women and their needs. What many men do not realize is that there are superb books out there that have been written by very educated women that can help men understand women better. Instead, the men keep looking for books written by other men who think they know what a woman wants. That’s what is wrong with many men today. A lot of them don’t take the time to find out what it is that a woman really wants and consequently make lousy lovers.”

Mary wasn’t surprised to hear Kurt talk like this. Here was a man who was sensitive, caring, and gentle and seemed to be very savvy about what made a relationship tick. He knew it took more than just the external appearances. It took a deep understanding of the female makeup and he was one man who was willing to take the time to explore that area. It fit everything she had learned about him so far. It was becoming exciting to her and she wanted to learn more.

“Kurt, what is your understanding of love and sex, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I don’t mind at all, Mary. You need to know what I think about those things. It will help you to better understand me and will also allow me to find out what it is that you want and expect from me as your sexual partner in our marriage. I need you to know

what to expect ahead of time so that when the time comes, we will both be prepared for a fantastic sexual trip to complete ecstasy.”

“Ecstasy. That’s a term I’ve heard and read about, but don’t really have a complete understanding of it with regards to making love. Most men can articulate about sex and feelings, but I haven’t heard the term used the way you just did. I get the impression that you see ecstasy as something special in a sexual experience?”

“It is as far as I’m concerned, Mary. That is until I learn differently. To me, ecstasy is the highest peak a man and woman can reach together. I don’t want you to think that what I am about to tell you is a rigid set of rules for men and women to follow, but it is what I have come to understand is the path we follow to the ultimate goal of ecstasy. We start out with the initial physical attraction to each other. From there we move into affection for each other as we learn more about our personalities. The next step is a bond of love. The highest form of physical expression we can show to each other in our love is the trip we take when we engage in sexual intercourse. There is nothing more intimate than when a man and woman take the time to explore each other’s body in tender loving caresses with their hands, lips and tongues in foreplay.”

Mary was becoming aroused hearing Kurt talk like this. She squirmed a little and was surprised to find that she was becoming moist as Kurt continued. “It’s the time when we’re able to put into physical expression the love we have felt in our hearts. I believe we pass a threshold once we are united as one and I am inside the woman I love and that will be you, my love for the rest of my life. The passion we show to each other in the foreplay and the bonding of our bodies in intercourse lead us on a path to a blending of our souls. It’s a spiritual experience that is reserved for when we both reach our climax.

That is where the ecstasy is, Mary. It is the absolute melding of our two spirits together in a culminating burst of love in the action of sexual intercourse called ecstasy. Ecstasy is, in my mind, an expression of love combined with the act of sexual intercourse and the culmination is the orgasm.”

“Kurt, that’s a beautiful way of putting it. I guess I didn’t know there was more to it than that and now I can’t wait to experience it with you.” Mary blushed and then said, “I want it to be forever with you that way, Kurt.”

“Mary, when the time is right, I want us to have the experience the way it was meant to be. And I believe it can be that way every time. Many men don’t realize it, but they have the means to control their climax. With practice, we can hold back until the woman we love has reached the point where she is about to enter orgasm. Since a woman’s climax is longer than a man’s; with practice he can hold back and wait for her. He can then release his climax when he senses her breathing and emotions and they enter into ecstasy together. It can be done perfectly nine hundred ninety nine times out of one thousand if the man takes the time to be sensitive to the woman’s breathing and physical reactions. To me, that is where it is. There is one caveat to all this and that is the structure of each woman’s anatomy. Every woman is different and shaped differently in her vulva. Some women cannot reach climax by the man’s penis slipping in and out of her alone because her clitoris may be located a little higher up than another woman’s and therefore will need other stimulation to achieve orgasm. The secret to a climax for a woman is held in her clitoris. It is the stimulation of this highly sensitive organ that triggers the climax. If the clitoris is located too high to touch the penis during intercourse, the man may need to stimulate it with his hand or what is even more exotic,

his tongue. This can be very exciting for the man as well as the woman. Too many men miss this incredible adventure. This method of climax for a woman can be just as satisfying if not more so than when the man's penis is doing it. It is just a matter of perspective. A truly loving man will find out if this is needed and then take the steps to make sure his lover is satisfied. Even if the woman can experience orgasm with intercourse, she can find it very exciting for receiving oral stimulation and climax as well."

