

Prologue:

My name is Martinez. Well, not really, Martinez is just an alias I use to camouflaged my true identity. Martinez, is Latin for Mars. The Greeks called Mars the god of war and fertility. The god of war, I like how that sounds, it seems like an appropriate name for me. I have waited forty years to bestow my malice upon Kevin Spencer for the treachery he bestowed upon me. Kevin was a soldier in the elite eight six Airborne platoon during the D-day invasion. Though I didn't personally kill Kevin, I did sanction his brutal murder. Rather than wallowing in sorrow and despair, I was animated and jovial as I watched my old friend die.

The last time I saw Kevin Spencer alive was aboard his boat named the Gipper. The boat laid anchor off the coast of Seaside, Oregon as a harsh wind blew down from the North. It was a dark, moonless night as I cast my green eyes

upon my old friend's lifeless body strewn across the deck.

An unsympathetic and callous look crossed my scorched face as savored my victory. Life slowly drained from his hazel colored eyes as the Reaper desperately waited to snare Kevin's soul.

Kevin struggled desperately to stay alive till the last bullet from a Walter PP pistol pierced his flesh. I could see the torment and anguish in Kevin's eyes as he gasped his final breath.

A sinister smile stretched across my face as the cold hand of the Reaper finally captured Kevin's soul.

The end of Kevin's miserable life was the beginning of my plan for revenge. Kevin was the first prawn in my game of revenge against the soldiers of the eight six Airborne platoon. Soon Kevin's old friends will meet his same fate; Death!

I am cloaked in a feeling of righteousness as I eagerly await to kill another one of Kevin's

old friends from his platoon. I usually feel impervious to any form of happiness. My dark and lonely days are usually saturated with misery and despair till I finally saw the light of revenge. To help me fulfill my quest for revenge, I solicited the help of a former enemy, now my best friend, Robert Dubinsky. Robert contrived a new name for himself; Albert Kandinsky. Albert, or Al as I like to call him, has been my friend since we first met in Sainte Mère Église, France on June 6, 1944. During the D-day invasion, I forged a new alliance with my friend Al and together we vowed to reap retribution upon Kevin Spencer and his former brothers in arms for their treachery.

Albert resembled a savage barbarian with cold, dark and menacing eyes that were black as coal. His face was stern, apathetic and forbidding. His arms and thighs appeared to have been chiseled from solid stone. His pronounced German nose and high cheekbone were scarred by a deep slash and burns. A large

tattoo of a red dragon fighting with an angel in hell was depicted on Albert's back. The tattoo symbolized Albert's whole life. Albert was always fighting, struggling and constantly torn between good and evil. As the years wore on, the border between good and evil slowly became blurred and ultimately vanished in Mr. Kandinsky's soul. The resentment, anguish and rage that festered in Albert's heart made him exactly person I needed to fulfill my plans for revenge.

Chapter 1

It's only been three day since she last saw her husband Kevin, but Deloris Spencer finally came to the conclusion that she was a widow. Though she tried for days to begrudge the notion that Kevin was really gone, she finally excepted the fact that the man she loved, cherished and honored for so many years was suddenly gone. Deloris's heartbreak was an unbearable burden that lurked in her soul as she frantically searched the Oregon coastline for any sign of hope. The last rays of the sun

struggled to stay above the horizon as Deloris pondered her husband's mortality. The relentless howling winds of the Pacific northwest blew back her crimson color hair as tears trickled down from her emerald colored eyes.

Deloris's once cheerful smile and adorable face were now riddled with anxiety. Her usual cheerful emerald eyes, were now filled with sorrow. Despite the darken skies, Deloris stared into the cold waters of the Pacific ocean as she yearned to see the twinkling lights of Kevin's boat.

Her hands trembled as she called her husband's best friend captain Sean Brennan of the Seaside police station. Fear and agony swirled in Deloris's mind as she begged Sean to search the bay for her husband's boat. The captain was inundated with trepidation and bewilderment as he pondered whether his best friend was dead or alive. The captain tried to remained optimistic as he reassured Mrs

Spencer that Kevin was still alive and that he would start a search of the bay imminently.

Chapter 2

Captain Sean Brennan found Kevin's boat ten miles off the Seaside coastline adrift at sea. Captain Brennan and sergeant Prescott felt an ominous presence as they boarded Kevin's boat. The police were besieged with a sinister and menacing feeling as they searched the boat for any signs of life. Horror gripped Prescott's soul as a dark and threaten thunderstorm quickly descending upon the boat. The bolts of light only aspirated the dread that lurked in the officer's souls as they reluctantly searched the dark cabin. The captain was perplexed by the mischievous disappearance of his friend as rain pelted the boat relentlessly. Captain Brennan was plagued with sorrow as he searched amongst the dirty cloths and trash that was strewn across the cabin. Prescott found two half-burnt cigarettes inside a homemade looking clay ashtray and placed them in an

evidence bag for DNA testing. Despite their thorough inspection of the boat, the police where incapable of finding any indication that Kevin was murdered. There was however a malevolent presence that cloaked the police in fear.

The stagnant air within the Seaside police department only inflamed Prescott's intolerance as he roamed the corridor waiting for a DNA test. A broad contemptuous smile crossed Prescott's face when the DNA test was finally complete. Even though he read the DNA report three times, Prescott soon realized that Captain Brennan would not be happy with the results. The Captain slowly sat up in his chair as he analyzed the report repeatedly.

“This DNA report can't be right Prescott,” Sean said.

The wheels in the Captain's heavily burdened mind whirled as he leaned back in his chair and examined the report one more time. The first DNA test indicated that Kevin had several alias including the name Robert

Banner. DNA retrieved from the second cigarette found on Kevin's boat was linked to a person named Martinez. According to the FBI, Martinez was an Alias for an international terrorist on their top ten most wanted list.

Sean pulled out a bottle of Kentucky bourbon and poured himself a glass. The refreshing taste of bourbon on the captain's tongue cooled his hostile temper and alleviate his fears. Sean tried to comprehend if Martinez, murdered his friend in cold blood. He pored himself a second glass of bourbon and pondered what connection Kevin had with the international terrorist. Anguish lured in the Captain's soul as he reluctantly called the FBI.

Chapter 3

Dennis still had a pounding headache after a three night drinking binge. The relentless ringing of his telephone only aspirated his usual crotchety disposition. As the phone rag for the eighth time, Dennis reluctantly climbed out of bed and answered the phone.

“Dennis this is Dexter, you got to come back to the agency; there has been a development, we found Martinez.”

Dennis drooped the phone and crawled towards his shower. The warm shower did little to relieve him of his worst hangover. Through a thick haze of Scottish and whiskey that still swirled in his head, one name reverberated in the agent’s troubled mind; Martinez. As he wiped the steam away from his mirror, Dennis noticed that his thick dark brown hair was a tangled mess, his deep ocean blue eyes were bloodshot and his breath still stunk of whiskey.

Only in his early fifties, Dennis still had a baby face with a striking beard. The FBI agent inherited his long, but elegant nose, from his father and his small ears, from his mother.

Despite his inebriated state, Dennis was still able to drive his 1964 blue ford mustang convertible back to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

As Dennis drove into the Bureau’s parking lot, it was very obvious that he was still drunk.

Though Craig has only been his partner for a few months, he knew better than to talk to Dennis about his ex-wife or his excessive drinking.

As Dennis stagger into the FBI building, he soon realized that he was no longer the crowned track and field champion of Grover, Wisconsin high school. His once athletic body, which was once cherished by all the cheerleaders, had slowly turned flabby and his legs turned arthritic with age.

Dennis gave his new partner, Craig Holloway, a disparaging look as he stepped in the lobby of the Bureau. Craig Holloway was a young, naive and brilliant agent. The youthful and ambitious agent was a striking contrast to Dennis's low self esteem and manacling persona. Unlike his partner's long wavy hair and beard, Craig had a clean shaved baby face, short dirty blond hair and dreamy chanteuse colored eyes.

Craig straighten Dennis's disheveled jacket and tie as they entered the office of

Dexter Framingham. Dexter was the new director of the FBI and Dennis Paterson's boss. Anxiety infiltrated Dennis's heart as he sat in front of the director's large walnut desk. The drunken agent chuckled as he cast his eyes upon Dexter for the first time.

Dexter was a younger, athletic and well educated man still in his forties. The director's hip young fashion sense included an eight thousand dollar patek philippe watch, a wide brim cowboy hat, a pair of pointy cowboy boots and large gold ring from Texas A&M. Dexter's flamboyant style contrasted greatly with the previous FBI director's conservative, button down, strait lace demure.

Despite a thorough background check, Dennis was still suspicious of his new boss. Dexter's quick rise to power within the agency wasn't without controversy. The rumor was that he had the former director of the FBI, David Ferrari assassinated.

“What kind of new development do you have on Martinez? I hope it's not another prank

phone call from some weirdo just trying to get on the news?” Craig said sarcastically.

Dexter snarled at agent Holloway and uttered, “I received a DNA test from a Captain Sean Brennan of seaside Oregon. The DNA belongs to the terrorist we have been looking for the past two years named Martinez. The DNA was found on a cigarette butt at the murder scene of a guy named Kevin Spencer.”

“I have been reading the FBI file on Martinez. This terrorist has been the number one felon on the FBI’s most wanted list for the last three years. His file is full of assassination, human trafficking, espionage and gun smuggling. Three day ago Martinez threaten to kill a senator, but till recently the terrorist has been elusive. Despite your attempt to locate Martinez's whereabouts, he has remained a free,” Dexter said.

“How is Kevin Spencer associated with a terrorist like Martinez?” Dennis asked in a suspicious tone.

Dexter flicked through another file labeled Kevin Spencer AKA Robert Banner. As Dexter opened the file, a picture fell onto his desk.

Dennis quickly snatched the picture. “This guy is an associated of Martinez?” Dennis chuckled as he passed the photo to his partner.

Craig laughed at Kevin's middle age face, reseeding hairline and his expanding waist line as he uttered, “This guy is not a terrorist, I can reassure you of that Dexter.”

Dexter’s face quickly contoured into an angry look as his menacing eyes gazed upon Craig. “We don't have anytime for your shit Holloway. Martinez has threaten to kill a member of the senate in less then three days. I want both of you to go to Seaside police department and find out what this Kevin guy has to do with our terrorist.”

“This is a waist of time,” Craig proclaimed. “This guy can barely run; he looks like a burnt out, middle class, electrician that yearns to move to Florida.”

Dexter thought that Craig was too young to be a good G-man. Craig graduated from the Academy only two years ago and was quickly promoted to youngest agent in the field. Despite his age and lack of field experience, it was obvious to Dexter that Craig's years of killing in the Marines would prove to be a valuable asset to the FBI.

Animosity erupted in Dexter's office as Dexter screamed, "I want to know why a middle age, potbelly man from Oregon named Kevin Spencer would have an alias and what his connection is to Martinez. Don't forget we have only three days till Martinez kills a senator."

A sinister look loomed over Dennis's face as he got up from his chair and staggered towards the door.

"One more thing before you go to Oregon," Dexter said. "I want you to visit the doctor. He may have more information on Martinez or Kevin Spencer."

Chapter 4

Craig grabbed his inebriate partner and helped he as they walked to Doctor Brown's office. Craig hated his new partner. Dennis's wild antic and all night drinking contradicted drastically with Craig's conservative, jovial manner. Though the agents were completely incompatible, the synergy they created always proved to be very successful.

Dennis's mind swirled with whiskey and suspicion as they walked down the hall of the FBI Headquarters. Dennis silently contemplated what would happen if they didn't capture Martinez before he killed a a senator.

Dennis soon realized that there was a lot more at stake then just the assassination of a senator. Dennis have been tracking down Martinez for two years and knew that killing a senator would only be the begin of his sinister plan. As the agent's walked down the stairs towards Doctor Eric Brown's laboratory, Dennis was confident that the Doctor, despite his warp sense of humor, might be the only deterrent in Martinez's plans.

The agents were unabashed by Doctor Brown's brazen attitude toward life. The agents brace themselves for what they would discover once they opened the laboratory doors. Would there be a bonfire, naked woman dancing on a desktop, or a flock of geese drunk on whiskey? It was any one's guess.

The agents reluctantly opened the door and discovered a frat boy's party inside the FBI computer laboratory . It was obvious to Dennis and Craig that it was happy hour again as female computer technicians ran around the lab naked.

The Bureau's computer laboratory was one of the most sophisticated computer complexes in the world. A team of thirty computer expert lead by doctor Eric Brown controlled fifteen supercomputers in an office the size of a New York City block.

Named the "geek room" the lab was an interconnected massive IBM computers that could track any name, phone call or image anywhere in the world in a matter of seconds.

The geniuses behind all this technology was the worlds' renowned experts in the computer programming world named Eric Brown. Doctor Brown was a graduate of Harvard University with a PHD in computer science and has worked for the agency for the last fifteen years. Doctor Brown's assistance was Mrs. Jenny Johnson. A recent MIT graduate who was considered one of the world best authority on computers.

“Doctor Brown pleases,” Dennis screamed above the loud music.

Doctors Eric Brown was engaged in a game of strip poker with two female technicians. “Come on baby, daddy needs an ace or at least a king,” Doctor Brown said.

An adorable smile crossed Miss Jenny Johnson young face as she dealt the next hand.

Doctor Brown abruptly let out a, “Wahoo” as he shifted his cards. Unfortunately for Doctor Brown, the beautiful technicians were far too crafty and intelligent to lose to Doctor Brown.

“Read them and weep,” The Doctor said as he flashed his cards on the desk. Doctor Eric Brown gleamed from ear to ear at the thought of both beautiful technicians shedding another piece of clothing. The women looked at each other in glee. Jenny had a full house, aces high and Beth has a full house flush. Doctor Brown let out a frustrating cry when he finally realized that he had lost another poker game to the two women.

A smile adorned Dennis's face as the women humiliated the Doctor.

“Okay Doctor it’s time for you to strip again,” Beth demanded as the technicians reclined in their chairs and basked in their victory.

Doctor Brown regrettably stood up to take off his underwear when he realized that Dennis and Craig were standing at the doorway.

“Oh, thanks god, sorry girls, but business before pleasure,” the doctor said as he pulled up his underwear.

“That’s not fare Doctor, we will get you next time and there will be no FBI agents to stop you from stripping naked,” Jenny chuckled.

“Doctor, we really do need your help with something,” Dennis said.

Eric Brown quickly put on his lab coat and said, “Yes, how can I help you agent Holloway? I am quite busy right now as you can see.” Doctor Brown quickly regained his composure and finished dressing. Eric smiled at the agents in his usual smug demur as he took a seat in front of his new IBM computer.

Eric Brown was considered by many as the leading authority in computer science. His teams of computer geeks were responsible for the arrest of four thousand felons in the past three years. Doctor Eric Brown was capable of searching the agency’s massive computer system to find any pictures, fingerprint or DNA in a fraction of a second.

The Doctor’s midlife appearance contradicted greatly with his childish schoolboy antics. Eric was often considered a quagmire.

His conservative super geeky side clashed with his flamboyant side. Doctor Brown loved drinking, women and poker, but his love of computers and his partying antics commingle into an enigma few understood.

With his long brown hair, charismatic hazel colored eyes and conservative fashion style, Doctor Brown was the epitome of geek and playboy. Dressed in a tweed jacket, black slacks and red bow tie, Doctor Brown was a contradiction of playful frat boy and a computer geek.

“We need you to provide us with all the information you have on this guy. We think that his alias name is Robert Banner,” Dennis said as he placed a picture of Kevin Spencer on Doctor Eric Brown’s desk.

Whiskey swirled in Dennis’s mind as the genius doctor diligently typed on his computer keyboard. Within seconds a board, pompous smile adorned the doctor’s face as he said, “Accruing to the pentagon, Kevin Spencer enlisted in the army in 1944 under the alias,

Robert Banner. He served in the eighty-six Airborne platoon during world war two. Married Deloris Burke in 1946. The couple had two child.”

“What about Martinez’s DNA samples. Does his DNA link him to any other murders or reveal his real name?” Dennis postulated.

The doctor's pompous smile quirky vanished as he cast his brown eyes upon the agent’s inquisitive faces. “I am sorry, but this DNA doesn't correlated to any unsolved murders in the FBI computer and it doesn't reveal Martinez's true identity.”

Chapter 5

Dennis was in a terrible mood as he and agent Holloway boarded a red eye flight from Washington D.C. to Portland Oregon. The eight hour layover in Chicago only agitated Dennis Paterson’s horrible disposition.

Craig reluctantly joined Dennis in what started out as one drink that quickly turned into

several drinks. The agents stayed at a cheap motel near the O'hare airport. Its guest were low life drug dealer, pimps and hookers yet it was the hippest place in south Chicago. The Motel's bar was decorated with cheap red velvet, peeling painted walls and wobbly wooden chairs. Obnoxious loud music, blared from a drunk three piece band as waitress with fake blonde wigs and large fake breast served watered down drinks. Anguish swirled in Dennis's head as he finished his seventh glass of cheap whiskey.

“Have you ever been married Craig?” the drunken agent asked his new partner.

“No, I wold rather be slaughtered by Martinez then to be married.”

“Good for you. Getting married was the worst thing I ever did.”

Regrettable Craig stayed at the bar all night and learned every detail in Dennis's ugly divorce. drinking only aspirated Dennis's hatred of his ex wife. Craig soon realized that if he had to endure another

drunken speech about his new partner's ex-wife, he was either going to kill Dennis or himself.

Fortunately for Craig their flight to Oregon was not delayed. As the first light of dawn crept over the horizon, Craig helped his drunk partner board their airplane. Though Craig was brand new to the spy business, he pondered Dexter's wisdom in sending them to investigate the murder of Kevin Spencer when a senator is about to be killed in less than three days. The smell of liqueur and cigar smoke still lingered on Dennis's breath as Craig placed his new partner in the taxi. Desperately, Craig tried to sober up his partner with cups of black coffee before they arrive at the Seaside police station.

When Craig joined the FBI, he thought that he would be traveling to exotic locations like New York City or LA instead of a small boring town named Seaside Oregon. Its biggest attraction was its proximity to the Lewis and Clark expedition that landed there over a hundred years ago.

When Dennis passed out in the taxi on their way to Seaside, Craig took the time to examine his new partner's FBI file. He unfolded a piece of paper from his jacket and read the file in the dimly lit cab. *“Divorced three years ago, one child named Isabella. Twenty years as an agent for the Bureau. Brought up on charges of corruption, bribery and murder all dropped because of lack of evidence. Dennis's first partner, Gregg Flint was murdered by terrorist. His second partner, Daniel Robert was murdered by Russian mob boss. Dennis's last partnered with an agent named Roger Campbell. Campbell was an FBI agent for three years till he was brutally murdered. Dennis was accused of Roger's murder, but charges were dropped when all the evidence was mysteriously lost.”* A chill went down Craig's back as he pondered the possibility that he would suffer the same fate as Dennis's former partners.

As the taxi drove up to the police station, Dennis was drunk and the stench of old cigars

still emanated from his disheveled cloths. Craig helped his inebriated partner into the police station where they met sergeant Prescott. Dennis cast his bloodshot angry eyes upon Prescott. he was only twenty something kid with dark brown eyes, long sideburns and a thick mustache.

“We need to talk to captain Brennan,” Craig said as he flashed his FBI badge.

“That is impossible, the captain is not here,” Prescott insisted.

Dennis’s eye flared with rage as he screamed, “We just flew from D.C. to see the captain, go get him now sergeant.”

Prescott’s stared defiantly at the FBI agent as he contemplated what would happen to him if he disobeyed the captain’s orders.

Malice filled Dennis’s heart as he screamed, “Now sergeant.”

Reluctantly Prescott drove the agent to Deloris Spencer’s house.

Chapter 6

Captain Sean Brennan has been the police captain of Seaside Oregon for the last fifteen years and it was his obligation to notify the next of kin when a loved one was murdered. Despite the hundreds of notification Sean has preformed, he soon realized that notifying his best friend's widow, would no doubt be the toughest murder notification he ever performed.

“How do I tell Deloris Spencer that the man she married, raised two kids with and shared her bed is not the man she thought he was?” Sean pondered to himself. As he drove to Deloris's house.

Despair lurked in the Captain's soul as he paused in front of Deloris Spencer's house. The captain tried to comprehend how he was going to tell Deloris that Kevin had several aliases and was possibly murdered by a mysterious terrorist named Martinez.

A sharp pain lingered in Sean's soul as decided to wait another day to tell Deloris the bad news. As he turned to leave, Deloris

quickly opened the door and smothered him in her arms. Her vagrant stare replaced her usual happy smile. The anguish of her husband's abrupt disappearance ravaged her once youthful face. Though Deloris was only in her early sixties, the sudden disappearance and possible murder of her husband filled her with feeling of apathy and despair. Despite her age she still retained her long flowing crimson colored hair and bright emerald green eyes. Deloris's heart was besieged with anguish over her husband's sudden disappearance. Deloris's once adorable face was now riddled with fear and anxiety. Her usual generous and loving persona was concealed behind a hostile and deceptive facade. The bright and cheerful exuberance that once lit up her emerald green eyes was now extinguished and replaced with dread.

Captain Sean Brennan accepted Deloris's tea as he took a seat near the kitchen table. The salty ocean breeze ensnared his distraught mind. His thoughts drifted back to the day he helped Kevin and Deloris move into their new

house. Captain Brennan's heart throbbed in torment and anguish as he pondered the thought of showing the DNA report to Deloris.

Deloris's emerald green eyes quickly glanced over the DNA report. Anxiety inundated her face as she read the report for the third time. "What is going on here Sean?" she cried as she crushed the report in her hands. "Why would my husband have an alias name; Robert Banner? I don't understand."

The Captain felt reluctant to ask Deloris any question about her husband's disappearance. Sean held Deloris's trembling hands, "Did you receive any threatening phone calls or see any strangers talking to Kevin the last time you saw him alive?"

Anger, resentment and confusion besieged Deloris as the captain berated her relentlessly. Deloris was quickly overcome by stress as she screamed, "I don't know." Tears of sorrow fill Deloris's emerald green eyes as she collapsed on the kitchen table.

Chapter 7

The hostile tension inside the police car only inflamed Dennis's intolerance as Prescott drove the agents to Deloris Spencer's house.

"I don't think this is a good idea agent Paterson," Prescott uttered as he pulled into Deloris's driveway. "I am sorry sir, but I am afraid we are going to have to wait in the car till captain Brennan is done talking to Deloris Spencer."

Dennis's patience was wearing thin as he opened the car door and climbed out.

"I am afraid you will have to stay in the car agent Paterson," Prescott insisted.

The agent was bewitched with anger as he reached for his gun and contemplated killing the irritating police officer. "get out of my way kid," Dennis demanded as he pushed the kid aside and marched into Deloris's house.

Animosity gripped Dennis's heart as he barged into Deloris's home.

“What are you doing in my house?” Deloris demanded as the FBI abruptly stormed into the kitchen.

“I am FBI agent Dennis Paterson. We need to talk to the victim’s wife now captain Brennan.”

“How dare you brake in my house; get out now.” Deloris demanded.

“This is a matter of national security. Your husband is somehow connection to a terrorist named Martinez that has threaten to kill a senator in less then two days,” Dennis demanded.

“She doesn’t know anything agent Paterson,” Captain Brennan insisted.

“How long has your husband associated with a known terrorist group?” Dennis demanded.

“I don't know anything about a terrorist group,” Deloris screamed in an agitated voice.

“According to our records, you and Kevin have been married for the last forty years yet

you claim that you don't know that your murdered husband was associated with a know terrorist named Martinez?" Dennis said in a stern tone.

"Your over stepping you authority agent Paterson; she has no clue to her husband allegedly criminal affairs," Sean demanded in harsh tones.

"Who killed my husband?" Deloris demanded.

The housed was engulfed in bitterness and anxiety as FBI agent Craig Holloway took a seat near Deloris. "We don't know yet. What we do know is that your husband might be involved in a conspiracy with an international terrorist named Martinez to assassinated a senator,"

"I don't know anything," Deloris wept.

"Are you happy now? You tormented my best friend's widow during her most vulnerable and terrify moment of her life," Captain Brennan demanded.

Dennis stared back at the captain emotionless as uttered, “It was necessary. Were was Martinez’s DNA found captain?”

“We found Martinez’s DNA aboard Kevin's boat. It’s docked down in the bay below us.”

The warm summer sea breeze swirled around the captain as he lead the agents down the rickety step towards the dilapidated dock. Kevin’s boat, christened the Gipped, was docked on a pier along the coast of the Pacific ocean.

“Where was the body found?” Craig insisted as he climbed aboard the fifteen foot schooner.

The agent menacing redundant questions only enthralled the captain's patients. “There was no body.”

“What?” Craig insisted. “No body? How could you be so sure that Kevin Spencer is dead with no body?”

“He vanished,” Prescott uttered.

“You fool, Kevin didn't vanished, he was murdered,” Sean said as hit the naive sergeant with the back of his hand like a menacing mosquito.

“I know that captain,” Prescott said. “But there was no blood or bullet hole anywhere on the boat and there is nothing missing in the cabin.”

“When was Spencer last seen?” Craig demanded.

“I last saw my old friend, the night he set sail alone along the Pacific coastline,” Sean stated.

“You were the last person to see Kevin alive?” Craig asked suspiciously.

“Where was Martinez's DNA found captain?” Dennis inquired.

Prescott lead the FBI agents toward the bow of the boat and down into the cabin. Kevin Spencer was an old sea dog with no grasp of modern interior decorating. A small lamp in the right corner dimly lit the sparsely decorated

cabin. Agent Holloway looked around the cabin and saw two small chairs and a table made of driftwood. Empty beer bottles, local newspapers and dirty clothes were strewn across the room. An untidy bed occupied the right corner of the cabin, while a dripping sink occupied the left side of the cabin.

Prescott walked closer to the table, and said, “I found two half-burnt cigarette inside this homemade looking clay ashtray.”

“Did you crime lab do a detail analysis of this boat?” Dennis asked.

“Crime lab? Your looking at them. Prescott and I are the only two who searched Kevin’s boat,” Sean insisted.

An angry look crept over Dennis’s face as he said, “I will get an FBI crime lab technician to search the boat thoroughly.”

“I found something,” Craig said as he pulled an old picture from a picture frame.

“Who is this captain?” Craig inquired as passed the photo to Sean.

A blank look crossed the captain face as he stared at the faded picture of ten young men wearing army uniform. "I don't know?" Sean said as glared at the faded picture.

"We need to contact the doctor; he will be able to identify who these guys are," Dennis insisted.

The howling winds of the Pacific northwest relentlessly tossed about Deloris's crimson colored hair as she stood on a cliff overlooking Kevin's boat. Deloris observed the FBI agents with a pair of binoculars as they boarded her husband's boat. Resentment, suspicion and anger swelled in Deloris's heart as she anxiously waited for the agents to leave. Though Deloris was desperate to catch the person responsible for her husband's murder, she was reluctant to tell the FBI anything about Kevin's suspicious activities the night before he was murdered. Deloris was worried what would happen if she revealed her husband's secret to the FBI. Deloris grabbed the phone with her trembling hands as fear lurked in her

heart. Deloris summed all her courage she had and called her husband's most beloved friend, John Clark Kelly.

Chapter 8

As John Kelly drifted off to sleep, his soul was besieged with a recurring nightmare of parachuting from a C-82 cargo airplane during the D-day invasion.

Captain John C. Kelly's parachute swung violently as he struggled to untangle himself from a branch of an oak tree. Trepidation and dread lurked in his heart as he screamed, "Why can't I get out of this?" John suddenly plummeted to the ground with a loud thud.

Kelly quickly ascended to his feet and frantically wrestled with his parachute. Anguish gripped Kelly's soul when he heard the crack of a twig. To elude capture, the Captain scrambled toward a grove of old elm trees as a German patrol marched closer.

A plethora of emotion swirled in Kelly's heart as he sought refuge behind a mighty oak tree. Kelly knew that his death was imminent till the German troop's veered to their left and soon out of sight. John quickly turned east and ran toward his friends and allies in the designated town of Sainte Mère Église, France.

Kelly was suddenly aroused from his tormented nightmare of World War II. A feeling of bewilderment and trauma swirled in his desolated mind as he brushed the sweat off his brow. Kelly soon realized that it was just a horrible dream and that he was safe at home in Urbana Illinois.

John laid sleepless as the mayhem and bloodshed he witnessed during D-day, swirled in his troubled mind. Slowly, with the help of alcohol, John's nightly trip to hell slowly disseminated His reacquiring nightmare of death and war slowly drifted towards the delightful fantasies of a beautiful woman with crimson colored hair.

Just as he drifted back to sleep, the phone rang. Kelly hesitated to answer the phone as he contemplated who the caller could be. The ex-wife? The bill collector? Or just another annoying sales call? Suddenly a sweet women's voice projected from the answering machine as Kelly listened suspiciously.

“John are you there? It’s me Deloris, Deloris Spencer.”

Anxiety and confusion crept into Kelly’s heart as he listened to the sweet voice of Deloris Spencer. Kelly’s hands trembled as he quickly picked up the phone and uttered, “What wrong Deloris are you and Kevin all right?”

“I am sorry to be calling you so late John, but I had no one else to talk to. Kevin is dead.”

Kelly’s mind was inundate with grief and anger as he tried to comprehend what Deloris was trying to say. “Kevin is dead? How did it happen Deloris?” Grief stricken tears streamed down Kelly's face as he anxiously listened to Deloris describe how his friend was suspiciously murdered.

“I am so sorry for your loss Deloris.”

“The FBI are here; they suspect Kevin was involved with a terrorist named Martinez.”

“Did you reveal to the FBI Kevin's secret Deloris?”

“No, of course not. The platoon's secret is still safe.”

“Good don't trust anyone Deloris. The Platoon secret must never be revealed. When is Kevin's funeral?”

“The day after tomorrow.”

Chocking back his anger, Kelly whispered, “I will be there. It's been great hearing from you again after all these years Deloris. I am sorry it was under these stressful moments. I'll see you tomorrow.”

Torment paralyzed Kelley's mind as he laid awake in his bed. Kelley found solitude from the horror of his friend's suspicious murder by finishing off a bottle of Jameson whiskey. A smile adorn Kelly's face as he fell asleep and dreamt of a beautiful women with

bright emerald colored eyes and radiant crimson hair.

Chapter 9

John Clark Kelly and Kevin Spencer have been friends since they first meet June 6, 1944. Since that hellish day, John and his friends from the eighty-six airborne platoon have been plagued by horrible nightmares. John couldn't forget the faces of all the German soldiers he killed. John kept his demons suppressed with alcohol and drugs, but the bloodstains of war still lurked in his soul.

Time the avenger robbed Kelly of his once young, agile and athletic body and turned the young boy he once was into tired, angry and bitter old man. His wavy red hair has turned gray and his once strong fighting spirit had dwindled to a fragile coward. But he still has gorgeous green eyes and a cunning smile.

John was devastated by memories of murder and blood that he endured in the last great war. The only refuge that Kelly had from

the trauma of war was whiskey and his friend Todd Beacon.

Chapter 10

A bottle of Jack Daniels did little to quiet the demons in Kelly's soul as he slowly woke up with an agonizing hangover. For a moment Kelly thought that the call from Deloris was just a dream. John finished the last sip of Jack and cast his green eyes upon a forty year old photograph perched on a side table. Though the picture was faded, Kelly could still identify all of his friends in the picture. Kelly tried to smile as he looked at Kevin Spencer's youthful face in the picture. As Kelly dusted off the accumulated dust from the picture, he could see Kevin, Todd and younger version of himself all dressed in their army uniforms. Kelly took another sip of whiskey as he remembered all the friends that were not in the picture because they were murdered by German troops. Kelly placed the picture frame face down on the side table and opened another bottle of cheap whiskey. Though it was nearly dawn, Kelly

knew exactly where to find his friend Todd Beacon. Kelly took another sip of whiskey as he dialed the number and waited for an answer. Kelly was growing suspicious till the phone answered by a bar keep. “Hey Carl is Todd there?” Kelly took another sip of whiskey as he waited for his old friend to answer the phone.

“What’s up Kelly?” Todd slurred as he answered the phone.

“I have something to tell you Todd. It’s very important; we must meet now. It’s about Kevin and the platoon’s secret.”

Bewilderment lurked in Todd’s heart as he listened to the anguish in Kelly’s voice and realized that the news was bad.

Todd always hated talking about the past. It was a fordable enemy he fought with every nightly and usually lost on more than one occasion. “What is so important Kelly? Can’t this wait till tomorrow?”

“It’s Kevin Spencer our friend from the eight-six airborne platoon. I just heard that Kevin was-” Kelly’s voice fades into despair.

“What is it Kelly? Is he dead?”

Kelly wiped away an unsuspecting tear from his face as struggled to utter, “I haven’t confirmed anything yet, but his wife said that Kevin didn’t return from a fishing trip. He has been missing for two days. The police presumed he is dead. Deloris said that Kevin was sailing that little boat of his down the sound towards Oregon the day before yesterday.

“What happened? Do they suspect anything?”

“Kevin Spencer's fishing boat was found adrift in the bay. The police found no sign of a struggle or theft. They think he slipped on the wet deck in the middle of the night and was swept out to sea.”

Todd was grief-stricken as a tear trickled down his face. Anger tore at his soul as he remembered that last time he saw Kevin Spencer alive. “That's impossible Kevin was a nautical man since birth; he lived on the water more than he did on land.”

Nervousness swelled in Kelly's tormented soul. "You're right Todd, you're absolutely right."

Without even speaking a word, Kelly and Todd soon came to the same realization that Kevin Spencer, was not killed in a boating accident, but rather murder.

Todd's loud barbaric voice bellowed from the phone "Where is Robert Freeman? Bob would know what happened to Kevin."

"I don't know," it's been years since I have seen any of our old friends from the platoon. Most of our friends died during the D-day invasion."

Todd and Kelly lamented their friend as they agonized over who was responsible for Kevin's murder. It was then that they vowed to revenge Kevin's brutal murder and to keep the platoon's secret concealed.

As John hanged up the phone, it accorded to him that it has been forty years since he and this fellow brother in arms took a blood oath to keep the platoons secret concealed until their

own demise. The drama of hearing about his friend's murder only reminded Kelly of the youthful, strong, courageous and indestructible man Kevin Spencer use to be.

The murder of his friend made Kelly think about his own mortality as he stared into a mirror. The image that looked back at him was not the youthful boy he use to be, but rather an anger, stubborn and wrinkled man. Kelly's once happy youth was now only a faint memory. Throughout Kelly's miserable life, he always had his friends Todd Beacon and Kevin Spencer. Kelly thought they would live forever. The death of his friend and mentor distressed him to the core. Kelly knew that his life would never be the same.

Chapter 11

The first rays of the sun stretched over the horizon as Kelly's best friend knock on his front door. The stench of whiskey and a sexy women's perfume still lingered on Todd as he walked into Kelly's house. As Kelly searched for his secret phonebook, Todd poured himself

a drink. “I hope this meeting is not a waist of my time John. You wouldn’t believe the size of the tits on the beautiful blonde I gave up to come over here.”

Todd loved three things in this world. Whiskey, blonds and his friend Kelly. Todd Beacon was a platoon soldier alongside J.C. Kelly in the last Great War. Just like Kelly, Todd used alcohol and women as a means to escape the horrible memories of all the men they killed during D-day. Todd was a fun loving whiskey drinking man with a horrible past that he hide from the rest of the world. His perpetual smile was only a mask that concealed his torment. Despite his outward jubilant appearance, Todd’s soul was riddled with scars.

The forty years since the war, had turned Todd’s once long blond hair gray. He still retained his chiseled jaw, bright blue eyes and a well toned muscular body. Despite his age, Todd was still considered by most women to be very good looking guy.

“I found it,” John said as he dusted off his phonebook.

Todd fixed himself a glass of whiskey as Kelly searched his book for the name of Kevin Spencer’s best friends during the war. “Private Robert Freeman; just as I remember it. Robert f. Freeman and Kevin Spencer were quite close at one time, Maybe Freeman knows something about Kevin's murder?”

Robert Freeman was a bomb expert in Kelly's platoon. Robert was small in stature, but he had a big heart. Kelly fondly remembered the many times that Robert saved his life during the war. At only five feet tall, private Freeman paled in comparison to the other members of the platoon, but he had plenty of grit and could kill them all with just one of his homemade bombs.

“Let's see,” Kelly said as he thumbed through the dusty phonebook. “Private Robert f. Freeman eight-six Airborne platoon. “No telephone number.”

“That’s it, nothing else? Doesn’t your little book say where he is now?”

An unsuspected tear trickled down Kelly’s cheek as he suddenly remembered the sad morning when he got a call and found out that Robert Freeman was dead.

“How could I ever forget that Robert died in an accident thirty years ago,” Kelly said as he wiped away a tear from his cheek. Kelly flipped a page on his phone book. “I see another name: Robert Banner? Does the name, Robert Banner sound familiar to you Todd? I don’t remember a guy named Banner from the platoon.”

Todd grumbled and took another shot of whiskey. “Don’t you remember, Kevin Spencer was only fifteen years when he enlisted. Kevin used a fake birth certificate and a fake name; Robert Banner to enlist in the airborne platoon.”

Kelly struggled to remember the many years since D-day. “Oh yeah, your right, the next shot is on me.”

“I guess it’s time we play our respect to the widow, Mrs. Deloris Spencer,” Todd grunted as he finished his fourth glass of whiskey.

Chapter 12

Deloris always hated funerals. She would always find some excuse not to attend a funeral at all cost. This time she had no excuse; this funereal was for her husband Kevin Spencer.

The dark room of the funeral parlor was never a cheerful place for anyone, especially Deloris. Sorrow and misery shrouded Deloris’s sole as an illusive smile disguised her despair. As guest paid their respects with hugs and kind remarks, Deloris’s mind churned in gray thoughts and emotions of her husband’s murder. “Why did Kevin have an alias? Was he involved in international terrorism?” she agonized to herself.

Deloris’ wore her favorite black dress; the skimpy little number that Kevin brought for her during their first anniversary. Despite child

bearing and old age, Deloris's sexy curvy hips and subtle breast, still filled out her little black dress.

Deloris felt like she was dragged through hell and back for the past five days. The hours of torture she endured searching for her husband followed by the news of his probable murder had taken a toll. A black veil cloaked her cold and fraudulent smile that emanated from her alluring beautiful face, while tears of sorrow and anguish trickled from her sultry green eyes.

Deloris caught sight of a face, a face of a man she hasn't seen in forty years. Though it's been years since they met, Deloris could still sense he still possessed a mystique persona. The man's face wasn't the youthful boy she once knew, but rather an older man with short grayish red hair, charming smile, dazzling green eyes and rugged good looks. His once strong athletic body has dwindle to feeble old man. His once soft supple skin was now worn and rough like old wrinkled paper. Despite the

wrinkles in the man's face, she could still recall his name, John Clark Kelly. Deloris ran towards Kelly and grasped him as tears stream down her face. Though Kelly tried to obscure the torment he felt in the pit of his soul with a fraudulent smile, Deloris could feel his anguish. As she gazed into his eyes, Deloris quickly realized that Kelly felt just as tormented and desolated as she did. Kelly's soul was infiltrated with joy as Deloris's soft lips caressed his cheeks. For a fleeting moment they stood there mesmerized as they stared into each others eyes. Deloris held back, with all her might, the strong erg to take Kelly in her arms and run away from the choking misery that engulfed the room.

As the night loomed on, the crowd dwindled down to a small group of friends. Todd was on his tenth glass of whiskey as he manipulated a pretty blond women into his seductive web. Todd had a way with members of the opposite sex that he has perfected over

the years. Todd caressed his next midnight lover as they discreetly slipped out of the funeral parlor.

Captain Brennan and Deloris slowly walk into a dark corner of the room. The captain's disposition started as polite and heartwarming, but quickly chilled to more depressing matters. "I am sorry Deloris, but I must ask you more questions about your husband's mysterious murder."

Deloris hated talking about the murder, but she was also determined to find out who killed her lover. "How can I help captain?" Deloris said in a soft sweet voice.

"Did Kevin keep any notes, maybe a will or even a secret phonebook?"

"No, but I am stopping by the bank tomorrow. Mr. Cornwall, from the first federal bank told me that Kevin opened a safety deposit box. He told me that if I bring Kevin's death certificate to the bank, I will be able to open the safety deposit box."

The captain's face lit up like a little kid in a candy store. This is the break the captain was

looking for. “Oh, that sounds great; could I examine the context of the box?”

“No problem. I can meet you at the bank at about ten, after the funeral.”

“That would be great; I will see you at the funeral.”

Discreetly Albert and I mingled amongst the crowd in the funeral parlor as I rolled my wheelchair closer to Deloris and Captain Brennan. I was inconspicuously eavesdropped on their conversation when I heard Deloris mention that Kevin had a secret safety deposit box.

Chapter 13

A defiant grin curled across my face as a euphoric feeling slowly crept through my soul. I have prayed for this day for the past forty years. Today I celebrate the death of a comrade in arms, a long lost friend and an enemy all in one. Today is Kevin Spencer’s funeral. Misery consumed the hearts of the other mourners, as they attended the funeral, while ecstasy pierced my soul.

I inconspicuously rolled my wheelchair through the cemetery towards Kevin's grave as I tried to hide my scorched face from the widow. I positioned myself discreetly away from the prying eyes of the grief-stricken mourners as they assemble around Kevin's casket.

Happiness rarely crept up to meet me, but on this day, happiness crept just a little closer. My plans for revenge upon Kevin Spencer and his fellow brothers in arms have just begun. Kevin was the first domino to topple in my game of revenge. His death was the start of my deviously planned that will end with the death and destruction of all of Kevin's friends from the eight-six platoon.

Death is usually an ugly thing in most people's life, but in my world it is a warm friend that threatened my very existence daily. I don't usually attend family gatherings, especially funerals. I promise myself that I would attend this funeral. How could I ever forgive myself for killing Kevin Spencer then not attend his funeral. Most of the people that

were attending the funeral only knew the deceased as Kevin Spencer. I remember Kevin's other name, a name he assumed during the war. A name not even his wife knew, Robert Banner.