"You make it sound so natural, Kurt. The way you explain it, it sounds like that is the way it should always be. I've read about oral sex and it seems very exotic."

"It is also very natural, Mary. We didn't invent sex, God did and he meant it to be pleasurable and fun for us. Otherwise, there would be no need for a mind-blowing orgasm at the end of the act. It is totally natural for a man to give his woman pleasure with his tongue massaging her clitoris, just as it is for a woman to give her man pleasure by using her tongue on the bottom of his penis as she takes it in her mouth. The action of her moving her tongue back and forth along the bottom side of the penis while she has it in her mouth is very exotic for a man and he can come to orgasm the same as a woman can as her man massages her clitoris with his tongue. God knew men and women would experiment with love making and He finds it quite natural for us to seek the maximum pleasure by fitting together in so many different ways and positions."

"Kurt, although I've read about oral sex and wanted to experiment with it, Sam and I never tried it. He didn't even talk about it and I was afraid to bring it up, even though I wanted to. You make it sound like it could be so enjoyable."

Kurt thought for a moment and then continued, "Picture it as a dance, Mary. The

man and woman move together as if in a beautiful Waltz or a hot Samba or Lambada. The kind of dance isn't important as much as the fact that you both are engaged in it. Only one person moving on the dance floor when a couple is supposed to be dancing is dysfunctional. Both have to express themselves in order for the dance to take on a meaning. Each dancer moves in harmony with their partner. They compliment each other. They give signals to each other and even their touch has meaning. So it is with intercourse. You move together, signal each other as to what you find most passionate and sensual and move toward a goal of climax, whether it is together or separately. The act of oral sex is just as important as intercourse is. It is when you get to express your total love for your mate by giving the pleasure to him or her alone. You can take turns and it will still be just as exotic. Lovers also need to be able to talk to each other when they want to have sex. This is important because you need to know what gives your lover the most pleasure and what may be wrong for your partner. Experimenting with it is important because that is how you will find out what you like and don't like. As you explore each other's body, the sensual contact can be enhanced if lovers can express what gives them pleasure and what doesn't. Music can be a very sensual medium for making love. Intercourse movement timed to the beat of instrumental music can be extremely exotic. Just as in dancing, timing in sexual intercourse is very important. The man must be in tune to his mate. It makes no difference whether you are standing, sitting, lying down in bed, together in a swimming pool or on the hood of a sports car in a remote area."

"Kurt, you're getting me excited with that talk of doing it in a pool or on the hood of a sports car! That sounds naughty and exotic at the same time. It's turning me on!"

“Glad to hear that, pretty lady, because I have some plans for our future that will include that kind of fun!”

Kurt continued and said, “A man must be willing to listen to his mate, sense her body signals and react to them with the thought of satisfying her passion. His satisfaction and passion comes from pleasing her. At least mine does. I’ll get very high when I have carried you to the edge of ecstasy, for once you are there, I can join you very quickly in the final climax. Ecstasy to me is the ultimate expression of the intertwining of our souls, our love and our spirits culminating in the release of fluid from our loins called orgasm, which blends together as we ascend to the edge of heaven together. Once you have reached ecstasy, whether together or individually in the same love session, you will want to go there often. It is the highest expression of love we can show each other utilizing our bodies.”

Mary put her head against Kurt’s chest and hugged him tightly. She was totally aroused by this time and wanted to experience Kurt’s love and exploration of her body right then and there. She managed to let her breathing slow down and brought herself back from the exotic mode she was in, fully aware that Kurt’s tender love and explanation of the sex act had made her so wet she thought it might show through her clothes. She said in a soft, but slightly shaky voice, “Thank you, Kurt. In a few short minutes, you’ve given me a deep insight as to where you are with regard to sexuality and your healthy approach to it and have educated me even more in the process. I just know we’ll be right for each other and I’m looking forward to the time when we are alone and can take that journey together.”