I maneuvered my wheelchair closer to the grave as a priest bestowed Kevin's eulogy. "A father, husband and a devoted member of the town council. Mr. Spencer will be greatly missed by all, especially his loving wife, Deloris Spencer."

The crowd wept into their handkerchiefs as the town choirs sang a gospel song. As for me, the tears obviously did not swell in my eyes. Rather a glow of success and a little bit of pride pierced my heart. I relished Kevin's timely demise, but Kevin Spencer will not be the only person to die in pursuit of my justice.

As the families and love ones slowly retreat from the cemetery, I quietly waited for a moment to speak to the widow. I wheeled my chair ever so slowly as Mrs. Spencer wept into a friend's shoulder. Just when I decided to make

my move, Captain Sean Brennan quickly escorted her to an awaiting car. I hailed my driver and quickly followed.

My indispensable driver Albert Kandinsky quickly picked me up and followed Mrs. Spencer to the bank. I mingle around the crowd in the bank's lobby as Sean Brennan escorted Mrs. Spencer to the safety deposit boxes. I soon realized that I was not the only person watching Mrs. Spencer. Two strange old men were secretly observing Mrs. Spencer as she entered the safety deposit box vault.

I halt my wheelchair when I realized that there was something familiar about these two men. As I scrutinized the two strangers, I searched my memory for clues as to their identity.

Deloris and Captain Brennan emerged from the bank vault. I watched carefully as Deloris slipped a small computer disc into her purse. It was obvious that Kevin Spencer left the disc for his wife to retrieve upon his death. My suspicions was aroused as to the content of

the computer disc, Maybe it contained a departing love letter confessing his undying love for his wife or maybe the computer disc was more sinister. It would be detrimental to me if Captain Brennan or the FBI were able to recover detailed information on my devilish plans from Kevin's computer disc. It finally dawned on me that Kevin might have recorded details of my plans on the computer disc in the hope of impeding my for revenge upon the platoon.

As Deloris quickly dashed from the bank, The two strange men soon followed Deloris out of the bank. I hastily try to pursue her, but unfortunately, my wheelchair slowed me down before captain Brennan drove off with Deloris. My driver proved again, his great fortitude when he by obtained the license plate numbers of the two strange men following Deloris.

A sinister look crossed my scarred face as I pondered my next move. I couldn't afford to be delay my plan to assassinate a powerful senator, but I had to find out what was on

Kevin's computer disc before my plan was revealed to the FBI. I soon came to realize that if I wanted the computer disc, I was going to have to use the cunning skills of my driver and friend Albert Kandinsky. It was crucial for Albert to steal the disc from Deloris tonight before captain Brennan gets his hands on the disc.

Chapter 14

Mr. Albert Kandinsky crept into Deloris Spencer's house like a soldier invading an enemy territory. We never really intended any harm to Deloris. We just want Kevin's computer disk.

Albert and I silently, swift and fearlessly sneaked into Deloris's house. Hastily I grasped Kevin's computer disc as bright lights from a car's headlights shined through the front window.

Without hesitation, Mr. Kandinsky pulled out his gun and aimed it at the two approaching strangers.

“No, Mr. Kandinsky, just get me out of here,” I abruptly said.

We slowly move toward the back door; unfortunately for me, my clumsiness caused a small lamp to crash to the floor. I look up to see one stranger quickly rounding the corner toward the back door; another stranger quickly approached Deloris’s front door. I fear that our plan would soon be eradicated. Mr. Kandinsky eluded capture with his stealth skills and quickly evacuated me from Deloris's house.

Mr. Kandinsky saved me from certain death just as he did so many times before as he placed me in the car and drove away. Anguish erupted in my heart as I soon realized that in my hast to retreat from Deloris's house that I dropped Kevin's computer disk.

Chapter 15

Horror grasped Deloris’s heart as she was aroused by two FBI agents. Deloris was prettified in fear as she starred back at a pistols

pointed at her head. Deloris trembled as she quickly pulled her sheets over her head.

“Calm down, please Mrs. Deloris Spencer. We are from the FBI.” Dennis demanded in stern voice as he flashed his badge.

“What are you doing in my house?” Deloris screamed.

“Someone broke into your house, but we chased them away.”

“Someone broke in to my house?”

“Yes, can you please check to see if anything is missing Mrs. Spencer?”

The agent walked back into the living room and started to search the room for evidence.

Deloris frantically searched her house. As she uttered, “I don’t see anything missing.”

Dennis scratched his forehead and uttered, “Please Mrs. Spencer, can you please look around again? There’s got to be something missing. They didn’t break-in just to say hi.”

Bewilderment clouded Mrs. Spencer's mind as she continued to search her house.

Captain Sean Brennan and Sergeant Prescott arrived at Deloris Spencer's house with all the light flashing. Captain Sean Brennan was obviously furious about the break-in as he pulled out his colt 45 pistol and pointed at agent Dennis Peterson's head.

"That will not be necessary officer," Dennis uttered as he place his gun back in his holster.

"We are here just to pay our respects to the widow," Craig said as he entered the house through the back door.

"If you're just here to pay your respects, then why did you make such a mess?" Captain Sean Brennan inquired as he shined his flashlight on the broken lamp.

Deloris's emerald green eye wept as she ran to Sean's side and whispered, "Kevin's computer disc is missing."

"This computer disk?" Craig said as he passed Kevin's computer disk to his partner.

Deloris and Captain stared at the disc in disbelief. “Where did you get that?” David Prescott insisted as he reached for the disc in vain.

“Now see here, whatever your name is, that computer disk belongs to Deloris,” Sean insisted.

“Wrong Captain Brennan; the disk now belongs to the FBI,” Craig snarled.

Frustration swirled in Sean’s mind as he confronted the agents face to face. “Now listen to me, I don’t know what you’re up to, but this disc is in my town.” The captain's penetrating hazel colored eyes stared brazenly back at Dennis as if he was the devil himself.

Deloris cried sympathetic for justice, “Please, it’s my husband’s computer disc, it’s the only thing I have left; please give it back to me.”

“This case is now under the authority of the FBI. We are in pursuing of a know terrorist named Martinez. We suspect that Martinez either killed Kevin Spencer or had him killed

on his order. The information on this disk could lead to the arrest of the terrorist and bring him to justice before he kills a prominent senator. I will make you a deal Captain, you can keep this disk if you provide us with a copy,” Dennis insisted.

“You can pick up your copy at the police station 10:00 am tomorrow,” The Captain bellowed as a grabbed the disc from Craig’s hand and returned to his patrol car.

Chapter 16

The next morning Dennis and Craig were greeted by the Seaside police department with only angry faces and uncooperative attitude.

Sergeant Prescott reluctantly approached the FBI agent as they entered the police station.

“Were here for Kevin Spencer’s computer disc,” Dennis insisted.

A suspicious look crossed Prescott’s young acne filled face as he uttered, “This way sir, the captain wants to talk to you.”

Hate and mistrust lingered in Prescott's heart as he lead them to a conference room and said, "Wait here."

Craig was livid as he threaten to pull out his pistol and shoot the arrogant police officer in the head,

"You'll get use to it Craig; all police are apprehensive when the fed get involved in their case," Dennis insisted.

The police belligerent attitude did little to impede Craig's already hostel temper. Dennis's malicious attitude was suddenly aspirated when Captain Sean Brennan barged into the conference room followed closely behind by his loyal terrier Prescott. As Dennis grabbed the disc, the captain said,"I can let you have this disc."

An infuriated look crept over Dennis's face as he screamed, "What do you mean captain? You agreed--"

"I know, but it useless; we can't gain access to any of the files on the computer disc."

“Don't worry captain,” Dennis said as he forcefully ripped the disc from the captain’s hand. “I have a doctor that can open this disc.”

As the computer screen of the Seaside police station came to life, the FBI agents saw a reclusive doctor Brown diligently working on a New York Times crossword unaware that his was being watched.

“Wizard we need you help,” Craig said as he startled the unsuspected doctor. Confusion swirled in Doctor Brown's agitated mind as he stared back at Craig and Dennis’s face through a live video feed from Seaside. Eric quickly regained his composure and uttered, “Oh sorry how may I help you agents?”

Despite the miracles that Doctor Brown has preformed in the past, Craig nervously contemplated if Doctor Brown could crack the code to Kevin Spencer's computer disc.

“Place the disc in the police computer and I will remotely brake into the disc from here,” the doctor demanded.

Doctor Brown was very skilled at solving puzzles and mathematical problem, but his own intuitive mind had a difficult time cracking the code on Kevin's disc.

Deep within the Doctor's brilliant mind, a spark erupted. "I have a revelation," the doctor bellowed as he quickly stood up and cheered. Tears of joy trickled down his face as he proudly bolstered, "I did it, I unlocked the computer disc." A plethora of emotion erupted in the Doctor's heart as he boasted about his achievement.

Craig and Dennis were animated as they cast their eyes upon a file from Kevin's computer disk. Dennis hoped that the file would impede Martinez's savage plan to kill a senator in less than twenty-four hours.

The doctor Brown clicked on a file and found a video. As the video started, the face of their arch enemy, Martinez appeared on the computer screen. Martinez's gruesome face was charred and burnt beyond recognition. He seemed

paralyzed as he stared back at them with an angry disposition.

An ominous voice bellowed from the computer screen as the agent watched the video vigilantly. “I assume that if your watching this video that I am already dead or missing.” Martinez’s scotched face was quickly replaced by Kevin Spencer’s face. “I can also assume that my friend Sean Brennan and sergeant Prescott are watching this video. I created this video to help you find my killer. The scotched face you just saw at the beginning of this video is my nemesis, a person I only know as Martinez. For weeks I have tried to elude Martinez, but I feel that he is always watching me. Even now his assassin, Albert is watching my every move. I suspect that my destiny, unfortunately, will be an agonizing death at the hands of Martinez. I don't know Martinez’s real name, but it has become plainly obvious to me that he is planning to kill me soon. I am sorry Sean I didn’t tell you about Martinez sooner, but I feared that he would kill you if I

got you involved. I have tried to protect Deloris from my wicked past, but I am afraid that the sins that I committed forty years ago have finally caught up to me. Please do everything in your power to protect Deloris. I fear that she may be Martinez's next victim."

"Though I have not uncovered Martinez's complete plan, I think he is desperately searching for a treasure. He believes that I know the whereabouts of this treasure. Though I have eluded him from discovering the truth, I suspect that his plan for revenge will not end with my murder. I have recently discovered that Martinez has forged a plan to kill a member of my old platoon. Unfortunately I don't know the name of Martinez's next murdered victim, but I do know the victim's initials are J.A. I am sorry old friend, please for God's sake protect Deloris."

The video suddenly went dead. The agent stared suspiciously at Sean Brennan and uttered, "What treasure is Kevin Spencer talking about?"

Chapter 17

Hi it's me Martinez again. My victory at intercepting Kevin's secret computer disk was short lived. I finally had the golden chalice in my hands and I dropped it. Kevin Spencer's disc was the key to my glorious dreams of revenge. My heart was shattered like a broken clay pot, as I anguish over the lose of Kevin's computer disk.

From the shadows of my despair, hope rose within my soul that all was not lost. I realized that my plans for revenge was not totally eradicated. Two years ago I persuaded an FBI agent, named Taylor, to join my quest to kill Kevin Spencer and to facilitate my efforts to retrieve the treasure. I called Taylor and requested that he track down the license plate of the two strange men I saw at the bank. Taylor relayed to me that the two old men were named Todd Beacon and John Kelly and that they were both former soldiers in the eight-six Airborne platoon along side Kevin Spencer. My mind began to swirl as I pondered if the two men had

conspired to steal the treasure for themselves or where they trying to seek revenge for Kevin's murder? It finally accrued to me that I would have to hire an assassin to kill them before they disrupt my plans for revenge. I spend the rest of the night securing a professional assassin to kill Todd Beacon and John Kelly.

To help me vindicate my debacle of loosing the computer disc at Deloris's house, I asked my spy in the FBI to retrieve Kevin Spencer's disc.

An unsuspected tear trickled down my cheek as I saw the light of a new dawn. The spender rays of sunlight pierced the dark night sky and illuminated god's domain. As the sky exploded with color and life, I called my next victim in my plan for revenge.

Chapter 18

John. Kelly's plan to retrieve Kevin's computer disk from Mrs. Deloris's house was obliterated when Captain Sean Brennan brought the disc to the Seaside Oregon's police station. Kelly was very apprehensive about confiscating

the disc from inside the police station, but he has no other choice. Kelly needed Kevin's computer disk if he was going to revenge Kevin's murder. The question that really plagued Kelly's mind was not if they should steal the disk from the police station, but how.

Kelly was very clever and savvy. Todd on the other hand was always impulsive and ignorant. Even back during the war, Todd always left the planning to Kelly while Todd pursued what he does best, whiskey and women.

By the time Todd woke from his night of booze and women, Kelly already figured out how to steal Kevin's computer disk from the police. "I got it," Kelly shouted at his drunken friend. "We need to call your contact in the FBI. He can help us find a copy of Kevin's computer disc."

Todd glazed at Kelly through his bloodshot eyes and uttered, "Do whatever you think is best John," Todd mumble then turned and passes out again.

Kelly frantically searched Todd's telephone book for the number of his contact in the FBI. Todd used his contact in the FBI to get them out of jail many times. John was not even sure the number still worked, but he had to try. A woman's voice bellow from the telephone. John was suddenly paralyzed in fear as he whispered, "Dexter Framingham please." Kelly became suddenly suspicious and contemplated hanging up the phone. His suspicions was quickly eradicated when a mysterious voice bellowed, Todd is this you?"

"No, Dexter it's me John Kelly, Todd Beacon's old friend."

"Kelly, where is Todd?"

"Todd's fine he just passed out on the bed. Dexter I need to find a computer disk that belonged to an old friend of my named Kevin Spencer."

"Don't worry Kelly, I have a source in the FBI computer laboratory that will help me retrieve a copy of the disk. Don't contact me at

this number anymore. When I have Kevin Spencer's disk I'll call you."

Chapter 19

Bewilderment lingered in the agent Paterson's troubled minds as he pondered his next move.

"I have retrieved an old photograph from Kevin Spencer's boat. I need you to identify all the soldiers in this old picture of the eighty-six airborne platoon," Dennis uttered in an urgent tone. "I believe that one of these soldiers is the senator that Martinez is planning to kill in less than twenty-four hours."

A shocked look crossed Eric's face as he gazed at the picture. "Wow that picture is really old; it will take some time."

"Hurry doctor Brown we have less than twenty-four hours before Martinez kills a senator. Craig and I are taking the next flight back to D.C. When you identify the name of the senator in that old photo, call me and secret service immediately."

“Of course agent Paterson, I should have their names in a couple of minutes.”

Chapter 20

Craig Holloway was still in a quagmire about Dexter Framingham’s wisdom in making Dennis Paterson his new Partner. Craig removed his partner’s FBI file from his jacket pocket as he waited for a flight back to Washington D.C. Craig was socked to see that Dennis’s file contained several violation including aggregated assault, attempted murders and violently coerced confession. For the last twenty years the federal bureau of investigation has eschewed reports of broken bones, bribery and an occasional death threat committed by agent Paterson.

Contrary to Dennis’s unlawful tactics, agent Holloway loved being an FBI agent. Craig prided himself on honor, bravery, courage and following the law. The young agent still believed good can overcome evil despite the lack of justice in this corrupt world.

“We have to contact the FBI Director Dexter Framingham and inform him of the new information we obtained from Kevin Spencer’s video,” Craig insisted.

“That's not important, we got to get to D.C. and solve this mystery before a senator is murdered,” Dennis demanded.

The agent’s conflicting moral values only perpetuated the already prevalent animosity between agent Holloway and Paterson. The agent’s fragile relationship was always plagued with antipathy and bitterness, especially when it came to following FBI procedure. Craig always felt a little tarnished when Dennis used one of his underhanded schemes to get results.

“The procedure is to call our superior.”

“Screw that,” Dennis nagged, “I don't trust Dexter. I think he is purposefully trying to sabotage our investigation of Martinez.”

“That doesn’t make any sense. Why would the new director of the FBI want Martinez to kill a senator?”

“I don't know, but I am not calling Dexter. If you want to inform the director, you do it yourself.”

Craig was disappointed in Dennis's negligence and a discourteous attitude that always landed him in trouble. Craig's temper flared; “We need to contact Dexter and that is what we are going to do.”

“You do it yourself,” Dennis demanded.

Craig hated being Dennis's new partner. The naive agent thought that sooner or late Dennis would kill him and bury him in shallow grave.

As Craig waited patiently for his call to director Dexter Farmington, he started to feel a little animosity over his recent conflict with his new partner. “*what if Dennis's theory about Dexter is right,*” he pondered to himself.

Dexter Framingham answered the phone with anguish in his voice, “What do you want agent Holloway?”

“Sir, we have an update on case number 45327.”

“Go ahead.”

“Craig paused as he deliberated his next words. “*What if Dennis was right?*”

“Agent Holloway, are you there?” Dexter repeated.

Craig was apprehensive about informing the FBI director about Kevin Spencer’s video. Suspicious lingered in the naive agent's mind as he pondered Dexter’s motives in solving this case.

“Agent Holloway,” Director, Farmington screamed into the phone, “You better not jeopardize this mission.”

“Sorry to call, sir, but I don’t have anything new to report on this case at this time.”

“What?” Dexter screamed. “You better not screw-”

Abruptly, Craig hanged up the phone. Paranoia crept into his heart as he contemplate

to himself, *“How is Kevin Spencer and the other soldiers in the old phonograph have to do with Martinez?”*

Time was running out for the two FBI agents to find the terrorist know as Martinez before he kills again.

Chapter 21

A smile crossed Dennis’s face as he and his new partner climbed aboard the FBI private Gulf Stream G3 airplane to Washington D.C. After the airplane climbed to a cursing altitude, the flight attendant, Maria Françoise answered the telephone. Maria grudgingly woke Dennis from his short nap and said, “Sorry agent Peterson, the phone call is for you.”

“Is this Agent Dennis Peterson?” the mysterious caller inquired.

“This is, who is this?”

“You don’t know me, but you have something I want.”

“Who is this?”

“I hear that you are looking for a international terrorist named Martinez?”

Dennis felt apprehensive talking to a mysterious caller about a top secret mission. “I have no knowledge of what you’re talking about.”

“I know all about your mission agent Paterson. I am the international terrorist that you are looking for. You can call me Martinez. It has recently come to my attention that you are investigating the murder of a man named Kevin Spencer, aka Robert Banner.”

“The FBI doesn’t negotiate with known terrorists.”

“Dear Agent Dennis Peterson I am very well aware of your top secret case number 45327.”

Dennis quickly motioned Craig to pick up the other telephone line.

“I have a meeting with a Senator in two minutes. I am convinced that he will be very

cooperative after I take the pleasure of torturing him.”

Dennis’s troubled mind was inundated with anxiety as his heart pounded and sweat trickled from his brow. A blank stare quickly crossed the agent’s face as he pondered, which senator Martinez was planning to kill and why?”

Dennis’s voice was enthralled with horror as he uttered, “We are onto you Martinez. We will soon be in Washington and we will enable your plans to kill a senator.”

“You're lying to Mr. Paterson. I know that you and agent Craig Holloway will not be landing at Dulles airport for another hour. I am sorry to say that you will be too late to save the senator.”

Dennis scratched his gray beard as he cast his blue eyes at agent Holloway ambiguously.

“What is the name of the Senator you are planning to assassinate Martinez?”

“Come now agent Dennis Paterson I thought that you and agent Craig Holloway would be much better adversary. It’s obvious to me that your not very smart. You still haven’t identify the Senator's name from the old picture you found aboard Kevin's boat.”

A perplexed look crossed Dennis’s face as he uttered, ” how do you know we were on board Kevin’s boat”

I laughed a sinister laughed. “You fools; I know your every move. You're so inept you have no idea of my grand scheme.”

“You mean the treasure?” Dennis bodily stated

“Yes, well it seam you might be a better nemesis then Kevin Spencer was. I wish you luck in impeding my plans to kill the senator and find the treasure before I do.”

“We are already on to you Martinez. We already know the initials of the Senator your planning to kill is J.A. It’s just a matter of time before we find you and put a bullet in your head. The guards at the nationalCapital

building and the secret service have been notified. You will not get away with killing a Senator.”

“Good luck agent Paterson. Beware of my wrath if you try to hinder my plans for revenge. If you get in my way, you will suffer the same consequence of your old partner Roger Campbell.”

Sweat trickled down from Dennis’s brow as the phone suddenly went dead. his mind was filled with animosity as his thoughts drifted back to the last time he saw his friend and old partner Roger Campbell. Agent Paterson started to cry as memories of his old partner bleeding to death in his arms swirled in his troubled mind.

Chapter 22

“It's me Martinez again. I just finish my call to agent Holloway and Paterson. I finally came to the realization that the FBI agents might impede my plans for retrieving the treasure. Luckily for me, I have a secret spy in the FBI, that could assassinate agent Paterson if

the get in my way. I dialed the number for my spy in the FBI as Mr. Kandinsky turned my limo onto Connecticut Blvd.”

“Listen carefully Taylor, a fellow FBI agent named Dennis Paterson is getting to close to the investigation of Kevin’s murder. I need you to hire an assassin to kill the agent before he destroy my plans. I want it done tonight.”

As I hang up the phone I chuckle to myself, “*My plan is unfolding just as I have predicted.*” The FBI agent Dennis Paterson will no longer be a hindrance to my plans for revenge.

Chapter 23

Todd Beacon and John Kelly eulogized and mourned the lost of the friend Kevin Spencer with a bottle of twelve year old whiskey. Todd and Kelly reawaken painful memories they witnessed on the battlefield forty years ago as they lamented the lost of all their friends from the platoon. The constant ringing of the phone woke Kelly from alcohol induced sleep. Finally, after the sixth ring, John

stumbled across the motel room and answered the phone, “Who is this?”

“It’s me, Dexter. Is this Kelly?”

“You got what I want Dexter?”

“Kevin Spencer’s computer disk contained a video. Do you or Todd know a man that calls himself Martinez?”

A bewildered look quickly crossed Kelly’s face as uttered, “No, who is he?”

“He is an international terrorist who’s DNA was found aboard Kevin’s boat. How about the initials J.A. Do you remember a sergeant in your platoon with the initials J.A.?”

“J.A.,” Kelley uttered to himself as his thoughts drifted back forty years. “I don’t remember any guy with those initial from the old platoon, why?”

“Kevin’s video revealed that a terrorist named Martinez is planning to kill one of your old buddies from the platoon with the initials J.A. in less twenty-four hours. We suspect that

J.A. is a senator and is somehow involved in the murder of your friend Kevin Spencer.”

Anguish erupted in Kelly’s heart as he uttered, “You think that one of my friends from the platoon was involved in the murder of Kevin Spencer?”

“That is what I need you to find out.”

“Why me? Why don't you use one of your FBI agents?”

“I don't trust agent Holloway or agent Paterson. You knew every man in that platoon. The senator would reveal the truth to you long before he reveals anything to FBI agent. I can arrange for you and Todd to pass through security and meet with the senator before Martinez kills him. My private airplane will pick you up and fly you to D.C in half an hour.”

Abruptly Kelly hanged up the phone and screamed, “Wake up Todd.”

Todd was still hunger over as he climbed off the bed and stumbled towards the kitchen.

Todd poured himself a cup of black coffee and sat on a kitchen chair.

“Dexter Framingham just informed me that one of our old friends from the platoon might be involved murder of Kevin Spencer. We have to fly to D.C. and find a member of our old platoon with the initials J.A. before he is killed by some terrorist named Martinez.”

Todd stared back at Kelly through his bloodshot eyes and uttered, “J.A, I don't recall any of our old friend with those initials.”

“If we are going to revenge Kevin's murder, we have to find an old friend from the platoon with the initials J.A. before his is murdered.”

Chapter 24

Craig's minds swirled with bewilderment as they unfasten their seat belts.

“How did Martinez know about our secret mission?” Craig insisted.

Dennis waited till the Maria disembarked the plane before replying. “I don't know, but I

hope that the secret service will get to the senator before he is murdered.”

“We don't even know which Senator Martinez is planning to kill,” Craig insisted.

“We have two initials of the targets senator. Doctor brown should identify the senator’s name soon.”

“But what if Doctor Eric Brown is to late?”

Dennis’s mind was besieged with suspicion as he inquired, “Did you tell someone about our mission Craig?”

“No,” Craig insisted in a harsh tone.

“Someone in the FBI must have leaked information about our case to Martinez.”

Suddenly the phone aboard the jet rang. Dennis suspiciously cast his eyes towards Craig as he answered the phone.

“Hay Dennis this is Eric, The initials J.A. Are for Senator Jefferson Anderson of New York.”

“Eric did you call the secret service with the name of the senator targeted for assassin yet? Dennis screamed

“No, Eric uttered. “Jenny is calling them now.”

Frantically Dennis looked at his watch and uttered, “It’s 12:24 were too late; Martinez said he would be meeting the Senator at noon.” A dreadful look crept over the agent’s face as he realized that Senator Jefferson Anderson is already dead.

Chapter 25

“Senator Anderson, you have a phone call from a man that calls himself Martinez,” Mrs. Penelope Baggins declared.

Mrs. Penelope Baggins wasn’t a patient women as she knocked on the senator’s door and abruptly walked in.

“You’re going to be late Mr. Anderson,” Penelope screamed again. After all these years as Mr. Anderson’s secretary, Penelope hoped

that she could get the Senator to at least one meeting on time.

Despite running late, the senator reluctantly answered the phone. At first, he didn't recognize the name, Martinez.

“Hello,” Jeff uttered as he struggled to hear over Penelope's screams.

“Senator Jefferson Anderson?” I inquired.

Mr. Anderson paused for a few moment as he contemplated his next words carefully.

“Yes, who is this?”

“Mr. Anderson, I just murdered your old friend Kevin Spencer. Just before he died he revealed to me that you stole a very valuable treasure forty years ago during the D-day invasion. I want to know where the treasure is now.”

Mr. Anderson hastily descended into his chair as sweat trickled down his face. Anguish plagued his heart as his remember the mayhem, that he witnesses as the commander of the

eight-six Airborne platoon during the D-day invasion.

“I need you to tell me the present whereabouts of the treasure you stole forty years ago now senator.”

“What treasure? I have never stolen any treasure?”

“Don’t play stupid with me Mr Anderson, you know what I am talking about.”

“I don't know anything about a treasure.”

“Listen to me very carefully senator, either you tell me where the treasure is or I will hunt you down and kill you just like I did with your old friend Kevin Spencer. I will be in your office in two minutes. Don't inform the secret service or I will murder your lover Penelope Baggins.”

Penelope was enraged by Mr. Anderson’s tardiness as she bursted into his office and noticed the look of horror on the Senator’s face. In the eight years since Penelope has been

Senators Anderson's secretary, she has never seen him so frightened.

Chapter 26

Most Senators would describe Miss Penelope Baggins as a stunning blonde with impressive breasts, sultry blue eyes, voluptuous body and a very sharp wit. Penelope was more than just a gorgeous woman, she was the perfect politician's secretary. With a political science major from Harvard and a member of an elite and wealthy Greenwich family, Penelope was an ingenious addition to Senator Anderson's team.

Penelope's stunning good looks have mesmerized many men of power since she started working as Senator Anderson's intern. Senator Jeffrey Anderson was the envy of the senate. Both republic and Democrat Senators have repetitively begged Mrs. Penelope to be their secretary.

Men are instantly bewitched by the twenty-three year old secretary as she strolled

down the halls of the capital. Penelope was naive when it came to sex and men, especially older men. Her illuminating blue eyes, long eyelashes and gorgeous smile made the Senators weak, powerless and manipulatable.

Penelope's sexy body was a conflicting contrast to her geeky demure. Her large, thick, black glasses, cheap fake gold earrings, severally limited shoe collection and handmade dresses, make Penelope look like a discombobulated mess. Despite her lack of fashion, Penelope Baggins was somehow able to vanquish any doubts about her political skills.

Penelope's brains and ambition served her well as Senator Anderson's secretary. Penelope rose quickly within the ranks of the Senator's staff. Rumors of bribery and a steamy sex video of Senator Anderson and Penelope were frequent scuttlebutt around the Capital.

Jerry Anderson's wildest dreams were to hold and cherish Penelope Baggins in his arms. Jeff knew that was just a foolish dream of a

middle age man. At the age of fifty five, Senator Anderson would be best described by his closes friends as a well groomed middle-aged man with a receding hairline, a neatly trimmed gray beard and an inflated mid section. Despite the Senator's less than athletic body and his unattractive features, he still had a cunning smile and a charming personality of a politician.

Over the years, Jeff has only dared to dream of Miss Begging's body. The Senator has always kept his relationship with Mrs. Baggins strictly professional till one day their eyes met and the love between them was suddenly undeniable. Despite the passionate they felt for each another, their love affair must remain a deep dark secret. If word got out about there clandestine love affair, both of them would be destroyed.

During the day, Senator Anderson and Mrs. Penelope Baggins suppress their secret love from suspicious eyes, but their love

flourished with unbridled passion during the night.

Chapter 27

“It’s me Martinez again. It’s noon on a chilly spring day in Washington, D.C. as I roll my wheelchair into Senator Anderson's' office for a meeting.”

“May I help you, sir?” Mrs. Penelope Baggins said as she stood up from her desk.

“That's okay my child, I’m just here to see an old friend.”

“May I ask your name, sir?” Penelope inquired.

“Martinez,” I respond.

Penelope has worked long enough in the Senator’s office to know when not to ask too many questions. “Let me check if the Senator is ready to receive you,” Penelope stated as she took my coat. I ruffle through some old magazines as I patiently waited to see the Senator. A plethora of deep emotions swirled in my head as I nervously wait to see my next

victim in my plan for revenge. After a couple of awkward moments, Miss Penelope returned and said, “The Senator is ready to meet you, sir.”

I turn to Mr. Albert Kandinsky and said, “While I am talking to my friend, why don’t you take care of things out here.”

Chapter 29

The look on the Senator Anderson’s face was one of sheer panic as I roll my wheelchair into his office. The senator desperately tried to hide his trepidation from Penelope as he nervously said, “Thank you miss Baggins; no phone calls please.”

An apprehensive look crept over Penelope’s face as she slowly closed the Senator’s office door.

The Senator’s fear only fueled my confidence as I rolled my wheelchair closer to his desk.

“How are you my old friend; Remember me?” I feverishly chuckled.

The Senator quickly jumped from his custom made designed chair and walked past the marble fireplace and raced toward the bar as he attempted to escape my wretch stare.

“What’s wrong Senator?” I scrutinize as I roll closer to the desk. The Senator tried to disguise his fear with a fraudulent bravado, but I could clearly see through his deception.

The Senator tried in vain to elude my wrath as he concealed himself behind the bar. The Senator’s voiced was filled with terror as he uttered, “Can I get you a drink?”

“You know what I want Senator?”

The Senator finally realized that there was no escape for him as he took a seat on his sofa. “I have the information you want, but you got to make sure no one ever finds out about this.”

“Of course,” I chuckled as I inch closer to the couch. The Senator reached into his shirt pocket with his trembling left hand and pulled out a piece of paper.

For decades I have aspired to slaughter senator Jefferson Anderson for his treachery. The sweet smell of revenge engulfed my soul as I pondered how I was going to murder the senator. For the last forty years I have been waiting to bestow my wrath upon the senator and destroy everything he ever loved. Sweat trickled down my brow as I fought against my urge to kill Jeff and his secret lover immediately. Despite my lust for revenge, I quickly recomposed myself as I patiently waited for the Senator to relinquish the whereabouts of the treasure.

“What is this?” I inquired as a sinister smile crossed my face.

Senator slowly passed a note to me without speaking a word. Anguish lingered in my heart as I read the note. “Are you sure that the treasure is here senator?”

“Yes,” the Senator said as he trembled in fear.

I lean back in my wheelchair to ponder the Senator’s fate. The pinnacle of my plan for

revenge upon the senator has finally arrived. Joy swirled in my soul as I savor the brutal slaughter of my worst enemy, Jeff Anderson.

For years I have contrive many different scenarios of murdering him. Hanging, electrocution, drowning or even a bullet to the head. They all sound like perfect ways to kill the senator. A triumphant snarl quickly crossed my wretched faced as I prepare to vanquish my antagonist with the quickest way possible, Poisson.

“Okay senator, you have come through for me this time.”

“You promised that no one would ever find out.”

“Yes, it will be our secret.” I extend my right hand toward the Senator. “Why don’t we shake on it?”

The Senator hesitated as I slowly raise my hand. Apprehensively Jeff grabbed my hand. I immediately grasped his arm and pulled him closer. The stings of the needle make the Senator’s face contort in pain. His composer

slowly drifted from narcotic nervousness to a vague and helpless look. A malevolent look crossed my face as I plugged the needle full of poison into his veins. The Senator's eyes slowly drifted shut as the cold hand of the Reaper snatched his soul. The Senator appeared as limp as a de-boned fish as he collapsed helplessly on the couch.

"I hope Mr. Kandinsky took care of Mrs Penelope Baggins," I thought to myself as I wheeled myself towards the door. As I open the office door, I turned and face my nemesis. A feeling of blissful euphoria engulfed my soul as I cast my brown eyes upon the Senator's dead body strewn across the coach.

Mrs. Penelope Baggins's body was slumped in her chair as I enter the office. "Oh please don't leave the young lady like that Mr. Kandinsky."

Albert quickly rearranged Penelope's head back upon her chair.

"I got what we came here for Mr. Kandinsky, let's go."

I roll my wheelchair into the corridor. Mr. Kandinsky locked the door from the inside and placed a do not disturb note on the office door.

“That is a good idea; that will give us some time to escape.”

Alberta haphazardly looked up and down the empty corridor and pushed my wheelchair to my car.

Chapter 30

The beautiful blond stewardess aboard Dexter Framingham’s private airplane brought Todd another shot of whiskey and Kelly a note from the director of the FBI.

“I just received a message from director of the FBI. The senator that we are looking for is our old sergeant Jefferson Anderson. It turns out that our old platoon leader is now a fat cat senator from New York.”

“Sargent Anderson is involved in the murder of our friend Kevin?”

“Your friend Dexter seems to think that Sargent Anderson is somehow involved with a

terrorist named Martinez. It unclear if the senator ordered Martinez to murder Kevin, but I am sure that Jeff is somehow responsible for Kevin's murder.”

“When I see our old Sargent again, I will strangle him for killing our friend.” Todd turned his attention to the beautiful blonde flight attendant and took another shot of whiskey.

Chapter 31

The vast dome; beautiful statue, historic pictures and breathtaking rotunda extenuated the momentousness of the National capitol as Kelly and Todd walked towards Senator Anderson's office.

“Good afternoon, sir; your name, please,” Mrs. Janet McFarlane requested.

“Kevin Spencer and Robert Banner,” John Kelly lied as he passed two fake driver's licenses to Mrs. McFarlane. “We have a 12:15 o'clock meeting with Senator Jeffrey Anderson.”

The receptionist ignored Todd's relentless lustful stares as she looked for the appointment on her computer. "Yes, here it is sir. Mr. Louis Stetson will you escort you to Senator Anderson's office second floor, room 204."

Mr Louis abruptly came to a halt in front of senator Anderson's office. Confusion clouded his fragile mind as he read the do not disturb sign on the office door.

"Oh my god; I don't know what to say, gentlemen; you will have to wait in the lobby," Louis insisted.

Todd quickly pushed Louis aside and thrust his large bulging shoulders against the Senator's office door. An anguish look crept across Louis's face as Kelly and Todd rushed into the Senator's office.

"What happened here?" Louis screamed.

Kelly quickly attended to Penelope's medical condition as Todd struggled to open the Senator's locked door.

“What happen to Miss Penelope Baggins?” Louis hysterically screamed in a panic stricken voice.

Kelly checked Penelope's pulse while Todd checked to see if the senator was dead. Kelly quickly realized that their plans to revenge Kevin’s murder could be defeated if the Senator was dead.

Kelly rushed into the Senator Anderson’s office dredging the worse. Kelly probed Todd’s face in the hope of some good news. The next few moments seemed like hours as John waited to hear if the Senator was dead. Beads of sweat formed on Kelly’s brow as he pondered the senator’s fate. “We better get out of here before we are blamed for the senators death,” Kelly uttered.

“Who could have done this?” Louis agonized. Paralyze by fear and hysteria Louis started to hyperventilate.

Kelly could see in Todd’s eyes that the Senator was dead.

Louise screamed hysterically for help. Kelly grabbed Louis and smacked him in the face and said, “Chill out Louis, go get some help.” Kelly demanded.

Kelly pushed Louise out of Penelope’s office and locked the door behind him. “We got about five to ten minutes, if we’re lucky before Louis comes back with every security cop in this building. We need to find out who killed Kevin before the FBI arrest us for the senator’s murder.” Kelly desperately rifled through the Senator’s desk for any clues to Kevin Spencer’s murder.

Todd searched the Senator’s pockets. “Nothing here; anything over there Kelly?”

“No, I can’t find any clues over here. How about the computer?”

“The computer has a security code impossible to break. We got to get out of here.”

“No, wait a minute; give me a pencil or a pen Todd.”

Todd searched through the papers on the Senator's desk for a pencil.

"That's okay, I found one." Kelly lightly scribbled on a sticky pad with the pencil.

"You got anything?"

Kelly ripped off the top page of the sticky pad and shoved the page into his pocket. "I got it; let's get out of here."

Todd and Kelly quickly make their way out of the office. Kelly cast his eyes back into the office saw Senator Anderson still slumped on the couch. "Lock the door from the inside," Kelly screamed. "We got to split-up; we can meet up again at the Washington monument in two hours."

Chapter 32

Confusion dwelled in FBI agent Dennis Peterson's weary mind as he approached the reception desk inside the National Capitol. Dennis has been in many hostile situations before, but never as a suspect.

“Hold it,” a marine demanded as he pointed his gun at Dennis’s head.

Dennis abruptly came to a stop and pulled out his badge and said, “It’s Okay; I am FBI agent Dennis Peterson.”

“Drop your weapon,” a second marine screamed as he quickly approached the agents and placed his Glock pistol to Craig’s temple.

“It’s Okay gentleman we are both FBI agents.”

A second marine suddenly grabbed agent Craig Holloway by the neck and thrust him to the floor.

“What’s going on here?” Craig screamed.

Louise Stetson approached the FBI agents with two armed guards and demanded identification.

“Hold on man; just relax, we are FBI agents, we are in pursuit of a known felon,” Dennis instead.

The guard grabbed Dennis's badge and quickly confirmed to Louis that they were indeed FBI agents.

"Let them go," Mr. Louis Stetson ordered the marines. "They are not the suspects we are searching for." The marines finally holster their guns and release the agents.

Craig and Dennis dusted themselves off while they glare at the two marines. "We are in pursuit of a terrorist named Martinez. He is a leader of an international terrorist group that is planning to kill Senator Jefferson Anderson," Dennis said.

"We just found Senator Anderson unresponsive in his office," the marine grunted.

"Who visited the senator before he was killed?"

"I don't know," an irate marine stated. "You'll have to check with the receptionist Mrs. Janet McFarlane."

"We have to search the Senator's office now." Dennis insisted.

“I’ll escort you to the Senator’s office and arrange for you to talk to Mrs. Janet McFarlane,” Louis stated.

As Louis escorted the agents to the senator’s office, a small group of secret service agents engulfed miss Penelope's office.

“You’re not allowed in this office,” a secret service agent yelled.

“It's Okay,” Louis stated. “These two men are FBI agents, they are pursuing a terrorist.”

The secret service agent grunted at the agents and continued with this investigation.

“What happen here?” Dennis questioned as he looked around.

“The Senator and Mrs. Penelope Baggins have been attached,” agent Jim Fray stated with a condescending attitude in his voice.

“Have they both been killed?” Louis said frantically.

“I am not sure,” agent fray, stated. “They were just transported to Phelps Memorial

Hospital. The Senator and his secretary were both intravenously given a powerful poison.”

“What time did the senator get attacked?” Dennis inquired.

“About an hour ago,” Agent Fray stated.

A guilty look quickly ascended across Louis’s face as sweat trickled down from his brow.

“Let’s take a walk shall we,” Craig suggested as he grabbed Louise by the arm and slowly escorted him out of the office.

The scrawny twenty-three year old neurotic kid had an acne inflicted face, a borrowed clip-on black tie and a disheveled black suit.

Craig suspiciously glazed upon Louis as he interrogated the inept guard.

“Well, Louis what is your story?” Craig badgered the guard.

“I swear I didn’t see anything. I escorted two guys to the senator’s office, but there was a sign on the door that said do not disturb. One of

the guys broke down the senator's door and ran inside.”

“Was the Senator already dead when you entered the office?” Dennis insisted in harsh tone.

Louis mind was besieged with terror as he cried out, “I don't know. The two guys were panicking. They thought that they would be blamed for the Senator's deaths. I panicked and ran out of the office.”

“So the senator was already dead before you entered the room?” Craig said.

“I don't remember; I was so scared that I ran down to the receptionist desk and instructed the marine Captain Hayden that the Senator was murdered.”

Dennis placed his arm around Louis's shoulders and said, “Let's go talk to Captain Hayden.”

Chapter 33

“Captain Hayden? I am FBI agent Dennis Paterson; I have a couple of questions for you.”

A brawny marine flexed his muscles as he stood up from his desk. The marine was an intimidating present with a solid muscular build like a giant. His arms were as wide as Craig's neck and his fists were as big as a softball. Captain Hayden's dark mahogany skin and short buzz cut hair was only eclipsed by his huge square jaw. "Yes, sir," Captain Hayden responded.

"Did Louise report to you that he found Senator Anderson murdered in his office?"

"Yes, sir."

Louise feared for his life as Captain Bryan Hayden's dark coal colored eyes glared into Louis's God fearing soul.

"What did you do?" Dennis inquired.

"I assembled my men and ran to the Senator's office. I broke down the senator's locked door, but the suspects were already gone."

"The door was locked from the inside of the Senator's office?" Dennis Scrutinized.

“Yes, sir. We feared the worst when we saw the Senator slumped on his couch. We checked their pulse, then called the medics.”

Chapter 34

Craig always had a way with women, especially blonde women. Craig was already wooing Mrs. Janet McFarlane by the time Dennis made his way back to the reception desk.

“Oh, this is quite a morning,” The beautiful receptionist said. “I can’t understand why anyone would want to kill Senator Anderson and Penelope.”

Craig glared at Mrs. McFarlane’s, gorgeous body from head to toe. A tight fitting black dress covered her voluptuous body. Her button size nose only extenuated her flawless face. A pink ribbon that tied back her long blonde, only added mystery to Janet's Persona.

Dennis startled Janet as he approached the receptionist’s desk and said, “Mrs. McFarlane, did the Senator have a meeting with anyone earlier in the day?”

Janet slowly turned away from Craig's looming green eyes as she focused on the computer in front of her. "Yes, there were a house representative named Mr. Collin Bates at 10:00 A.M; and a delivery at 10:15 A.M."

"What about the deliveryman; did he go into Senator Anderson office?" Craig quickly inquired.

"No, sir; all deliveries go through the secret service before they are passed on to Miss. Penelope Baggins."

"What about the two men that Louis escorted to the senators office?" Dennis inquired.

According to the computer, two men had a meeting with the senator at 12:15 P.M."

"What were their names?" Dennis abruptly insisted.

"Robert Banner and Kevin Spencer," Janet recall.

"Did you happen to ask for any identification?" Dennis inquired.

“Yes, Janet insisted. “They had special passes issued to them by FBI Director Dexter Framingham.”

Craig was befuddled as tried to figure out why the director of the FBI, would help two Unknown guys gain access to Senator Anderson office.

“Do you have any footage of these two men?”

“Yes, of course sir,” Within a couple of second a video appeared on her computer screen. “These are the two men that were scheduled to meet senator Anderson at 12:15.”

Suspicion crept into Craig’s mind as he watched the video of two men approaching Mrs. McFarlane’s receptionist desk.

“Louis are these the guy that you escorted to the senator’s office just before you found that the senator was attached?” Craig inquired.

Louis was speechless as he shook his head.

“Janet can you zoom in on their faces?”
Craig insisted.

Dennis was bewildered as he stared at a close up picture of the two men. “That is not Kevin Spencer,” Dennis insisted. “Spencer was killed two days ago.”

“If that man is not Kevin Spencer then who is he?” Janet inquired.

“I don't recognized them; I'll call the wizard and ask him to identify these two men,” Dennis insisted.

“Did anyone else enter the senator's office between Mr. Collin Bates at 10A.M and theses two guys at 12:15 P.M?” Craig inquired.

“There where two other men who entered Capitol through the handicapped entrance. One of them was in a wheelchair. They had a special pass issued directly from the Senator Anderson's office. The special passes allowed them to enter the capital without a background check. They we scheduled to meet with senator Anderson at 12 o'clock,” said Miss. McFarlane.

“Do you have any video of these two men entering the capital?” Dennis inquired.

Dennis suspiciously watched the computer screen as a image of a man in a wheelchair entered the Capitol through the handicapped entrance.

“Can you get a closer picture of the tall man pushing the wheelchair bound man?” Craig inquired.

“A perplex look crossed Craig's face as he cast his green eyes on the face of a tall man about sixty year old man with a large nose, high cheek bones and short brown hair.

“What about the man in the wheelchair, can you get a closer picture of his face?” agent Holloway inquired.

“Unfortunately, no his wide brim hat is covering his face,” Janet uttered regrettably.

“That’s okay” I’ll call the wizard, I am sure he can help us identify the suspects.”

Chapter 35

Mr. Albert Kandinsky helped me into my seat aboard my Gulf Stream 500 private airplane. he secured my my wheelchair and strapped himself in for a long flight to Paris France. I love Paris in the spring, especially the blooms of flowers along the Le Seine River and the smell of fresh baked French baguette.

This trip, unfortunately, was not for pleasure. My tormented mind swirled with ambivalence as I read the note senator Anderson gave to me just before I killed him. Jeff swore on his life that father Mansion has the treasure. I haven't' seen my old friend Father Mansion in forty years. My soul was beleaguered with both sorrow and exuberance at the thought of seeing the man that saved my life so many years ago. Unfortunately father Mansion has betrayed me and has transposed from my friend into my nemesis. Sadness lurked in my soul as I return to France to assassinate the man that saved my life.

Today marked the dawn of a new day; a day of my rebirth as a righteous man; pure in

heart and purpose. I shall go forth upon these lands and bring my malice, depravity and wickedness upon my friend Gregory Mansion and alleviate him of his shameful guilt.

I reach for my private phone as my Gulf Stream ascended into the heavens. While I dialed the number, I rejoice on the deadly consequence of this call and for a moment, I am at peace.

“Yes,” The mysterious assassin responded.

“You know what to do, I responded.

“Yes, Where?”

“Washington, D.C.”

“When?”

“Tonight; it must be tonight, clean and quick, but not too fast.”

“How?”

“You’re the expert assassin. Carry out the assassination anyway you want to just make sure the mark is dead tonight.” I hang up the phone and slide into my large leather chair for a nap during the six hour flight to Paris.

Chapter 36

Kelly gasped for air as he ran towards the Washington monument in the warm summer sun. Kelly tried his best to stay inconspicuous as he walked through the historic site to meet up with his friend Todd Beacon. Nagging thoughts taunted Kelly as he tried to regain his strength. “*Who killed Senator Anderson? Was it the international terrorist named Martinez or maybe the assassin was a fellow brother in arms from our old platoon.*” Kelly’s mind was besieged with terror as he pondered if the platoon’s secret had been finally revealed.

The names of John’s fellow comrades flickered in his memory as sorrow swirled in his soul. John’s tortured past was suddenly thrust back into his life. The devilish deeds that Kelly committed during the last great war abruptly resurfaced and placed a stranglehold on his soul. The devilish memories Kelly thought he had suppressed, so long ago with drugs and alcohol, had suddenly resurfaced and lurked inside his tortured mind. Unfortunately

for Kelly, he will never really forget the horror of war. John's horrible memories of the past was abruptly eclipsed when Todd rejoined him at the base of the Washington monument.

“We have to blend in with the other tourists,” Kelly whispered to Todd.

Todd searched the crowd suspiciously and methodically as he wiped the sweat off his brow.

“What happen?” Todd demanded.

“I am not sure; but I don't think we are alone on this quest.”

“What do you mean we're not alone?” Todd nervously pulled out his gun and searched for the FBI.

“No, Todd,” Kelly pleaded as he grabbed Todd's right arm. “Calm down, we are alone for now, but somebody killed Senator Anderson.”

Todd's mind was swirling in paranoia and bewilderment as he said, “Who do you think killed our old Sargent?”

A deceptive smile crossed Kelly's face as a park ranger passed by. Kelly's suspicious eyes followed the Park Ranger till he was out of sight. Kelly whispered to Todd, "I think the senator was killed by someone from our old platoon."

"Wait a minute, You're saying one of our friends from the platoon killed Kevin Spencer and our old sergeant Jefferson Anderson?"

Kelly's felt betrayed and angry at the thought that one of his friends could be a murderer.

Todd's heart flared with uncontrollable rage, resentment and animosity as he uttered, "How could one of our army buddies kill Kevin?"

Kelly felt anger, confused and betrayed as he pondered who killed his friends. Kelly and Todd found shelter from their torment and anguish at McFadden pub.

Chapter 37

Doctor Eric Brown's phone rang for several minutes before anyone noticed. On most days, Doctor Brown and his assistance were dedicated to their jobs and country, but today Jenny Johnson was the life of the festivities. Jenny danced topless on top of her desk as music blared from the FBI laboratory speakers.

Doctor Jenny Johnson was better known by her fellow FBI geeks as "super woman." Voted the most stunning geek in the FBI Laboratory three years in row. "Super woman", graduated top in her class from Massachusetts Institute of Technologies with a Doctorate degree in computer science. She has worked with Doctor Brown for the last three years and is considered the most intelligent agent in the computer division of the agency. In her short tenure as a computer analyst, Jenny has over one hundred and twenty-four confirmed arrests.

Unlike most geeks, "Super woman" was not only very smart, but she was also very ambitious and athletic. Jenny had long

sculptured legs, lean yet curvy body, big blue eyes, soft flowing blonde hair and subtle breast. She was the epitome of a computer geek, pleasing persona, inquisitive scientist and sexy women.

Doctor Brown reluctantly turned down the music after the phone rang for the seventh time and said, “Doctor Brown here, whom may I ask is disturbing our party time?”

“It’s me, agent Craig Holloway; can you hear me?”

Doctor Brown’s head swirled with alcohol and images of naked women as he tried to listen to the voice on his phone, “Who?” the Doctor replied.

Craig’s frustration with Doctor Brown was very apparent as he screamed, “Doctor Brown this is agent Craig Holloway of the FBI.”

The Doctor Brown quickly composed himself and turned off the music and said, “Sorry agent Holloway.” Eric straightened his tie and brushed back his thick salt and pepper hair. “How can I help agent Holloway?”

“I am sending you pictures of two men. We need you to identify them quickly.”

Doctor Brown was an expert at finding know felons even when he was half in the bag. Doctor Brown scanned the pictures through his massive new IBM, biometric database computer. The computer system was interlinked with supercomputers from Interpol, NSA the French DST and MI6.

“The man in the picture you just sent us agent Holloway is named Robert F. Dubinsky. born September 3, 1922, Düsseldorf, Germany. Died Wednesday, June 8, 1944 in Sainte-Mère-Église, France.”

“Died?” Craig stated. “That is impossible that picture was taken today in the Capitol here in Washington D.C.”

“Sir, this computer does not lie. Robert Dubinsky died on June 8, 1944 during the D-day invasion. If you want DNA confirmation, just send me his blood,” Eric said.

Craig snarled in frustration. “We can’t, we don’t know where he is.”

“Maybe Robert Dubinsky has an allies,” Jenny divulged in a sexy voice.

Mrs. Jenny Johnson’s pride shined through as she used the FBI’s supercomputer to find Robert Dubinsky's last know whereabouts.

“Your friend, Robert Dubinsky has an allies. He is goes by the name Albert Kandinsky. He just registered a flight plan for a Gulf Stream 500 private airplane. The Airplane is scheduled to leave Washington D.C. bound for Paris, France in fifteen minutes.”

“What about the man in the wheelchair have you been able to identify him yet?” Craig asked.

Jenny quickly jumped to the challenge and processed the photograph through the FBI face recognition program. Jenny’s pride soon vanished with the sting of humiliation when the computer was unable to find a name for the mysterious man in the wheelchair.

Janet McFarlane cast her blue eyes toward Craig and gestured, “What about the two men

that had the 12:15 appointment with Senator Anderson?”

“Doctor Brown I need you to identify two more suspects for us? We are sending you their photographs now,” Craig inquired.

The enthusiastic smile that adorned Jenny’s face divulged that she was finally victorious. “Their real names are Todd Beacon and John Kelly.”

“How are these two men connected to the murder of Senator Anderson and Kevin Spencer?” Dennis inquired.

“I’ll find out and get right back to you sir,” Jenny uttered.

“I call you when we land in Paris,” Dennis stated.

Chapter 38

Whiskey was Todd Beacon’s Achilles heel. Especially when Todd mixed whiskey and women. Whiskey only acerbated Todd’s depression and rendered him helpless to women. For Todd, alcohol and sex was a drug

he couldn't live without. Todd's consumption of women and whiskey extended far beyond the limits that would have killed most men.

Kelly was powerless when it came to Todd's obsession with women and whiskey. Gorgeous, voluptuous women would fall prey to Todd's charming seduction and become helpless in his labyrinth of tangled lies and deceit. Todd's charm served him well for many years, there were few women that could escape his clutches. That was especially true for the women snatched in his clutches tonight.

Unlike his friend Todd, Kelly had only room in his heart for one woman. A beautiful woman with crimson hair and bright green emerald eyes that lurked in his nightmares.

Kelly drink alone while Todd engaged in his nightly quest for his next midnight lover. Disappear lingered in Kelly's heart as he lamented the murder of another friend and his former sergeant Jefferson Anderson. Desperately Kelly tried to suppress the

Senator's brutal murder as he shot back another glass of whiskey.

John Kelly always loved his old friends from his platoon. He often reflected upon them with a feeling of admiration, love and respect. The only feeling that Kelly felt for his old friends tonight was hate. John shook his head in disgrace as he tried to comprehend which one of his friends killed Kevin Spencer and Jeff Anderson. It's one thing to kill an enemy on the battlefield; but it is something totally different to kill a comrade in cold blood. Kelly's mournful thoughts slowly diminish as his got drunk on cheap whiskey. Drunk, paranoid and angry, Kelly walked out of the bar towards his cheap motel room when he noticed that Todd had snatched another beautiful midnight lover.

Infatuation, lust and whiskey rapidly spread through Todd's mind as the night dwindled towards dawn.

Todd tried his best to disseminate the thoughts of Jeff Anderson's body strewn across

the couch as he took another shot of whiskey. After fifteen shots of whiskey, Todd was still going strong as the light of dawn started to crested over the horizon. The light of dawn crept in through the window of the pub as the bartender screamed, “last call.” Todd and his blonde midnight lover walked over to the bar for one last shot of whiskey.

As Todd walked out of the bar, with his newest midnight lover he whispered, “Your place or mine?” Sex was a powerful drug for Todd, especially when fueled by whiskey. For most men, alcohol was a deterrent for getting a hard on, but for Todd, whiskey was like Viagra. Tonight Todd felt like he has taken at least ten Viagra pills all at once.

Todd's mysterious midnight lover was a ravishing and alluring blonde with a seductive body. She was well endowed with long blonde hair, big blue eyes, porcelain white skin, voluptuous breast and a curvy hips. Her greatest asset was her tantalizing ass that fit snuggle into a tight pair of black jeans. A tight fitting white

silk shirt with frilly collars complement her impressive double D breast.

Guest near Todd's cheap motel were the luck recipients to hear his midnight lover's passionate moaning. The squeaking of his bed could be heard for miles as Todd and his midnight lovers bounce simultaneously on the bed with a vengeance. The foreplay of licking and sucking only titillated the gorgeous blonde. Her head flush with sexual climaxes and whiskey as Todd licked his way down her body. Todd's lips embraced the softness of her boobs as the voluptuous women embraced Todd's butt with both hands. Todd slowly kissed the women's body as she moaned with excitement.

Todd's warmly licked the women between her thighs as she moaned. Todd's desire to penetrate her was overwhelming as he positioned himself for the final act. Waves of rapture, lust, and love engulfed her body till she cried out in orgasm. Todd's lust was not fulfilled yet as he forged on with his manly thrust.

The woman's moaned as she sweated, panted and groaned. Todd's manly thrust became deeper, harder and faster as the women's moaning became more pronounced. The midnight lover swarmed in orgasms as Todd quicken his pace. Todd's quest for lust finally climaxed as their bodies quivered with delight.

Splitters of light from the morning sun, slashed through the darkness of Todd's motel room as the midnight lovers frolic in bed. The dazzling glow of the warm sunlight enveloped their naked, sweaty bodies as moans of lust slowly subsided. Their souls commingled together as lust, whiskey and love entangle their hearts and minds.

Todd turned his face towards the mysterious midnight lover and softly whispered, "I am thirsty for more whiskey."

"Your wish is my command," the woman taunted. The woman filed two plastic cups, she retrieved from the bathroom, with Jack Daniels.

“You know what I love more than whiskey?” Todd hinted as the women walked over to his side of the bed.

“What?” she flitted as she passed him a cup.

“You,” he stipulated as he looked deep into her eyes and drank his whiskey.

She wasn't sure what scared her more, the look of love in Todd's eyes or just the word love. The women smiled back at Todd and drink her whiskey in one shot. The mysterious naked blonde woman slipped under the bed sheets alongside Todd. Todd stretched out his hand to touch her face and smiled. Todd never really felt this way with any of his other midnight lovers.

The beautiful blonde woman in Todd's web of lust tonight was different. Love was a new and strange emotion that Todd fond alluring, fascinating and comforting. Todd's new found emotion suddenly sprang from his lips as he softly whispered in her ear, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” she proclaimed as she quickly picked up a needle and jabbed it into Todd’s right ear.

The mysterious women could see the painful surprise in Todd’s face as she plunged the needle deeper into his brain. She quickly compressed the plunger of the needle and released a strong dosage of Potassium cyanide.

Chapter 39

The mysterious woman specialized in killing men. She has a talent of subduing the male victim into a false feeling of safety, then killed them like a black female widow spider kills her partner after sex.

She was a professional killer that had a foolproof way to murder men. First she lured the man into their bed, have a little foreplay and just before they think they're getting lucky, she would pump them full of Potassium cyanide. Quick and simple. No fluids, very little hair and no words of love.

The mysterious professional assassin had a meticulous technique for removing all evidence. She would start by placing plastic gloves on both hands and then check for signs of life. She used a swab to check under Todd's lips to see if his tongue had turned purple and the lips a light color blue. Next the eyelids were opened and checked with a pen light. A proud smile adorned the assassin's face when she was finally satisfied that Todd Beacon was definitively dead.

She began her ritual of cleaning the hotel room. This part of the assassin's job was very important. The assassin had never been a suspect in any of her twenty-two murders she committed.

As she flipped Todd's body over onto his back, she foolishly looked into his eyes. A twang of regret gleamed into the mysterious woman's heart as she glazed into the eyes of her most recent victim. A touch of sadness crept into the assassin's soul for a brief moment then vanished.

The assassin removed all evidence of the murder. The blonde killer checked the bed and sheets for traces of sperm, blood and hair.

Suddenly, somewhere deep in her heart, she realized that her latest victim was different than her other victims. Foolishly the killer turned Todd over and looked into his eyes just one more time.

The well-trained assassin knew better than to look into the eyes of someone she just killed, but she could not help herself. “*Did he really mean what he said? Did he really love me?*” The word love swirled in her mind as she wiped down all the furniture.

Love was the last word an assassin like her ever wanted to hear. The word love still echoed in her brain as she continued to the bathroom. “*How could he possibly love me?*”

The female assassin has seen a million men like Todd’s before; Just a bunch of horny guys just looking for a good time.

The assassin suddenly stopped wiping down the sink and ask herself, “*Why did I say I*

love you to Todd?” regret infiltrated the mysterious woman’s heart as she pondered her conflicting emotions.

The assassin had committed enough murders to know better than to think about the victims by name. Frustration grew in the woman’s mind as she wiped down the victim with her homemade bleach soaked sponge. The sponge was designed to remove sperm and hair from the victim.

“Why did I have sex with this one? She thought to herself. “Was it the alcohol or was it something else?”

The assassin continued to struggle with her foolish feeling as she pushed Todd back to his side of the bed. The assassin pulled out her secret weapon. It was a small test tube filled with sperm, that she collected over the years. She poured the sperm over Todd’s genital and the bed sheets. It was a brilliant idea she came up with while watching CSI. The assassin used just a dribble of sperm to cover up any unwanted liquids. The sperm also misdirected

the cops into thinking that the guy was having sex with another man. The kicker in the killer's arsenal was a handful of male hair follicles that she sprinkled around the bed.

The mysterious killer suppressed her unwanted emotion from her soul as she finished cleaning the motel room. She removed her gloves, mask and placed them in her plastic bag alongside the used needle. She then walked into the bathroom and put on her blue tinted contact lens. The killer then removed her fake blonde wig exposing her short brown hair. She then placed a fake crimson colored wig snugly on her head. The professional killer redressed and checked herself out in the bathroom mirror. As she walked toward the front door, the killer surveyed the room one last time.

The assassin opened the door with a tissue, then she mistakenly stops and looked back into the motel room. Regret infiltrated the assassin's soul as she cast her big blue eyes upon Todd's dead body strewn across the bed. A small tear trickled down the assassin's

beautiful face as she whispered, “I love you too Todd.” The assassin hastily turned and walked out the front door.

Chapter 40

FBI agent Holloway and Peterson skipped the security line at Dulles airport and boarded Concord flight 183 to Paris within minutes of leaving the Capital.

Dennis contemplated if the three hour trip would be long enough to decipher the events of the day. The agent's mind was plagued with numerous questions. *“Why would a dead German soldier named Robert Dubinsky aka Albert Kandinsky want to kill Senator Jeffrey Anderson? Why would the director of the FBI provide Todd Beacon and John Kelly with fake identification granting access to Senator Anderson? What was the connection between Robert Dubinsky and the mysterious man in the wheelchair? Was the mysterious man in the wheelchair Martinez?”*

Craig's mind swirled with delight as he cast his green eyes on the lavish

accommodation in first class. For agent Hollingsworth, the Concord was a trip of a lifetime. Craig was tantalized by the Krug Brut Vintage 1966 champagne, Waterford crystal and rich beautiful women throughout first class.

The amenities of first class did little to arouse Dennis's curiosity. The thoughts that preoccupy the agent's weary mind were a little bit more problematic. *“How are they going to find Kandinsky once they arrive in Paris? Is the treasure that Martinez is looking for in Paris?”*

Dennis laid back into his leather chair as the concord begin to gain speed down the runway. As the airplane started to cruise at a speed exceeding one thousand three hundred miles an hour, The agent deliberated the connection between Dexter Framingham, John Kelly and Todd Beacon. As Dennis drifted to sleep, he hoped that Doctor Eric Brown and his supercomputer would be able to resolve this mysterious nightmare soon.

Chapter: 41

"Life in Paris was a delight," I whispered to myself as I savor the beautiful Parisian City.

They say that New York City is the greatest city in the world. The truth is only fools that have never been to Paris think that is true. Paris, France is by far the most glorious city in the world, with its shimmering lights, artistic bridges and a multitude of world class dining.

If it were not for the urgency of this trip to Sainte-Mère-Église, France, I would devour all the culture that Paris has to offer me. Unfortunately, time was more pressing than ever. I quickly finished a glass of champagne and nibble on the last piece of foie Gras. I stare up into the heavens as the day slowly relinquished the last rays of light to the darkness of night.

Mr. Kandinsky's timing was excellent as usual. The car he acquired for our trip just pulled up as I wheeled myself to the curb.

"To Sainte-Mère-Église Mr. Kandinsky," I said as I rolled down the back window of the car. My thoughts slowly drifted from the

pleasure of the foie Gras to the pleasure of murdering an old friend.

Chapter 42

Todd usually slept late, especially after a late night of booze and sex. Kelly's temper flared as he pounded on Todd's motel door in an attempt to arouse him from his alcohol induced deep hibernation.

Frustration with his alcoholic friend was reaching an all-time high as Kelly desperately searched for a cleaning lady or a manager. Kelly finally persuaded the assistant manager to use his master key to open Todd's motel room.

“Todd, wake up you drunken fool,” Kelly screamed as the manager tried his second master key.

“Sorry, Mr. Kevin Spencer, but something is stuck in the lock. I have to get a locksmith to open this door,” The inept manager said.

“To hell with that,” Kelly yelled as he kicked in the door. Both men hesitated before entering the motel room as if they were expecting the

devil himself to fly out of Todd's motel room. The room remained dark, even though it was a bright sunny afternoon. A strong smell of ammonia, whiskey and sex filled their nostrils as they slowly advance into the room. The incompetent assistant manger fumbled with the flashlight. Kelly frantically grabbed the flashlight and flashed a narrow beam of light onto Todd's bed.

“There you are, get out of bed you lump of shit,” Kelly snarled as he slowly approached the bed.

The manager stopped two steps short of the bed as Kelly clamored, “Wow, you must really be hammered.” Kelly hastily pulled off the sheets. The tension in the room suddenly erupted as the anxious manager screeched a blood curdling scream that sounded more like a scared thirteen year old girl.

Kelly was suddenly enthralled with grief and anguish as he looked down upon his friend's lifeless naked body.

The assistant manager has never seen a dead body before, even in this low-end rat trap motel. Kelly pulled off the sheets, Todd's brown eyes stared back at them. The horrified manager retreated backwards to the door till Kelly quickly grasped him by the collar.

“Where do you think you're going?” Kelly yelled as he snatched the manager with both hands and hoisted him to his face. Horror lurked in the manager's eyes as Kelly cast his grief stricken eyes upon the manager. Kelly quickly recomposed himself and relinquished his grasp on the manger.

“It's okay kid,” Kelly said as he straightened the manager's ragged suit and pinstriped tie. “Come down, my friend, what's your name kid?”

“Dave, Dave Trumble.”

“Mr. Trumble?” Kelly said in his sweetest voice possible, “Look, kid, my friend is already dead; we don't need to get any cops involved now do we? Calling the cops will not fix anything. I understand your obligation to the

motel.” Kelly pulled out a hundred dollar bill and placed it in Dave’s pocket. “But you don’t realize my predicament.”

Mr. Trumble’s nervous twitch slowly subsided. “Do we have an understanding Mr. Trumble?” Dave’s face was contorted with fear and anxiety as he stared at Todd’s dead body spread out on the motel’s bed. Kelly finally realized that Mr. Trumble needed more incentive as he placed another hundred dollar bill in Dave’s shirt pocket. The added incentive was enough to make David slowly shake his head in agreement.

“Good, you must know someone who can make sure my friend has a proper, but discreet send-off?”

Mr. Trumble shifted his eyes from Todd’s dead body back to the cash in his pocket as he uttered, “Yes, sir, I can take care of your friend very discreetly of course.”

Kelly slowly lowered his lips to Mr. Trumble’s left ear and softly whispered, “Make sure, Mr. Trumble that it’s a nice and quite

send-off or I might just have to come back here and give you a quite send-off.”

“Yes, of course, sir, no problem, I will take care of everything.” Mr. Trumble trembled as he straightened his tie. “I will make sure your friend receives a nice arrangement of flowers at the ceremony.”

Chapter 43

Bewilderment and confusion crept into Dennis Patterson's mind as he walked off flight 183 at the Charles de Gaulle airport. Craig finally caught up with Dennis as they claim their luggage. Four DST agents grabbed the FBI agents, placed black bags around their heads and took them to the French DST Blackout room in Paris.

The agent was forcibly dragged into the secret underground location of the French DST. Rage festered in Craig's heart as the FBI agents were forced into an elevator. As the elevator door opened, they were placed onto a mobile pedestrian walkway that whisk the agents along

a corridor for at least a mile. Finally the agent was forced into a high speed elevator and sent up to the seventh floor.

Once the agent reached the outer office of DST, an agent hastily escorted the FBI agents towards the office of DST director Andre'Rouèche. As agent Peterson tried to adjust to the bright light, he noticed that two highly trained members of the French Armor Marine Brigade, armed with AC-556 high power assault weapons, guarded the only door in the DST office.

Andre' Rouèche has been the director of the French DST for the past thirteen years. Rouèche disliked the FBI just as much as he disliked the British MI6.

Andre cast his suspicious eyes upon the agents as they were thrust into his office.

“Sorry for the inconvenience,” Mr. Rouèche claimed as he shook Dennis's hand. “I just heard from your boss, Dexter Framingham. The FBI director just informed me that you are

on a mission to capture the international terrorist named Martinez.”

Dennis’s felt cynical of the Andre’s true intention as he rubbed his aching wrist. “This flight was a last minute plan. I am sure our director explained to you that Martinez is a suspect in the killing of a senator.”

Andre’ shifted his suspicious brown eyes toward agent Craig Holloway; Craig remained standing in the corner of the Andre’s office looking forbidding.

“Oh, sorry sir, this is my partner agent Craig Holloway,” Dennis proclaimed.

Craig snarled at Andre while his chartreuse colored eyes glared at him with distain. His heart was besieged with bitterness and resentment over the way the French intelligence agency has desecrate him since his arrival on French soil. “The audacity of the DST to treat two FBI agents this way was apprehensive and unforgivable,” Craig proclaimed.

“Charmed,” Andre’ said as he turned away from Craig’s paranoid glare.

“You’re not authorized to be here agent Dennis Peterson,” Andre’ hypothesized in his best possible English. The tension in the office suddenly spiked as André shifted his eyes back to Craig. “Considering the importance of your case and the lecture I got on international cooperation between our country, I am at your disposal.” André's smiled as he used his French charm to hide a rather insincere earnestness for collaboration between the FBI and the French DST.

As director of the French intelligence agency, DST, André had eighteen thousand agents, A twenty-one million francs budget, three hundred thousand gun's, riffle and assort high explosives at his disposal.

Still only forty-eight, Andre had thin brown hair, deep dark brown eyes and a scruffy beard. Most French women wouldn’t consider André ugly, but rather average looking with small ears and pale white skin. But it was his

charming smile and charismatic style that always ensnared most women.

“How exactly can I help your agent Dennis Paterson?” André insisted as he motioned Dennis to take a seat in the large leather chair. Agent Holloway remained firmly and defiantly standing in the corner.

Dennis took a moment to discreetly examine the director’s office. The well appointed office was adorned with several awards, including the National Order of the Legion of Honor and a signed picture of Francois Mitterrand, the president of France.

“We are after this man,” Dennis disclosed as he handed Andre’ a picture. “he name is---”

“Mr. Robert f. Dubinsky AKA Albert Kandinsky. You seem surprised Mr. Peterson? We are not dummies you know; The French DST are very well informed about your true mission here in France.”

Dennis grumbled in frustration. “We have pictures proving without a doubt that Dubinsky

was in Senator Anderson's office less than 8 hours ago.

Andre flipped open a file on his desk. "Mr. Robert f. Dubinsky was born September 3, 1922 in Düsseldorf. He was a member of the German 744th Infantry Regiment under Field Marshals von Rundstedt during the second world war. According to our record, Mr. Dubinsky died in Sainte-Mère-Église, France, June 6, 1944 during the D-day invasion."

Andre slowly leaned back into his leather chair smug in his superiority. The years of studying at Harvard and Oxford intensify André's ability to speak English exceptionally well. Though his English still had a strong French accent, his comprehensive use of the language surprised and intimidated the agents.

Andre loathe the American's swagger and their pompous attitude. The FBI agent's self righteous attitude only infuriated André. Andre's distrust of the FBI made him very apprehensive about telling them the whole truth

about Robert Dubinsky and his association with international terrorist named Martinez.

“The French government has been watching you very suspicious Mr. Holloway,” André snarled viciously as he read from a file. “Craig Holloway, former decorated marine deployment into Vietnam twice then abruptly dishonorable discharged from the Marines for murdering a fellow Marine. Recently graduated from FBI Academy. Assigned to be agent Paterson’s new partner after his previous partner, Agent Roger Campbell, was mysteriously murdered. You where born in Mount Vernon N.Y. Your graduated last in you class at the academy. Andre paused for a moment and chuckled to himself. “It seems, according to this file, you were divorced twice and you have one child that you haven’t seen in years.”

From the smile on Mr. Andre’ Rouèche’s face, it is obvious that he enjoyed taunting agent Holloway.

“Enough,” Dennis hastily snarled. Agent Patterson was furious with André narcissistic attitude.

A cynical smile emerged on Andre’s face as he opened another file and said, Dennis Paterson, son of Katy and Bill Paterson, born Grover, Wisconsin in 1931. In 1940 your mother died of cancer and your father was mysteriously murdered the day of your graduation from the FBI Academy. Last year you were brought up on charges of corruption, bribery and the murder of your old partners Roger Campbell.”

“Okay,” Dennis grumbled. “I don't what kind of game your playing; just tell us the whereabouts of Robert Dubinsky and his boss Martinez?”

André was in an uncooperative spirit as he split his icy glare between the FBI agents. The director of the French DST suddenly became perverse, delinquent and hostile toward the Americans as he stared deferentially back at the agents.

Craig's heart was flushed with anger and contempt as he screamed, “What is Martinez real name and why did he kill senator Anderson?”

Mr. Rouèche felt disheartened at Craig’s sudden outburst. André pondered for a moment before he reluctantly said, “We don’t know Martinez’s real name or his connection to Senator Jefferson Anderson.”

Anger and resentment erupted in Dennis’s soul as he screamed, “I don't believe you director. I think you know Martinez’s real name.”

Andre’s faced turned demoniac as a callus look quickly washed across his face. “We don't know Martinez real name yet, but I do know that there is an agent within the FBI that conspired with Martinez to kill senator Anderson.”

A brutish snarl crossed Craig's face as he screamed, “That is impossible.”

Dread filled Andre’s voice as uttered “according to a CIA report I recently acquired,

there is an FBI agent working with Martinez to hunt down and kill senator Anderson and the remaining soldier from the eighty-six airborne platoon. Unfortunately I don't know the agent's name yet. But I do know that the FBI agent's mother name was Mary Hansen.”

“What is the father's name of the this alleged spy with the FBI?” Dennis insisted.

Andre's heart was full of resentment and rage as he reluctantly uttered, “I don't know.”

A skeptical smirk emerged on Dennis's face as utters, “Where is Martinez and Dubinsky now?”

Robert Dubinsky and his boss Martinez just landed their private plane at a small airport just outside Paris less than three hours ago.”

“Shit,” Craig shouted, as he pounded his fist on André's desk. “You could have told us sooner, You French vindictive prick.”

Anger besieged Andre's mind as he stood up and relocated himself onto the corner of his desk and reluctantly handed Dennis a vanilla

envelope. Hate flared in André's eyes as he retaliated Craig's angry cold stare.

Dennis quickly opened up the folder to see two pictures. "That is your friend Dubinsky," Andre' quickly bestowed as he pointed to one of the pictures.

"Who is this guy?" Dennis inquired in a ferocious voice.

"That is his boss Martinez." Andre confessed as he lit a Cuban cigar.

Dennis stared at André in bewilderment.

"They were taken today," André declared. "we have an agent following them now towards the village of Sainte-Mère-Église. If you hurry, you just might catch him."

Craig and Dennis quickly grabbed their coats and hats and ran for the door before André even has the chance to return to his seat. Dennis paused at the office front doorway and quickly tried to send Andre' Rouèche a sympathetic, but appreciative smile before they walked out of the director's office.

Chapter 44

Frustration flourished in Kelly's heart as he pondered the sudden death of his lifelong friend. Unfortunately, Kelly was unable to express his heartfelt feeling in public. He tried to hold himself together as he wiped away an unsuspecting tear. The brutality of Todd's murder only acerbated an already intense situation.

Fighting back tears of rage, fear and hopelessness, Kelly raced for a bus and deposited seventy-five cents into the slot before he took a seat.

During the bloody battle of the D-day invasion, Kelly witnessed mayhem that has lurked in his soul for the past forty years. The murder of Kelly's best friend brought anguish despair and sorrow that he hasn't felt since the last great war. Many of Kelly's old friends were murdered by German soldiers and died in his own arms.

Kelly tried to avoid making a seine as a thousand thoughts passed through his mind.

“Was Todd murderer by the same assassin that killed Senator Anderson and Kevin Spencer? Maybe Todd was assassinated by the FBI in retaliation for the senator's murder.”

A glimmer of clairvoyance sparked in Kelly's mind as he finally realized that his friends were murdered in retribution for their sins. Kelly's troubled mind was plagued with remorse for the sins that he and his friends committed forty years ago. Though Kelly and his friends desperately tried to conceal a secrets, it was apparent to him that their secrets might have already been revealed. Kelly always knew that they would all pay the ultimate price for their deadly sins. Kelly wept as he realized that today would be his day of reckoning. Despite his desperate attempts to atone for his sins, he finally came to the sad conclusion that he was going to be brutally murdered like his friends Todd and Kevin.

Kelly desperately needed to find out who killed his friends before he was murdered in cold blood. The only person that could help him

was Todd's informant in the FBI Dexter Framingham.

Chapter 45

Kelly searched his pockets for Todd's phonebook. "*Thank god,*" Kelly whispered to himself. At the next stop Kelly jumped off the bus and raced towards a public phone. Kelly's hands quivered as he flipped through the pages. "*That number is no good,*" Kelly grumbled to himself. "*Okay this number should work.*" Frantically he dialed the number. "*I hope he can help,*" Kelly whispered as he waited for the phone to ring.

Kelly was perplex as he listened to a mechanical voice say, "Identification number, please."

"*Identification number,*" Kelly repeated to himself. "Hello, hey is anyone there?"

"Identification number, please," the voice repeated.

Pissed, Kelly hanged up the phone. “What did I do wrong? Kelly said repetitiously as he carefully redialed.

Kelly’s patience was running thin as he listen to the mechanical voice say, “Identification number, please.”

“Shit, again, what I am going to do now?” rage festered in Kelly’s mind as the mechanical voice repeated, “Identification number, please.”

“Shit,” Kelly screamed. Dread and anxiety washed through Kelly's mind as he hung up the phone again.

Kelly stammered around the phone and pulled out Todd’s phonebook and looked at the number again. “What, is this some kind of stupid jokes? Leave it to Todd to screw up this number.”

Kelly redialed the telephone number again and patiently waited. Frustration erupted in his soul when he heard the mechanical voice repeat, “Identification number, please.”

Inundated with rage, Kelly thrust the phonebook to the sidewalk. A gust of wind kicked up and turned the pages. In the far right corner, written in Todd's handwriting, was a code 85-pdf*847b.

Kelly grudgingly picked up the phonebook and dialed in the code. "*I feel like a fool,*" John muttered as he waited for a response.

"Please hold....,"

"Todd is this you?" a voice cried out from the phone.

"No, sir, it's his best friend John C. Kelly."

"John, where are you?"

Bewildered, John contemplated his next words carefully.

"I am going to get you John, stay right there, someone will pick you up in two minutes."

The line suddenly went silent. Panic swirled through Kelly's mind as he apprehensively hanged up the phone. Drowning is a sea of paranoia and confusion,

Kelly pondered the thought that the FBI would eliminate him before he could be rescued by Dexter Framingham.

A black sedan stopped at the curb. A tall, dark man climbed from the car and placed a black bag over John's head. John screamed frantically as he was brutally hit over the head.

Terror rushed through Kelly's Semi-conscious mind as the car dashed into the darkness of Washington, D.C. John's horrifying screams did little to release him from his captors.

“The FBI must have tapped that phone line,” Kelly theorized to himself. *“they must think that Todd and I killed the Senator.”*

Terror lingered in Kelly's heart as the black sedan drove around Washington, D.C. for an hour. Kelly finally realized that his kidnappers could be the same assassins that killed his friend Todd Beacon. Kelly begged God for forgiveness for his sins as he waited for his eminent brutal murder.

Kelly thrashed around the back seat as the mind numbing effects from a Taser ricochet through his body.

Tears trickled down Kelly's face as he slowly accepted his imminent demise and subsequently dissimulation over the New Jersey countryside like a piece of cow crap.

While John waited for the cold hand of the Reaper, he reflected on his violent, brutal and sinful life. Remorse and guilt lurked in John's soul as he desperately struggled for freedom.

Just as the car started to slow down, Kelly finally accepted his pending doom. John did not have anyone to say goodbye too, except his estranged daughter and the women with crimson colored hair that invaded his nightmares.

The sadness and loneliness of Kelly's life flashed before his eyes as he was forced from the car. A heavy blunt object rendered John unconscious.

Chapter 46

The smell of Cuban cigars and 10 year old oak barrel aged bourbon filled Kelly's nostrils as he woke from his horrible ordeal. John thought he would wake up dead or worse yet in an illegal CIA holding cell in some god forsaken third world county. Kelly slowly opened up his eyes to see a large oak library brimming with leather bound classic books like Moby Dick and Tom Sawyer.

Beads of sweat crept from Kelly's forehead as a knock reverberated from a large oak door. A small white women dress in a French maid outfit entered the library with a glass full of brandy. "Monsieur will be with you momentarily."

Kelly casually walked about the library as he sniffed the warm Hennessy cognac.

A thunderous voice bellowed out, "Kelly is that you? I thought you were with Todd? Where is he?"

Kelly's brown eyes gazed upon Todd's twin.

"Who are you?" Kelly quested.

“Oh, sorry, please sit down, my name is Dexter Framingham.”

Suspicion crept through Kelly’s soul as he sipped some cognac.

“Where is Todd? Last I heard he was with you, running from senator Anderson’s office.”

Kelly gasped on his cognac, “You know about that? What are you the FBI or CIA?”

Dexter smiled and said, “I am Todd’s cousin. I am his informant and helping hand in the FBI.”

Kelly sat back in his chair and took another sip of cognac as he observed Dexter’s unique clothing attire. Antelope leather jacket, worn cowboy boots, a black shirt, a pair of blue jeans and extra wide brimmed cowboy hat. Dexter’s choice of wardrobe seemed a little out of character for someone related to Todd Beacon. Dexter had the same charisma and flamboyant personality that was so prevalent in Todd Beacon’s persona. Unlike his cousin, Dexter was obviously substantially more prosperous than Todd. Amongst Dexter’s prize

possessions was a custom made Patek Phillips watch, a large gold ring from Texas A&M College and a large bronze bracelet with the initial DTP etched in gold.

“Funny, Todd never mentioned that he had a cousin.”

Dexter’s dark green eyes shimmer as he laughed. “That's okay, I don’t tell my friends about Todd. Seriously, where is he? It’s like he has vanished off the face of the earth. Even the agency can’t find him anywhere.”

Kelly sipped more cognac as he suspiciously looked upon Dexter. An attractive young man in his late thirties, maybe forties with thick, glorious wavy brown hair, perfect straight teeth and a sculptured face of an angle.

“You don’t trust me do you Kelly? Todd always said you were always cynical. Okay, I will level with you, I have been with the FBI for over twelve years and I was recently promoted to Director of the bureau. I have been protecting Todd’s ass for the last ten years.”

It's obvious from the skeptical look on Kelly's face that he still didn't trust Dexter Framingham.

“Do you remember that time you guys got caught trafficking pot over the Mexican border?”

Kelly barley remembered the drunken weekend three years ago.

Dexter smiled and chuckled. “Remember Todd made a call from a Mexican jail and suddenly all the evidence disappeared? That was me.” Dexter took a sip of cognac and made himself comfortable in a large leather chair.

“We didn't kill Jeff, he was already dead when we got there. We thought someone else killed the Senator,” said Kelly.

Dexter chuckled. “I know I removed your names off the report.”

“You're not here to kill me or put me in jail for the Senator's murder?”