Kurt hugged her back and said, “We had better get inside to our separate rooms



for now. I know we have a special time for us reserved in the near future to express ourselves in our love for each other and right now, my emotions are getting fired up. I've developed an erection while holding you against me during this talk and my heart is pounding and my loins aching. I want it to be just right and at the right time because you're that special to me, Mary."

Mary looked into his blue eyes and saw the love he had for her. She gently kissed him on the lips and then reluctantly got up for the chaise lounge. "You're right, Kurt. I want it to be special too. I'm glad we had this talk. More couples should do this." She put her hand out and he took it and she pulled him up. They embraced and kissed long and tender before separating and going inside to their rooms.

## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN**

The launch of War Club went off without a hitch. It obtained orbit and was being positioned by the master engineers at the consoles in the command center at Dreamland. Tom Crenshaw was standing next to Mary Anderson who had her arm tightly around Kurt's waist who also had his arm around her shoulder and was enjoying her clinging to him. Bob Riddle was on the other side of Crenshaw.

"The Soviets have launched their satellite and are trying to position it near War Club's position over the northern hemisphere," Crenshaw said. "They're having some difficulty as they didn't expect us to use stealth technology in our killer satellite. We're using the same technology we use with our aircraft. They're having trouble locating us. The only hint they have is when we fire one of our test shots. Their sensors can pick up the source of the beam, but we move right after shooting and they can only guess as to which way we went. They've already tried one shot and have missed by several miles. How many shots did you say they would have before the system burns out, Mary?"

"Only three before it overloads. From what your people told me, they tried one test shot on the ground before launch to test it and the second one came when they missed War Club. They may only have one left, although they don't know it yet. I just hope they miss as badly as on the first shot."

Crenshaw said, “We’re about to give them another chance, Mary. Ed Jones over there is now maneuvering the satellite for one more test shot at a drone aircraft over the Arctic. He should be firing the pulsar in another minute or two. By the way, Mr. Riddle, how did things go between Iran and the Russians?”

“The Russians reported that an Iranian C-130 went down in the mountains in Russia during a severe storm and they sent the charred bodies of the crew back to Iran along with parts of the aircraft and their sincere condolences. Our other contact said they think Panin defected by getting on the plane with Miss Tishinsky and they think both of them perished with the Iranians in the Gulf between Sweden and Russia as the boat they thought was there to pick them up was never found after another storm came up right after the rescue from the island, so it looks like the matter is completely closed. We have still given Victor and Vicky new identities and a new home in the western United States though.”

Ed Jones turned to Crenshaw and said, “We’re ready to fire at the drone.”

“Fire and move quickly, Ed.”

“You got it, boss.”

Jones input the codes for the firing sequence and seconds later a brilliant flash of light streaked out of the northern sky and vaporized the drone flying at 200 miles per hour over the Arctic snow.

The Soviet killer satellite technicians tried once again to fire at War Club, this time the beam from the Soviet satellite was very weak and although it was a direct hit, it did not do any damage.

Jones turned to Crenshaw and said, “Doesn’t that constitute an act of war,

shooting at our satellite, even if it didn't damage the satellite?"

"Crenshaw replied, "I have the authority to protect our satellite the same as a navy captain has the authority to protect his ship at sea. You may rotate and fire on the Soviet killer satellite."

Jones grinned and turned back to his panel. "Thanks boss, I was hoping you'd say that!"

Jones gave the command to War Club to rotate and target the Soviet killer satellite. The huge satellite rotated on command and then waited for the firing command. Jones then input the command for war Club to fire and two seconds later the Soviet killer satellite was blown to pieces. A cheer went up throughout the entire room as technicians gave each other high fives.

Riddle said with a look of relief, "Well, it looks like we'll stay number one in defending world peace for a while, Mr. Crenshaw."

Mary let out a sigh and said, "Well, you don't seem to need me for a while, Tom. Do you mind if I collect some of that overdue vacation time to get married to this wonderful man I'm holding on to?"

"Be my guest, Mary. See you when you decide to come back."

Mary gave him a hug, then put her arm through Kurt's and said to Tom Crenshaw, "We have a vacation wedding planned in Las Vegas, see you later, Tom!" With that, Mary and Kurt walked out the door of the control room and made their way out of the complex to her car.

Riddle turned to Crenshaw and said, "My secretary has flown out too. She is going to take Kurt's son back home to stay with her and her husband until they get back

from their honeymoon.”

Kurt and Mary were married at a small, private party paid for by the NSA in Caesar’s Palace, after which, Bob Riddle and Mrs. Clancy flew back east accompanied by Brian. Victor and Vicky also attended the wedding with Riddle and Mrs. Clancy along with Brian as the Best Man and were then off to Omaha and a new life after the ceremony.

Kurt and Mary had a suite in the penthouse, compliments of the NSA. It was the final thank you from the agency for the job they had done. Their bags had already been deposited in their suite before the ceremony and after Kurt put the key into the door and unlocked it, pushed it open and put the key back in his pocket. He turned and put his arms around Mary and gave her a sensual kiss, soft and warm. Mary felt a sudden burst of orneriness. She reached up and put her arms around Kurt’s neck and lifted herself up and wrapped her legs around his waist while still in her white knee-length wedding dress. She leaned back with her hands locked behind his neck and gave him a big grin. He laughed as he pulled her close and whispered, “This is a new way to carry the bride across the threshold! I love you, pretty lady.” Mary giggled as he stepped through the doorway and kicked the door shut with his foot. Still in a tight embrace and her legs still locked around him, he carried Mary across the living room and through the open double doors into the bedroom. She put her legs down and he let go of her so they could both take in the luxury of the suite.

The bedroom was extravagant. It had deep plush carpeting and a large eight-foot

diameter bed up on an elevated platform with a mirrored ceiling above it and a window-wall to the right of the bed. The windows were covered with lush draperies and open in the center with sheer drapes covering the sliding glass door that led to the balcony. The room had several bouquets of flowers set on tables and dressers. There was a silver-plated ice bucket on a pedestal near the foot of the bed chilling a bottle of Chardonnay. The covers had been turned down and a single long-stemmed rose lay on one of the pillows.

Kurt kissed her gently and passionately as he took her in his arms. She responded and moved into him with her lower abdomen pressed hard up against him and seemed to melt into him. They stayed like that for several minutes. After the kiss, Kurt drew back a bit and said, "Would you like a glass of wine to drink while we watch the sun set?"

"Yes, I would. This place is like a fairy tale, Kurt. It's beautiful. It reminds me of the sunset we saw in Orlando." She released her hold on him, went over to the sliding glass door, pulled back the sheer drapes, opened the glass door and walked out onto the balcony. Kurt opened the bottle of wine and poured two glasses, after which he followed her onto the balcony.

Kurt handed Mary the wine and they sipped it together while watching the lights glitter over the city and the sun set in the west. When their glasses were empty, Kurt put them on the table, put his arms around Mary and kissed her again. He then kissed her neck and behind her ear. Mary sighed at the gentle touch of his hands on her back and his lips soft on her neck. She leaned into him and returned his kisses, working her way from his lips to his neck.

He took her hand and they walked back into the bedroom. Kurt closed the sliding

glass door and pulled the sheer drapes into place again, which let the final rays of the setting sun filter through. He took off his coat and tie and draped them over a chair while Mary pulled the covers farther down on the bed. Kurt went to the stereo and put on the music he had pre-selected earlier that day. As the soft music filled the air, he turned the lights down to a soft glow.

Mary said, “Kurt, I have something I want to change into after I shower. I’ll only be a few minutes and then you can have the shower.” She left and Kurt removed the remainder of his clothing except for his boxers and put on a silk bathrobe that was draped over a valet stand.