“Murder?” a surprise grin spread across Dexter's face. “The Senator is not dead.”

“What? I was there, the senator is dead.”

“No, Kelly Senator Jefferson Anderson is alive and well.”

A surprise look quickly crossed Kelly’s face as Dexter turned the television.

John cast his green eyes towards the television and saw that his old sergeant was still alive.

“Despite the rumors that were floating around earlier today, I can assure you all that I am alive and well. There was no attempted assassination on my life,” Senator Anderson divulged to a group of reporters.

“What about the rumors Senator,” a report quickly injected. “That you and your lover Mrs. Penelope Baggins committed suicide?”

“That is outrageous. There was no suicide and there is no sexual relationship between me and my secretary Mrs. Penelope Baggins.”

“That’s all we are going to say for now,” The

Senator's aide said as he jumped up to the podium.

Kelly was speechless as he contemplated how to tell Dexter that his cousin was dead.

Despair and anger swelled in John's heart as he told Dexter that Todd Beacon was murdered in a hotel room last night.

"Shit," Dexter screamed as he threw his glass of cognac against the wall. "Are you sure?"

"I saw his body early this morning, I am sorry."

"Oh, that's all right; I am surprised Todd lasted this long. He probably died with a glass a whiskey in his hand and hot baby in his bed."

Dexter poured himself another glass of cognac. Kelly smiled and toasted his friend Todd Beacon.

"Okay, it seems to me we need to get you out of D.C. Kelly."

“No, I need to talk to Senator Anderson, he is the only one that knows who killed my friends and why.”

“I think your right Kelly. For the last year I had the senator under twenty-four hour surveillance.”

Kelly’s eyes widen in shock and his face suddenly went cold as he uttered, “Do you suspect Senator Anderson killed my friend Kevin Spencer?”

“All we do know is that the DNA found at Kevin’s murder scene was traced back to a man we only know as Martinez. I have yet to discover what connection there is between Kevin Spencer, Martinez and senator Anderson. I suspect it has to do with your old platoon.”

“You think the senator hired Martinez to kill friends of mine from the eight six Airborne platoon? Why would the senator want to kill members of his old platoon?”

“I don’t know, I was hoping that you could tell me John.”

Kelly's face was flushed with rage. For the past forty years he has kept the platoon's sins secret. He had no intention to reveal any of the platoon secrets, that he swore to protect, to the director of the FBI. John knew that if he wanted to find out who murdered his friend and revenge their deaths, that he was going to have to keep the platoon's secret hidden from the prying eyes of the FBI.

"I don't know anything, but I need to find out who killed my friends. I got to talk to Jeff Anderson now."

"Okay, I will arrange a meeting, maybe the Senator will confess that he is responsible for murdering my cousin or Kevin Spencer. You'll have to wear a wire."

Feeling of torment and sorrow swirled in Kelly's heart as he poured himself a glass of Hennessy cognac. Kelly was dubious as to Dexter Framingham's role in the murder of his friends. The furtherance of Kelly's pledge to vindicate his friend's murder left him with little choose but to trust Dexter for now.

Chapter 47

The lights of Paris twinkle in the moonlit sky as Albert drove my car north. The Eiffel tower dazzling in white light made my heart jump for joy as we drove along the northern bank of the Seine River. Mr. Kandinsky turned right onto Rue Henry de la Vaulx. the mighty tower slowly shrank into the nights horizon as Albert drove me to the village of Sainte-Mère-Église.

The dawn's spender broke along the French coastline as we passed the village of Bayeau. The name brought back memories of another life and death. I swore to myself that I would never go back to Sainte-Mère-Église again. The closer we got to the Normandy beach, the more those distant memories of blood and mayhem creep back into my heart.

I drift back in time. It is a Sunday night June 6, 1944 when the nightmare first started. I could smell the salty air of the English channel as my friend Robert Banner and I flew from England to France. The low clouds over the

French countryside made it impossible for us to parachute acutely. My fellow soldiers and I missed our targets by miles and were scattered across the German occupied French countryside.

I was just a nineteen year old country boy looking to kill some Krauts. I signed up to the draft when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I was assigned to eight six Airborne under brigadier General James Gavin.

We were the toughest guys in the world. Six thousand paratroopers jumped five hours before the D-day invasion started. Our intended target was a strip of land on either side of the Merderet River.

I could hear the pounding of the German anti-aircraft fire as we parachuted into the French countryside. Many of the troops were scattered; I got stuck in a tree along with my friends Robert Banner and John Kelly.

Chapter: 48

Albert Kandinsky suddenly jolted the car to an abrupt stop and said, “Sir, we have arrived in the village Sainte-Mère-Église.”

I slowly woke from my hellish dream and saw the beautiful town of Sainte-Mère-Église in front of me. I noticed that the children were playing in the towns green as Mr. Kandinsky helped me into my wheelchair. I sat there for a moment as I ponder how much prettier the town looked since the last time I was here.

The late spring sun caressed my scotched face with warmth that I haven't felt in years. The fragrance of the sea swirled around us as we pass by the warm and charming people of this small French village.

My favorite white linen suit and a white vest with copper buttons caressed by scarred body while a pair of shiny leather shoes caresses my feet.

My friend wore a Brunello Cucinelli designed blue pin striped suit. A pair of cufflinks crafted from Russian brass bullet

shells. The souls of Albert's feet were caressed with Oxford leather shoes.

Albert's usual tough outer expression slowly melted in the warm sun. The salty breeze whisked away the black clouds of hate that had engulfed Al's soul for the last forty years.

Tears of joy trickle from Albert's eyes as we joyfully revisit the town where we first met. Though the moment only lasts a second, I could see the warmth and charm that Mr. Kandinsky once had as a young boy, before the horrible war, rejuvenate in his soul.

For that brief moment, I could see past Albert's war torn shield that cloaked his innocence soul. Tarnish, scorn and beaten by age, Albert's once strong impenetrable shield was now fragile. Beyond Al's fragile shield, buried deep in his soul lingered love and his real name; a name I haven't spoken in forty years; Robert Dubinsky.

Mr. Albert Kandinsky slowly pushed me along the rue Des Ecoles' quaint café and stores

that line the streets of this tourist filled town. Forty years ago the village of Sainte-Mère-Église was besieged by the evil clutches of the German Third Reich. During the D-day invasion American and British troops, attacked the German Forces at the nearby Normandy beach.

I banished a smile when I saw the statue of the Airborne soldier dangling from the steeple of the Église Notre-Dame-de-L'Assomption church. The villager's erected the statue of a paratrooper dangling from the church's steeple as a tribute to American heroes who liberated the town forty years ago.

We entered the church and quietly walked towards the confessional on the left side of the church. Bright sunlight shined through the stained-glass windows and created a colorful light display that danced on the floor of the church. “Mr. Kandinsky does this church bring back any memories?”

“I rather not remember those dark times.”

“Yes, I understand, but this is where our friendship started so many years ago.”

“Yes, sir, but this is also where the deception, lies and treachery started.”

I slowly bow my head, “Yes, that is the truth my friend, but if it wasn’t for the priest, both of us would be dead.”

Kandinsky's jaw clenched in rage and his eyes blazed with hate.

“Relax Mr. Kandinsky; we are here to say hello to our old friend.” I looked into Albert’s deep blue eyes and saw only malaise. Though Alberta looked more like a ferocious giant rather than a middle age man, his body was riddled with burns and scars. His scars were more than skin deep. Lurking in his sole were painful scars that would never heal.

Chapter 49

Mr. Kandinsky opened the door to the confessional and helped me onto a wooden chair. Albert's face was full of apprehension.

“I will be all right; why don’t you take care of our friend that has been following us since we left Paris? He is probably lonely.” I grab Mr. Kandinsky left hand as he started to leave. “Please Mr. Kandinsky, don't kill him, he is not part of our plan.”

Mr. Kandinsky shook his head in agreement and shut the confessional door.

Chapter 50

DST agent Fredric Gregorian drove agents Paterson and Holloway to the village of Sainte-Mère-Église in the in the northwest corner of France.

Dennis was bewildered by Andre’s accusations that there was a FBI agent working for Martinez. Dennis pondered for a moment if his new partner had conspired with Martinez to kill senator Anderson. Though Dennis did a through investigation into Craig’s past, he found no abnormalities and quickly dismissed the idea that Craig was working for Martinez.

“How did Andre’Rouèche know so much about you? Is anything thing Andre said about you back there at DST office true?”

“Rage flared in Craig’s mind as he lit a cigarette and said. “He is just a French prick. Was Andre telling the true when he accused you of murdering your old partner?”

Dennis was agitate by Craig’s intervention into his life. He lit a cigar and said, “What happen in the past, no one can change.”

The bright light of Notre-Dame Cathedral was a blur as agent Fredric Gregorian drove past the famous church. Dennis took a drag of his cigar, rolled down the window and exhaled. His thoughts drifted like the smoke back to Paris. *“How could director of the French DST know so much about my old partner’s murder? I thought that my secrets were safe from the prying eyes of the FBI and the DST. “It would be a shame if I had to kill Andre’Rouèche to insure that my secrets remained concealed.”*

The car suddenly turned onto boulevard Marechaux. Dennis scratched his chin and took

a deep drag of his cigar and pondered to himself, “*Was Andre lying about an agent in the agency working for Martinez?*”

The Car quickly dove beyond the city of light and into the dark French countryside. Craig puff on his cigarette said, “Who do you think is working for Martinez? My money is on doctor Eric Brown.”

Dennis pondered Craig’s theory and said, “What make you think that Andre is telling the truth. Maybe there is no FBI agent working for Martinez.”

“Why would Andre lie? Anyone in the agency, including yourself agent Paterson, could be working with Martinez.”

A scornful look crept over Dennis’s face as he uttered, “I was just thinking the same thing about you agent Holloway.”

Chapter 51

The door creaked as the priest slowly walked into the confessional. “Bless you my child; are you here for a confession?”

“Yes, father,” I uttered.

The father bowed his head and prayed. “In the name of the Father, and of the son, and of the Holy Spirit.”

“Forgive me for I have sinned. My last confession was forty years ago,” I confessed.

“What mortal sins have you committed my son?”

“I have killed several of my old friends and covalent all their possessions.”

“How many times have you committed these sins, my son?”

“It wasn’t murder, father, it was revenge.”

“My dear child, murder is always a sin.”

“The men I killed were deceitful killers and thieves.”

“My son, you are still committing a sin. Killing a man for his transgressions is a sin. Only God can judge these men for their sins.”

“I punished them here on earth first; then God will punish them in hell for their sins.”

“My poor son; how could you, only God can decide who is to live and who is to die.”

I sit back in my chair and contemplate the words that the priest conveyed.

“You’re also guilty for the sin of pride,” the priest bestowed.

I lean my face toward the screen that separates me from the priest. “Pride, the sin of vanity and arrogance was their sin.”

“In order for you to receive repentance for your sins, my son, you must be truly penitent of your sins and resolve not to commit them again. You must be truly sorry for your sins. I don’t believe you’re sorry for your sins, my son.”

I hesitantly bow my head. “I can’t be penitent father. I am not sorry for committing my sins, those men deserved to die.”

“I am sorry my son; I can’t resolve you of your sin. You don’t sound interested in getting penance for your grave sin. Please leave the confession.”

Just as the priest started to close the screen I scream, “I am not sorry for my sins father, but I’m afraid that I might be committing another sin right now.”

I jump into my wheelchair and throw open the confessional doors. Rage suddenly erupted in my soul I drag the priest out of the confessional and thrust him into the church’s pews.

Despair and sorrow engulf the priest as he looked into my dark gloomy eyes. A horrified look loomed in the priest’s eyes he gazed into my eyes.

“My god!” The priest groaned as he cast his eyes on my tortured, ratchet and deformed body. I can see the reflection of my hideous face in the priest’s terrified eyes as he stared at me in repugnance.

Before the war I was a youthful, impressionable and honest young man with a young beautiful wife and pretty daughter. Now I am scared, hideous and repulsive. My once charming smile that use to light up a room, has

been replaced with a disfigured snarl. The only thing that they didn't take away from me was my deep brown eyes.

“How dare you come in here and disturb the house of god,” The priest threatened.

I slowly relinquish my grip on the priest's robe while I contemplate how I am going to deprive Father Gregory Mansion of his life. I gaze upon my old friend for the first time in more than forty years. The middle aged priest still retained his good looks, deep green eyes and short blond hair. The only things that have changed was the priest's long sideburns, pencil thin mustache and his larger potbelly.

“Why have you come back here my son?” The priest pleaded. “Haven't you seen enough death in your life already?”

“Yes, I have seen my share of blood, my hands are covered in it,” I sobbed as I open my palm of my hand toward the priest.

“I didn't teach you to kill; I tried to heal you of your animosity and to teach you to love,” The priest lamented.

I violently thrash my fist on the arms of my wheelchair and scream, “love! There is no love in my soul anymore, just betrayal, insanity, hate, revenge and death.”

The priest bows his head as he slowly wept. “You need to learn how to forgive those who have trespassed against you.”

I slowly maneuver my wheelchair closer to the priest. I reach out my sympathetic hand and slowly lift his head. “I am trying my father, but I am weak.”

“You’re not weak my child, it’s all right here,” the priest gasped as he pointed towards my heart.

I chuckle and proclaim, “Love may be in your heart father, but there is no love in my heart.”

The priest reclaimed his strength from the Holy Spirit and stood up from the floor of the church and said, “Stay with me my friend, let me mend your broken heart.”

“No,” I scowled. “ I still have revenge to spread.”

The priest stretched out his left hand, touched my face and brushed away a tear. “I beg you my son, please no more sin.”

I look up at the priest and remember the man who helped me in my bleakest hour and said, “I am sorry father, but God has placed me on this course to bring revenge upon the men that betrayed me.” I pull away from the father’s loving hands and look into his weary blue eyes and pleaded, “Father what sin have you committed?”

“What sins I have committed?” The priest inquisitively replied.

“There is blood on your hands father; you have committed sin.”

A guilty expression spread over the priest’s face.

“I know you have sinned, father, now it's time for your confession.” I grab the priest and throw him into a nearby booth. I pull out my

gun and aim it at the father's head and screamed, "It's time for you to confess your sins father."

A horrifying look lurked in the priest's eyes as I slowly pulled back the hammer of my gun and pointed it at his head.

The priest bowed his head and slowly cried, "Forgive me god for my sin."

"I want you to confess your sins to me. Where is the treasure? I know you helped them smuggle it out of the country? What was the price for your sin? How many people have to die for your sin father?"

"I don't know what treasure you'r talking about my son."

"Father, don't lie to me. I just talked to your old friend Jeffrey Anderson."

Bewilderment festered in the priest heart as uttered, "You didn't kill Jeff, did you?"

A sinister laugh echoed throughout the vast empty church. "I already punished Jefferson Anderson for his sin. Tell me where

the treasure is before I punish you for your sins father.”

“I just helped them smuggle it out of the country.”

“Liar, you’re just as guilty as they are; where is it?”

“Montreux.”

“Who? Who is Montreux?”

The father broke down and softly cried, “Not who, where; Montreux, Switzerland.”

Chapter 52

Smoke from a Cuban cigar swirled around the Senator Jefferson Anderson’s crystal chandelier as he stared at a signed painting of Kees van Dongen’s *Le Coquelicot*.

“Honey, what's wrong?” said Penelope.

“I am sorry, I was just thinking,”

“What are you thinking of my lover?”

The Senator’s smile quickly faded to trepidation as he remembered the horror that he

and Miss. Baggins endured at the hands of a know terrorist named Martinez.

“Nothing, just enjoying this lovely painting.”

“Don’t bullshit me senator, that lie may work on other Senators, but it’s not working for me. Are you thinking of that strange man in the wheelchair again?”

The Senator relived the moment he looked into the cold, dead eyes of a phantom from his past. Animosity and anxiety filled the Senator’s heart as he remembered the face that has lurked in his nightmares for the past forty years. A ghost of a man he once called a friend has sudden reappeared.

“Honey, Why did those men try to kill us? Do you know who they are?”

The Senator was a crafty politician skilled at manipulating everyone, but when it came to telling his lover, Penelope Baggins, a lie he was helpless.

For years, Senator dreamt of the day he would be able to hold Miss. Baggins in his arms. Jerry couldn't help but love the women of his dreams. Penelope's long flowing hair, hypnotic eyes and curvy body bewitched the senator's mind.

“The man in the wheelchair was a dead man from my past. He brutally killed my friend in an attempt to procure a treasure that he thinks I possess,” the Senator confessed as he stared into the eyes of his lover.

“Come over here baby, I will vanish away your fears.”

Penelope's smile seduced the Senator back into her loving arms. When the Senator encroached upon his lover's side, he paused for a moment to gaze upon Penelope's ravishing naked body stretched across a his sofa. Jeff was tantalize and aroused again as he caressed her sexy legs and her voluptuous breast. Her warm smile and luring eyes enthralled Jeff into Penelope's loving brace. The warmth of her body dissolved the Senator's fears while her

smoldering lips disseminate his apprehension. Penelope's soft touch compelled the couple into a lust filled intimacy for the rest of the night.

Chapter: 53

“Excuse me, sir, we are here,” DST agent Fredric Gregorian's softly whispered.

Agent Craig Holloway slowly woke from his slumber and shaded his dark green eyes from the glaring light of the morning sun.

Dennis Paterson woke from his lofty dreams and opened the car door. Life slowly tumbled back into his ocean blue eyes as he looked around the village.

“It's around eight A.M.; we must hurry up,” Craig bellowed as he stretched and yawned himself awake. The bright sunshine from a early morning sun cascaded down from heaven onto the church's steeple in the center of the village.

“Where are we?” Dennis inquired as he scratched his beard. The smell of cigars and three day old coffee still lingered on Dennis's

breath. His hair was disheveled and his once neat long sleeve blue shirt was now unbuttoned and raggedy like a bum on the street of New York.

“The village of Sainte-Mère-Église,” said Fredric.

Fredric was a young Frenchman from Lyon, France and a recent graduate of the DST’s training camp outside Salzburg. Agent Gregorian was a bright, witty and charming Frenchman with a chipped front tooth, cheerful amber colored eyes and a straggly beard that adorned his freckled face.

Only in his twenties, Fredric had a distinctive fashion style and a pair of black frame sunglasses that extenuated his general good looks and bestowed a touch of mystery to the his demeanor.

Craig was still grumpy and groggy from his three hour trip from Paris. The agent was still wearing a disheveled pair of gray Dockers and a black t shirt he put on four days ago.

“Why are we here?” Craig inquired as he scratched his four day old beard.

“Andre’Rouèche radioed me forty minutes ago and told me that Robert f. Dubinsky aka Albert Kandinsky was observed entering the village’s church,” Fredric proclaimed.

Dennis abruptly withdrew his 357 Magnum handgun and Craig extracted his Smith and Wesson pistol.

Craig shook his head and chuckled as he cast his blue eyes on his partner’s gun.

“What?” Dennis inquired. “At least with my gun I can hit a guy fifty feet away.”

“Yeah, sure,” Craig chuckled, “but there wouldn’t be much left of the poor bastard for Doctor Brown to the examine.”

Agent Gregorian seemed nervous as he stared dishearteningly at the two FBI agents with two of the most powerfully hands in the world already cocked and loaded.

“Sir pleases; I don’t want to be known as the DST agent that allowed two FBI agents to kill a French citizen by mistake”

Dennis and Craig looked at each other, shrugged then reluctantly placed their guns back into their holsters.

“Follow me,” Fredric Gregorian demanded as he lead them down a side street toward the center of the village.

Agent Gregorian slowly approached the village green and pointed at a black Cadillac parked nearby. “That car belong to your suspect Robert Dubinsky. The car parked in front of the church belongs to a DST agent.”

A confused look quick crossed Dennis’s face as he stared at the blue car and said, “I don’t see anyone in the car; we need to get closer.”

The agents converged on the car like cats approaching their prey. Craig became more suspicious the closer they get to the car.

Fredric worst fears were horribly realized when they saw a DST agent slumped in the front seat. Dennis checked, the agent for a pulse and whispered, “He is alive, but barely.”

“What happen to the DST Agent?” Fredric insisted.

“It looks as if he was placed in stranglehold till he was unconscious. Our suspects must be close by,” Dennis said.

Agent Gregorian turned towards the church and saw a suspicious large man standing just outside the front door. “That is the terrorist we are looking for,” agent Gregorian stated as he glanced at the photo of the suspect.

“Let’s go,” Craig demanded in a stern voice.

“Stop Craig. You can’t just shoot this guy in board daylight with all these people around. We need to find his boss Martinez,” said Dennis.

“I will go,” Craig quickly volunteered.

“No,” Dennis insisted. “Let agent Gregorian do it.”

Dennis pulled out a cigarette and handed it to Fredric and said, “Just walk up to the suspect and ask him for a light.”

The agent took the cigarette and uttered, “Then what do I do?”

Dennis smiled. “If he is our man, signal us by touching your nose with your finger. We will take care of the suspect ourselves.”

“Okay, but please don't kill any French citizens, it wouldn't go over well with the international press.” The Frenchman stood up and casually walked towards the church.

Dennis and Craig pullout out their weapons and hid behind a car.

Fredric slowly swaggered across the street and onto the town's green.

Craig's hands started to sweat as he waited anxiously for Fredric to slowly walk towards the church.

“Relax,” Dennis scolded Craig. “This will work.”

Fredric walked without a care in the world as he approached the large man. As he got closer, he noticed that the suspect has a large scar over this left eye. Anxiety grumbled in his belly as he continued with his little charade. Fredric casually pulled out a cigarette from his jacket and looked directly into the suspect’s face.

“Vous avez du feu?” said the DST agent.

The suspect was obviously very suspicious of agent Gregorian, but lit the cigarette anyway.

“Oh quelle belle Léger que vous avez, c'est que l'allemand,” Fredric committed about the suspect’s large metal lighter. Suddenly the suspect pushed Fredric to the ground. Trepidation quickly erupted in Fredric’s heart as the terrorist pulled out his Glock and pointed it at his head.

Fredric continued to play his role as an innocent villager. “C'est quoi CE bordel, je voulais juste une lumière?”

Fredric thought he was going to die when he heard the first gun shoot. He soon realized that the bullets that hurled over his head came from Dennis's 357 magnum pistol.

The suspect and the FBI exchange gunfire as Frédéric scrabbled behind a large oak tree.

Fredric's heart was filled with a plethora of emotions as Father Gregory Mansion emerged from the church with a Lugar pistol pointed at his head.

“Haut, police Française,” Freddy screamed over the gunfire. Fredric's hands shook as he aimed his gun at my head. Albert saved my life again as he leapt in front of a bullet from Fredric's gun. The bullet missed me and hit Albert's left arm. Albert discharged several bullets towards agent Gregorian as father Mansion and I climbed into my black Cadillac. Hastily Albert discharged another bullet into the DST agent's arm as he climbed into the car.

Dennis and Craig refilled their weapons as they ran toward the church. The wheels on

Kandinsky's Cadillac screeched as he tried to run over agent Holloway and Peterson. A barrage of bullet hit the Cadillac as it screeched out of sight.

Craig and Dennis finally caught up with Fredric and carry him back to their car. "Let me look at that," Dennis demanded.

"That's okay" agent Gregorian said. "It's just a scrap." Gilt plagued Fredric's heart as he berated himself for missing his chance to catch Albert's boss.

Dennis pulled out two cigarettes, lit them and passed one to Fredric and said, "Who was that man in the wheelchair exiting the front of the church?"

"That guy in the wheelchair was your terrorist named Martinez and the large man standing in front of the church was Robert Dubinsky," Gregorian said.

"You saw Martinez's face?" Dennis demanded.

Fredric took another drag and slowly exhaled and said, “Yes, but Martinez face was burnt and scared.”

“We got to call your boss Andre and have him track Martinez,” Dennis insisted

Dennis looked inside the car to see that the radio was shot to pieces. “Well, that’s just great. Now we have to run back to our car and radio Andre’ Rouèche. Hopefully Andre will be able to stop Martinez and Dubinsky at the airport before they leaves the country,” Dennis insisted.

chapter : 54

John poured himself another glass of cognac and settled down in a leather chair in Dexter’s library before a roaring fire. It was almost sunrise, but Kelly's mind still swirled with to much anger to sleep. As he sipped his cognac, he dreamt of the Last time he saw his old friend and former commander Jefferson Anderson. It was June 1944, Jeff was the commander of the eighty-six Airborne platoon and John was a young airborne soldier. John

and his fellow brothers in arms were preparing to parachute jump into German occupied France. The night sky was filled with exploding German artillery fire from the Wehrmacht, the German armed forces of the Third Reich.

John and his fellow airborne soldiers were blown off course and landed just south of the village of Sainte-Mère-Église.. A squad of German infantry armed with MP-18 submachine surrounded Kelly. Through thick clouds of gun smoke, John scabbled on his hands and knees, for shelter behind a stone wall. Though his hands trembled in fear, John took careful aim and slowly pulled the trigger of his new colt 45.

Blood erupted from the German soldier's heads as the bullet from his gun disseminated their brains. John was thrilled by his first murder. Kelly quickly developed a lust of blood as his mind swirled with thoughts of glory, heroism and pride. A smile adorned the soldier's face as he cast his green eyes upon his first confirmed kill. John searched in haste to

find more German to kill before his imminent death.

Hundreds of Airborne soldiers descended from heaven. Their fluttering parachutes swayed in the breeze like leaves cascading down from a mighty oak tree. As the airborne platoon parachuted through the smoke filled skies, German snipers pick them off one by one. Their bloody bodies crashed to the French soil like rocks falling from the sky. Rage feasted in John's heart as he tried to save his friends from being brutally murdered. Regrettably John watched in horror as his friend Private Daniel Osborn became snagged in an oak tree. Bullets from a German machine gun slaughter Kelly's friend before his eyes. A stick grenade, or as the Brits called them "potato masher," exploded in front of John. The grenade impeded his chance to save Daniel. As the smoke cleared Kelly could see Daniel's lifeless body dangle from the oak tree. Private Kelly drooped to his knees and wept.

Four Germans soldiers dashed out of their jeep and rushed towards John. Terror engulfed his heart as he prayed to god to save his life. God answered Kelly's prayers when sergeant Jefferson Anderson released a barrage of bullet upon the enemy. Jeff thrust Kelly to the ground just as a German potato masher exploded two feet away. The potato masher mangled John's chest and arm as blood trickled down the side of Jeff's face. Bleeding to death, the soldier pondered the possibility that they were about to die. Their lives were suddenly spared when corporeal Robert Banner and private Todd Beacon grabbed the injured soldiers and carried them to the safety of a nearby barn. John and Jeff quickly became great friends as the medic's attend to their wounds.

Chapter: 55

Albert and I barely made it back to our private airplane before DST agents were able to intercept us. Fortunately for me, I hired the best pilot money could buy. Within minutes we were

in the air and far away from the FBI and the DST.

My soul was burdened with despair as I contemplate my reunion with Father Gregory Mansion. I wish my visit with my old friend could have been more dignified and cheerful.

“Why did you bring the father with us?” Albert inquired. “I was hoping I would have the chance to kill him.” Albert’s eyes flare with rage as the priest shivered in fear.

“No, Albert. We can't kill the priest, at least not yet. Beside we should thank the priest for bring us together so many years ago.”

“The priest betrayed us. We should punish the French bastard, for the sins he has committed. Let me kill him now. I have waited forty years to take my revenge upon the priest for his lies and treachery.”

I contemplated Albert’s request to kill the priest. “*Maybe Albert was right, maybe I should let him kill father Gregory Mansion for his sins.*” After careful consideration I said, “No, I

am sorry my old friend, but I need the priest alive for now.”

Al’s heart was besieged with malice as he yearned for retribution. I yearned to kill my old friend just as much as Albert did, but I realized that we needed the priest to find the treasure.

Albert’s dark thoughts slowly subsided as he pondered the fate of the two FBI agents he came across at the church. His dark, cold eyes were filled with dread as he stated, “What about the FBI agent?”

“Don’t worry about the FBI agents; I hired an assassin to kill them. Tell the pilot to change our course from Dulles International airport to the Geneva international airport in Switzerland.”

“Geneva international airport?”

“Yes, Albert, The priest confessed that the treasure is hidden in Montreux, Switzerland on the Lake Geneva shore.”

Chapter: 56

Agent Craig Holloway entered Andre' Rouèche's office with a chip on this shoulder and an attitude in his voice. "What the hell is your problem?"

"Relax," Dennis said as he grabbed Craig and pushed him into a chair.

Despair lurked in Craig's green eyes as he stared defiantly at Andre and growled, "How did you miss Martinez and Robert Dubinsky? We called you two hours ago and told you he was on his way to the airport."

Andre' Rouèche slowly collected himself and sat back into his comfortable leather chair and stated with an arrogant French tone, "I sent my best agents to the airport once we got your phone call, but we missed him by just a few minutes."

"What the hell are we going to do now?" Craig shouted.

Andre casually sat back and put his legs onto the corner of his desk. "We have notified your boss Dexter Framingham, the CIA, MI6

and Interpol. Don't worry, we will find him. He is probably flying back to the Dulles airport.”

“No way, this guy is too smart; we’ll have to cast a wider net to catch Martinez and Dubinsky. We must search airports in other nearby counties if we are to capture Martinez,” Dennis insisted.

A gentle knock on the door temporally disturbed the tension that was mounting in Andre’ Rouèche’s office. “Enter,” the director said. The office door opened and exposed a beautiful blonde woman dressed in crisp white uniform. Dennis and Craig quickly jumped to their feet as the woman entered the room.

“Excuse-moi le capitaine nous a juste obtenu ce à partir du FBI.” The blonde woman's handed a vanilla envelope to André then promptly turned and walked out of the room. Even after the door was closed the two agents stood there mesmerized.

“Gentlemen, please sit”

“Who was that?” Craig insisted.

“Oh, that’s Private Barnett. She is one of our most trusted agents. I just received more information about Robert Dubinsky from my friend Doctor Eric Brown.”

A peculiar look swept across Dennis’s face as he asked, “You know Doctor Eric Brown?”

A pretentious smile crossed Andre’s face as he chuckled, “yes of course, Eric and I are old school buddies from our days at Harvard.”

Craig was perturbed by Andre’s snooty French attitude. The agent snatched a black and white photograph from Andre and screamed, “Who is this?”

“That is Robert f. Dubinsky. His is Martinez’s right hand man. We suspect him of twelve murders, kidnaping, human trafficking and the man responsible for father Mansion’s capture earlier today,”

“The boy in this picture is too young to be Robert Dubinsky,” Dennis injected.

“This is Robert f. Dubinsky’s SS picture. He was only seventeen when this picture was taken.”

Craig’s patients were running thin as he snarled at Andre and said, “How do you know that this young man is Dubinsky?”

Andre’Rouèche sat there with an air of confidence and superiority, inherited in most French people, and proudly said, “We know a lot more than the FBI does about Martinez and Dubinsky.”

“Are you sure this old picture is Dubinsky?”Dennis insisted.

“Captain Robert Dubinsky entered the Waffen-S.S. On January 3, 1939. That’s Heinrich Himmler standing right next to Robert.” Andre insisted as he pointed at the old photograph. “Captain Dubinsky was part of the 4th Panzer Army under the command of General Walter Fries. I recently stolen a report from the Germany’s Counterintelligence agency. In the report farther Gregory Mansion declared that a German soldier named Robert

Dubinsky and an unknown American soldier both died in his church on June 8, 1944.”

“Well, it’s obvious that the priest lied about Dubinsky death in 1944; we just saw him alive today,” Craig said with cynical tone.

“My theory is that father Mansion lied about Dubinsky and the unknown American soldier’s death. The priest then used his connection in the French resistance to smuggle both of the soldiers out of France. The soldiers then assumed new alias, Robert Dubinsky took the alias Albert Kandinsky and the unknown American soldier took the alias Martinez,” Andre theorized.

A stunned look crossed Dennis’s face as inquired, “What was the name of the unknown American soldier father Mansion smuggled out of France?”

André sat back down in his chair, A cynical look crossed his face as he said, “We don’t know the American soldier's name, but I believe that he is the international terrorist we know as Martinez.”

“If your theory is correct, why would Dubinsky and Martinez abduct the priest that saved their lives forty years ago?” Craig inquired.

“Remember what Kevin Spencer said in that video he made?” Kevin claimed that Martinez was searching for a treasure. Maybe the priest was abducted because he knows where the treasure is located,” Dennis insisted.

Agent Paterson’s mind was swirling with anxiety. “Do you know what treasure Martinez is searching for Andre?”

“I don't know.”

“Liar,” Craig snarled. “How is the priest connected to Martinez and senator Anderson? You know more about Martinez then you tell us.”

Agent Paterson thrust his partner into a nearby chair. Rage festered in Craig's heart as his eyes gleamed with malices.

The room was instantly engulfed in terror as Private Barnett broke through the director’s

office and pointer a gun at agent Holloway's head.

“It all right agent Barnett,” Andre insisted please arranged a car to bring the agents to the airport.”

Andre shook Dennis's hand then escorted the agents out of his office. Andre then extended his hand towards Craig. The agent was still suspicious of Andre, but reluctantly shook his hand. Andre quickly pulled Craig closer and whispered in his ear. “I know that you don't trust me agent holloway, but your going to need my help to uncover who in the FBI is working for Martinez. Call me when your ready to hear the truth.” A cunning smile adorn the director's face as he discreetly slipped a note into Craig's hand.

Chapter 57

The passengers onboard flight 709, at the Charles de Gaulle airport, were full of rage and resentment when their flight to Dulles international airport was abruptly stopped on

the tarmac. Andre Rouèche used his considerable authority to stop the FBI agent's flight. Agent, Barnett was greeted with hostile looks as she boarded the airplane and delivered a note to the agents from Andre. The note informed the Americans that Andre has traced Robert Dubinsky and his boss Martinez to Geneva Switzerland. Andre arranged for Miss. Barnett to escort the FBI agents to the Geneva international airport aboard his private plane.

Craig Holloway was in heaven as he boarded Andre' Rouèche's Dassault Falcon 900 airplane. The Dassault airplane was able to cruise at six hundred miles an hour, easily making their trip from Paris to Montreux Switzerland in less than an hour.

For Craig, this was the most delightful forty-five minutes of his life. The first-class accommodation aboard the Concord paled in comparison to Andre' Rouèche's private Dassault airplane. The private jet was adorned with dark leather bucket seats, fur lined walls, surround sound system, a fully stocked bar, a

disco ball and even a seven two inch flat screen TV.

Craig couldn't keep his eyes off agent Katherine Barnett as she opened a bottle of 1953 Louis Roederer Cristal champagne and poured it into three crystal cut champagne glasses.

“A toast, to new friends,” Mrs. Barnett said as she raised her glass of champagne.

A smile washed over Craig's face as his heart was enticed by the lovely Mrs. Barnett. Katherine Barnett was the most beautiful French woman Craig had ever seen. Her long, razor thin legs were cloaked with black knit stockings. A custom made Yves Saint Laurent black dress hugged her curves nicely. Her long eyelashes, long blonde hair, flaming red lips and manicured red nails complement her crystal blue eyes. A platinum necklace and a pair of golden earrings complete the DST agent's modern hip attire.

The French DST agent was fresh from military training. Katherine had special training

in military weapons like the semi automatic Barrett M82A1 assault rifle. The resourceful, intelligent and ambitious agent also had a black belt in jujitsu and could kill both FBI agents in 3.3 seconds.

The French DST specialized in espionage, human trafficking and weapon smuggling. Her first assignment was to infiltrate an Albania cartel that was responsible for human trafficking and gun running. Her assignment was to find the mysterious leader of the cartel and assassinate him. The mission was a complete success when Katherine single-handedly killed the leader and three other terrorist in less than three minutes with just a six inch blade.

Katherine or kitty as her friends like to call her was the perfect combination of courageous agent and sexy women. Despite Craig's charm, Kitty was far too smart to fall for his one-liners.

“Andre told me to help you any way possible,” Private Katherine Barnett insisted as she opened a bottle of 1953 Cristal champagne.

“Why Montreux?” Craig inquired as he stared uncontrollably at Katherine’s well rounded breast.

“According to André, the French DST was able to track Martinez’s private plane to Geneva airport.”

“Yeah, but what made André think your terrorist would go to the town of Montreux instead of Geneva or Bern?”

Careful kitty contemplated her thoughts before telling the agents the truth. “An undercover French DST agent has infiltrated the Martinez operation and has provided Andre with twenty-four hour surveillance of the terrorist organization.”

Dennis choked on the champagne and uttered, “Why are you telling us about this only now?”

Mrs. Burnett’s face contorted with rage as she stood up and screamed, “I am sorry agent Paterson, but we are not always allowed to exchange information with foreign spy agency.”

Craig was furious with Andre' Rouèche as he screamed. "It's very irresponsible of your boss to withhold information from us on a terrorist that we have been tracking for two years."

Miss. Barnett's face was flustered with rage as she screamed, "Mirué, I have never deceived you or your agency. Don't tell me the FBI, never tried to keep secrets from the French DST."

The private jet was suddenly engulfed in bitterness and anxiety as Katherine sarcastically snarled at the two FBI agents.

Dennis felt ashamed as he slowly whispered, "I am sorry agent Barnett."

Katherine quickly regained her usual smile and French charm and whispered, "The director has to be very carefully how much information he may provide to you. If Martinez or Dubinsky even suspected that there was a spy in their terrorist organization, our agent would suffer a fate worst then death."

“What is the name of the DST agent that infiltrated Martinez organization?” Dennis inquired.

“I am sorry, but I can’t tell you that mesuré. I can tell you that Martinez is searching for a very valuable treasure.”

“How do you know so much about Martinez organization agent Barnett?” Dennis inquired.

Katherine sat down in her leather chair and said, “I was the first French DST agent to infiltrate into the Martinez terrorist organization.”

“While you were embedded in Martinez’s organization did you ever find out what Martinez’s real name was?” Dennis inquired.

“No, Robert Dubinsky found out that I was a DST spy and tried to kill me. Fortunately, I was able to escape to London, England before he could kill me.”

The twenty-six year old agent shivered in fear as she remembered Dubinsky’s angry eyes.

Katherine took another sip of champagne and whispered, “After my cover was blown, Andre’ Rouèche placed another agent into Martinez’s terrorist group.”

“I wonder if the treasure that Martinez is looking for is the same treasure Kevin Spencer mentioned in his video before he was killed,” Craig theorized

“I recently received informed from the undercover DST agent that Martinez is headed to the Chillon Castle in Montreux, Switzerland,” said Katherine.

Chapter 58

A soft glow from the full moon cascaded upon John Kelly as he stood silently at the Washington monument. A brisk breeze shivered Kelly as his reflected upon all the mayhem he endeared in his life. Kelly smiled as he cast his eyes on the Washington monument. It was Washington’s military leadership that motivated him to join the military. John joined because he felt it was his patriotic duty to stand up and defend American against the evil of the Third

Reich. Kelly thought he was engaged in a battle with evil once again, an evil enemy that killed his friends Kevin Spencer and Todd Beacon.

Jefferson Anderson approached the Washington monument and bellowed, “Captain John Clark Kelly.”

Kelly was petrified as he cast his green eyes upon his old sergeant Jeff Anderson. Kelly didn’t know if he should cry, laugh or salute as he brushed away an unsuspecting tear from his eyes.

“Is this the type of soldier I taught you to be, captain? Stand up straight and suck in that gut,” Jeff commanded as he punched Kelly in the gut.

Kelly stood at attention, fearing that he would be court-martialed if he moved a muscle. Kelly finally laughed and shook the hand of the man that saved his life forty years ago.

“How are you doing Jeff?” Kelly asked apprehensively. “I thought you were dead when I saw you at your office.”

“I heard that a lot today, but I assure you I am alive.”

“Why is someone trying to kill you?”

“Let’s walk.” A cynical smile crossed Jeff’s face as he suddenly morphed back into a slick politician and tried to skirt the issue.

Kelly suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked at Jeff in disbelief. “I don’t know what’s going on here, but two of my friends are dead and I think you’re behind their murdered.”

“Please be quiet,” Jeffrey whispered as he hugged his friend around the shoulder. “Let walk.” the Senator smiled like a politician running for office.

“I don’t want to walk. I want answers.”

“Okay, Okay, calm down boy you’re going to get in some very big trouble if you continue on this road you’re--”

“Did you hear me?” Kelly quick interrupted. “Two of my best friends are dead and I want to know who killed them right now.”

“I heard about your friend Kevin, but I had nothing to do with his murder.”

“Liar,” Kelly scoffed in a hateful voice.

The Senator stopped and cast his brown eyes upon Kelly and said, “Have I never lied to you Captain?”

Kelly finally calmed down and lowered his head as he softly said, “No,” in a shameful and resentfully voice.

A mysterious look crept across the Senator face as he ranted, “I may have done many bad things, but I have never killed anyone, except those fucking Germans of course. I swear, I had nothing to do with killing your friend Kevin.”

“Kevin Spencer and Todd Beacon were both brutal murder and I think you hired an assassin named Martinez to kill them,” Kelly snarled.

“I didn’t know that private Todd Beacon was murdered.”

Kelly's eyes swelled up with tears as he explained to the Senator that his friend Todd Beacon was murdered last night in a motel.

The Senator's heart was engulfed in grief and despair as he mourned the loss of Todd Beacon. "Do you know who killed Todd?"

"I think your responsible for the assassination of my friends Senator."

"No, that is crazy Kelly it's not me. I swear I had nothing to do with Kevin's or Todd's murder. Martinez tried to kill me yesterday. He is a terrorist and murderer. I swear to you I didn't hire anyone to kill your friends."

"If you didn't hire Martinez to kill my friends then who did?"

The Senator quickly cleared his throat as sweat trickled down his face. "I think the man that killed your friends and attempted to kill me was a private in our platoon."

A bewildered look crossed Kelly's suspicious face as he uttered, "What was the private's name?"

“I don't know. Martinez is now scorched and burnt. It was impossible for me to identify him, but I do remember his eyes.”

An angry look crept across Kelly's face as he gazed at Senator Anderson. “You're still lying to me; I can tell when a politician is lying to me.”