Mary came out of the bath wearing a see-through white teddy, a white lace mini-bra that barely covered a third of her breasts, a white thong and white heels. Her pink nipples were already hard in anticipation and with her areola raised up they were standing out like bullets under the sheer gown. Kurt caught his breath. She was magnificent. The soft glow of the evening sun glistened on her blonde hair as she walked past the window and the light gave her skin a golden hue. Kurt said, “I’ll be right back, Sweetie.”

When Kurt returned from the shower, Mary walked up to him and they again embraced in a long and tender kiss. Her soft lips were warm and inviting. Her tongue slipped between his lips as they tasted each other. Kurt again kissed her behind the ear and neck as he worked his way downward. He slid the gown off her shoulders and it slipped down her soft, warm body to the floor. He gently slid his hands down her velvety soft back and lightly caressed her derriere with both hands. She gasped softly and started to breathe heavily as she again pressed into his body, feeling his hardness against her abdomen.

Mary untied the sash at his waist and slid her arms into the robe and around him. She lightly ran her hands down his back. Her warm soft hands made him gasp with pleasure. She slid her hands inside his boxers and then pulled them down to the floor as he stepped out of them. She came back up and he pressed his body against hers, sharing the warmth of their touching skin. The skin contact of their bare legs against each other was sensual and warm. He kissed her neck again and worked his way down to her breasts and between them as they swelled out from the restraint of the bra. He then unfastened the hook on the back of her bra and she slipped out of it and came up against him, letting her soft, warm breasts compress against his muscular chest. He began to breathe heavily as did Mary.

Kurt started to kiss her again. He went from her soft moist lips down to her neck and down between her breasts. He stopped and gently cupped each one with his hands and kissed her nipples and licked each one as he made circles around the areola and sucked on them. They became erect and hard and the pink areola swelled pushing the nipples even farther out. Mary gasped in pure pleasure, closed her eyes and tilted her head back as she basked in the tender exploration of her body. She had a sharp intake of breath as he worked his way down to her stomach and lower abdomen kissing and licking. When he got to the top of her thong bikini, he knelt down and slid his thumbs under the band at each side and pulled them slowly down until they met the floor and she stepped out of them.

As Kurt came up to a kneeling position in front of her, Mary slid the robe from his shoulders and he let his arms go straight to let it fall to the floor.

Kurt worked his way up her legs from her knees with kisses and as he reached the



area above her vulva where she was bare from the bikini wax, she moved her legs wide apart the feeling of his lips on the bare skin of her mons pubis was exotic. He stopped to kiss the entire area around and on her labia and further excited her by reaching between her legs with his arms and gently caressed each cheek of her derriere with his hands while he licked her clitoris. He gently massaged her derriere as he licked each lip of her outer labia and gently flicked her clitoris with his tongue again. Mary was trembling with excitement and placed her hands softly on the sides of his head and moaned in sheer pleasure as he elevated her passions with this sensual licking of her clitoris. After several minutes of this, with his tongue going in and out of her labia, he concentrated on her clitoris. He massaged it with his tongue in tender circles and crossways and up and down. Her breathing grew to a more rapid pace and she let out groans of pleasure in a pulsating fashion and began to tremble with the passion it raised in her. Kurt increased the motion of his tongue on her clitoris and she rose to a brain-floating sensation that culminated in her body shaking with her crying out loud in sheer pleasure in an incredibly long and sensuous orgasm for her. She could hardly stand as her knees seemed to turn to jelly. He then gently slid his hands from her derriere. Her knees were getting weaker and her legs trembled. He kissed his way back up to her stomach and between her breasts. As he came to her neck and then her mouth, his erection was sliding up between her legs and the top side of it came firmly up against the lips of her labia.