“I am not lying Kelly. I think Martinez was a private from our old platoon. I am sure that he is responsible for your friend's murder.”

Kelly threw Jeff against the Washington monument. His eye flared with rage as he pulled out his 357 Magnum pistol and pointed at the Senator's head. “Why did Martinez try to kill you in your office yesterday?”

Jeff's heart was besieged with remorse and regret as he uttered, “Martinez wanted me to reveal the platoon's secret. I lied to him and told him to visit father Gregory Mansion in the village of Sainte Mère Église France.”

Frustration festered in Kelly's heart as contemplated if his old friend was lying to him again. Kelly pointed this gun at the senator's

head and asked, “Did you reveal the platoon’s secret?”

“No,” the senator pleaded. “The platoon’s secret is still concealed. I swore an oath forty years ago to never reveal the platoon’s secret to anyone, just like you did Kelly.”

Kelly’s mind drifted back forty years. It was June 6, 1944. That was the day that Kelly conspired with Jeff Anderson and his fellow bothers in arms to commit several heinous and unforgivable sins. Kelly trembled in fear as he finally realized that he was going to pay for those sins with his life.

“FBI director Dexter Framingham suspects that you hired Martinez to kill my friends, why should I believe you Jeff?”

The Senator’s face was riddled with fear as he said, “Don't trust Dexter. He is a ruthless bastard. I think the director of the FBI has conspired with Martinez to kill our friend.”

“You’re lying again. You're up to something. If I find out that you were involved in the murder of my friends, I am going to

murder you with my bare hands.” Kelly grabbed the Senator by the throat and forced his gun to the Senator’s head.

“No, please no,” Jeff Anderson screamed in horror. If you don't believe me find your friend Robert Freeman in Ottawa Canada. Freeman can prove to you that Dexter conspired with Martinez to kill your friends.”

Kelly’s eyes flared with malice as he pointed his gun at the senator’s head. “You’re lying to me again senator, Robert Freeman is dead.

“No, Kelly your friend Robert Freeman is not dead. He faked his own death in 1950, moved to Ottawa and changed his name to Thomas Pain.”

Chapter 59

Senator Anderson’s hands trembled as he poured himself a glass of whiskey. The glow of the full moon pierced through the windows of his Georgetown home as fear gripped his troubled mind. It’s been forty years since D-day, but he could still remember the faces of all

the German soldiers that he murdered during the second world war. Though Jeff has stared at the face of Reaper before, he has never been so scared until he looked into Martinez's eyes. Trepidation lurked in Jeff's soul as he poured himself another glass of whiskey. Despite the scares and burnt marks on Martinez's disfigured face, Jeff could still remember those eyes. They were the eyes of a man he knew was killed forty years ago.

Fear crept back into Jeff Anderson's heart as he reflected on the worst day of his life, June 6, 1944. He fondly remembered the brave soldier of the eighty-six airborne platoon. Pride, honor and loyalty were in the hearts of all those brave soldiers that made the ultimate sacrifices for the country they loved.

The sergeant remembered the youthful man he once was in 1944. Back then the sergeant had thick, wavy brown hair, a rock hard belly and spring in his step. The sergeant's youthful body contradicted drastically from the

gray hair, arthritic knees and flabby belly that stared back at him in the mirror now.

"Those were the days," Jeff thought to himself as he poured himself another glass of whiskey. Jeff was a young soldier trying to survive a brutal war..

The sergeant fondly remembered leading a group of young soldiers of the eighty-sixth Airborne platoon in the D-day invasion. The Sergeant was only twenty-one. Just a naïve, innocent kid from Brooklyn responsible for turning thirty new recruits into killers.

The Senator remembered the young, acne filled face of every soldier in his platoon. An unsuspected tears trickled into his whiskey as he remembered leading boys no older than seventeen to their death. They were brave boy, ready to serve their country and died if they must to protect the greatest country on the planet.

The memory of forty years ago infiltrated Jeff's mind as recalled the faces of all those dead soldiers. The senator softly fell asleep in

his leather chair and dreamt of the mayhem he lived through on June 6, 1944.

“Captain Novak,” The Sergeant Anderson yelled.

“Yes, sergeant Anderson sir.”

“Get your men together captain Novak, we are heading east along this road.”

“Yes, sir sergeant Anderson.”

“I will take these ten men to this pointed on the map. You take the rest of the men and cover our right flank captain.”

“Yes, sir,” the captain said as he ran toward his troops.

“Corporal Robert Banner front and center,” Sergeant Anderson bellowed.

Corporal Spencer saluted his sergeant.

“Enough of that Corporal I know that you used a fake name to enlisted in the army son because your underage.”

“Yes, sir but I-”

“It okay kid, I don't blame you for wanting to kill some krauts, but what name would you

like me to call you Robber Banner or your real name?”

A smile adorned the corporal's face as he proudly said, “My real name is Kevin Spencer”

The sergeant smiled back at the corporal and said, “All right corporal Spencer, unrolled your map. I want you to take these ten men and head to this road. We are here. The town we are invading is ten minutes away in enemy territory. Take your men to the right side of the road and I will lead the other ten soldiers to the town on the left side of the road.”

“Yes, sir,” Corporal Spencer replied as he saluted the sergeant again.

“Corporal Spencer, keep your butt down there are thousands of krauts out there that would love to blow your ass off corporal.”

“Yes,” the Corporal chuckled with a large grin on his face.

The march to the village of Sainte Mère Église was a slow and tedious journey. The German artillery shelling illuminated the night

sky as Anderson and his airborne troops trudged their way to the village.

The Sergeant Anderson's squad came under heavy fire. The men scatted for shelter as German machine-gun fire erupted from behind a grove of elm trees. A barrage of bullet pulverized the German as Corporal Spencer's squad came to Sergeant Anderson's aid.

“Glad to see you Corporal Spencer,” Jefferson screamed.

“Yes, Sir Sergeant Anderson.”

A flash of headlight suddenly appeared as another German patrol added their gunfire to the battle.

“Retreat your men back behind this wall Corporal Spencer,” the Sergeant ordered.

“But sir, we can take them now Sergeant.”

“No corporal, retreat. We will take them on each side of their flank as they chase after us.”

Realizing the sergeant smart maneuver, the corporeal order his men back behind the wall.

The sergeant plan was to draw the German troops closer to the wall than attack them from both sides. The sergeant brilliant strategy hit the German with deadly precision. The twenty German soldiers were soon fragmented into tiny bloody pieces within minutes. The Sergeant's plan was successful, but not without some deaths and injuries.

“Corporal, get your men into that warehouse building over there now.”

Once safe within the warehouse building, Sergeant Anderson ordered Corporal Kevin Spencer to inspect and heal the injured soldiers.

The Sergeant looked around to find that several members of his group had survived the German patrol attack. “Captain John Kelly and Private Todd Beacon, secure this warehouse,” Jefferson bellowed.

It finally became clear to Jefferson Anderson that it was here at the warehouse that he first met the mysterious man in the wheelchair that now calls himself Martinez. Unfortunately for Jeff, he still couldn't

remembered the private's name, but the memory of the private's brown eyes where burnt into Jeff's soul.

“Private,” The Sergeant yelled. “Check out the right side of this building and secure it.”

“Yes, sir,” The private said as he ran.

The next hour was the most momentous moment in Sergeant Anderson's life.

“Sergeant Major Anderson over here,” Corporal Kevin Spencer yelled.

As the Sergeant approached Corporal Spencer, he feared it was another dead soldier. The Sergeant pushed aside a couple of soldiers that had gathered around a pile of wooden crates. For a moment the Sergeant stood there in silence as he cast his brown eyes upon the crates. From that moment on, Jeff Anderson's life was forever changed.

Greed grasped hold of the Jefferson's soul as he stared uncontrollably at hundreds of wooden crates stacked on the warehouse floor.

“German patrol,” a private yelled.

Sergeant Major Anderson quickly mobilized his platoon into attack formation. A lust for mayhem and murder enshrouded Jeff's mind as he prepared his men for another skirmish and their possible death.

“Get down private.” The sergeant yelled as he grabbed the private's arm and screamed, “Are you trying to get yourself killed?”

A small patrol of Germans approached the warehouse unaware of the airborne troops inside. Silently, using only hand signals, the sergeant ordered Corporal Spencer, Private Todd and the rest of the platoon to approach the warehouse door from the other side of the building.

Sergeant Anderson and his platoon laid in wait as the Germans opened the warehouse doors. The soldiers took aim and waited for the sergeant's order to fire. The sergeant was a patient, well trained killing machine. With a swift flick of the sergeant's hand, the soldiers let out a hailstorm of bullets.

The unsuspecting Germans fell quickly to their death as the bullets pulverized their bodies. German blood soon flowed like a small red stream down the warehouse drain.

The American soldier's victory was rapidly dissipated as they turned their attention back to the wooden crates.

“What are we going to do about the wooden crates?” The private inquired.

John Kelly used his bloody bayonet to pry open a wood crate to reveal the treasure inside. Greed enthralled the platoon as they gazed upon the treasure inside the wooden crates.

Greed penetrated sergeant Anderson's soul as contemplated stealing a fortune hidden within the crates. “Corporal Spencer, secure that truck. Private Beacon and John Kelly transfer these wooden crates in to the truck. We are stealing the treasure for ourselves.”

Sergeant Anderson's men cheered as they rapidly gather hundred of wooden crates full of riches beyond their imagination.

As he slowly woke from his nightmare, Jeff started to cry. He soon came to the realization that he would soon be brutally murdered because of the sins he committed forty years ago. Tears trickled down Jeff's face as he contemplated how many people's lives were cut short because of his choices that day. For the last forty years, Jeff' has been tormented for the sins he has committed in 1944. Soon Jeff will answer to god for his sins when Martinez takes his revenge upon him.

Chapter 60

Plagued by Senator Jeff Anderson's depravity for human life, John Kelly returned to Dexter Framingham's secret converted convent on Connecticut Avenue. The front of the convent was a legitimate church set up by the FBI for nuns. The back of the church was a secret unofficial FBI blackout room. The staff consisted of loyal agents hand-picked by director Framingham himself.

The secret blackout room was the perfect secret location for Dexter to conduct illegal

operations. Dexter used his secret blackout room to spy on members of Congress, conduct illegal gun smuggling, drug trafficking, torture suspects and laundry money.

As director of this unknown, sheathed and cloaked operation, Dexter had the resources, money and sufficient agents to take over a small country. The secret blackout room was integrated with the latest technology, including a supercomputer and the latest spyware. The church was the perfect cover from which to conduct illegal wire taps on all the Senators, especially Senator Jefferson Anderson.

John Kelly felt anxious as he walked past two heavy armed guards and a steel plated door into Dexter's office. The office was stripped of any furniture or decor except a large wooden table and Dexter's large leather chair. A computer and a large monitor adorned the wooden table. The windowless room was shielded from every known listening device which enabling Dexter to enjoy the luxury of

not being spied on by his competition; The CIA.

A suspicious look crossed Kelly's face as loomed over Dexter's shoulder and watched the video of his conversation with Senator Anderson. Kelly was besieged with rage again as he watched himself in the video yell at his former sergeant.

The violent vehemence between Kelly and Senator Jefferson Anderson amused Dexter as he sipped his whiskey. An arrogant look covered the slick politician's face as he tried to circumvent Kelly's inquisition. The Senator looked pompous and arrogant. John Kelly looked enraged with madness and on the verge of killing the Senator. Dexter chuckled as he watched two former friends skirmish in front of the Washington monument. The scene was on a knife's-edge when suddenly Kelly erupted into absurd psychotic hysteria and threatened to kill the Senator.

The video finally stopped and the light came back on in Dexter's office. Dexter was

truly macerated by the Senator's lies and betrayal.

“The senator claimed you hired Martinez to kill my friends Kevin Spencer and Todd Beacon.” Animosity crept into Kelly's soul as he pulled out his pistol and aimed at the director's head.

“What are you going to do Kelly kill me?” The director chuckled as he took another sip of whiskey. “Put down that gun you fool. I didn't hire Martinez to kill your friends. Why would I kill Todd? Todd was my own flesh and blood?”

Kelly's mind swirled with rage and bewilderment as he pondered the validity of Dexter's statement.

“Calm down Kelly. I loved Todd, I would never kill him; he was my only cousin.”

“Why would the senator accuse you of hiring Martinez?”

“Here take a glass and think things over before you kill me. I have proof that senator Anderson is working with Martinez.” I have

taped a conversation between Martinez and senator Anderson right after Kevin Spencer was murder. Listen to this tape before you decide to kill me John.”

A perplexed look crept across Kelly’s face as an ominous voice from his past bellowed from Dexter’s speakers, “I just killed Kevin Spencer for his sins.”

A look of horror crept across Kelly’s face as he screamed, “I know that voice. That is the same mysterious voice that called me four days ago.”

“Yes, I know Kelly we have been bugging your phone for the last six months. We have tried to trace Martinez’s call to the senator, but came up with nothing. I have a strong suspicion that the Senator hired Martinez to kill your old friends. My theory is that the phone call from Martinez to the senator was confirmation that the hit was complete.”

“If the senator hired Martinez to kill my friends, then why did Martinez try to kill him less then two day ago?”

A perplexed look slowly emerged on Dexter's face as pondered Kelly's question.

“I don't know, maybe the senator reneged on paying Martinez for killing your friend.”

Kelly's troubled mind swirled with animosity and bewilderment. “Why did the senator tell me to find my old friend Robert Freeman? Robert Freeman died in accident almost forty years ago?”

“I don't know how to tell you this Kelly, but the senator wasn't lying Robert Freeman is alive. I have an FBI agent watching Robert Freeman in Ottawa right now. I need you to go to Ottawa and bring Robert Freeman to Washington D.C. Maybe he will be able to inform us why the senator is involved with Martinez.”

“That's impossible, I couldn't get past the border even if I wanted to.”

“I'll take care of that,” Dexter boasted as he sat down at his computer. “First, I'll create you a fake passport and first class ticket to

Ottawa. Once you're in Ottawa, my agent will help you find Robert Freeman.”

“What am I going to do with Robert once I find him?”

“Tell your friend that I will rescind all outstanding warrants for his arrest if he agrees to testified again senator Anderson.

“Okay,” Kelly regrettable, said. “When do I go?”

Dexter’s printed an authentic looking passport and first class tickets to Ottawa and said, “Your airplane doesn't leave till eight tomorrow morning.”

“Eight in the morning? Where I am supposed to stay tonight?”

“You can stay here of course; we have world-class accommodation on the third floor.”

Kelly was very skeptical of Dexter’s involvement in the murder of his friends. Suspicion swirled in John’s troubled mind as he pondered who was lying to him, his old friend

senator Anderson or the director of the FBI
Dexter Framingham.

Exhausted, fatigued and dingy, from traveling across three time zones, Kelly wondered into Dexter's luxurious appointed penthouse. Kelly hastily peeled away his disheveled green plaid shirts, worn Levi jeans, a pair of tightie whities and a pair of worn converse all-star sneakers onto the floor of the penthouse as he raced for the shower.

The warmth of the shower melted away feeling of bitterness and resentment that lurked in his soul. Though he was severely deprived of sleep, Kelly took a couple of minutes to remove the six days of dirt that he has accumulated since leaving Urbana Illinois.

Wiping away the mist from the mirror, Kelly could clearly see that his once thick, red beard had faded and turned gray. For the pasty forty years, Kelly watched as the gray hairs quickly infiltrated and proliferated within his beard till there was almost no color left. Kelly stared back at the old man in the mirror and

wondered where the last forty years of his life went. Kelly drifted back and remembered all the dreams, hopes and aspiration he once had as a young man, before the war. Now the only thing that he has left was child he never saw, a nagging ex-wife, two murdered friends and a gray beard. Gloom and despair has saturated his sole, for the past forty years and left him feeling hollow and alone. John walked over to the bar and reach for the only thing that seem to relieved the pain and suffering. Kelly drank a bottle of Jameson whiskey and descended to his nightly dream of a girl with crimson hair, green eyes and curvy hips.

Chapter 61

From the windows aboard my private airplane, I could see Lake Geneva as we descended towards the Geneva international airport. A quick trip from Paris to Geneva was over before I could even finish my first martini. My passengers, father Mansion has been very cooperative and silent. My friend, Albert

Kandinsky on the other hand, was hostile and agitated.

Albert was malevolent as he stared at the priest like a lion watching a gazelle. Unfortunately, I couldn't allow Albert to kill the priest, at least not yet. I needed the father to gain access to the treasure buried in the Chillon Castle in Montreux, Switzerland.

A hefty bribe to the security officer and a Swiss customs officer eliminated the problem of smuggling the priest into Switzerland.

Albert's persistent threat to kill the priest at any moment insured his full cooperation.

My private secretary, Mrs. Jennifer McGraven, procured a wardrobe to replace the priest's robe. The father's new attire consisted of a new pair of smart-looking trousers, a tweed sports jacket, a colorful polo shirt and a playful pair of Penny Loafers.

The resort village of Montreux was only a half hour train ride along the shores of Lake Geneva. Mrs McGraven accompanied me to our private cabin aboard the twelve O' clock train.

Mr. Kandinsky followed closely behind with father Mansion clutched in his hands. The village of Montreux was ideally located on the boards of Switzerland and France and hosted the Montreux jazz festival every summer. Unfortunately, we were not in the village for jazz, but for something more important.

Chapter: 62

The late spring travel season was at its peak along the Swiss lakeside town of Montreux. The flower gardens along the banks of the lake were in full bloom as Albert slowly rolled my wheelchair down the steep hills from the Montreux train station to the waterfront park. The priest remained calm and well composed as Mrs. McGraven escorted him to the Chillon castle.

The esplanade stretched out for miles as it twisted and turned along the coastline of Lake Geneva. An abundance of hibiscus flowers, green leafy plants and rose bushes lined the

esplanade that we followed to our final destination, the Chillon Castle.

The tourist from around the world marvel at the majestic town as the late day sun sparkled of the water of Lake Geneva. My heart throbbed with excitement as we quickly walked to the Chillon castle to reclaim my treasure.

The spectacular castle was a large fortress on the shores of Lake Geneva. We walked over the large drawbridge, passed through a large stone arch and into a large beautiful courtyard. Lavish flower plots adorn the wooden windows that look down upon the courtyard. The fortress's large, impressive stone walls loomed over our heads as we try to take in the magnificence of this palace. Like the other foreign tourist, we gaze in amazement at the soaring stone arches and mingled around the large stone Gothic cathedral.

We casually walked through the great hall that once served lavish banquet to the Savory family. The stone stairs lead us down to the underground jails. Echoes of children playing

drift down the dark and treacherous path to the jail cell where prisoners were forced to live for many years.

“Which way father?” Albert Kandinsky snarled as he threatened to strangle the priest.

“Down that way,” the father said as he pointed his twitching finger down the dark corridor. The stone corridor became colder and smaller as we made our way down to the last cell.

“Where is it?” Albert insisted.

“There, behind that wall,” the priest insists in a trembling voice.

Albert turned to see a large stone that was protruding slightly from the wall. Albert uses all his might to move the large stone from the wall. My eyes sparkle and my heart pounded like thunder in anticipation of finally seeing the treasure for the first time since 1944. The rock finally gave way. Albert Kandinsky stuck his hand into the large hole in the wall.

A disappointed look quickly spread across the German's face as he pulled out a stone with a note attached. Albert grabbed the priest by the throat and threatened to crush the priest's head in with the stone. "Where is the treasure, you French bastard," Albert roared.

Chapter: 63

Andre' Rouèche's private plane taxied to a hanger in the Geneva airport. Katherine Barnett strutted from the bathroom cloaked in an attire that was more appropriate for chasing terrorist. Her black dress was vanquished and replaced with a pink mock turtleneck sweater and a tight-fitting pair of jeans and knee-high dark leather boots. FBI agent Hollingsworth was mesmerized by Katherine's fashionable attire as he escorted her out of the plane and into Switzerland international airport.

"Halt, you all under arrest, please drop all your weapons," demanded the captain of the Swiss border Guards.

Craig felt hostile and bitter as he screamed, "What give you the right..."

“Shut up, turn around, on your knees now,” Swiss border guards shouted as they pointed their m16 assault rifle at the FBI agent’s heads.

Outraged by the Swiss atrocity, Katherine presented her credentials and letter from Andre to the inept Swiss border captain. The Captain was disconcerted by Katherine’s credentials. The guards handcuffed the prisoners and belligerently ordered them into a nearby Hummer.

The ride to the Swiss border guard office was cramped, hostile and vulgar. The Swiss guards roughly escorted the FBI and DST agents into the neglected and filthy police station.

The BGC office was located across the street from the Geneva opera house in downtown Geneva. The Swiss police station was a large brick building with peeling paint, several broken lights and four broken windows.

The agents were treated apprehensively as the Swiss guards dragged them into captain

Rhyner's private office. Katherine, Dennis and Craig were thrust upon three squeaky wooden chairs in front of captain Rhyner's large maple desk.

“What is the meaning of this? We are from the FBI,” Craig screamed.

“Shut up, I don't care who you are,” the disheveled captain protested as he abruptly turned and faced his new prisoners. The unrefined and repulsive captain stared down at the faces of his detainee with an obtuse look on his face.

Dennis found captain Rhyner to be extremely dimwitted and repugnant with a boorish and ornery disposition. The agent thought that the Captain's best features were his thinning black hair, pale lips, pointed nose, and his dull gray eyes.

The Captain scratched his grungy, mangle beard as he continued to pace the office until he came upon Private Barnett. “who are you?” the inept captain asked.

Katherine's uses all her feminine mystique to manipulate the captain. She bewitched the unsuspecting captain with her gorgeous smile and sex body.

The captain's cheeks blushed with a light shade of red as Katherine's hand softly caressed the captain's ugly face. The captain quickly dismissed the guards as Katherine made her way around to the other side of the captain's desk. As her sexy body inched closer to the captain's chair, it was obvious that his stern dispassion quickly softened till he was putty in Katherine's hands. Katherine knew she had the captain snared in her labyrinth as she handed him a note from André 'Rouèche.

The captain sat in his tattered leather chair behind the desk as he read the letter. Sweat trickled from the captain's thinning hair as he uttered, "Sorry, Katherine, I didn't know; Please apologize to Mr. Rouèche for the misunderstanding."

Dennis and Craig were perplexed as they cast their eyes on the belligerent captain.

“The man you are looking for is visiting the Chillon Castle in Montreux. My Sergeant and his men will escort you to Montreux immediately,” The captain insisted.

The captain bowed his head to Katherine as she slowly walked out of the office. Astonish, the FBI agents quickly followed Katherine out of captain Rhyner’s office.

The late afternoon sun was beating down on Montreux as the Swiss police escorted the DST and FBI agents to the Chillon castle in a large armor-plated Hummer.

Chapter 64

A wave of shock and disappointment pour over me as I deliberate the priest’s fate. Let the priest lives or be murdered by the hands of Kandinsky. “Wait,” I finally cry, “what is written in that letter?”

Rage lurked in Kandinsky’s soul as he slowly passed me the note.

The rip and torn piece of parchment was old and stained with dry blood. I squint in the

dimly lit jail and read the note. *“Sorry father for I have sinned. I have stolen what you seek. Please forgive me, the treasure was too much to share with anyone else. Signed D.”*

The priest’s eyes filled with tears and dread, “Please I swear the treasure was here. I had no idea that someone has some stolen the treasure.” Tears trickled down his face as he begged for mercy on his sole.

Albert raised a stone in his right hand and thrust it violently down upon the priest’s head. The priest let out an agonizing scream as his head trembling in pain. His eyes beg me for forgiveness as I watched in horror. With all of his unrelenting evil in his sinister heart, Albert released his wrath and plummet the stone onto the priest’s skull again. Malice erupted in Albert’s mind as he pulverized the penitent priest’s head with a third and final thrust of the bloody stone.

The priest dreadful screams echoed throughout the castle as blood splattered onto Jennifer's pink silk blouse. I stared in disbelief

as blood dripped from the rock in Albert's hand. The priest's body slowly crumbled to the floor of the jail as I was beleaguered with terror.

Feeling of euphoria and vindictiveness rushed through Mr. Kandinsky's sole. The pent-up animosity that has lingered in his sole for the last forty years suddenly erupted. A terrified look shrouded my face as I lamented the priest I once called a good friend.

Chapter 65

Kelly's consumed a bottle of vodka during his flight from Washington D.C. to Ottawa International airport. A storm over buffalo delayed the Boeing DC-10 airplane exactly three hours.

Kelly was still disoriented and drunk as he stepped off the plane and into the Canada's border control office. The line was slow and cumbersome as Kelly made his way to the passport counter.

“Name?” board guard interrogated Kelly.
“Jonathan Cambridge,” Kelly lied.

“Your residence, please sir?”

“Washington, D.C.”

“Your occupation, please sir?”

“Doctor.”

“Your reason for visit Canada?”

“Vacation.”

Suspicion swirled in the inept border guard’s mind as gazed at Dexter’s fake passport. A forbidding look crossed the guard’s face as he allowed kelly to pass through security unscathed. Kelly continued to the baggage claim as a tall, slender man in a gray overcoat approached him and said, “My name is Carl; I work for Dexter Framingham.”

Kelly extended his hand and uttered, “John Kelly.”

“I set you up with a trusted driver and a hotel room. Your bag is being claimed by an associate as we speak,” Carl uttered as he hastily pushed Kelly into a black BMW sedan.

Carl had short military hair cut, hazelnut colored eyes, high cheek bones and elongated

nose. A dark navy blue sweater, a pair of black slacks and a pair of brown leather shoe completed Carl's urban, youthful look. Carl was exactly the type of person Dexter would hire as a spy, smart, brave, loyal and dangerous.

“We have found Robert Freeman aka Thomas Pain. His home is located on the other side of town near the Saint Paul University. or the past fifteen years he has been an English teacher at the catholic university. Widowed five years ago. He has one fat black cat called Buddy.”

Kelly read Carl's impressive report on his old friend Robert Freeman. “What exactly am I supposed to do? I can't just walk up to a man I haven't seen in forty years and say funny seeing you here Robert,” Kelly insisted.

“No,” Carl quickly snapped, “I have arranged a meeting with you and Robert Freeman tonight at the old tavern on Walnut Street.”

“He knows I am coming?”

“No,” Carl snapped again unapologetically. “Mr. Freeman thinks he is going to meet an agent for the central intelligent agency.”

“The CIA?”

Carl was frustrated working with an amateur, like Kelly. “Listen carefully, I don’t know what director Framingham is up to, but you better not screw this investigation, I have been tracking this guy for two months now.” Carl took a drag of his cigarette and open the window. “Bob Freeman and a couple of his free thinking college teachers are involved in gun smuggling and money laundry operation. I have persuaded Robert to testifying about his friend’s illegal activities. He believe he is meeting with CIA agent named Jonathan Cambridge.”

“Who is Jonathan Cambridge?”

Carl pulled out a fake CIA badge and threw it at Kelly and said, “You are.”

“Why don't you meet with Robert yourself?”

“The FBI can’t conducting illegal active such as this in a foreign country. Beside you know Mr. Freeman. After you meet up with Robert, escort him to your hotel room. I will then extract both of you out of Canada and deliver him to Dexter Framingham.”

The car suddenly stopped. “This is your hotel, you have two-hours, I will meet you in the lobby before your meeting with Robert Freeman.”

A chill went up Kelly’s spine as he looked into Carl’s suspicious looking eyes.

Chapter 66

Kelly used the two hours to take a shower and change into a casual attire consisting of a white cashmere cardigan sweater, and new pair of blue jeans; Just the perfect cover for a drink at a college pub.

Exactly two hours later, Carl met Kelly in the hotel’s lobby. Kelly thought Carl was cold, estrange and arrogant as he stepped into the car.

“Okay, you need to wear this,” Carl demanded as he strapped on a microphone and small camera to Kelly’s jeans. “This will allow us to hear and see you. In the case of an emergency push this button and I will be able to track you.”

“That doesn’t sound very reassuring,” Kelly thought as he brushed sweat off his brow.

“I will be no more than five feet away,” Carl assured Kelly as he pulled back his sweater to reveal a Glock pistol shoved in his jeans.

“That’s reassuring,” Kelly uttered as the car stop in front of the tavern.

The tavern has been on the St. Paul catholic university campus for over a hundred years, serving starving student and drunken teachers alike.

Kelly nervously walked into the pub. The bar was full of scream student watching a soccer game between Canada and Manchester republic.

Carl took a seat at the long wooden bar and ordered a Guinness.

Except for the two lovers, that were oblivious to anyone else in the world except themselves, and the cheering students, the bar was empty. Kelly soon noticed, in the back of the bar, a pair of long, silky, sculptured legs with black lace stockings protruding from a booth.

Kelly hesitated for a moment when he heard the giggle of vibrant young women. Panic-stricken, Kelly quickly lost his nerve and walked back to the bar. Kelly stopped in his tracks when he heard the distinctive voice of his friend Robert Freeman. Perplexed, Kelly turned towards Carl for advice and support. Carl promptly redirected Kelly to reengage his mark. Kelly took a deep breath and vigilantly walked toward his old friend. Kelly noticed a young pretty woman snuggling against Robert Freeman. Startled, Kelly suspiciously turned and took a seat at a nearby table and asked the waitress for a pint.

Kelly hid behind a menu as the Robert and his lover embraced each other passionately. Even though it has been years since Kelly last saw his friend, he instantly recognized Robert Freeman. As Kelly gazed at his old friend from behind the menu, he noticed that the years have drastically changed Robert's appearance. Once considered the strongest and bravest soldier in the platoon, Robert had become lethargic and feeble. He once rugged persona has dwindled, but he still had his charisma.

Kelly casually sipped his pint of Guinness beer as he gazed upon his old friend. The first day Kelly and Robert meet was at boot camp in late 1943. Those days were deeply ingrained in Kelly's memories as one of the happiest moments in his life. An unsuspected tear trickled down Kelly's face as he recalled the many times that Robert saved his life.

Robert was always a ladies' man. The past forty years obvious didn't diminish Mr. Freeman's affection for gorgeous women.

There was something about his women that ate away at Kelly's nerves. Kelly was feeling apprehensive about this mission. He turned back to Carl for some encouraging moral support. Carl's face was vacant and unsympathetic as he stared back at Kelly. John diverted his gaze back towards Bob and the young lady and pondered where he saw her before. There was something formidable about the women; a strong resemblance that disturbed Kelly's soul. "*I know her,*" Kelly whispered to himself. John yearned to run out of the pub as he turned back to Carl for some kind of reassurance.

Kelly summoned all his courage as he casually walked up to Bob's booth. Kelly could clearly see Bob's face as he approached the booth. The face of the beautiful woman with Robert was obscured by her wide brimmed hat.

A jovial look quickly dashed across Robert's face as he shook the hand of his old friend John Kelly.

“John Kelly my old friend,” Robert said in an astonished voice.

The mysterious women’s luscious blue eyes turned and looked upon Kelly’s surprised face. The mutual recognition was uncanny. It took Kelly a moment, and then it hit him. The beautiful woman sitting next to Robert was the same woman that was with Todd Beacon the night he was murdered.

Unabashed, the beautiful woman pushed herself away from Bob and swiftly stood up. The brazen assassin earnestly pulled out her Glock and pointed it at Bob’s chest. A thunderous roar detonated as the assassin’s discharged a 9 mm bullet from her Glock pistol into Robert Freeman’s chest. Kelly was petrified in fear as blood from Robert’s chest splattered onto his white cashmere sweater. The beautiful woman assassin repositioned her Glock and carefully took aim at Bob’s head.

Two unexpected bullets blazed from the barrel of a colt 45 and whisked through the tavern. The force of the colt 45 bullets

penetrated the assassin's skull twice and spattered her blood over the walls of the tavern. Kelly stood there in shock as the assassin's gorgeous body crumbled to the floor. Life slowly drained from the assassin's soul as her blue eyes perished into cold, dark and lifeless orbs.

Kelly felt mortify, scared and bewildered as he gazed into the assassin's barren face. The assassin's once beautiful angel face was vague and her once glowing smile was now grim. Kelly regained his composure and realized that Todd Beacon's murder was finally vindicated.

Carl rushed to Robert Freeman's assistance. Robert split up blood as he gasped for air. "Where is the treasure?" Carl screamed into bob's right ear.

Kelly quickly pushed Carl aside and kneeled alongside his old friend. "Kelly is that you?"

"Yes, Robert it's me John Kelly, what happen?"

“I don’t know, I thought I was making it with this gorgeous woman when suddenly I saw you.”

“She’s an assassin. She killed Todd Beacon four days ago in Washington, D.C.”

Kelly smiled, held Robert’s hand and uttered, “Do you remember when we first met in Basic training?”

Blood protruded from Robert’s mouth as uttered in Kelly’s ear, “Yeah those where the best of times.”

Kelly’s face was riddled with fear and anxiety as he whispered, “Did you reveal the platoon’s secret to anyone?”

Bob started to cried as he said, “Deloris is protecting the platoon’s secret now.” John was suddenly overwhelmed with sorrow as Robert died in his arms. Kelly pushed aside a tear as he mourned the murder of another friend.

“We got to go,” Carl screamed as he grabbed Kelly and hauled him away from Bob’s dead body. Kelly stopped in the doorway of the

tavern and quickly turned to see Robert Freeman's body strewn across the tavern floor.

Chapter 67

Feeling of dread lurked in my troubled mind as I tried to comprehend the hideous, burial murder of Father Gregory Mansion. Never before have I ever seen such a savage, barbaric murder carried out by my friend Albert Kandinsky. The monstrous and wicket atrocity inflicted on the catholic priest, left me emotionally anxious, betrayed and desolated.

For so many years I have yearned to murder the priest. But now that he was gone, all I could do was lament a friend that saved my life so many years ago. I found it hard to look into Mr. Kandinsky's hate filled eyes. Albert Kandinsky basked in his triumphant murder as he stood over the priest's bloody body.

Frantically Jennifer ran out of the jail. Though my heart longed to stay and mourn the loss of a great friend, Mr. Kandinsky grabbed my wheelchair and pushed me back to the castle courtyard. Tourists scrambled in fear as

Mr. Kandinsky and I pursue Jennifer over the castle's drawbridge.

Chapter 68

“That’s her,” Katherine Barnet screamed frantically as she jumped out of the hummer.

“Who,” Dennis quickly replied.

“Jennifer McGraven; she is the DST agent that infiltrated Martinez’s terrorist group.”

Dennis turned to see a tall white woman dress in a pair of blue jeans and pink silk blouse, spattered with blood, run from the castle. Jennifer dodged oncoming traffic as she ran towards the Montreux train station.

The team of Swiss police charged the castle as elated tourist run for their lives.

Katherine instinctively pulled out her Glock and chased after Jennifer McGraven. Dennis and Craig pursuit Katherine around the corner and saw Jennifer rush into an abandon building.

Craig's turned his head back towards the castle and saw Albert push my wheelchair over the drawbridge.

“That’s Martinez and Robert Dubinsky,” Craig screamed as he pulled out his 357 Magnum pistol.

Panic stricken tourists ran for cover as the Swiss border guards opened fire upon Albert.

Albert Kandinsky pulled out an Uzi and sprayed the town with bullets. Swiss border guards ran for cover as Albert hastily pushed me across the street and out of sight. The Swiss police quickly reassembled and followed Kandinsky on foot toward the train station.

Dennis and Craig soon regained their courage and rejoined Katherine. The street of this once peaceful city of Montreux erupted in chaos as distraught and horrified tourists ran through the streets.

The federal agents were held up behinds a mailbox on the corner of avenue Nestle and avenue Planchese as a barrage of bullets erupted from Kandinsky’s Uzi.

Albert grabbed my wheelchair and pushed me into an evacuated building.

“Katherine inside that building,” Craig screamed.

“Hold it,” Dennis screamed as he grabbed Craig by the shoulder. “Let the Swiss border guards take care of this.”

Chapter 69

Katherine ascended to the third floor of the abandon building and gazed upon Jennifer's sorrow filled eyes.

Jennifer was still trembling in fear as Katherine grabbed her hand. “What happened?”

“They killed him. They killed him.”

“Killed who?” Katherine inquired as she softly strokes Jennifer's hair.

“The priest, they killed fathers Mansion.”

Dreadful feeling of lost swelled in the Katherine's heart as she lamented father Mansion.

Gunfire erupted as the Swiss boarder guard began their assault on the abandon

building. Albert Kandinsky and I dodged bullets as we search for a way into the dilapidated building.

The smell of gasoline, turpentine and dust filled my nostril as the Swiss boarder guards took position around the abandon building.

“What just happened Al?” I frantically inquired. “How did the FBI trace us to Montreux? We exchanged airplanes in Paris; there is no way they could have tracked us to the Chillon castle.”

Albert pushed over a barrel of gasoline just outside the front door, then shot the barrel. A large explosion rattled the once quiet town of Montreux.

“We have been betrayed,” Kandinsky demanded.

“What, no way, the only one that knows we are here is my secretary Jennifer McGraven.”

A suspicious look crept across Kandinsky's face as he shot a couple rounds of bullet at the Swiss police.

Kandinsky's suspicious eyes confirmed my worst fears; betrayal.

Gunfire shattered a nearby window as the fire spread. Albert pushed my wheelchair towards the building. Suddenly Kandinsky heard crying from the third floor. Without saying a word he climbed the stairs to the third floor.

The Swiss police moved in on the abandoned building as sirens echoed throughout the once peaceful village of Montreux.

I suddenly heard the rapid fire of Kandinsky's Uzi on the third floor. I rejoiced as Albert rejoined me and pushed my wheelchair quickly back to the Montreux train station unnoticed.

Chapter 70

“We got to get to the other side of that building,” Craig insisted.

“Wait a minute Craig, how do you think you’re going to do that?” Dennis demanded.

Craig quickly dashed across the street and jumped into a frantic women’s car. The woman jumped from her car as Craig punched the gas pedal and steered the car towards the burning building. Craig suddenly smashed the car into the building as it exploded into flames.

The explosion could be heard throughout Montreux as the abandoned building became engulfed in flames. Thick choking smoke bellowed from the third floor of the abandoned building as Craig climbed out of the wrecked car. Frantically he scrambled to the third floor. Despair lurked in his heart as he gazed upon Katharine’s body strewn across the floor of the burning building.

Craig pulled Katharine closer as she coughed on the black smoke. As the smoke finally dissipated, he discovered Jennifer's bullet riddled body strewn across the floor. He embraced kitty as he softly whispered, “Jennifer McGraven is dead.”

Chapter 71

The train started to pull out of the station as Mr. Kandinsky rolled my wheelchair safely onto the train. The cabin was dark and lonely place as I quietly mourned the passing of a friend.

I confronted Mr. Kandinsky's about murdering the innocent priest. My scornful look on my face expressed my deepest regret in allowing Albert to kill my friend.

"I am sorry, sir," Kandinsky demanded as his hate filled eyes glared back at me. "The priest deserved to die. Many times, you said that the priest deserved to die for his sins."

"Yes, I did, but how could you kill the one man that helped you in your darkest moment?"

Albert's mind was full of confusion and frustration as he uttered, "Murdering the priest was always part of our plan."

I scrutinize Albert's wisdom in killing the priest as the train chugged along towards the Geneva international airport.

Chapter: 72

Katherine's eyes swelled in anguish and frustration over her friend's murder. Her once cheerful, illuminating blue eyes were now dark and gloomy. The depravity of Jennifer's murder at the hands of Albert Kandinsky, weighed heavily on her soul.

The Swiss police captain Rhyner was overwrought with emotion as he observed the once peaceful little town of Montreux quickly be consumed by the ragging fire. Swiss border guards helped agent Holloway and DST agent Barnett out of the burning building. The captain bestowed his deepest condolences to agent Barnett as she gagged on the thick smoke.

“What are the Swiss borders guards doing to capture this terrorist?” Dennis inquired.

The captain's thin, pale lips grasped a cigarette as he read a report. “According to my

staff at the airport, they arrested Martinez's pilot and locked down his airplane.”

“Well, that’s good,” Craig said as he lit up a used cheap cigar he wrestled from his pocket.

“The Swiss governments will automatic lockdown all the boarders as part of standard practice when cataclysmic event such as this accrue. We should have them within less than an hour.”

“After you apprehend Martinez and Robert Dubinsky we would be most appreciative if you turn them over to us so we can bring them back to U.S,” Dennis insisted.

“The Captain chuckled, “U.S.? I don’t think so agent Paterson. Theses terrorist committed a crime in Switzerland, they will stand trial and rot in jail for twenty years then the USA can have them.”

Dennis’s ears turn red with anger as he screamed, “What? That’s ridiculous, we have been trailing this guy for two...”

“That’s too bad agent Paterson. The Swiss boarder guards will now take over this investigation,” the Captain declared.

“If anyone should get him it’s the French,” Katherine shouted. “Dubinsky killed my friend, an undercover French DST agent.”

“Your friends were murdered on Swiss soil.”

“Enough,” Dennis shouted. “We need to catch him first. What train was Martinez on?”

“The one o’ clock train to Geneva, it should be pulling into the station now. I have an armed garrison waiting for him and the fleet of hummers patrolling the area. Let me call my men in Geneva for an update.”

Craig pulled out a used crumbled tissue and handed it to the French agent. “Your makeup is running Katherine.”

Katherine smiled, whipped her face and whispered in Craig's ear, “I have known Jennifer since we entered the academy together. I have seen many people die. I have also killed

many people too, but it's even more agonizing when you see your best friend murdered right in front of you.”

The image of Jennifer's death reverberated in her mind over and over till she collapsed into Craig's waiting arms.

“The train was empty, they missed him,” captain Rhyner said regrettably

Katherine's heart was broken as she proclaimed not to rest till Dubinsky was dead. Craig ran after Kitty as she dashed towards André private plane.

“I will call Interpol, Mi-6 and Scotland Yard's and put a warrant out for Martinez arrest,” Captain Rhyner insisted.

Dennis scolded the inept Swiss captain and quickly realized that if he was going to capture me, he was going to need a man smarter than captain Rhyner. Dennis hastily picked up the phone and called the smartest man he knew; Doctor Eric Brown.