Mary was filled with excitement and her breath came again in short, quick intakes as she opened her mouth to let Kurt insert his tongue. They pressed tightly up against each other as they licked each other's tongue. Kurt gently picked her up and she kicked off her heels. He laid her down on the soft silk sheets and slid in beside her. He put his

left leg over her left leg and started kissing her again. While cupping her right breast, he worked his way from her eyelids down to her mouth and then down her neck to her breasts. Mary was breathing very heavy now and her nipples were once again erect and her areola protruded with them forming small pink peaks at the crest of her breasts. Kurt slid his hand down over her tummy and lower abdomen to her vulva. She shivered with pleasure. He gently massaged her clitoris with his left index finger and slid it in and out of her vagina while kissing her breasts. She arched her back in the sheer excitement of his sensual touch. He kissed each of her nipples and started to gently suck on them and pulled the nipples into his mouth while rotating his tongue around the areola. It shot electric pleasure through her from her breasts down to her vulva. After a few minutes of this, he continued to work his way down her body and stopped at her labia again. She spread her legs apart as she sighed in pleasure. He moved between her legs and kissed the insides of each one, starting at her knees and ending at her mons pubis. Her labium was highly receptive to the light caressing of his lips. The exotic feeling she got from this excited her even more and her breathing came again in gasps as fluid wet her vaginal path. He worked his way slowly between her labium again and licked the clitoris. As she pulled her knees up, he reached around her legs and gently fondled her breasts to further excite her while driving her into an exotic frenzy with his skillful and loving massaging of her clitoris with his tongue.

Mary was panting by this time as she became moister. She softly said, "Kurt, please, I can't stand it any longer, put your penis in me now!"

Kurt moved up over her and gently slid his erection into her vagina and very slowly worked his way in and out a little deeper each time to allow her moisture to

lubricate his penis until he was all the way in. He rested on his elbows allowing his body to make light contact with hers. He remained completely inside and tight up against her labium for a minute to allow her to feel the exotic sensation.

He kissed her gently and longingly on her lips and started to move gently and slowly in and out of her as he rose up from her with his arms straight so that the only part that was touching was his penis inside her and the gentle touching of his body to hers at the end of each stroke. Feeling the exotic rhythm, she joined him in the movement and it was as if they were engaged in a sensuous dance together as their bodies moved against each other. While moving in and out, he bent down and licked her right breast with his tongue and made circles around the nipple, sucking it into his mouth as he licked it. He did the same with the other breast and then went back to her mouth. They moved together and let their tongues explore each other.

As Mary started to breathe more heavily and began to gasp in short bursts, he knew she was entering her climax. He allowed himself to begin the climax and they both entered it together, the sound of the soft music in the room faded from their hearing as the release of their fluids blended and they entered the final surge of ecstasy together.

When they had both come down from the climax and the sound of the soft music returned to their hearing, they stayed tightly united and Kurt gently started to kiss her again around the neck and behind the ear where she told him she was most sensitive. After about two minutes, he very gently slid out of her vagina and moved to her side. They lay alongside of each other in an embrace with their legs intertwined and their arms around each other.

After a while of embracing, they started to caress each other again and this time

Mary became the aggressor and gently took his penis in her hand and started to stroke it. As it grew hard, she moved between his legs and lowered her head down and took it in her mouth. She gently slid her mouth down deep onto his penis and used her tongue to massage the underside of it. Kurt groaned in pleasure and arched his back as she continued the motion of going back and forth and massaging with her tongue. He reached an explosive orgasm and dropped back onto the bed. She felt so loved and warm all over by giving him what he had done for her. They lay along side of each other with her head on his chest. After a while, she once again became the aggressor by climbing on top and after stroking his penis for a minute to make it erect again, she rubbed it against her labia and inserted it into her vagina. Mary let the music engulf her and moved back and forth in time with it as she placed her hands on his chest. Kurt lovingly caressed her breasts as she moved. She came down against him letting her soft, warm breasts press into his chest and kissed his face, neck and stuck her tongue in his ear. Mary then rose up and leaned back, her head tilted back and her breasts stood straight out with the nipples erect. Kurt stoked her legs, her thighs, and buttocks. Her soft moans seemed to be in time with the music as she moved back and forth taking as much of his penis as she wanted each time. Kurt found himself uttering almost the same moaning sounds. They continued to move to the music and reached climax and ecstasy together once again.

Afterward, and with Kurt still inside her, Mary lay on top of him with her head against his chest. With her legs fully extended against the outside of his legs and pressing tightly against him, she said, "Kurt that was fantastic. I never knew intercourse could be so exotic. I just want to stay this way for a while, gripping you like this." She clamped him more firmly with her legs.