Chapter 73

I desperately searched for serenity and tranquility as I lament the priest's murder. My heart was infected with sorrow and despair as I reflect on the savage and barbaric murder of an old friend. The ferocity of the priest's murder still lurked in my soul as I cast my eyes on the face of a murderer, Albert Kandinsky. There was a time when all I ever felt was love and affection for my friend Albert, but now the only thing I could feel was antipathy and animosity towards Albert.

Suddenly it accrued to me that I might be better off on my own without Albert Kandinsky. The trust I once had for my friend has become unbecoming and imprudent.

How could I let this happen. The priest's murder was now my burden to bear. I quickly came to the conclusion that my friendship with my best friend has finally become an impediment. But how would I ever live without my best friend?" The train suddenly came to a stop and jolting me out of my morbid sentiment.

“We can’t go back to the airport. The police are bound to find my airplane at the airport. We must find another mode of transpiration,” I declare.

“What about our other friend in Kent?”

My spirit was suddenly renewed as I quickly realize that I would be nothing without my friend Al. I decided that my best friend was more important to me than the life of father Mansion. A smile adorned my scarred face as I uttered, “We must start the next page of our master plan and find Mr. Sam T. Tucker.”

Chapter 74

We eluded the Swiss boarder guards and made our way back to France with the help of a human smuggler I have worked with on several occasions. Our journey from the French coastline to Kent England was aboard a fishing boat called Titanic. The skipper was a sea baring Frenchman that stank of boos and dead fish. The turbulent current of the channel smashed again the hull of the little fishing boat

as it traversed the English channel towards the white cliffs of Dover.

The raging sea and stormy winds pelted us with rain as the skipper maneuver his small boat towards England. The town of Dover, England was a welcome site to my throbbing head and weak stomach.

The last leg of our journey to Kent was achieved by another acquaintance I forged years ago as a human trafficker. The mode of choice was a gasoline truck converted to store up to six people. Fortunately for Al and I, this trip was only for two. The three hour ride to Kent was one of the most miserable trips I have ever taken. Our arrival in Kent went inconspicuous as Mr Kandinsky pushed my wheelchair into the village pub. British food has never been a great friend to me, but the hot food, cold beer and a warm bed soothed my tormented soul.

The bright light of dawns crept over the horizon and signaled the start of first day of May in the small town of Kent. Today was the day that I would finally visit my old friend Sam

Tucker. It's been forty years since I saw my old friend. I wondered if Sam would ever remember me?" After a hearty breakfast of egg, banger and mash, my friend Albert Kandinsky and I made our way to the outskirts of town and the home of Sam Tucker.

The stone-cobble street of Kent were twisted and torn as we made our way to an old hay thatch house with a broken white fence. The name on the door said McFadden. The farmhouse has been in the McFadden family for one hundred years. After her father's death, the dilapidated old farm was finally passed to Sam Tucker's wife, Barbara.

The two story home was near a decrepted old barn. Wild geese have taken over the shambled stalls that use to house the milking cows. The only thing left of the once thriving farm was the large metal wheel of an old tractor that leans against a dead apple tree.

A strong southern breeze blew back my thinning hair as Albert escorted me to the front door. The door was adorned with a large brass

knocker that was old and tarnished. The thunderous sound of the knocker echoed throughout the house. For a moment, I thought the old bastard had gone and died before we had the chance to meet again. The last time I heard, Sam Tucker was dying of cancer.

The years after the war were desolate for Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. Mrs Tucker was a beautiful full figured cow girl when she first met Sam. The love between them was undeniable. Sam and Barbra were married the day after they meet in London. The couple was happily married for forty years, but childless. The couple wasted many lonely days and nights wishing for a child that never came. The death of his wife, weighed heavily on Mr. Tucker's soul.

A delightful woman dressed in a pristine white uniform answered the door, smiled and said, "May I help you?"

"Good afternoon, my fare madden, my name is Ken from London. We have traveled a

great distance to see our friend Sam Tucker,” I lied.

A cheerful smile adorned the woman’s face as she said, “My name is Janet, I am Mr. Tucker’s nurse. Mr. Tucker is resting comfortable right now, but I know it would make his heart good to see old friends.”

The delightful full figured woman with a triple chin, large DD breast and emerald green eyes cheerfully escorted us to a bedroom.

“How, may I ask, do you know Mr. Tucker?” Janet uttered.

“Oh, we go way back my child, long before you were even born, back during the last Great War.”

The midday sun finally started to pierce through the gray clouds of England. The weak and dilapidated floorboards creak as Mr. Kandinsky pushed my wheelchair towards a back bedroom.

Janet paused as she peeked inside Mr. Tucker’s bedroom and whispered, “Sir, you

have visitors.” The nurse smiled and crept into Sam Tucker’s bedroom.

Janet politely opened the door and allowed us into the bedroom. Streaks of bright sunlight pierced through the shades in the otherwise bleak and drab bedroom. Sam’s old brass bed was adorned with four worn wooden pillars and a torn canapé.

An air compressor machine was connected to an oxygen mask that covered the old man’s face. A heart monitoring machine was connected to Mr. Tucker’s arm and chest.

I rolled up closer to Sam's bed as he slowly woke from a nap.

Albert loomed in the shadow of the doorway as Janet and I slowly approached Sam from either side of the bed.

Janet’s smiled and said, “Mr. Tucker, sir friends of yours are here for a visit.” Janet smiled as she helped the aging man sit-up and fluffed his pillow.

Wrinkles and age spots replaced Sam's once youthful body. His long flowing brown hair has faded to a dull white. His strong muscular build, that once drove all the ladies crazy, has dwindled down to skin and bones. Sam's blue eyes that once blaze with confidence was now perplexed and sad.

Sam didn't quite recognize my face at first as he looked deep into my eyes. A flash of recognition rapidly spread across his leathery face. The long gray hairs on Sam's neck suddenly stood on end as his heart rate quickly accelerated.

The heart monitor machine began beating rapidly. I could finally see Sam's wrinkled face as the nurse helped Mr. Tucker take off the mask.

Sam tried to speak, but his words are soft and inaudible. Janet leaned in and finally heard the word, "run."

Terror and desperation swiftly rushed through Janet's mind like a raging bull running through a china shop. Janet struggled in vain as

she foolishly tried to escape Kandinsky's gasp. Her big green eyes protrude from their sockets and her chubby legs frantically thrashed as Mr. Kandinsky tightened his grip around her neck. Her adorable face cringed in pain as Mr. Kandinsky violently shattered Janet's neck with his own bare hands.

Devastated and helpless, Sam Tucker watched as Janet's body crumbled to the floor with a loud thump. The heart monitor steadily beeped faster and faster as Sam Tucker's heart exploded in his chest.

“Remember me?” I boast as fear and desperation smoldered in Sam's heart. I cast my brown eyes down on my former friend as tears trickle down his wrinkled face. My thoughts quickly dash back to memories of happier days with my friend Sam Tucker. I cherished the friendship I once had with Sam until he conspired against me.

“You know why I am here; where is the treasure?”

Sam gasped for oxygen as I squeezed his tubes. His decaying body thrust about the brass bed as I watch him slowly suffer and die.

“Not yet,” I yelled as I released the tube. “Tell me who has the treasure?”

Sam Tucker’s eyes flinched as he tried to speak. I carefully lower my head to Sam's quivering mouth as he whispered in hollow voice, “Jeff Anderson.”

I clutched Sam’s tubes as a vindictive grin spread across my face. As I watch Sam's body twitched in pain as whisper, “Don’t lie to me old friend, I already saw your friend Jeff Anderson and he told me the priest had the treasure, but the senator lied to me. I murdered the senator and the priest for their sins. Now tell me where the treasure is before you meet you old friends in hell.” I relinquish my hold on the tubes as Sam Tucker gasps for air.

“I don’t know,” Sam Tucker begged.

“For some reason I didn’t believe you Sam.” I squeeze the tubes again till finally Sam pointed a trembling bony finger across the

room. I turn to see a dresser covered in dust and scattered with junk.

“What are you pointing at Sam?”

“The picture,” Sam whispered in anguish.

Curiously, I roll my wheelchair to the far end of the room towards a six drawer dresser filled with worn and tattered cloth. As I poked around aimlessly, I found a brass picture frame. I pick up the picture frame and dust of an inch of accumulated dust. To my surprise, it was a picture of young Sam Tucker and his youthful and beautiful bride dressed in her wedding gown. I quickly roll back to Sam’s side with the cherished wedding picture. Sam gratefully embraced the brass picture frame as tears stream down his face.

I turned to see Albert Kandinsky still standing over the dead nurse’s body, unemotional as a rock.

“Okay, Sam tell me where the treasure is and I will let you live.”

Sam's fragile fingers open the brass frame and flip off the picture to show a key.

I snatch the bright shiny copper-colored key. "What is this?"

"Donald Walker and I to smuggled the treasure to New Mexico and deposit the treasure into a safe deposit box. This key will open the box," Sam whispered.

I inspect the key. Stamped letters on the key read, "Property of first federal bank New Mexico." A joyful smile crossed my face as I marvel at the prospect of finally finding the treasure.

"Okay, Sam, you kept up your part of the bargain. I will leave you in peace, just like you left me in peace forty years ago."

I hastily turned and wheeled myself towards the door. I stop at the doorway and deliberated Sam Tucker's future. I realize I didn't give Sam Tucker the proper goodbye that he deserved. I turn my wheelchair around and quickly roll myself back to Mr. Tucker's bedside. I look deeply into my friend's eyes

and whispered, “I am going to leave you like you left me forty years ago Sam.” I hastily rip the tubes from Sam Tucker’s body. Waves of pain rush through Sam’s body as a mischievous look crossed my face. Sam eyes glazed at me as he gasped his last breath and died.

Chapter: 75.

“Doctor Brown and his staff must be playing strip poker or engaged in some kind of party,” Dennis thought to himself as he waited for someone to pick up the phone. Finally, after the twelfth ring, Doctor Brown’s assistant Jenny Johnson picked up the phone.

“Doctor Brown, this is Dennis Paterson, I need to find a terrorist.”

The blaring music and rudeness within the FBI computer lab quickly subsided. “Sorry agent Paterson this is his agent Jenny Johnson. The dock is tied up right now and unable to talk on the phone; may I help you?”

“Tied up, yeah, he is probably tied up with the blond secretary down the hall,” Dennis thought to himself. “Maybe you can help Jenny,

I need to locate a terrorist know as Martinez and a know associate named Robert f. Dubinsky aka Albert Kandinsky. Their last know whereabouts where Geneva, Switzerland.”

“Okay, but it will take some time, but we will find them.”

“Great, agent Holloway and I are traveling back to D.C. today. We should be there by tomorrow morning. Please have Doctor Brown call me when he finds Martinez.”

“Yes, of course agent Paterson. Director Framingham just informed us that Senator Anderson is alive.”

An astonish looked quickly emanated from the agent’s face. “The senator is alive? Great we need to talk to the senator when we get back to D.C.”

“That's it, that is all your going to do to find an international terrorist?” said captain Rhyner as Dennis hanged up the phone.

“Yeah, for now. Anything from Interpol captain Rhyner?”

“Nothing from Interpol; we’ll just have to wait.”

“Did you’re men find any evidence in the terrorist plane?”

“No, my men searched the plane and found no evidence, no notes, no computer not even a floppy disk.”

Dennis was obvious emotionally drained and agitated after chasing Martinez for the last four days. His unusual positive disposition was waring thin. His polite personally was pulverized and his fragile emotions had quickly disseminated.

Katherine was still emotional shaken up as captain Rhyner and Dennis walked towards André airplane. It was noticeable to Dennis that kitty was still dramatize and bereaved by her friend’s sudden murder.

“The police are interviewing the pilot right now, but I doubt, he will give us anything,” captain Rhyner speculated.

Dennis deliberated whether to seize the pilot and bring him back to an FBI blackout site and torture him till the pilot revealed where Martinez and Dubinsky are located. Dennis looked at captain Rhyner’s uncooperative attitude and decided to skip the torture today and let the Swiss authorities hold the little fish. Dennis figured it would be wise to fly back to Washington D.C. and regroup with the director of the FBI, Dexter Framingham.

Chapter 76

“Where to sir?” André private pilot inquired as Dennis entered the airplane. Dennis cast his brown eyes upon Katherine as she cried into Craig’s shoulder.

Dennis pondered for a moment then said, “I guess back to Paris to drop off Private Barnett.”

“Yes, sir,” the pilot affirmed.

The flight to Paris felt like being at a wake for a long-lost pal. The tears streamed down Katherine's beautiful face as they landed at Charles De Gaulle airport.

Anxiety gripped Dennis's troubled mind as he envisioned the reception they would receive from director Andre'Rouèche. Dennis felt guilty and did not what to see André under these stressful situations.

As a veteran of the Vietnam War, Dennis knew what it was like to lose a partner and a close friend. Many of Dennis's FBI friends including his old partner Rodger Campbell have died in his arms. Dennis realized that it was going to be a tough road ahead of Private Barnett.

Katherine was still plagued with sadness and despair as Dennis and Craig accompanied her to the DST Headquarters. Jennifer's death was going to scar Katherine for the rest of her life. Dennis reluctantly walked into the DST office with Katherine in hand.

As agent Holloway walked Katherine towards André's office, the crowded DST office was suddenly quiet as a tomb. Katherine's fellow DST agents bestowed angry and despairing looks upon the FBI agents as they slowly made their way through the DST office. Kitty's friends and colleagues consoled her loss with kisses and hugs. The tension within the agency quietly reached a critical point as Katherine rushed into André's open, loving arms.

Tears slowly trickled down Katherine's face as she embraced Andre. Katherine slowly regained her spirit and integrity as she warmly embraced Andre.

Private Barnett's tear filled eyes gaze upon the two FBI agents. Her emotions quickly manifest themselves into genuine appreciation. Katherine hugged and kissed Dennis and Craig before dispersing out the office door.

Unfortunately for Dennis and Craig, the shit storm was just about to start. "What the hell

is wrong with you?” André screamed at the FBI agents in front of the entire DST staff.

The humiliation was too much to bear for agent Holloway. He stood there belligerent and definitely in Andre's face. “Don’t talk to us about our duty Andre, where were you? We fought side by side with Private Barnett right to the very end.”

Dennis pushed Craig into a chair and tried to prevent Craig from killing Andre.

Regret filled Dennis's heart as he solemnly approached André with his head bowed low and whispered, “I am sorry director that was not called for, but Craig is right, where were your men?”

A despicable look suddenly flooded André’s face as resentment, animosity and malice swirled within his soul. Andre desperately fought back the urge to pull out his gun a shoot Craig squarely between the eyes.

“Craig put his butt on the line to save your agent,” Dennis pleaded.

André suddenly felt remorse as he uttered. “I appreciate that agent Holloway.” André extended his hand towards Craig.

A sinister look crept across Craig’s face as he stared defiantly back at Andre.

Agent Paterson quickly grabbed Andre’s out stretched hand and apologetically said, “I sorry Andre.”

“Where are you off to now?” André inquired.

“We on our way back to Washington, D.C. We have more question for Senator Anderson. We will find Jennifer McGraven’s murderer and bring him to justice.”

“Fuck justice, when you find him, agent Paterson, put two bullets in his head just for me.”

Craig stormed out of the director’s office.

Dennis turned and shook Andre and said, “Sorry about my partner; he just a little bit emotional about Jennifer's murder.”

“Before you go anent Paterson, it might interested you to know that I recently stolen a file from the CIA. It seems that the CIA are conducting a secret investigation into the possibility that an agent in the FBI has conspired to work for Martinez. Buried deep within the file I found the FBI agents first name, Taylor.”

Suspicion lurked in Dennis’s mind as he shook Andre’s hand and walked out of the DST office.

Chapter 77

Andre’Rouèche arranged for the FBI agents to fly back to Washington D.C. in his private jet.

Craig was in a scornful and depressed mood during the trip home. The two bottles of champagne and three shots of whiskey did little to counteract the agent’s irate temper. Every agent in the FBI has dealt with the death of a close friend. Some agent deal with the loss of a friend with drugs, some with sex and other

agents gamble, but Craig's preferred alcohol as a means of coping with death.

Dennis found refuge from Jennifer's death by taking a much needed restful nap. The queen size bed in director Andre' Rouèche's plane was the most comfortable bed Dennis ever slept on. The vibrating bed and slow classical music quickly relinquished Dennis's tension.

As André's private jet slowly descended into Dulles International airport, a sudden phone call rattled the irritated and sleepy agent Peterson. Dennis slowly answered the phone in a confused state.

“Dennis? This is Doctor Brown.”

“Doctor Brown?” Dennis inquisitively replied still half asleep.

“Yes, I am returning your call. You requested tracking information on a terrorist know as Martinez.”

“Oh, great, what did you find?” Dennis inquired as he sat on the edge of the King size bed.

“I am sorry; sir, but we haven’t found Martinez or Dubinsky yet. We will continue our search. I may have something by tomorrow. However I was able to identify the two men that had 12:15 appointment with senator Anderson. Their names were Todd Beacon and John Clack Kelly. Both men were former soldiers in the eighty-six airborne platoon alongside Senator Jefferson Anderson. All three men are in the old photograph you recovered from Kevin Spencer’s boat. The other soldiers in the picture we have not yet identified.”

“Keep working on it Doctor; I think Martinez is somehow connected to the eighty-six airborne platoon. Martinez murdering spree is not over yet. Since Martinez failed to kill Senator Anderson in D.C., I think that he will try to kill the senator again very soon.”

“May I suggest you and agent Holloway take a day or two off to recuperate while we conduct our search for Martinez and identify the soldiers in the old photograph?”

“Yeah, that sounds great. Please keep me informed doctor.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Doctor I got another name for you to identified.” Dennis paused for a moment as pondered if he could really trust Eric Brown.

“Yes, agent Paterson was there another person you would like us to track?”

“No on second thought maybe later. Doctor call me when you found Martinez.”

Chapter 78

“The doctor Brown was right,” Dennis uttered to himself. *“Two-day off would be a great solution to their tried and grumpy disposition as Doctor Brown searched the world for Martinez.”*

Craig was still buzzed as he got behind the wheel of his bright red corvette. It was apparent that he was still plagued by bitterness over Katherine’s sudden loss.

“Hey man, she is going to be all right,” Dennis pleaded.

A spiteful look crept over Holloway's faces as he opened a flask of whiskey. Craig took a sip of whiskey from his flask, reeved the engine and drove his car out of the FBI Headquarters.

Dennis stopped playing mother hen to agent Holloway and drove to his home in the little suburb town of Harold harbor. Dennis's waterfront condo was located on the banks of the Severn River just upstream for Annapolis, Maryland.

Divorced for the last three-year, Dennis's life outside the office, was very desolate and lonely. Dennis was in love with only two things in this world and they're both named Isabella. The first love of his life was his fourteen years old child named Isabella Paterson. The second was his twenty-five foot schooner named after his daughter.

Dennis's pride and joy was his little daughter Isabella. A bright, beautiful child with long blond hair and deep blue eyes like her mother. Isabella was the greatest child a father could ever have. Her bright cheerful smile and

radiant disposition, always brought a smile to Dennis's face.

The ex-wife was another story, selfish, inconsiderate and a thumping bore. Beth-Ann and Dennis were high school sweethearts. After three tours of duty as a captain in Special Forces, Dennis came home and married Beth-Ann. Despite their rocky marriage Beth-Ann was suddenly pregnant. Dennis stayed another five years in the marriage just for his daughter's sake.

The answering machine was full of messages as Dennis's weary body collapsed on his couch. Most messages were credit report crap or the "we need your donation" calls, but the last call was godsend. "Hi daddy are you there, I was hoping we could meet for lunch today call me." Isabella's sweet voice brought a delightful smile to Dennis's face.

Dennis was jubilant when he heard his daughter's phone call. Though Dennis was apprehensive about seeing his ex-wife again, but his heart jumped for joy at the prospect of

seeing his daughter. Frantically Dennis rushed to the bathroom for a quick shower and shave. The delightful smile of a fourteen year old child completely obliterates all the hate, fear, pain and sorrow that has besieged Dennis for the last eight days.

Despite the scornful look from his ex, lunch with Isabella was a wonderful surprise. The next two days Dennis was enthralled by his daughter's extend stay at his house. The once miserable FBI agent was now joyful, giddy and animated.

Craig's spent the next few days in a cheap motel. The Disgruntled FBI agent wallowed in remorse, resentment and heartbreak. Craig consumed shots of whiskey over and over till he passed out. The former marine's hopeless alcoholic binging, which he kept secret from his fellow workers, was the only good thing in his life. With no wife or children, the agent was lonely and on the brink of a disaster. The only thing that keeps Craig from killing himself was

the job. Killing was the only thing Craig was ever able to do well.

Chapter 79

After I murdered my old friend Sam Tucker, Albert and I started our long journey back to American. Our trip thus far was quite disappointing compared to our first class flight to Paris. The exquisite handmade suits and shoes that Mr. Kandinsky and I wore in Europe were replaced with a synthetic blend of cotton. I picked out the latest in euro tourist trashy fashion. A white polo shirt, a horrible green and black plaid sport jacket, a black pair of trousers, a white hat and sneakers. My new casual style made me look like I was a tourist from a homeless shelter.

Albert picked out a tight-fitting black wool sweater and stone washed jeans that was fashionable ripped at the knees. A cheap pair of penny loafer replaced Albert's thousand dollars Patten leather shoes. We looked like cheap American tourists visiting Euro Disney.

Our disguises for our odyssey was almost complete except for my mode of transportation. My eighty-nine thousand dollars, one of a kind wheelchair was now part of the dump in south Kent. My new wheels was a scooter, the same type of scooters that eighty-four year old grandmother used to get around the house. My new three wheel scooter made me feel uncomfortable at best, but it was the perfect disguise.

Armed with two new fake British passports and a little plastic surgery, Albert and I board a DC 10 airplane to Iceland. The three-hour flight to Reykjavik, Iceland was intolerable, but necessary. From Iceland we switched out our British passports for two Canada passports and hopped a flight from Iceland to Newfoundland. As we arrived in north America we were greet by an unsuspected late spring snowstorm that covered Newfoundland with six inches of snow.

Through my considerable connection in the human smuggling trade, I hired a smuggler

named Julio Vargas to secure our transportation back to America. Mr. Kandinsky and I were joined by eight illegal immigrants on our journey back to America. Mr Vargas packed us into a secret compartment built within a converted eighteen wheel truck. We reach our final destination, New York City in twenty-four hours.

When Mr. Kandinsky and I finally reached my penthouse on park avenue, we decided to trash the Euro look and reinvest in some new elaborate clothing. I chose a dark pinstripe suit from Marc Jacobs. Albert stayed casual with a dark sport jacket, a camel hair black v neck sweater and a pair of black leather shoes.

Our next stop was New Mexico national bank in Carlsbad New Mexico, but first I had to call my spy in the FBI.

A sinister smile emerged on my face as I called my spy within the FBI named Taylor. He arranged for two fake FBI identification bags, two fake passport and a pair of train tickets to New Mexico. It was during this call that Taylor

informed me that Senator Anderson was still alive. Frustration erupted in my soul as I cursed senator Anderson. Anger swirled in my mind as I ponder how I was going to kill the senator. Taylor revealed to me that Jeff Anderson hired an assassin to kill me. According to FBI records the assassin's name was Mr. James Dobbs, a former CIA agent that work exclusively for senator Anderson as a paid assassin. I arranged for Taylor to take care of Mr. Dobbs personally.

Chapter 80

The unrelenting rain from an unsuspected late spring storm pelted Mr. Dobbs's bearded face as he ran for the shelter of The Metropolitan Museum of Art. A scattering of German and French tourists flocked together with Mr. Dobbs like wet geese inside the museum's atrium.

Obscenities in several languages were bestowed upon the local weather reporter for her inept ability to predict a large rainstorm. Mr. Dobbs chuckled at the rain soaked tourist as

they wrangle out their polo shirt and wring the rain out their hair like wet dogs. Mr. Dobbs has endured much worse conditions in the rain forest of Brazil and dust storms in the Middle East while he served as a navy seal.

Streaming fragment of blinding sunlight streaked down from the god's domain as dark clouds parted and revealed a deep blue sky. Mr. Dobbs joined the enthusiastic yet apprehensive tourist as they flocked down the museum stairs toward Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Dobbs chuckled as unsympathetic taxi drivers doused naïve tourist with a deluge of water that accumulated along Fifth Avenue. Slowly, Mr. Dobbs maneuvered between lost tourist and streets clogged with traffic as he continued his voyage up to eighty-fifth Street. Mr. Dobbs final destination was the home of Julio Vargas.

The redcap doorman at Mr. Verge's apartment building put a nail in Mr. Dobbs's plans to capture and torture Julio. The years of training Mr. Dobbs received as a CIA assassin

taught him that there was always another way into a fortress, no matter how well guarded.

Necessity is the mother's milk of creative, Mr. Dobbs's Mother always told him. And she was right; Mr. Dobbs finally realized that all he needed was a disguise to gain access into Mr. Verge's home. The perfect disguise was right in front of him. A UPS driver just drove up in a large brown truck. Mr. Dobbs quickly, crossed the street and intercepted the unsuspecting deliveryman and tossed him into the back of the truck.

Mr. Dobbs was a professional who only killed when he is either paid to do so or under extreme situations. Fortunately for the drive this was not one of those extreme predicaments. Mr. Dobbs placed the driver in a choke-hold and rendered him unconscious in two minutes. James Dobbs stripped the UPS driver then removed his own still wet clothes. The uniform was a perfect cover that would enable Mr. Dobbs to gain access to Mr. Vargas's apartment unnoticed. Though the plan was well crafted,

the size of the drive uniform wasn't. The tight fitting shirt left little room for Mr. Dobbs large hairy chest. Though the uniform felt tight, Mr. Dobbs was still confident in his plan. Mr. Dobbs grabbed some packages and a cart and rapidly crossed 86th street.

“Deliveries are around the back,” the doorman insisted as Mr. Dobbs walked into the lobby.

Mr. Dobbs fraudulently insisted, “If I could just deliver these few package, all I need is a signature.”

“Around the back buddy; no exceptions.”

Mr. Dobbs contemplated killing the doorman for forcing him to alternate his plans again. “Come on man, just give me a break.”

“You heard me,” the doorman gruff in a thick Queens Accent.

Just as Mr. Dobbs felt he was finally defeated, the chime of the elevator alerted Mr. Dobbs to his target, Julio Vargas. Mr. Dobbs's piercing blue eyes gaze beyond the vindictive

doorman to see Mr. Vargas steps out of the elevator and open his mailbox.

“Move it buddy,” the doorman demanded.

Mr. Dobbs ignored the belligerent doorman as he observed Mr. Vargas close the mailbox and walk towards a back door of the lobby.

“Garage,” Mr. Dobbs whispered to himself. Without a word, Mr. Dobbs dropped the packages in front of the aerate doorman and ran towards eighty-six streets.

The gates to the garage started to close as Mr. Dobbs slipped under the metal bars and ran into the dark garage. Mr. Dobbs scrambled to the far side of the garage towards his next victim. The sparsely lit underground garage made it cumbersome for Mr. Dobbs to searched for Mr. Vargas.

The stretching tires alerted Mr. Dobbs towards his mark as a black SUV barreled toward him. In the driver’s seat was Julio Vargas. Instincts kicked in as Mr. Dobbs recoiled behind a ford Impala and threw a

grenade toward his victim. The smoke and blinding light of the flash grenade burst on the windshield of the SUV. The blinded driver swerved and hit a 1969 Ford Shelby.

Mr. Vargas's head shattered against the front windshield of his SUV. Blood trickles down Julio Vargas's face as the Shelby's alarm bellowed throughout the garage. The former CIA agent had to work fast. James grabbed his victim and pulled him out of the SUV. With his victim in tow, Mr. Dobbs ran toward the elevator. With some luck James Dobbs might be able to torture Mr Vegas and find his target.

Fortunately for Mr. Dobbs, the elevator and the hallway were clear as he dragged Mr. Julio Vargas, semi concourses body, into his apartment. Mr. Dobbs figured he has about ten minutes to torture Mr. Vargas with a needle full of hyoscine Pentothal.

Chapter 81

The harsh, unrelenting rain and stiff winds pelted the windows of Mr. Vargas's apartment. As the lights flicker on, the former navy seal

used his many years of training to quickly survey the apartment. Mr. Dobbs noticed that the large apartment had floor to ceiling windows that look out over the Manhattan skyline. To Mr. Dobbs right, there were two white couches, a large marble coffee table and granite fireplace. Past the fireplace Mr. Dobbs could see a library brimming with leather bound book and full bar. The former CIA agent dragged the victim into the library and poured himself a glass of Jameson whiskey. Methodically Mr. Dobbs whipped off the saliva and finger prints and places the bottle back on the shelf.

From behind the wall of the bar the former navy seal could hear a muffled voice cry out.

“It sounds like it’s come from behind this book,” Mr. Dobbs pondered to himself as he scanned the impressive collection of first edition books. As Mr. Dobbs made his way closer to the wall, he heard the moaning cry of several spanish women. As Mr. Dobbs moved

closer to the bookshelf, the muffled voices became louder.

“Were are those voices coming from?” Mr. Dobbs snarled at Mr. Vargas.

A loud voice cried from beyond the wall, “Pull out the Mark Twain book.”

Suspicion and confusion fluttered in Mr. Dobbs’s mind as he frantically searched for the book. Mr. Dobbs has rescued many people from behind secret passages, dirty holes and hostel jails. As a former navy seal, Mr. Dobbs was credited for saving countless innocent kids and women from a wretch life and unspeakable living condition.

Anger swelled in Mr. Dobbs’s soul as he struggled to free the hostages from behind the library wall. He finally found the Mark Twain book and hastily removed the book from the shelf to reveal a lever mounted in the wall. Mr. Dobbs pulled on the lever. The wall splits open to reveal a small room filled with eight Spanish women. The bar was suddenly engulfed in chaos as the woman burst from the secret room

and scramble for their freedom. Exhausted, dirty and scared, the women try to free themselves from their bondage.

James Dobbs turned to see that Mr. Vargas had regained consciousness. “Where do you think you’re going?” James demanded as he grabbed Julio and pulled him back into the library.

Frantically, Mr. Dobbs grabbed his gun and smashed Mr. Vargas in the head with the butt of his pistol. Anguish fluttered in James’s worried mind as he quickly calculated he had only five minutes till the police discovered Julio’s SUV in the garage. Mr. Dobbs had to quickly torture Mr. Vargas and extracted the whereabouts Albert and myself before the police bust into Julio’s apartment.

The captured women roamed the library hysterically. The half naked women were only dressed in tattered nightgowns. Their legs and hands were bound together with chains to thwart any attempted escape.

Mr. Vargas finally regained consciousness as the kidnapped women quickly assemble around him. Screams of horror bellowed from Julio as the captive women feverishly and relentlessly struck him with their bare hands and feet. Driven with rage and madness, the gang of women savagely beaten Mr. Vargas till he was bloody and almost dead. Though Julio tried his best to protect himself, he soon realized that it was futile as the women unleashed their wrath. A smile adorned James's face as the women barbarically slaughter Mr Vargas. The women were ferocious and unsympathetic as they slowly killed Mr. Vargas with their bare hands. His knees and elbows were broken in two. His eyes were goaded with angry fingers and his left leg was snapped in two.

As blood started to trickle from Julio's mouth and eyes, Mr. Dobbs stopped the slaughter and grabbed his broken hand. Wallowing in pain, Julio begged the former navy seal for mercy. Mr. Dobbs had no remorse

or empathy for Mr Vargas. Three of Mr. Vargas's front teeth were kicked out, his left cheek and skull was fractured. Despite the tears of pity streaming down Mr. Vargas's brown eyes, James thought Julio deserved to die. "I'll give one chance to tell me where Robert Dubinsky aka Albert Kandinsky and Martinez are or I am going to let these women kill you right here and now," Mr Dobbs uttered.

Blood splattered from the Mr. Vargas mouth as he said, "You too late, they are boarding a train to New Mexico today at 3:30 from the Grand central station."

James checked his Rolex watch and realized that he had only moment to spare. It was now 3:03 P.M. Mr. Dobbs cast his sights on the vicious, hostile women around him. James couldn't help but noticed the animosity and vindictiveness that lurked deep with the women's sad eyes. Despite his promise to allow Julio to live, Mr. Dobbs couldn't refused the women's lust for revenge. A sinister smile crossed Mr. Dobbs's face as he threw Julio to

the floor. As Mr. Dobbs ran for the stairs, he could hear horribly screams bellowed from Julio Vargas's apartment.

Chapter 82

I flipped through my rolodex of customer I have accumulated in the last forty years as a human smuggler. Most of my clients were psycho pervert that like little girls, but one of my most notorious clients had a fetish for little boys from Brazil. A smile sprang across my face when I found the perfect client to assassinate James Dobbs. My notorious client is the new police commissioner for New York City named Alex Gross. Mr Gross's former job as an assassin for the CIA, made him the perfect candidate to eliminate James Dobbs.

“Police commissioner Gross office; how may I direct your call?” the phone operator asked.

“Alex Gross pleases,” I said.

“Can you give me your name, sir?”

“Just tell Alex that Martinez needs to talk to him.”

“Please hold.”

“I told you to never call me here. What do you want?” Alex uttered nervously.

“Senator Jefferson Anderson hired a former Navy seal named James Dobbs to assassinate me today. I need your considerable skills to eliminate Mr Dobbs.”

“I can’t get involved in an assassination, I am the new police commissioner of New York City.”

“Mr. Gross, remember that fourteen year old boy, that I smuggled in from Honduras for you last year, well if you don't help me, I will leak those pictures of you and that boy to the press.”

Frustration swirled in the commissioner’s heart as regrettable agreed to my demands.

“Where is Mr Dobbs right now?”

“I just heard from my FBI informant that James Dobbs tortured and killed an associated

of my named Mr. Vargas. I am leaving on 3:30 train from Grand central station today. I need your undercover cops to meet me at my place on park avenue penthouse and escort me to Grand Central station. My assassin in the FBI is tracking Mr Dobbs whereabouts right now. If everything goes as planned, Mr Dobbs will be assassinated before I board my train to New Mexico.”

“I will send a squad of my best men to your penthouse. I will meet you at the Grand centurial station in ten minutes.”

Chapter 83

Little droplets of rain clanged to the trees and leaves along Fifth Avenue as the former navy seal maneuver himself towards Grand central station. The streets of New York were tangled with tourist and businessmen as Mr Dobbs hailed a cab on the corner of Madison and 86 street. Fifth avenue was a monstrosity of hostile taxi drives, irate new Yorkers and naïve lost tourist all embroiled in a battle for

supremacy over the busy streets of New York City.

As his taxi car raced downtown, Mr. Dobbs called his only client, Senator Jefferson Anderson.

“Have you found your target?” the Senator insisted.

“I should have him with a half hour, sir.”

“Mr Dobbs I need to bury Martinez’s corpse deep, I mean very deep. Martinez’s body must never be found. If you miss your target, we will both be killed.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Bury them somewhere new. Don’t take any chances burying Martinez with the others. You need to find a new plot to bury Robert Dubinsky and his boss Martinez.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Don’t forget where your loyalties are. I am the only one that saved your neck from the tightrope, don’t you forget it.”

“Yes, sir.”

Despair lingered in James Dobbs's heart as the Senator hastily hanged up the phone. Mr. Dobbs wiped sweat off his brow as he contemplated the consequences if he failed this assignment. Mr. Dobbs was very aware of what Senator Anderson has done for him. This is the most important assassination that Mr. Anderson has ever bestowed upon Mr. Dobbs.

For the past ten years, Mr. Dobbs has work exclusively as a professional assassin for the senator. Mr. Dobbs has eliminated many of Mr Anderson's problems including wise guys, politicians, hookers, drug dealers and union representatives. James was also able to provide drugs and prostitutes for the senator's fat cat friends in the Senate.

James has been very well compensated for his services by the Senator. Besides the two million dollars a year in salary he received from the Senator, Mr. Dobbs was also compensated for his valuable services with a penthouse in New York City, a condo in Boca Raton and a summer house in Aspen. James Dobbs came to

work for Senator Anderson after the Senator got him released from jail. Mr. James Dobbs was facing a congressional hearing on murder and drug smuggling charges when out of the blue Mr. Anderson saved Mr. Dobbs from a sentence of life in prison.

James contemplated how he was going to find Albert and I amongst the thousand of commuters within the Grand central station. He soon realized that he needed the help of an expert from the FBI.

Chapter 84

FBI agent Carl Harper rushed John Kelly back to his hotel room in Ottawa Canada. Carl poured two glass of whiskey and took a seat on the white satin covered couch. Ghost of all the friends that died in Kelly's arms, swirled in his head as he poured himself a tall glass of whiskey and joined Carl on the coach. Kelly was besieged with anguish and sorrow as he wallowed over the brutal assassination of his friend Robert Freeman.

“Go get some sleep Kelly and for god’s sake lay low. I’ll pick you up here in two days, then I will smuggled you back to Washington D.C. After the assassination of your friend at the pub, the Canada boarder guards are going to be on high alert. We have to wait forty-eight hours before we even attempt to smuggle you out of the country.”

The ghost of his recently departed friends haunted Kelly as he laid sleepless in his hotel room in Ottawa. John anguish over Robert’s brutally murder by the mysterious women assassin. As he reflected on the assassin’s once beautiful face, John was relieved that Todd’s murder was finally vindicated. The reclusive five star hotel did little to diminish John’s anger and regret that still possessed his soul. Despite drinking a whole bottle of whiskey, the bloody scene of his friend’s murder still tormented his troubled mind. As whiskey swirled in his head, John contemplated who hired the women assassin to kill his friends Todd Beacon and Robert

Freeman. As he climbed into bed, the former soldier deliberated if the director of the FBI, Dexter Framingham or his old friend senator Anderson, hired the women assassin to kill his friends. Just before he passed out, Kelly pledged to avenge his friend's murder.

Chapter 85

The Grand Central station was infiltrated with plethora of naïve tourist staring at the ceiling while commuters rush for their trains. Mr. Kandinsky and I arrived a few minutes before our train departed and grabbed a cocktail at the Cipriani bar.

Alex Gross provided five undercover cops to protect Albert and I from Mr Dobb's wrath as we sipped our martinis. The bar was ideally located high above the commotion of the Grand Central station. Albert and I laughed as we watch hundreds of office workers hustle about like angry bees for their trains home.

I gazed down at the large clock in the middle of the chaos and soon realized that there was only minutes till our departure to New

Mexico. Desperately I searched for Mr Gross, amongst the huddled masses of the train station. Mr. Alex Gross was a pervert that likes little boy from El Salvador. I ship him a boy every two or three months for his perverse pleasure. Despite his fetish, I am still confident that the commissioner will be more than capable of helping my spy in the FBI kill Mr. James Dobbs.

I finally see commissioner Alex Gross standing on the floor of the Grande central station. The commissioner's hand picked police officers were dressed in riot gear and armed with high caliber automatic weapons. Hastily the commissioner and the police swarm amongst the tourist looking for Mr Dobbs.

Even though I didn't see my spy with the FBI yet, I was confident that Taylor would be victorious. It was now 3:15; according to the big clock. Albert and I had only had fifteen minutes till our train departed.

“We got to go,” Mr. Kandinsky insisted.
“Mr Dobbs is obviously not going to attempt to assassinate you among all these people.”

“Wait a minute,” I insist. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw Mr. Dobbs. He was a tall, middle-age man with blue eyes. He stood amongst the chaos on the main floor of the Grand Central station and desperately surveyed the crowded train station for my scotched face. Sweat trickled from his brow as he cast his blue eyes amounts the tourist.

Unpronounced to James, my spy with the FBI already had him in his sights.

My pulse quickened, my hands start to sweat and my eyes flair in excitement as the mayhem began. *“This is going to be good. Mr. Dobbs is not going to know what hit him,”* I whisper to myself.

Chapter 86

Mr. Dobbs slowly made his way through the congested floor of the train station towards the 3:30 train to New Mexico.

Mr. Dobbs brought along a friend from the FBI that specialized in surveillance. Using security cameras and live feeds from Grand Central station, the FBI agent searched the station for his target.

“I know that my target is wheelchair bond man with a scared face and that he has not yet boarded the train,” Mr. Dobbs uttered to his friend through a two way radio.

The FBI agent surveyed the Grand Central’s main floor and said. “I can’t locate your target yet, but I just recognized an agent from the FBI.”

“An FBI agent?” Mr. Dobbs insisted

“That's weird for a moment I though I saw an FBI agent in the crowd named Taylor...” Trepidation leapt into the agent’s soul as he abruptly screamed, “Shit, It's a trap to get out of there now James.”

A thunderous roar echoed throughout the arch ceilings of Grand Central station as a grenade erupted. Blinding thick smoked

bellowed into the vast room as horrified tourist frantically ran for their lives.

I watched tantalized as dark smoke from the grenade slowly dissipated. Taylor stealthily descended upon his unsuspected target. A joyful smile crossed my face as Taylor slowly pulled out a Mac-10 raffle and pointed it at Mr Dobbs's head. The gun suddenly erupted hurdling a bullet through James Dobb's heart. His face contoured in pain as his lifeless body crumbled to the floor. Taylor quickly disappeared into the chaos as Alex Gross and his squad of police officers swarmed the station. Bereaved and horrified tourist quickly surrounded Mr Dobbs's bloody body as Mr. Kandinsky and I discreetly boarded our train to Carlsbad New Mexico.

Chapter 87

Misery lingered in Kelly's souls as he woke up from his nightly dream of a women with crimson hair and emerald green eyes. John slowly climbed out of bed and crawled towards the bathroom as whiskey swirled in his head.

Several cup of coffee slowly brought Kelly back to life. As he slowly regained consciousness, memories of his murdered friends, Robert Freeman and Todd Beacon started in infiltrate his troubled mind . John knew that the murder of his friends could have only been committed by one man; Senator Jefferson Anderson. John now despised the man he once worship. Kelly desperately yearned to leave this frozen wasteland and revenge his friend's murder. He abruptly opened a bottle of vodka and poured himself a glass. Anguish lurked in his soul as he contemplated how he was going to kill Jefferson Anderson.

Chapter 88

The first class accommodations on the train to NewMexico was impeccable. Champagne, caviar, full screen television and surround sound stereo system was all world class. Albert and I enjoyed the first class dining and stimulating view of the beautiful American southwest aboard out train as we traveled to New Mexico. The three-day train ride to New

Mexico was far more delightful than our three day trip back to America.

The train ride to New Mexico made me feel melancholy for a trip I once took with my daughter. Feeling that I might have been dead to me swelled in my cold heart as I asked Albert if he was ever married.

My impromptu question was obviously a very emotionally charged question for Albert. We rarely talk about such emotional things such as life, family or love ones.

“Yes, her name was Brenda.”

A look of surprise crossed my scared face as I uttered, “What happened?”

“World war two,” Robert uttered in a stern unemotional tone.

Though his face was impervious to any emotion, I could see that Albert was devastated. He tried to camouflage his raw emotion that were swirling in his soul as he whispered, “She was murdered during a bomb raid by the English royal air force in 1941.” Robert gritted

his teeth as he tried to hold back a flood of tears that quickly accumulated in his big blue eyes.

“I am sorry Albert, I never knew your were married.”

Suddenly a flood of tears streamed down Albert’s face as he gasped, “We had a child named Claris. She died along side my wife that very same day.” Alberts’s phlegmatic persona was suddenly shattered like broken glass as all of his pent up emotions erupted from deep within his soul.

“I am sorry,” I apologetically whispered into my friend’s ear.

Tears trickled from Albert’s swollen eyes as he took a shot of whiskey. Slowly he recomposed himself back to the unemotional rock that I have always known.

A sentimental feeling arose from deep within my soul as I confessed my emotional lost. “I had a daughter too. She was only eight years old with long strawberry hair, cute little cheeks and cheerful smile.”

“What happened?”

“She was murdered; it’s been almost twenty years.” An unsuspected tear trickled down my cheek as I reflected on that terrible day in June. “An accident gas leak caused my house to explode, killing my child and scotched my face. I have thought of her every day for the past twenty years.”

My delightful daughter’s smile pierced through my hardened cold heart. The warmth of her love erupted in my soul as I remember happier days of her delightful laughter and illuminating smile.

This was the first time Albert and I ever talked about our lost loved ones. We desperately try to remember the love we once had in our hearts. A wave of resentment and remorse fill the train cabin while Albert and I drank twenty year old whiskey and lamented our departed loved ones.

Chapter 89

It was a hot and dry day in New Mexico. The blistering sun blazed upon my scorched face as Mr. Kandinsky carried me off the train.

Carlsbad was a scarce little town, where parry dogs outnumbered people. We braved the hostile condition as Albert pushed me toward the New Mexico bank. The walk to the bank was cumbersome as a strong windstorm tried to abstain our advancement.

The town was mysteriously silent as I rolled passed the post office, local café and newspaper stand that lined Main Street. The citizens we did observed were a mélange of native American, black folks and illegal Mexicans.

I reflected on the dramatic contrast between the dust bowl of New Mexico and the tranquil oasis of Montreux, Switzerland.

A strong wind from the south ricocheted the tumbleweed down the street as if they were in a giant pinball machine. We finally came upon the New Mexico bank. The small bank

was located in a dilapidated shopping center at the edge of town. The once bright yellow façade of the bank was showing signs of decay from blowing dust. The unimpressive building looked more like an old warehouse rather than a world-class bank. The windowless bank only has one entrance, a large, looming, yet very unattractive steel door.

The bank's unimpressive massive front door squeaked loudly as Albert pushed open the door. I wheeled my chair inside the bank's lobby. A dust cloud bellowed into the lobby before Albert had the chance to close the heavy metal door.

The lobby was vacant except for a standup desk in the center of the room. Three small lamps, a notepad and several envelopes were strewn across the desk. The small calendar that was embedded into the desk's surface was dated May 15, 1984.

As I slowly inspected the bank's dust-covered lobby, I finally realized that we were not alone. Through a cloud of dust, I gazed

upon a single bank teller sitting behind a large steel cage. To my dismay I found no other customer or bank employees.

The teller was an unflattering middle-age, white woman with a spray-on tan. She was bestowed with long fake blonde hair, small breast, buffalo size butt and a long protruding nose.

A bewildered look crossed my face as I gazed into her eyes. It was obvious to me that she was impervious to any form of happiness. I pitied the poor woman's desolate, miserable and despairing life.

“May I help you?” the teller asked.

“I have a key to a safely deposit box, I would like to open.”

The repulsive teller looked down upon me unsympathetically and asked, “Do you have any identification sir?”

Albert flashed his fake FBI bag and placed it on the counter. The teller gave Mr. Kandinsky a scornful look as she typed on her computers’

keyboard. A suspicious look crept across the teller's homely face as she cast her eyes upon my scorched face.

“Okay, please come this way,” the teller said as she opened a squeaky steel cage door.

I maneuver my wheelchair through the gate and down the hall.

A cantankerous look crossed the teller's face as she led us down the hall to a secure room labeled safe deposit box. The room was barely big enough for the three of us. I gave the delightful teller my key. She inserted the key into a large safety box number 2112 and turned the two keys. A creaking sound bellowed from the box as it slowly opened.

Albert and I were in nirvana as we stared at the half-open safety deposit box. A childlike glee crossed my face as I eagerly anticipate finally retrieving our treasure. I was suddenly baffled and bereaved as Kandinsky pulled open the safe deposit box and reveal that the treasure was gone. Albert blew off the dust from the box. Two names were printed on the

safe deposit box, Sam Tucker and Donald Walker.

Anguish and bitterness lingered in my heart as I quickly realized that Sam Tucker had lied to me. Albert's heart was filled with rage as he screamed, "We have been betrayed again."

Despair lingered in my soul as I wheel my chair pass the teller towards the lobby. I paused for a moment and tried to recall the last few words that Sam Tucker uttered to me before I killed him. Suddenly I was animated as I recalled the named Sam whispered to me; Donald Walker. I had a hunch that Donald might know the whereabouts of my treasure. To facilitate finding the treasure, I would first have to find out if Mr. Walker was still alive.

An insincere smile crossed my face as I realized that the teller might be able to help me find Donald Walker. Albert grabbed the unsuspected teller from behind and placed his strong hands around her throat.

"Not to tightly Mr Kandinsky, we need her alive," I pleaded.

The teller gasp for air as Mr Kandinsky reluctantly loosened his grip. I placed my Luger pistol against her head and confronted the teller. "where is the treasure?"

A surprised look crossed the teller's face as she struggled to speak, "Treasure, what treasure?"

I grew tired of the teller's uncooperative attitude as I pondered letting Mr Kandinsky strangle the teller. "The safe deposit box was empty. Did Donald Walked take the treasure?"

"You mean old man Walker."

"You know Donald Walter? Tell me where is he right now."

Gasping and coughing, the teller uttered, "The safe deposit box was emptied one night and I never saw Mr Walker again."

Rage erupted in my soul as I screamed, "Did Donald emptied the box?"

"I don't know. Some people say that he emptied the box then was brutally murdered."

Mr Kandinsky tighten his grip around the teller's neck. Just before Albert snapped her neck, the teller gasped, "Jane Walker?"

Albert regrettably relinquished his grip as the teller crumbled to the floor. Gasping for air she uttered, "Donald walker's daughter, Jane Walker is still alive. She lives in a ratty old trailer park down that way, about a mile out-of-town on route 66. You can't miss it."

Chapter 90

The weather-beaten trailer home was just a few miles down from the bank on route 66. A dust-covered road lead to the mobile home. As Albert helped me into my wheelchair, I cast my brown eyes upon the Walker's household. The dilapidated mobil home had several broken windows covered with cardboard and a broken TV antenna. Cat urine and grease filled the air as Albert knocked on the front door. A delightful young woman answered the door. Unabashed, the young lady spoke with a high pitch southern voice, "How may I help you good sir?"

“We are friends of your father Donald--”

Anguish and trepidation quickly spread across the young child’s face as she yelled, “Run pa.”

Suspicious, Albert pushed aside the girl and lunged into the one room mobile home. Rage infested Albert’s soul as he saw an old man open a sliding glass door and run away from the house. Mayhem erupted as Albert pulled out his Glock pistol and chased after the old man. The young women screamed, brandish a steak knife and ran towards me. I pulled out my Lugar and pointed at her head. The young women halted her advance and dropped the steak knife. A bitter look quickly shrouded her beautiful face as she regrettable took a seat on the couch.

The old man was trying to unlock a shed in the backyard as Albert jumped on him. Albert scuffled with the old man then dragged him back into the mobil home and pushed him onto a chair.

I cast my eyes upon an old man. He had long straggly hair, dark menacing eyes and yellow teeth. A WWII airborne paratrooper pin adorned old man's faded pair of blue overalls.

“You were in the the eighty-six Airborne platoon commanded by Jefferson Anderson?”

A stubborn and defiant look crept over the old man's face as he uttered, “Who are you and what do you want?” The old man gasped as he tried to escape Albert's tight grip around his neck.

A mesmerizing look crept over me as I admire the old man's daughter. The young woman was graced with a pair of deep blue eyes, a cute button size nose and long blond hair. A tattoo reading “God loves you” adorned left arm and a simple cotton dress covered her deep dark tanned skin. An unsuspected smile crossed my face as I pondered how much Jane reminded me of my own child.

“I just visited your friend Sam Tucker in England. He told me that you helped him

deposit a very valuable treasure into a safe deposit box at the first national bank.”

A suspicious look masked the old man’s face as he uttered. “What are you the FBI?”

“Your friend Sam Tucker gave me the key to that safe deposit box, but I just found out that the box was empty.”

A tear tricked down the old man face as he stared into his daughter’s ocean blue eyes. Vindication lingered in his heart as he remained defiantly. The stubborn look on the old man’s face indicated to me that he was going to be uncooperative.

Viciousness swilled in Albert’s heart as he Violently straggled the old man.

“No, the daughter pleaded as he lugged at Albert. Jane violently kicked, and punched Albert until I blasted a hole through the wall of the mobil home with my pistol. Tears cascaded down the young women’s beautiful face as she sat back in her chair.

Bereavement and dread engulfed the mobile home as I uttered, “We don't want to hurt you or your daughter Mr Walker, just tell me where the treasure is and I'll let you and your daughter live.”

The old man's brown eye gazed at me with hate and bitterness.

“I really don't want to do this, but you leave little choice.” I grab Jane by her long blonde hair and pushed my luger pistol toward her head. “You have three-seconds to tell me what I want to know or I will splatter her brains over the mobile home.”

Rage festered in the old man's face as I cocked back the handle of my gun.

“I can't tell you, but I can show were it is,” the old man uttered.

The daughter screamed, “ No father, don't tell him anything.”

“Mr. Walker I am growing impatient.”

“Jane go get the map,” the father insisted.

A forbidding look concealed the child face as she defiantly screamed, “No.”

“Go ahead child, we will be all right.”

The daughter reluctantly walked to the kitchen and pulled out a ripped pieces of parchment paper. Scornful looked lingered in the daughter’s eyes as she tossed the paper towards me. As she sat back on the coach, I unfolded the piece of parchment and revealed a map. “What is this?” I stammered.

“It’s a map of the Carlsbad cavern. I was as a tour guide there many years ago. I stole the treasure out of the safe deposit box and buried it in the cave.”

A gleam of fulfillment lingered in my soul as I cast my eyes on the map. I threw the map towards the old man and said, “Take us there now.”

Chapter 91

Legions of computer geeks employed the FBI’s super computer to identify the twelve soldiers in Kevin Spencer’s old photograph.

Doctor Eric Brown and FBI agent Jenny Johnson were perplexed as they analyzed thousands of possible soldier that could be the men in the old picture. Despite the agency's large computers and the smartest geeks on the planet, Doctor Brown was still unable to identify which of the twelve soldier in the old photograph was Martinez. Doctor Brown's theory that one of the twelve men in the old photograph was Martinez has started to feel a little misguided. After sixteen hours of diligently searching, Jenny was finally able to find the names of three more soldiers in the old photograph. The jubilant doctor Brown sprang from his chair as he hailed Jenny success. The doctor bellowed, "It's time for a celebration." Instantly the geeks rose up from the cubicle as loud rock and roll music blared from the speakers. Bottle of Champaign where popped as the doctor officially praised agent Jenny Johnson for her superior work. The once peaceful computer laboratory was suddenly thrust into party mode again as naked

computers geeks danced around the FBI computer lab.

Chapter 92

Albert tidied the old man's hands and forced him into the back seat of the car then climbed in alongside him.

The daughter's resentful eyes pieced through my soul as I forced her into the car.

"Get behind the wheel and drive," I said as I pointed my Lugar at Jane's head.

As Jane drove south on route 66 towards the Carlsbad cave, I could't help but observe her natural beauty. Her long blond hair and deep blue eyes only aspirated my aguish over the loss of my own poor child.

Jane drove two miles pass the entrance of the national park till we came to a secret entrance. We followed an old railroad track for two miles until we came upon a large boulder. Mr. Dubinsky bound and gagged Jane as I cumberously maneuvered by wheelchair over the tedious territory. Albert dragged the old man

and Jane until I came upon the foot of the mountain.

“The entrance is beyond that bolder,” the old man insisted.

Albert strong muscular build pushed the rock aside and reveal an eight foot hole in the wall.

Carefully I followed as Albert dragged Jane and Donald into the dark abyss. The smell of sulfur drifted from deep within the cave as we travel slowly toward a faint light. The cave soon opened up to a large chamber. We stared in amazement at hundreds of stalagmites Throughout the dimly lit cave. The cave's natural beauty filled our souls with ecstasy.

“This way,” Jane said as she followed the map through a maze of caves. We soon came upon the bat cave where several hundred bats slept awaiting till dusk to feed. Then we entered a large cave called the great giant were large stalagmites tower from floor to high in the ceiling.

Loud voices from the tourist and children reverberate off the great walls of limestone as we approached our destiny. The feeling of adrenaline and enthusiasm spread quickly among us as we followed the map into a room name the chocolate room. We then followed a maze of corridors that went on for a mile.

“According to the map we have to follow this path till we get to a natural limestone chamber,” Jane insisted as she read the map in the dimly lit cave.

We soon came upon a large cave named the big room. The vastness of the cave was amazing. We gazed in wonderment upon a cave that was the size of the super dome.

The map lead us to a small passage only four feet wide. “The treasure is in that small cave,” the old man uttered.

I cast my eyes towards the small opening and said, “Albert take Mr. Walker into the small cave a retrieved our treasure. I’ll stay here with Jane.”

While I am waited for Albert to return with our treasure, I cast my eyes on Jane's beautiful face. Despite her tears, she was a stunning young women that reminded me of my daughter. Memories of my daughter's innocent and jovial smile swirled though my heart as a smile adorned my face. Suddenly I was full of dread as my thoughts drifted back to the day my daughter died. Sorrow and bitterness swelled in my soul as I mourned my daughters death again.

Unpronounced to me, Jane picked up a rock and smashed it upon my head. I quickly became dazed and confused as Jane struggled for my gun. Suddenly I heard a gunshot echo throughout the vast cave. I soon realized that a bullet from my gun pieced her flesh. Regret quickly spread through my heart as I tried to comprehended what had happened. I climbed off my chair and crawled in the dirt towards her side. I turned Jane over and saw that she was shot in the chest. A plethora of emotion swirled in my soul as tears streamed down Jane's

beautiful face. Chaos erupted in the cave as another shot echoed in the great cave. Panic stricken tourist ran from the cave as I watched Jane slowly bleed to death.

Smoke still swirled from Albert's gun as he ran back toward me and screamed, "Are you all right sir?" As Albert helped me back into my chair, he noticed that I was covered in blood.

"It's all right Albert, it's not my blood. An unsuspected tear trickled down my face as I gazed at Jane's body strewn across the floor of the cave. Anguish besieged my heart as I mourned the passing of a young, innocent girl. I gazed up at Albert and inquired, "What happened to Donald?"

"He is dead, he tried to escape, so I shot him."

"Did you find anything in the small cave?"

"No, the old man lied to us. The only thing I found in the cave was three shotguns and several pistols. He lured us here so he could retrieve the guns from the cave and kill us. Before he died the old man confessed that Jeff

Anderson removed the remaining treasure from the safe deposit box six month ago. The old man died before he could tell me where the senator hid the treasure.”

Albert hastily pushed my wheelchair back to the car. As Jane’s body faded into the darkness of the cave, I slowly sank into depression and self-pity. I suddenly found myself reminiscing about the similarities between Jane Walker and my sweet departed daughter Nicole.

The sting of betrayal crept back into my heart as I uttered, “It looks like I will need more leverage if I am going to forced the senator to reveal the true whereabouts of the treasure. Why don't you pick up the Senator’s girlfriend, Penelope Baggins. I am sure that my old friend will quickly divulge the whereabouts of the treasure when I threaten to kill his lover.”

Chapter 93

A full moon illuminated Washington D.C. as Penelope and her best friend Darlene

Bradford walked down the marble steps of the Capital.

“It’s still very hot outside,” Darlene stammered as she took off her red velvet shawl.

Penelope’s face was rigid and forbidding as the two secretaries walked home.

“What’s up girlfriend? You haven’t said anything all night.” Darlene insisted.

Penelope’s blue eyes simmered in moonlight as she was aroused from her deep trance. “Oh, I am sorry, what did you say Darlene?”

“What’s up with you girlfriend? You have been acting very strange since you and Senator Anderson were attacked by that creep in the wheelchair.”

Penelope whipped away a tear and to hide her tormented feeling with a weak smile. “I am okay.”

“Don’t you’ll lie to me; I have known you far too long.”

Penelope or as her friends call her Penney, looked deep into Darlene's dark brown eyes and realized that there was no point in hiding her fears. "I thought we were going to die. I can still see those looming dark eyes of the man who tried to murder me."

An inquisitive look crept across Darlene's sad round face as she helplessly listened to Penney's relive that awful night. "Do you know why you and Senator Anderson were targeted? Was it some type of terrorist attack?"

Penny tried to smile, but her inner demons shrouded her in fear and dread "I don't think so, I think it was personal."

Doubt snared Darlene's mind as she looked into Penny's tear filled eyes and realized the truth. "You love him."

A smile cracked through Penney's fake vainer as she thought of her one true love, Jefferson Anderson.

"Oh my god, it's true; wait till the other secretaries hear about this."

“No,” Penney demanded as she grabbed Darlene by her shoulders. “Listen, no one can ever know.”

Jealousy, churned in Darlene's soul. “I never knew you were in love with Senator Anderson. You better watch your step girlfriend. The other Senators would use that information to destroy him.”

Penny was very much aware of the consequence of loving a Senator. She doesn't care; she was in love, a love she had to keep deep within her soul.

Sorrow infiltrated Penny's heart as a breeze picked up from the south. The empty streets of D.C. felt eerie to Penney's paranoid mind as they made their way home. A sinister, horrifying presence, that she felt only once before, swept through her soul like an evil plague. The feeling of sliding down into the pit of hell swelled in the Penney's heart. It's was the same feeling that she had when a strange man named Albert Kandinsky pierced her arm with a needle.

The foreboding cold breath of the Reaper brushed up against Penelope's neck. She reluctantly turned around and saw a pair of dark coal colored eyes leering back at her. A drug soaked cloth was suddenly clenched over her mouth.

Darlene's scream echoed down the deserted street as she struggled in vain to thwart her emanate death. Her tear-filled eyes looked into the unmerciful, unsympathetic and vindictive killer's eyes. A sadistic smile adorned Albert's face as he plunged his knife deeper into Darlene's rapidly beating heart.

Like a cold hand yearning for a warm glove on a cold December morning, the Reaper waited in earnest to collect Darlene's soon departed soul. Her lifeless corpse collapsed to the street as Albert removed his bloody six inch knife. A manacling grin slowly appeared on Albert's face as he cast his eyes scornfully upon Darlene's bloody body strewn across the vacate streets.

Just before she succumbed to the medication, Penelope's blue eyes gaze upon the one man she hoped she would never to see again. Mr. Kandinsky shoved the Senator's lover into my car as her eyes gaze upon my scorched face. A diabolical smile crossed my face I chuckled, "Hello Penelope, how nice it is to see you again my dear."

Chapter 94

The ringing phone distracted Senator Anderson's recollection of June 8, 1944. Upon the fourth ring, Jeff awoke from his troubled past and answered his phone.

"Hello," Jeff Anderson whispered as he slowly descended from his nightmare.

"I am so glad to hear that you didn't die my old friend," I said.

Dreadful fear crept back into the Senator's heart as he quickly regained his composure. "I know you murdered my friends Todd Beacon and Kevin Spencer."

“Yes, I am a murderer and so are you senator or have you forget the past.”

The Senator slowly regained control of his temper and took a shot of whiskey. He slowly sat down upon his leather chair. “What do you want Martinez?”

“You lied to me; the priest in France didn’t have the treasure.”

The Senator took another shot of whiskey and leaned back in his chair. “Don’t worry about the treasure Martinez, I hide it in a safe place. Though you were able to elude assassination by my most trusted assassin, Mr James Dobbs. The FBI are on to you and soon you will be six feet under.”

“Your assassin Mr. Dobbs was apathetic fool my old friend. The only one that is going to die today is your lover, Mrs. Penelope Baggins.”

The senator’s heart was besieged with bitterness and despair as he pleaded, “Please don’t hurt her?”

“She is safe for now Mr. Anderson. Would you like to talk to your lover?”

The Senator could hear the muffled voice of a woman. “Penelope?”

“Yes, that’s right Senator; I have your lover,” I chuckled in a callous tone.

“How do I know that’s Mrs. Penelope Baggins?”

Another long silent moment passed before the Senator heard the soft whisper of his lover, “Jeffery doesn’t pay this scumbag anything.”

The Senator’s body trembled in fear as he finally recognized Penelope’s voice. Vindication and malice swirled in the Senator’s troubled mind as he uttered “Don’t you dare harm her Martinez; I will do whatever you want.”

“I don’t want her. I want you to tell me where the treasure is now?”

The Senator felt like a fly stuck in a spider web as he agonizing over Penelope's impending death.

“I promise Senator, if you tell me where the treasure is, I will spare your lover’s life.”

The Senator quickly paced the room as he considers his option.

“Meet me at the Georgetown waterfront park tomorrow night. Please Mr. Anderson no secret service or FBI agents or your lover is dead.”

Chapter 95

The stench of booze still lingered on Craig’s breath as reunited with his partner Dennis Paterson at the FBI headquarters in Washington D.C. Anxiety swirled in the agent’s minds as they approached Doctor Eric Brown’s office. The agent’s apprehensively opened the door and saw Doctor Brown playing spin the bottle with several other computer geeks.

Despite Dennis’s laughter, Craig was obviously not pleased by Jenny’s childish

antics. Rage resinated in Craig's tone as he screamed "Doctor Brown can we have your full attention."

The party quick disbanded as Dr. Brown quickly returned to his computer and uttered, "How may I help you agent Craig Holloway?"

It is obvious from the grimiest look on Craig's face that he was not amused. "Do you have new information on the whereabouts of Martinez?"

"No, I am sorry agent Holloway, but we have identified some of the soldiers in the old photograph that you found in the Kevin Spencer's boat. All the men in the picture were soldiers in eighty-six Airborne platoon during the D-day invasion in France. The guy in the middle of the picture is Senator Jefferson Anderson; he was the platoon's leader. The other soldier's are Captain John Clack Kelly, Lieutenant Todd Beacon, Corporal Kevin Spenser aka Robert Banner, Private Robert Freeman aka Thomas Pain, Private Sam Tucker and Private Donald walker. Our theory is that

one of the soldiers in this photograph is the terrorist named Martinez,” Doctor Brown stipulated.

“I found Martinez,” Miss Jenny Johnson screamed across the computer laboratory. He depart a train from New Mexico at the Amtrak train station in Washington D.C.yesterday at 2 a.m.”

“Martinez is probably back in D.C.to murder senator Anderson. We must call the senator and tell him his life is still in danger.”

“Capital Security station; Captain Hayden speaking.”

“This Is FBI agent Dennis Peterson, I am looking for Senator Jefferson Anderson.”

“Hello agent Peterson, I am sorry, but he is not available right now.”

“This in an FBI investigation; we need to see him right now.”

“Yes, sir agent Paterson, but I am sorry to tell you that the senator is missing. Senator

Anderson slipped his secret service protection detail and headed toward Georgetown in a taxi.

“Tell the secret service to put up a ten block radius around Georgetown. I will send in the FBI’s sniper unit.”

“I don’t think that will be necessary, sir, he is probably just meeting up with a hooker.”

“License to me carefully, A terrorist named Martinez is planning to assassinate the Senator tonight.”

Captain Hayden deeply resented the agent’s strong arm actions, but he soon realized that the agent was probably correct. “Yes, sir,” Captain Hayden grumbled and hanged up the phone.

chapter 96

Kelly frantically paced his hotel room in Ottawa as he planned to revenge his friend’s murder. As Kelly consumed his thirds glass of vodka, the former airborne soldier convinced himself that the person responsible for the murder of his friends was senator Jeff

Anderson. It was late afternoon by the time Kelly finished his last bottle of vodka. As the sunset in the west, Kelly finally ran out of alcohol and walked to a near package store and brought a bottle of bourbon and bottle of gin. John finished off the bottle of bourbon by early evening. It was almost midnight by the time Kelly finished the last drop of gin and passed out on his bed.

The next morning FBI agent Carl Harper woke up Kelly, got him dressed and dragged him to a secret FBI darkroom in Ottawa, Canada. Still hangover, John Kelly glared at Dexter as he appeared on a video monitor within the FBI black room. Alcohol swirled in Kelly's mind as he watched the director of the FBI berate agent Harper. "How could this happen, Freedman was under your surveillance for the last three months. How was it possible that an assassin was able to kill Robert right under your nose? Couldn't you stop the assassin before she killed our only witness again Senator Jeff Anderson?"

“There was nothing we could do; she got spooked when she recognized Kelly.”

“That bitch killed my friends,” Kelly screamed.

“Do we have any leads as to the assassin’s real name or who hired her to kill Todd Beacon and Robert Freeman?” Dexter inquired.

“My sources with the Canadian government, said that the assassin’s fingerprints were linked to an assassin named Cindy Woodworth. She was a former assassin for an Irish mob boss in Boston. She has been a freelance assassin for the last few years,” Carl said.

“Have you learn who hired her to kill Robert Freeman?” Dexter said.

“I know,” Kelly said in drunken slurry voice.

“Who do you think she worked for Kelly?” Dexter inquired.

“Senator Anderson hired that bitch.”

“That may be so Kelly, but we need proof. Do you have any proof that will implicate the senator in your friend’s murder?” Dexter inquired.

“He did it; I know he did. He is a politician and that is all the proof I need.”

“My sources tell me that senator Anderson is involved in a secret affair with his chief of staff Penelope Baggins. It may be prudent for the FBI to retain Mrs Baggins. She may have some proof that the senator hired Cindy Woodworth to assassinate Robert Freeman,” Carl said.

“That a very wise suggestions agent Harper. I will arrange for one of my agents to capture Mrs Penelope Baggins and bring her to my secret blackout room in D.C. My private airplane will arrive in Ottawa in three hours. Carl, I want you to bring Kelly back to Washington D.C, ” Dexter said.

Chapter : 97

The spring sky over Washington, D.C. quickly diminished from a warm orange glow to a dark and cloudy night. Jeff Anderson took every precaution to make sure he was not followed by secret service as he made his way to Georgetown. He knew that tonight might be the last night he saw Penelope alive. Jeff had known all along that the sins that he committed forty years ago would lead to his demise.

Jeff quickly dashed between the trees as he approached the Francis Scott Key Memorial park. The lights within the memorial park started to flicker on as the sunny late afternoon sky was slowly extinguished by the blackness of night. Jeff slowed his pace as he reached the last tree before entering the memorial park. Anderson gasped for breath as he surveyed the gloomy park. The long, stretching shadow of the nearby oak tree hindered Jeffery's observation. "*Is that Martinez?*" the Senator contemplated to himself as he surveyed the darkening park. Jeff's mind throbbed in rage

and despair at the thought of losing the love of his life.

The cool spring daylight was finally eclipsed by encroaching darkness. Suddenly the park was plunged into an obscure and murky nightfall. As the pale streetlights slowly illuminate the park, Senator Anderson finally realized that the people on the bench were indeed lovers embracing in a kiss.

The lover's entangled kiss, reminded Jeff of Penelope's soft lips. Jeff never thought he would ever find true love like he did in Penelope's deep blue eyes. Jeff Anderson's love for Penelope made him more determined than ever to protect her from harm.

“Over here Jeff Anderson,” A strange voice cried out in the misty darkness.

Mr. Anderson strained to see two silhouette seating on a park bench on the far side of the fountain. As Mr. Anderson slowly approached, it soon became very apparent to him that the two silhouettes were not lovers at

all, but rather Penelope Baggins and Albert Kandinsky.

“Let her go,” Jeff yelled impetuously as he rushed to her side.

“Not so fast Jeff,” Albert grumbled.

Senator Anderson quickly turned towards me as I slowly crept towards him in my wheelchair.

Jeff was indecisive as he pondered who to kill first. Time had slowly dwindled his strength to kill Kandinsky, but not his will.

The Senator stared at me with the audacity that would have killed most men.

“What is it you want Martinez?” Jefferson scolded. “She has nothing to do with this.”

“You know what we want,” Kandinsky shouted as he pointed his gun under Penelope’s chin.

Dauntlessly Jeff screamed, “No,” as he lurched towards Albert.

“I wouldn’t do that Mr. Anderson,” Kandinsky threatened as he pointed his gun at

the Senator's head. "Just tell us where the treasure is and I will let her go."

Slowly I roll my wheelchair closer to Senator Anderson. The dimly lit park and my scotched face made it problematic for Jeff to recognize the youthful young man I was forty years ago.

"Let me kill them; we can find the treasure without him," Albert said vehemently. His eyes flared with rage as he jabbed his gun deeper into Penelope's throat.

Despair swirled in Jeff's soul as he lamented his lover's pain. Though the Senator wore a mask of bravado, his trembling voice articulated his fear and anger. Jeff choked back his tears as he divulged, "It is obvious you betrayed your country and conspired with this Nazi. I presumed the premises of this alliance was to steal the treasure for yourself and extract your revenge upon me, and my lover. For the past forty year my old friend, you have watched your life slip away into oblivion as revenge gnawed away at your soul and left you feeling

nothing but malice and bitterness. I feel sorry for you my old friend. I am sorry for the sin that I have bestowed upon you, but please don't kill my one true love.”

I rolled my wheelchair closer to the Senator and screamed, “You were my friend, and I believed in you, I admired you. You were my hero, hell I glorified you, and every soldier in that platoon. Then you decided to forsake me.”

“You were a sniveling coward,” The Senator boasted.

The cool night air swirled with animosity as I pointed my luger pistol at the Senator’s head. “I am not a patient man senator. If you don’t tell me where the treasure is right now, I am going force you to watch as I kill your one true love.”

Chapter 98

“I don't know anything about this treasure you keep talking about. Please take my life and spare Penelope's life.”

“I don’t want your life my old friend. I want you alive to face the consequences of your own greed and to feel the pain of losing someone you love.” I finally felt the rush of victory as I threatened the Senator with a fate worst than death. “I have already tortured and murdered all of your friends from the platoon.”

Malice erupted in the Senator’s heart as he screamed, “I don't care what you do to me let Penelope go.”

My heart was besieged with ecstasy as the Senator wailed in torment and bitterness.

I have waited years to get my revenge on Jefferson Anderson as I basked in the glory of revenge. The sweet smell of revenge encapsulated me as I pondered how the Senator is going to pay for his sins.

“Kevin Spencer was my first victim in my plan for revenge upon the eight-six airborne platoon. Before I had him assassinated, your friend confessed his sins and revealed to me that you had the treasure,” I boasted.

“I am going to kill you,” Jeff screamed as he leaped for Kandinsky’s pistol. Thunderous roars echoed in Penelope’s ear as Kandinsky shoot Senator Jefferson Anderson.

The scorching pain from the bullet lodged in his shoulder quickly brought the senator to his knees. Penelope tired to screamed as Kandinsky’s large hands grasped tightly around her throat.

“Not a foot closer Mr. Anderson or the next one will be in her head,” Kandinsky threatened.

Senator Jefferson Anderson frantically grasped his left shoulder to impede the bleeding.

I sarcastically chuckled as I rolled my wheelchair closer to the Senator and said, “Your friends Todd Beacon, Sam Tucker and Donald Walker were all assassinated for their sins.”

Jeff’s arm throbbed in pain as he agonized over the murder of his friends. Jeff’s tears were like heroin to me, the more Mr. Anderson mourned the murder of his friends, the more

jubilant I became. The pain in the Senator's heart only swelled as I chronicled my lust for murder and mayhem.

“What did you do with the treasure after you moved it out of the first federal bank in New Mexico Mr. Anderson? I demanded.

“Spencer.”

“What did you say Mr. Anderson?”

Jeff gasped for air as he struggled to stay alive and whispered, “Deloris Spencer.”

Torment and anguish swirled in my troubled mind as I scrutinized the validity of the Senator's last declaration. I pulled out a crumpled piece of paper I found at the Chillion castle in Switzerland and read it again. “Signed D. The D must stand for Deloris. Deloris Spencer removed the treasure from the Chillion castle. That little bitch, I should have known better. Kevin Spencer swore to me that if I didn't kill his wife, he would tell me the truth about the whereabouts of the treasure.”

Frustration erupted in my heart as I pointed my Lugar pistol at the Senator's head.

Jeff suddenly leapt towards me and tried to wrestle my gun from me. I found myself again embroiled in a battle for my life with a man I use to call my friend. Trepidation lingered in my heart as I desperately tried to stay alive. I retrieved my gun and pointed at the senator's head. A euphoric feeling infiltrated my soul as I implement my revenge upon my old friend. My heart was simultaneously tormented with both love and animosity for my friend as I slowly pulled the trigger on my Lugar pistol.

Chapter 99

Abruptly the park erupted with gunfire. The once tranquil moonlit night was suddenly thrust into a battle between good and evil as the FBI Invade the memorial park. "Hold your fire. This is Dennis Peterson of the federal bureau of investigations; Martinez and Robert Dubinsky aka Albert Kandinsky, you're

surrounded put down your weapons and release your hostages now.”

I immediately maneuver my wheelchair behind a row of trees as bullet whizzed past my head.

Kandinsky sought refuge behind a park bench with Penelope still in tow. Albert cocked his gun and places it beneath Penelope’s chin.

“You have two minutes, Martinez to come out before we open fire,” the agent snarled.

Kandinsky and I slowly inch our way back to our car.

Gunfire erupted again; this time the gunfire was aimed towards the FBI.

“Come this way if you want to live,” An ominous voice shouted over the gunfire.

I wheel my wheelchair between trees as the FBI released a barrage of bullets. A skeptical look quickly adorned my face as I cast my eye upon a mysterious person concealed behind a black mask. “Taylor is that you?” I uttered suspiciously.

“Yes, It is me. Hurry your car is waiting over there; we don’t have much time. I will get Albert, you get to the car.”

I wheeled my chair towards my car as Taylor raced toward Kandinsky.

“Kandinsky, we got to go. The FBI will overrun the park soon,” Taylor said.

“I will take care of the FBI myself; you take care of Martinez.”

Enrage and vex by Kandinsky stupidly, Taylor contemplated between killing the FBI agents or Kandinsky.

Kandinsky yelled, “Put down your weapon FBI or I will kill her.”

“You’re surrounded Dubinsky, there is no way out,” Dennis stated. “Just give her up and drop your weapons.”

Shots rang out as I move my wheelchair closer to my car. I soon realize that I couldn’t leave my best friend alone to die. I abruptly turn his wheelchair around and quickly rolled my wheelchair back towards Albert.

The darkness that shrouded the park was abruptly illuminated with a blinding bright light and a loud thunderous explosion.

Frantically I wheeled himself back toward Kandinsky as the FBI abruptly detonated a M84 stun grenade to disorientation Taylor and Albert. Kandinsky ducted for cover, but it was too late, he was hit in the leg by FBI gunfire. Fearing the worst, I rolled my wheelchair desperately towards my friend.

“I am going to kill her,” Mr. Kandinsky yelled. Kandinsky Jumped to his feet with Penelope still clutched tightly in his grip.

The FBI abruptly halted their assault as Albert walked out from behind a tree with his gun pointed at Penelope’s head.

Dispirited, Penelope sobbed as she struggled for freedom from Kandinsky’s strong grip. Albert finally come to a stop in the middle of a park and places his gun against Penelope’s head.

“Don’t do it Dubinsky,” Dennis pleaded.

Al turned to me and smiled. An unsuspected tear trickled down my face as I smiled back at my best friend. The memories that Albert and I shared for the past forty years passed before me. My heart was plagued with regret and anxiety as I pondered the possibility that I was just about to lose the best friend I ever had. Even though we were once enemies, Al has always been my best friend.

Kandinsky's mind was immersed with vindication and disdain as he glared at the FBI. "Fuck you FBI agent Dennis Paterson," he screamed as he pulled trigger of his Glock pistol and shot Penelope Baggins twice in the head.

Mrs. Penelope Bagginess's beautiful blue eyes slowly faded as blood cascaded down her face. Penelope's blood soaked body crumbled to the ground as Kandinsky stared defiantly back at Dennis Paterson with his cold, unsympathetic and callous eyes.

Scream of terror ripped through the park as Jeff Anderson cast his tear filled eyes toward

his lover dead corps strewn across the bloody grass. “No, Jeff screamed as he collapsed to his knees. Jeff’s once warm and loving heart became frigid as his gazed sadly upon his one true love.

The park was instantaneously thrust into chaos as Dennis Peterson took careful aim and shot Kandinsky in the head. Dennis’s 357 magnum disseminated Kandinsky’s head into small pieces and propelled his dead body over a nearby bench and splattered blood upon a grassy field.

The tragic murder of my friend Albert Kandinsky only escalate my lust for revenge. I pulled out my Lugar handgun and released a hailstorm towards the FBI. Several bullets from my Lugar pistol perforated agent Dennis Paterson’s body.

Taylor realized that we were out numbered and hastily launched two smoke grenades towards the FBI.

“Let’s move,” Taylor yelled. The FBI agent grabbed my wheelchair and pushed me back to my special equipped car.

“Deloris Spencer has the gold; I am going back to Seaside Oregon to reclaim the gold,” I instructed Taylor.

“I’ll go with you.”

“No, I will meet you in D.C. in two days after I have the treasure and together we will finally have our revenge and kill Jefferson Anderson.”

The FBI quickly invaded the park as I reluctantly drove my car out of sight.

Taylor shot a fellow FBI agents in the face with a Walter PP pistol. Cleverly Taylor switched his cloths and identification with the dead FBI agent and slipped into the dark night before the FBI arrived on the scene.

Chapter: 100

The flashing light of ten ambulance lit up the dark Washington skyline. Amongst the

many dead FBI agent, Jenny Johnson found Dennis Patterson. Tears streamed down Jenny's face as she cast her beautiful blue eyes on Dennis's bullet riddled body. Jenny struggled as she tried to carry Dennis to a waiting ambulance. As they past the dead bodies of their fellow FBI agents strewn across the park, Dennis uttered, "Where is Craig Holloway?"

"I don't know," Jenny insisted. "I will find him and meet you at the hospital."

As Dennis was placed in the ambulance he softly whispered in Jenny's ear, "Where is Senator Jeff Anderson? You must find out if he is alive or dead."

Sorrow erupted in Jenny's heart as the ambulance drove Dennis to the hospital. She cast her eyes amongst the dead and mourned the slaughtered agents that were strewn across the park. Jenny was unable to find Craig Holloway, but she was able to find the senator and bring him to the hospital.

Chapter 101

Tears of sorrow fill my eyes as I drove towards my private airplane waiting for me at a nearby Maryland airport. By the time I had settled into my large leather seat aboard my private jet, my tears had diminished to a trickle. I brushed away my last remaining tear as the flight attendant stored my wheelchair.

“Thank you. Can you tell the captain that I am ready to depart to our next destination; Astoria Regional Airport in Warrenton, Oregon.”

“Yes, sir, will Mr. Kandinsky be joining us?”

A small tear rolled down my cheeks as I said, “No, Mr. Kandinsky will not be taking this trip with us.”

Chapter 102

For the past forty years, Albert and I have been the best of friends. To tell the truth, Albert was my only friend. As I lamented the murder of my friend, I vowed to revenge his murder and kill FBI agent Dennis Paterson. Now that my friend was dead, there was no need for fake

alias. I could finally call him by his real name Robert Dubinsky.

Robert was more than just a bodyguard. Robert was a kindred soul who understood my feeling and embraced my plan for revenge. My friend has protected and nourished me through many near death experiences that I have faced in the past forty years.

The only solitude I had in Robert's passing was that Jeff Anderson was now lamenting the murder of his one true love, Penelope Baggins. A smile adorned my face as I recalled how Robert brutally murdered the senator's girlfriend. I was suddenly animated as I pondered the bitterness and torment that must have inflicted Jeff Anderson's soul as he watched Robert murder this one true love. Unfortunately the senator escaped my wrath again. My soul yearned for the chance to kill my old friend for his treachery.

My mind drifted back to the day that Mr. Dubinsky and I first met. We weren't friends at first, we were mortal enemies during the last

world war. It was June 6, 1944 when we first meet. I was slowly bleeding to death when I was abruptly confronted by a seriously injured German soldier named Robert Dubinsky. Neither of us was armed, but we were both scared. Although we were enemies, I helped the injured German soldier into a chair and covered him with a blanket. I grabbed a medical bag from one of the American soldiers and attended to Dubinsky's injuries.

After I patched Robert's wounds, I attended to my own wounds the best I could. Soon a man in a black robe appeared and said in a heavy French accent, "I am here to help."

"Wait," I screamed, "the German soldier needs more help than me."

The Frenchman was part of the French resistance and refused to help the German soldier.

"Place your left arm around me soldier," The Frenchman requested as he tried to help me to a nearby truck.