“We can stay like this for as long as you want, Mary. This is the exotic part also, the afterglow and bond between us. It feels so good to be inside you. This is a heavenly bond. Husband and wife united in love.”

Mary said, “I think we should find more ways and positions to do it in. I want to find a private pool and do it there and also on top of a sports car and where ever else we can think of. I feel adventurous and naughty at the same time. Naughty because I want to see what it will be like doing it outside in nature. What do you think, should we experiment and fulfill some fantasies?”

“I see no reason why we can’t start right now. I just can’t get enough of making love to you.”

Mary giggled and said, “Neither can I, Sweetie. I want to make love to you every day for the rest of our lives. I can’t believe how wonderful and fun love making can be!”

Kurt rented a sports car the next day. They had the hotel pack a picnic lunch and he drove them to a lodge in the mountains where there were private cabins separated by wooded lanes. Each came with small pools and Jacuzzis inside the rooms. Mary wore her silver bikini again, which didn’t stay on for very long and they made love in the pool and the Jacuzzi. As the sun was setting, they went out onto the small porch of the cabin and made love again out there. Mary and Kurt were completely naked and she leaned over and grabbed the porch railing as Kurt entered from behind. Her breasts swayed gently back and forth with each thrust he made. She was pushing back as he entered and he was trusting forward at the same time. He leaned over her back and gently fondled her breasts as they worked their way toward orgasm. Her buttocks were making a light

slapping sound against his groin as they came together each time. Kurt's view of her from this angle was making him breathe heavy at how beautiful she looked bent over receiving him this way. They had a view of the setting sun and Mary felt tingly and warm as her mind started to float as she entered orgasm with gasping sounds and low moans coming from her throat. Kurt reached climax the same time that Mary did and he gave out with loud moaning sounds as he exploded inside her. No one was around, but the thought of making love outside with only the sounds of the evening crickets and hoot owls made it an exotic adventure. The feeling of making love outside was beginning to excite Mary as it was new to her and she found it to be tinged with the ever so slight chance of being caught making love outside. It was naughty and exciting at the same time.

The next day Kurt drove further into the mountains and found a secluded grassy area overlooking the valley. He spread a blanket over the hood of the sports car and they helped each other out of their clothing. He bent over her as she lay completely naked on her back on the hood. She spread her legs wide and he kissed her legs over and over and worked his way down to her labium. He massaged her clitoris with his tongue as she arched her back and gasped at the feeling. She put her legs over his shoulders and let him give her full pleasure. After she climaxed she said, "Wow, that was wild! Doing it outside in nature gives me a thrill that I just can't explain. Kurt, you are so bad and that was so good!"

As she got off the hood of the car, Mary pulled the blanket away and laid it down on the grass next to the front fender. She pushed Kurt back against the fender and he

rested on it while she kneeled down in front of him and took his penis in her mouth. She worked slowly in and out and stroked the bottom of his penis with her tongue. He reached orgasm quickly and moaned in ecstasy.

As they got dressed again, Mary said, “Kurt I can’t believe how much sex we are having and how much fun it can be. It’s wonderful and I have never been so happy and fulfilled.”

“Mary that is the way it should be, husbands and wives should have sex as often as they can. It truly is the foundation of any marriage. I am happier now than I’ve ever been. You are without a doubt my soul mate. We bond in more ways than sex, but this is the real expression of our love in a physical way.”

The next day they left the lodge and drove back down out of the mountains and went back to their hotel. After dinner in the hotel’s restaurant, they went back to their honeymoon suite.

Kurt said, “Remember what I said on the island when we held each other after you parachuted down?”

“Yes, you said it gave you a kinky feeling and an idea if I remember right.”

“Well, there’s a parachute harness hanging from the ceiling in the other room and I have a sensual massage to get you ready that will turn you into melted butter, pretty lady.”

“Kurt, you are a wild man, but I love every bit of it and I can hardly wait!”