"No, wait," I asserted again.

The Frenchman turned to face me, “Why are you trying to save him? He wouldn’t try to save you.”

It was then I noticed the Frenchmen’s white collar and finally realized he was a priest.

“Father, you of all people should help everyone no matter what country they come from.”

The priest was stunned with disbelief; he paused then turned to look upon the injured German soldier, “Okay, I promise I will come back for him.”

The priest carried me to a nearby milk truck and placed me carefully into the back of the truck. “I shall return,” The priest promised. The priest was a man of his honor and took Dubinsky and myself to his church in the village of Sainte-Mère-Église, France. The priest name was Gregory Thomas Mansion. The priest and a nun attended to our medical and spiritual needs in our time of sorrow and anguish.

As the next few day passed on, Dubinsky and I cared for each other’s mental and physical

wounds. Dubinsky and I were once bitter enemies, but we soon became the best of friends. To conceal our true identity Robert took the alias Albert Kandinsky and I took the Spanish name for Mars, Martinez. Together Robert and I formed an alliance and contrived a plan to murder my old friend Sergeant major Jefferson Anderson.

Chapter 103

Special agent Jenny Johnson and Doctor Brown entered the hospital fearing the worst. The death of several fellow FBI agents saddened Jenny as she tried to smile. “Dennis you’re alive,” she screamed with joy as they entered the agent’s hospital room.

“Have you been able to find Craig; is he still alive?” Dennis inquired.

Jenny’s face was still wet from her tears as she uttered, “We haven’t found Craig yet, but I am sure he is all right. Many agents died tonight, but I think Craig is still alive; he may be in another hospital.”

“Is senator Anderson alive?”

Eric and Jenny look at each other as bereavement filled their hearts. “He is in surgery now,” Eric insisted.

Jenny sat down on a chair close to Dennis’s bed and held his hand.

Doctor Brown said, “We have found some more information on the twelve soldiers in Kevin Spencer’s old photograph. Five of the soldiers have been recently murder. We presume that they were either murdered by an assassins hired by Martinez or they were murdered by Martinez himself. Kevin Spencer aka Robert Banner was murdered in Oregon State two weeks ago. Sam Tucker was murdered in Kent, England six-day ago. Private Donald Walker and his daughter Jane were found dead inside the Carlsbad cavern in New Mexico three days ago. Private Todd Beacon was killed in cheap motel in Washington D.C. And dumped in a shallow grave. The local police suspect that Todd was poisoned. Robert Freeman was murder in Ottawa Canada by a women assassin named Cindy Woodworth.”

“Have you been able to narrow down which soldier in the old photograph is Martinez?” Dennis inquired.

“No, not yet. If our theory is correct, Martinez has got to be one of the seven remaining soldiers in this old photo,” Eric insisted.

“What are the names of the soldiers in the photograph that are still alive?” Dennis inquired.

“There are still two soldier in the picture that we still have not been able to identify. The remaining five soldiers that we know are alive are Captain John Clack Kelly, Private Kevin McFadden, Private Carl Smith, Derek Brown and Senator Anderson. Any one of the seven remaining soldiers could be Martinez,” Jenny stipulated.

“What about the treasure that Martinez is searching for, Have you been able to located it yet?” Dennis inquired.

“We still have not revealed what the treasure is or it present whereabouts. Senator

Anderson is the only person that know the answer to those questions, but he is still in surgery,”said Jenny.

“Martinez could already have the treasure. I need one of you to go to capitol and find a guy named captain Hayden. The captain will let you into the senator’s office. Maybe the senator left a clue to the whereabouts of the treasure in one of his files,” said Dennis.

“I’ll go see captain Hayden,” Jenny said.

“What about the forensic report on the guns used by Martinez and Robert Dubinsky?” Dennis requested.

“I have the report right here,” Doctor Brown stated. Martinez used a Lugar pistol handgun. The unknown assassin that helped Martinez escape the Georgetown park used a Mac-10 assault riffle.”

“Run a fingerprint analysis on the shell casing of both guns; it might reveal Martinez’s real name and identify the mysterious assassin who killed all of those FBI agent tonight,” Dennis said.

Chapter 104

Dennis lied quietly in his hospital bed thinking of his only daughter Isabella. A smile illuminated his face as he thought of her warm cheerful smile. The agent was abruptly aroused from his dreams by the annoying ringing emanating from his phone.

Suspicion quickly infiltrated the agent's mind as he guardedly answered the phone.

“Good evening Mr Paterson. This Andre'Rouèche. I heard that you were shot by Martinez. We feared the worst. Have you located your partner Craig Hollowly yet?”

“Not yet. André I need your help solving a nagging question that has plagued me since the last time I saw you in Paris. You said the name of the FBI that conspired with Martinez was named Taylor, have you been able to find the agent's last name yet?”

“Unfortunately I don't have a last name yet. I will dig deeper into the CIA and MI-6 computers and try to find Taylor's last name. I

am sorry about your Partner Craig Holloway; I hope he is still alive my friend.”

Chapter 105

Captain Hayden’s mind was plagued with feelings of despair, frustrated and remorse as he mourned the loss of Penelope Baggins. Mr. Hayden rarely drank on the job, but the sudden brutal murder of a well liked secretary drove the captain to another shot of whiskey.

“Mind if I get a shot captain?” special agent Jenny Johnson taunted Captain Hayden as she walked in the security office at the capitol building. Jenny smiled as she flashed her FBI badge. “FBI agent Dennis Paterson asked me to come by the capital and find you.”

The captain pulled out a flask of whiskey from his desk and passed it to Jenny.

“Hum the good stuff,” Jenny said. “Johnny walker black right?”

“It's all so tragic,” Mr. Hayden ranted, as he took another shot of whiskey.

“I am sorry I was the one who had to inform you about Penelope's murder. Unfortunately she was not the only person killed.”

A tear tinkled from Captain Hayden's eyes as he tried to smile. “Yeah, I heard that several FBI agents were murdered last night.”

The captain took another shot of whiskey and passed the flask back to Jenny. “Why was Penelope even in the park?” The captain's big brown eyes swelled up with tears as he pounded his fist on the desk in frustration. “She didn't do anything but file papers.” Another tear trickled down the captain's face as he pulled out his hanky and dried another tear from his cheek.

“We haven't ascertained yet the reason for Penelope's murder,” Jenny whispered before taking another shot of Jonny Walker. “I am sorry for your lost captain, but can you tell me if the Senator Anderson has any files about a man named Robert Dubinsky or a terrorist know as Martinez in his files?”

Captain Hayden blew his nose and tucked his handkerchief back into his pocket and speculated, “I really wouldn’t know, only Penelope would have that information.”

“I am sorry to ask, but is there anyone else around that might help us look inside the senator’s files?”

“I can help you,” the captain said proudly as he sipped the last drop of whiskey and screwed the cap back onto the flask. “I have the keys to the Senator’s office and the emergence keys for his files.”

Captain Hayden and Jenny walked over to Senator Anderson’s office. “Over here,” the captain Hayden announced as he walked toward Penelope’s desk. “This is the Senators’ main file.”

“We are looking for a file on Martinez or Robert Dubinsky. It should be here in the senator’s files somewhere. Maybe it’s filed under m for Martinez. Nope, nothing there. What about the computer Captain Hayden?”

“Sorry agent Johnson, the senator’s computer is protected by a password.”

“Not a problem, I know someone who loves to crack codes.”

Jenny clutched the phone under her jaw as she dialed Doctor Eric Brown’s telephone number. “I need your help wizard to break into Senator Anderson’s computer.”

“Hopeless, agent Johnson. That computer has a fifteen digit password and a high tech security program that guards all the Senator’s computers.”

“Okay doctor, just give me a second,” Jenny replied as she slowly typed on Penelope’s keyboard. “Okay wise wizard that did it, thanks Doc.”

“Told you, there was no way to break into the Senator’s computer,” The captain stated smugly.

Jenny smiled as she pushed the return button on the keyboard.

Captain Hayden was stunned as the computer files suddenly opened.

“Okay we need a file on Martinez or Dubinsky. Let's try Martinez. Dame nothing. What about Dubinsky? Rats; nothing again.” Jenny sat there irritated for a moment as she pondered her next move.

“What about Penelope?” Agent Johnson said. Jenny stared at the computer screen till finally a small file appeared. Jenny quickly double clicked on the file to open.

“Dear Miss. Penelope.” Jenny read out loud. *“I have always loved and respected you. Your bight cheerful smile every morning made my whole day complete.”*

“It seems that Jeff Anderson really did love Penelope,” Jenny thought to herself.

Jenny continued to read the Senator’s letter out loud. *“Your eyes are like the stars in the sky. I promise if we ever get out of the hostage situation; I am going to quit the Senate and take you away from all of this. I hope to see you soon. Love always Jeff.”*

Even though Jenny thought that the senator's love letter to Penelope was very tragic and romantic, it did little to help her locate the gold.

Jenny slowly leaned back in Penelope's leather chair as she pondered where the treasure was presently located.

"Look," captain Hayden said as he pointed to the bottom of the letter.

A perplexed look loomed over Jenny's face as she quickly read out loud, "4,5,12,15,18,9,19,19,16,5,14,3,5,18."

"What does that mean?" Hayden inquired.

Jenny frantically typed on the computer keyboard. A boisterous smile crossed her face as a file decrypted. "Each numbers represent a letter in the alphabet. I was able to translate the numbers to a name; Deloris Spencer."

Chapter 106

Kelly was still hung over as Dexter's private airplane landed in Dulles international airport. The early morning light of a new day

crept over the horizon and pierced Kelly's bloodshot eyes. The first rays of the sun made Kelly irritable and nauseated. Despite the lack of evidence, Kelly was still convinced that senator Anderson hired Martinez to kill Kevin Spencer. Kelly desperately tried to think of a way to escape Dexter's clutches and kill senator Anderson. John grew weary of being bullied by the director of the FBI and desperately want to relinquish the misery that swirled in his sole. The only refuge Kelly could have from his tormented life was to either kill the man that was responsible for Kevin's murder or to take his own life.

John was still drunk as Carl dragged him into Dexter's secret FBI black room in Washington D.C. Dexter was unsympathetic to Kelly's despair as he thrust the former private into a chair. "So what do we do now Kelly? Robert Freeman is dead thanks to you. He was our last chance to find Martinez and stop the bloodshed.

An astonished look quickly emanated from Kelly's face as he remembered what his friend Robert Freeman uttered just before he died. “*Deloris is protecting the platoon’s secret now.*”

Trepidation lingered in Kelly's heart as he pondered Deloris’s fate. “*Will Martinez force Deloris to reveal the platoon’s secrets then brutally murder her?*” John knew he could never trust the director of the FBI with the Platoon’s secret. John also knew that if he was going to save Deloris, he was going to need Dexter’s help.

“I might know where the Martinez is,” Kelly reluctantly uttered.”

“Where is Martinez John?”

“We have to fly to Seaside Oregon and stop Martinez before he kills Deloris Spencer.”

“Is the treasure that Martinez is searching for in Oregon?”

“I am not sure, but we must fly to Seaside now and intercept Martinez before he murders Deloris.”

“I don't know what your up to Kelly, but if you betray me, I will kill you. Sober up, you have less then one hour before my private jet is refueled and ready for departure.”

Kelly's heart leapt at the thought of seeing Deloris again. His jovial affection for Deloris quickly faded as he pondered Dexter's true motivation of going to Deloris's house. Kelly knew that he might have to kill Dexter Framingham if he harmed Deloris.

Chapter 107

After eight hours of surgery to remove the two bullet from his left arm, agent Paterson was still in throbbing pain. The agent laid silently in a hospital bed as he morned the loss of his friends and fellow FBI agents. What really worried Dennis's aching mind was the whereabouts of his new partner Craig Holloway. A despairing look quickly emerged

from the agent's face as he pondered if his friend was alive or dead.

Eric Brown and Jenny Johnson's minds were engulfed with bereavement as they entered Dennis's hospital room.

"Have you identified the finger prints on the shell casing belonging to a Mac-10 or luger pistol used at the Georgetown park?" Dennis inquired.

"No, Eric said. "Not yet, we should have results soon."

"Jenny did you find out anything at the senator's office?" Dennis inquired.

"I found a letter on senator Anderson's computer addressed to his secretary and secrete lover Penelope Baggins. Beside confessing his love and devotion to his lover, the senator confessed that Deloris Spencer has the treasure," Jenny stipulated.

"I got to go to Seaside. I must stop Martinez before he steals the treasure and kills Deloris," Dennis demanded.

“No way agent Paterson, your obvious still in pain,” Eric insisted as he forced the agent back into his bed. “Beside I recently heard that our boss, Dexter Framingham, has taken his private airplane to Seaside Oregon less than an hour ago. One of the passengers on the airplane was identified as John Kelly. He was one of the soldiers in Kevin Spencer's old photograph.”

A perplexed look sprung from Dennis's face as pondered why his boss brought John Kelly to Seaside Oregon.

“I'll go to Seaside and find Deloris hopefully before Martinez brutally murders her,” Eric insisted.

“I am going to follow up on a lead,” Jenny stipulated. “An unidentified FBI agent was brought into a nearby hospital. I going over there to see if the dead agent is Craig Holloway.”

Dennis wiped away an unsuspected tear as he said, “I'll call Captain Sean Brennan of the Seaside police department. Maybe he can intercept Deloris before Martinez kills her.”

Chapter 108

Dexter Farmington enjoyed the opulent amities of his Beechcraft airplane as they took off from Dulles international airport. Dexter took refuge in the comfortable leather seats as he sipped champagne and listens to Mozart's Symphony No. 6 in F major.

The fine music and champagne did little to mask Kelly's anxiety of seeing his old lover Deloris Spencer. Kelly knew that seeing Deloris again was a bad idea, but he had to find out who killed his friends and protect the women he loved.

The taxi ride from Portland to Seaside Oregon felt like it took days. Malice griped Kelly's mind as he anxiously waited to see his one true love.

Kelly always dreamt of holding the women he loved in his arms again. Deep emotional scars and question fluttered in his troubled mind as he finished his third glass of Hennessy cognac. *“Was my love for Deloris all these years in vain? Did she even dream of me*

night after night? Would Deloris look into my eyes and fall passionately in love with me again?"

“An informant told me that Martin has captured Deloris before she had the chance to escape and brought her back to her home,” said Dexter as the taxi pulled up to Deloris's house

For a moment Kelly thought he couldn't go on with this charade till he saw Deloris's beautiful face through a window. Rage infested his soul as he opened the taxis' car door.

“Wait,” Dexter demanded as he climbed out and payed the taxi. “Take this Kelly.”

Kelley gripped the handle of a Glock semi automatic pistol. His finger trembled as he loaded a bullet into the barrel of the gun.

“John you sneak around back of the house and I will take the front door. Then we will bust in at the same time.”

Kelly walked across the street, while despair and anxiety stirred in his mind. Kelly summoned all his courage he could muster as

he switched off the safety on his Glock pistol. Kelly suddenly halted when he heard Deloris scream from inside her house.

Kelly used all the military training he acquired during the war and crept along the neighbor's hedges towards Deloris's backdoor. He covertly crept through the yard like a cat stalking its prey. John ducked behind a small trash can and hastily surveyed Deloris's backyard. He felt like a burglar as he swiftly prowled toward the back door. Silently he opened the door and entered the house without a sound.

Unexpectedly Kelly heard a creak of a floor board. Hastily he raised his gun and searched around the corner. Kelly was violently smacked in the head with a glass vase. Temporary immobilize, Kelly wrestled with his attacker till a second blow to his head knocked him out cold.

Chapter: 109

The hospital was overwhelmed with injured and dying FBI agents from the massacre at the Georgetown park. The body count was up to twelve dead; twenty-four injured. As Dennis roamed the halls, it accrued to him that as long as Jefferson Anderson was alive, he was in danger of being assassinated by Martinez.

Dennis entered the senator's hospital room as he slowly regained consciousness from five hours of surgery.

“What happened; Where is Penelope?”

A sad look crossed Dennis's face as he whispered sympathetically, “You're in a hospital Senator.” I am sorry sir to have to tell you, Penelope is dead.”

Tears streamed down the senator's face as he morned the lose of his lover. “I loved her; I wanted to merry her. I can't believe she is gone. Its my fault that she dead.”

“What is Martinez's real name Senator Anderson?”

“I don't really know Martinez's real name, agent Paterson. His face was so burnt and distorted I could't recognize his face.”

“Which one of your old friends in this picture of your platoon is Martinez?”

“Regret and anguish swirled in the senator's troubled mind as he hung his head in shame and uttered, “I don't know which one is Martinez.”

“What treasure is Martinez looking for senator?”

A defiant look emanated from the senator's face as he stared obstinately back at the FBI agent.

“We found your letter to your lover Penelope in your computer. We know that the treasure is with Deloris Spencer.”

A horrid look crept over the senator face as pleaded with the FBI agent to save Deloris before Martinez kills her.

“Tell me what the treasure and I will do my best to save her senator.”

Despair lurked in the senator's eyes as he pondered revealing the platoon's secret that he has keep concealed for the past forty years.

“Dennis could seen the resolve that resinated in the senator's defiant heart. “If you will not reveal what the treasure is then tell me who was the masked assassin that helped Martinez escape the Georgetown park?”

“Martinez only referred to the masked assassin as Taylor, I think he was an FBI agent.”

Dennis's troubled mind swirled with animosity as he tried to comprehend who Taylor really was and why he would help Martinez kill some many FBI agents.

Chapter 110

A thunderstorm over Chicago Delayed Doctor Eric Brown's flight from Washington, D.C. to Seaside Oregon. The agent's terrible dinner of mushy chicken and frozen peas did little to rectify his bad mood.

Eric was irrational and exasperated as he pondered to himself, “*Why would Dexter bring John Kelly to Deloris Spencer’s house.*”

It finally dawned on the irate agent that maybe Dexter and Kelly conspired to steal the treasure from Deloris.

Seaside police station was overwrought with hysteria as FBI agent Eric Brown walked in the front door and flashed his badge. “ I working on a murder case with FBI agent Dennis Paterson. We recently found out that a terrorist named Martinez is planning to assassinate Deloris Spencer.”

A young, naive sergeant named Danielle Prescott greeted the agent with a distraught look in his eyes. His usual calm composure quickly turned frantic and neurotic. “We received a call from Agent Paterson warning us that Martinez might attempt to assassinate Deloris, but she has gone into hiding. Captain Brennan and the rest of the Seaside police department are presently conducting a search for Deloris. Kevin Spencer’s dead body recently washed

ashore. According to the ballistic report, the lands and grooves on the bullets indicate that they came from a Walter PP pistol, circa 1944.”

The doctors trouble mind pondered the accuracy of the ballistic report. “Where you able to retrieve any fingerprints on the bullets?”

“An agitated look adorned the sergeants face as he uttered. “Yes, of course, but we found no match in our computer file.”

“I know someone that can find a match to the fingerprints.” Eric’s gut churned as dialed the number of his best friend.

“Private Beliveau parle, Comment puis-je diriger votre appel,” Private Katherine Barnett said as she answered the phone at DST office in Paris France.

“Bonjour private Beliveau. This is Andre’s old friend Doctor Eric brown. I need to speak to Mr Rouèche for a moment please.”

“Oh Bonjour measure; one moment while I connect you,” Eric’s thoughts quickly drifted back to the first time he meet his old friend. It was a cold winter day in the Harvard cafeteria.

Eric chuckled as he recalled the hysterical stunts Andre'Rouèche would play upon the freshman class.

“Misure, Brown my old friend it been fare to long since you were in Paris.” Andre said with a cheerful voice.

“Hello André how are you? “I need your help. The Seaside police department just found the remains of Kevin Spencer. The ballistic report on the bullets used to kill him came from a Walter, PP pistol. I am sending you the ballistic report. I need you to trace the fingerprints on the bullet and confirm my theory that Martinez killed Kevin with the Walter PP pistol.”

“I will have an answer for you my friend in an hour.”

“That may be to late my old friend.”

“Eric don't be a hero; your not a field agent my old friend. When was the last time you fired a weapon?”

“I don't have much of a choice. If I don't try to impede Martinez's wrath, Deloris Spencer could soon meet the same fate as her husband.”

Eric was besieged with anxiety and fear as he pondered his own fate. “Goodbye my old friend if you are unable to get in touch with me, call Dennis Paterson.”

Anguished swirled in the agent’s mind as he hanged up the phone and turned towards Prescott. “Where is captain Brennan?”

“The captain left for Deloris house an hour ago, but I haven’t heard from him since.”

“Prescott we have to find Deloris before Martinez kills her.”

Chapter 111

An unexpected knock on Dennis’s hospital door woke the agent from his tormented dreams. Dennis grabbed his pistol from beneath his pillow and guardedly pointed it towards the hospital door. “Yes, who is it?” the suspicious agent said. Just as Dennis thought that he was about to be slaughtered, a beautiful women nurse rolled a cart into his room. Startled, the agent hid his gun inside the sling that was tied around his left arm.

“I sorry sir, it’s time for your lunch,” the naive young nurse insisted as she pushed the cart towards the bed. The nurse placed a plate with metal dome on a nearby desk.

Dennis quickly climbed beneath the sheets of his bed and chuckled, “What kind of gourmet treat do you have for me today?”

The nurse’s slender face quickly turned from jovial to hostile as she rapidly lifted the metal dome off the plate and revealed an eight inch long hunting knife. The agent’s heart leapt as the nurse grabbed the knife and tried to thrust it into his rapidly beating heart. Dennis screamed in horror as he desperately tried to impede his imminent murder. The nurse once beautiful face was now contorted with rage as she violently tried to kill the FBI agent.

Abruptly agent Johnson kicked in the hospital door and rushed into the room. The agent pulled the trigger of her Glock pistol and blew away part of the nurse’s brains.

“Are you all right agent Paterson?” Jenny inquired in a trembling voice.

“What is going on Jenny?”

“The hospital has been locked down; the secret service said there is an assassin in the building trying to kill the senator. We got to get back to the senator’s room before his is assassinated.”

Trepidation lingered in the agent’s minds as they turned the corner and saw that the two secret service agents that were guarding the senator’s hospital room were gone. Jenny abruptly opened the door to the senator's room and pointed her Glock pistol at the senator’s head.

“What are you doing?” the senator screamed in panic filled voice.

“Sorry,” Dennis insisted as the FBI agents slipped into the senator’s room. “Your secret service agents are missing and there is a report of an assassin in the hospital.”

Jenny pointed her pistol at a male nurse as he walked through the senator’s door. Startled and bewildered, the male nurse stood petrified in the doorway.

“Who are you? What are you doing in here?” Jenny said as she pushed the male nurse down to the floor and spilled his pills.

“I am a nurse; I am here to give the senator his medicine.”

Jenny grabbed his identification badge and handed it to Dennis. “Senator have you seen this nurse before?” Jenny uttered.

“Yes, he has been here all day.”

An angry look emerged on Jenny’s face as she pulled the nurse back upon his feet.

“I’ll check the nurse’s identification with the nurse station down the hall,” Dennis’s uttered.

Reluctantly Jenny let the mail nurse go as a snarl washed across her face.

“What is your problem?” the nurse stated as he picked up his medication.

“I am sorry, there is an assassin walking around the hospital trying to kill the senator.”

“You think I am an assassin?” the nurse said with a surprised tone.

“I am sorry,” Jenny uttered apologetically as she helped the nurse pick up a needle, medication and several bottles of pills.

“You have to leave; I got to give the senator his medication.”

“I am not leaving this room.”

A resentful and bitter look was bestowed upon the nurse’s face as he strapped a rubber band about the senator’s arm and prepared to give him a shot.

“I’ll be in the bathroom,” Jenny said reluctantly.

Jenny stepped into the bathroom and turned on the water and splashed her face. The cool water washed away her exacerbations and misery. As she wiped the water from her face, Jenny could hear Dennis scream from the hallway, “He’s not a nurse.”

A barrage of bullets from the male nurse’s Smith & Wesson pistol quickly inundated the hallway. Dennis dashed for the hospital floor and grabbed his gun from his holster.

Begrudgingly the nurse dropped his empty weapon and prepared to stick a needle full of Poisson into the senator's arm. The bathroom door suddenly blew open as Jenny dived across the room and shot the nurse several times in the head. Dennis ran into the senator's room and saw the assassin's bloody body strewn across the hospital floor with several bullet holes in his head.

Chapter: 112

An anguish looked glazed over Jenny's face as she walked Dennis back to his hospital room. Her hands tremble with fear and her deep blue eye reflected her remorse as she handed the agent a picture. Dennis's heart was besieged with horror as he gazed upon a picture of a previous unidentified FBI agent.

“This FBI agent was found dead at the Francis Scott Key Memorial Park in Georgetown yesterday. The man's face was destroyed by a shotgun blast at close range,” Jenny stipulated.

Fighting back tears of rage, Dennis uttered, “Are you sure this is Craig?”

Tears swelled in Jenny’s blue eyes as she tried to comfort agent Paterson. “The unidentified agent was the same height, weight and blood type as your partner. He was still wearing the same clothes Craig was wearing yesterday. We even found his marine ring on his finger and his FBI badge in his jacket pocket. Craig was shot with the same Mac-10 rifle that the masked killer used to help Martinez escape the Georgetown park yesterday. The close up shotgun blast made a forensic dentist analysis impossible. We are waiting for DNA report, but our preliminary analysis confirmed that Craig Holloway is dead.”

Misery pierced Dennis’s heart as he tried to comprehend the passing of his new partner and friend. Though Dennis’s conservative ideology was always an antithesis to Craig’s wild demure, Dennis loved Craig like a brother he never had.

Dennis's mind was overwhelmed with anxiety as Jenny reluctantly left his hospital room. Through the nurse gave the agent a sedative to calm his nerves, he was still dramatized as he gazed at the picture of Craig's bloody face.

The phone unexpectedly rang. Dennis's tear filled eyes gazed upon the caller's telephone number. His mind swirled with malice and animosity as he lifted the phone to his ear.

"Dennis I afraid that my friend Eric Brown might be dead," Andre said empathetically.

"I am sure he is fine Andre; I'll give the Seaside police department a call just to make sure that your friend is still alive."

"Eric said that I should call you in case I was unable to get in touch with him. Two hours ago Eric sent me a ballistic report on the bullets used to kill Kevin Spencer. The bullets were from a Walter PP pistol circa 1944. My gun expert where able to determine without a doubt that the Walter PP pistol used to kill Kevin Spencer was also used to assassinate your former partner Roger Campbell."

“Were you able to find out who owns the gun that killed my former partner?”

“No, unfortunately not yet. I will call you when I have the results. Till then agent Paterson don't trust anyone in the FBI.”

An anguish look emerged on agent Paterson's face as he hanged up the phone. His mind was riddled with despair as he contemplate who killed his old friend, Roger Campbell. Anxiety stirred in his soul as recalled that there is only one agent in the FBI that ever owned a Walter PP pistol. Dennis pulled his Walter PP pistol from underneath his pillow as anguished filled his soul.

Chapter 113

Kelly's head rang like a bell at the Notre Dame cathedral. His blurry vision slowly succumbed as he gradually regained consciousness from a recent blow to the head.

Kelly struggled to escape from his bondage to a wooden kitchen chair as he slowly recovered from his discombobulated anemia.

Rage festered in the former soldier's mind as he screamed, "Where is Deloris Spencer?"

Kelly slowly regained his eyesight as a mysterious voice chuckled, "She right here Captain John Clack Kelly."

Kelly turned to see Deloris walk into the room bound and gagged.

I wheel my chair into Deloris's living room.

John's aching heart was consumed with violent savagery as he stared at a ghost from his past. Though he hasn't seen me since June 6, 1944, Kelly still couldn't recall my name. "John You don't remember me do you? For now you can call me Martinez."

"I know those eyes," Kelly insisted. "You're dead, I saw Sergeant Jefferson Anderson kill you. You're a specter from my past."

A devilish smile crept along my lips as I basked in the warm light of revenge. "You remember me now? How thoughtful, I thought

you forgot all about me. You correct my old friend. After forty years of agony and despair, I have finally come back from the dead to afflict my revenge on you and your friends for your treachery.”

“I am not here for the treasure; take it and leave us in peace,”

I scratched my scarred face as I watched Kelly and Deloris grapple with their lacerated wrist and ankles. A sinister smile crossed my face as despair and misery lurked in their hearts. I have waited for this moment for forty year. I breathed in the gathering gloom that saturated Deloris’s house as a euphoric feeling overcame my sense. I pulled out my Lugar pistol and pointed at Deloris’s head and pondered, who should be the first to die.

Kelly glared at the women he always loved. “I know you told me to never come back, but I had to try to save you.”

Tears trickled down from Deloris’s bright emerald colored eyes as she cast a sad smile towards her old lover.

Despair lingered in Kelly's heart as he yearned to wipe away Deloris's tears from her soft cheek.

"Why her," Kelly pleaded. "She has nothing to do with the platoon's secret."

"You wrong Kelly; Your old lover has everything to do with the platoons secret. Your old sergeant, Jefferson Anderson, confessed that Deloris has the treasure."

Deloris slowly lifted her head and screamed, "You're a monster; you killed my husband."

"No, Mrs. Spencer, I didn't kill your husband. It's true that I issued the order to have your husband murdered, but I assure you it was not me that killed your husband."

I turn my head and stared at Kevin's murderer. Deloris followed my line of sight till she finally cast her emerald green eyes upon her husband's murderer.

Chapter 114

Terror loomed in Dennis's mind as he tried to eat his dinner. The pudding was runny, the chicken breast was rubbery and peas tasted like baby food. As Dennis pushed around the peas aimlessly, his mind started to except the fact that his new partner Craig Holloway was dead. Dennis placed the silver dome back over the uneaten hospital food as tried to figure out who murder his former partner Roger Campbell and Kevin Spencer. Dennis's mind wonder back two years ago when his partner was murdered. After an extensive investigation, the FBI, concluded that he murdered Roger Campbell. Charges against the agent were ultimately dropped, after key evidence was suspiciously lost. Dennis always knew that he was being set up for his old partner's murder. What he couldn't comprehend is why would anyone want to kill his former partner.

Dennis was abrupt shaken out of his dreadful thoughts when his phone rang.

“Dennis I found out who owns the Walter PP pistol used to kill Kevin Spencer and agent Campbell.”

A horrified look quickly emanated from Dennis's face as uttered, "Who killed my old partner?"

"It appears that the Walter PP pistol used to kill your old partner belongs to you my friend."

Dennis wiped an unsuspected tears from his eyes as sorrow filled his heart. "you think I killed Roger Campbell Andre?"

"The only fingerprints found on the bullet that killed agent Roger Campbell was yours."

"I swear Andre I didn't kill my partner."

"I regret to inform you, my friend, that all the evidence proves beyond a reasonable doubt that you kill Roger Campbell."

"You got to believe me Andre someone is trying to frame me for Roger murder. I don't know who assassinated my old partner, but it was not me. Where my fingerprints found on the bullet that killed Kevin Spencer?"

"No, I am still searching for a match to the fingerprints found on the bullets used to kill Kevin Spencer."

Chapter 115

A boisterous smile adored Dexter Framingham's face as he walked into Deloris's house. A vindictive look emanated from his face as he skewed a silencer onto his Glock Pistol. The director of the FBI stared diffidently at Deloris and declared, "I killed your husband in cold blood and tossed him overboard like a piece of trash."

The shock of hearing about her husband's murder at the hands of the director of the FBI was too much for Deloris to comprehend as she cried and withered in her torment.

"How did you ever get your clutches into the director of the FBI?" Kelly demanded.

I basked in my triumph as I proclaimed, "I hired Dexter Framingham to be my personnel spy within the FBI in exchange for twenty percent of the treasure. For the past year, Dexter has helped me track down the members of the eighty-six airborne platoon and kill them for

their treachery. Your friend Kevin was the first pawn in my grand plan for revenge.”

Despite the misery and anguish that has infiltrated Deloris’s heart, she suddenly realized that she was still in love with John Kelly. Though she left John Kelly and married Kevin forty years ago, Deloris realized that her heart still belongs to Kelly. As her pending doom loomed closer, Deloris wished she could relive her life and share it with her one true love, John Kelly.

I slowly inhaled the agony and sorrow of my enemies like a drug. The intoxicating drug reanimated my soul and dispelled my usual feeling of torment and wretchedness. A plethora of emotions seized my soul as a jovial smile quickly spread across my scorched face. I pondered how I was going to finally kill John Kelly for his betrayal.

Misery swelled in Kelly’s heart as he realized that he was finally going to be killed for all the sins that he was committed. His heart

was besieged with despair, as he cast his blue eyes upon Deloris's tear filled emerald eyes.

“Don't worry John,” I said. “You and Deloris will soon be joining your friends. I can reassure you that after I kill you and steal the treasure, I am going back to D.C and kill your old friend Jefferson Anderson.”

Dexter cut the rope that bound Kelly to the chair and placed a noose around his neck. He then threw the rope around the rafters and hauled Kelly up by his throat. As the noose tighten around his neck, Kelly cast his sorrow filled eyes upon the women he has dreamt of every night for the last forty years.

“I am growing impatient Mrs. Spencer; where is the treasure?” I said. A lust for revenge swept through my heart as I push my Lugar pistol under Deloris's jaw.

Deloris wept as she confessed her sin. “The treasure is onboard my husband's boat. It is in a secret compartment below the sink.”

“Where is Kevin's boat now?” Dexter screamed.

Deloris hanged he head low and uttered, “The boat is docket down in the bay below.”

Vehemently I gazed at my old friend John Kelly and pulled the chair from under his feet. A forbidding smile crossed my face as John gasped his last breath.

A horrible scream emanated from Deloris as she watched her old lover struggle to stay alive. Anguish lurked in Deloris's heart as John died. His body dangled from the rafters as she hanged her head and cried.

My plan for revenge was almost complete. Now that John Kelly was dead, I have only one more pawn in my game of revenge to kill; Jefferson Anderson.

A smile crossed my face as I prepared to kill Deloris Spencer. A loud pounding noise erupted from behind the front door temporary delaying Deloris’s emanate Murder.

Chapter: 116

“This is Captain Sean Brennan of the Seaside police department, Deloris are you home?”

Sean impetuously broke through Deloris’s front door. His heart was plagued by malice and animosity as he quickly scanned the room. To his right he saw John Kelly hanging from a noose wrapped tightly around his neck. To his left, he saw Deloris silently perched on her white satin couch, cloaked in misery and heartache.

The soft glow from a nearby lamp extenuated Mrs. Spencer’s flowing crimson colored hair and her beautiful green eyes. She displayed an unsuspected calm demure as she gracefully poised herself upon the couch. Bewilderment swirled in Sean’s mind as he quickly noticed her trembling lip and a little teardrop rolling down her cheek.

I crashed through the kitchen door and shot the sergeant Brennan with my Luger handgun. The shooting pain in Sean's arm

didn't deter him from blasting me with his Smith and Wesson pistol.

Ferociously I reciprocated with several bullets from my Lugar. Two of my bullets pieced the captain's body. Blood from a belly wound quickly accumulated on his shirt as he abruptly dropped his gun and crumbled to the floor. Wallowing in excruciating pain, the cop crawled towards Deloris and slowly bleed to death.

Dexter grabbed Deloris and dragged her into the bedroom. I could hear Deloris's tormented screams bellow down the hall as Dexter released his wrath upon her. Dexter was apathetic as he ruthlessly beat and raped Deloris. A cynical smile stretched across my face as Deloris endured a fate worst then death. After a few minutes, Deloris's tormented screams where abruptly silenced.

Chapter: 117

“Turn your lights off Officer Prescott,” Eric said as the police car slowly approached Deloris Spencer's house. As the car drove up

behind Captain Sean Brennan's police car, suspicion started to swirl in Eric's mind.

Despair and anguish gripped Prescott's soul as he contemplated if Sean Brennan was already dead. Despite his many years of training, Prescott frantically opened the door of his police car and rushed towards Deloris's house.

Doctor Brown realized that he couldn't wait for backup if he was going to hinder Martinez's bloodshed. Eric ran after the naive police officer and tried to reason with the distraught sergeant. "Prescott you got to calm down before Martinez kills both of us."

"We have to do something now before my captain is killed."

"The captain could already be dead. We have to take this slowly. You walk up to the front door and I will circle around the back. In three minutes we simultaneously bust down the doors."

Prescott took a deep breath of sea air and summoned all of his courage. Slowly he

approached the front door as Eric moved toward the back of the house. Prescott heard Deloris's terrified screams bellow from within her house. Prescott took another deep breath and clicked the barrel of his shotgun. Anxiety quickly infiltrated his soul as he contemplated the possible scenario that he would face once he opened the door. The dreadful image of captain Brennan and Deloris's dead bodies strewn across the floor flickered through his mind.

Deloris horrified screams abruptly stopped. Malice gripped the naive officer as he unleashed his barbaric savagery and thrust the butt of his gun against Deloris's front door.

The three years at the Seaside police academy did little to prepare Prescott for what he saw as he stepped through Deloris's front doorway. Daunted, Prescott cautiously entered Deloris house. Despite all his training, Prescott lowered his gun and expeditiously dashed towards captain Sean Brennan. Bewilderment swirled in Prescott's mind when he noticed blood on captain Brennan's shirt. Tears tricked

down Sean's tormented face as he cast his eyes upon Prescott.

For a moment Prescott was traumatized by his captain's life threaten wound. Despite the insurmountable odds, Daniel ripped his uniform off and applied pressure to the captain's wounds.

“It's no good kid, I have always loved you; your going to be a great police captain; save yourself.”

“No,” Prescott screamed. Misery churned in Prescott's heart as the captain slowly clasped and died. Tears stream down Prescott's horrified face and anguish erupted in his soul as he lamented for a man that he always considered a friend and the father he never knew.

Chapter 118

I rushed into the living room and shot Prescott. The young officer dropped his gun as blood from his left arm splattered against the couch.

Doctor Eric Brown busted through Deloris's back door and pointed his glock pistol at my head and orders me to drop my weapon. Eric followed FBI protocol and surveyed the room for other suspects. The computer geek was filled with terror as he cast his eyes on Captain Brennan's dead body strewn across Deloris's white satin couch.

"Where is Deloris Spencer?" Eric screamed as he pointed his gun at my head. The room was oddly silent as Eric tried to comprehend if Deloris was dead or alive.

Dexter Framingham walked from a nearby bedroom with Deloris clutched in his arms and a pistol pointed at her head.

"Drop your weapon Dexter and release Deloris," Eric demanded.

"Your just a computer geek your not a field agent," Dexter chuckled as he dragged Deloris into the living room. "Drop your weapon doctor and kick it slowly over to me or I'll kill her."

Rage festered in Eric's mind as he observed blood on Deloris's blouse. It was apparent to the doctor that Deloris was severely wounded and was quickly loosing blood. Eric cast his brown eyes upon her usually cheerful face, but only saw anguish and heartache as she slowly died in Dexter's arms.

“Let her go Dexter, there is no where to run. In about five minutes the full Seaside police department will descend upon this house and kill you.”

A cunning smile crossed Dexter's face. “Were leaving,” the FBI director said as he dragged Deloris's limp body towards the back door.

“Wait she needs medical attention,” Eric pleaded as he reluctantly put down his gun and lifted his hands in the air. “I promise to let you go if you hand over Deloris to me right now.

Chapter: 119

Sorrow still clenched Dennis's soul as he reluctantly answered the phone. “The fingerprints found on the bullet that killed

Kevin Spencer was not yours,” andre said.
“They belongs to the new director of the federal bureau of investigation, Dexter Framingham.”

“Dexter killed Kevin Spencer with my gun why?”

“I suspect that Dexter is working for Martinez. He killed Kevin Spencer on Martinez order.”

“Your saying that Martinez has two FBI spies working for him?”

“I know that one of the FBI agents that is working for Martinez is named Taylor. I haven't been able to find Taylor’s last name yet. I believe that Taylor was the masked assassin that helped Martinez escape the Georgetown park.”

“Do you believe that Dexter used my gun to kill my former partner?”

“I don't know what to believe my old friend,”

Chapter 120

“No,” Dexter screamed as he slowly dragged Deloris out the back door.

I wheeled my chair out the back door and said, “Kill the FBI agent and Deloris Spencer. Then take Kevin Spencer's boat and meet me in the designation spot in twenty-four hours to divided up the treasure. Remember Dexter eighty percent of that treasure is mine. If you screw me, I'll hunt you down and kill you.”

Dexter smiled and said, “Don't worry old man, we still have a deal.”

I turned and wheeled my chair towards my car as the sound of approaching police cars quickly descend upon Deloris's house.

Dexter dragged Deloris's body down the rickety wooden steps towards Kevin's boat docked along a pier. Still bleeding and crying for help, Deloris was unwillingly dragged aboard Kevin's boat.

Eric retrieved his gun from Deloris's house and ran after Dexter. Despite his lack of training on the gun range, Eric pointed his weapon at his new boss, closed his eye and pulled the trigger.

Eric's missed there intended target. Dexter responded by shooting a bullet into Eric's flesh.

Despite the massive bleeding to his should, Eric raced down towards Kevin's boat. A thick fog rolled in from the west and cloaked the bay in thick eerie mist that impede Eric's sight. Through the inclement weather, Eric could still hear the roaring engine of Kevin's boat. Frantically firing, Eric ran toward the boat as Dexter casted off.

“Dexter please leave Deloris behind; she going to die if she doesn't get some help soon.”

“Yes, you maybe right about that Doctor Brown,” Dexter's voice bellowed from the fog covered bay.

“There is no where you can hide Dexter. I will hunt you down and kill you.”

Dexter chuckled, “Go ahead Doctor Eric Brown; do your best.”

Anguish churned in Eric's heart as the sound of the boat's engines faded into the fog covered bay.

Despondently Eric walked back into Deloris's house and lifted sergeant Danielle Prescott to his feet and helped into the waiting ambulance. The town of Seaside Oregon was impetuously thrust in a tempestuous chaos as the entire police force inundated Deloris Spencer's house.

Eric walked back into Deloris's house as apathy permeated his soul. He cast his eyes on John Kelly still hanging from the rafters of the house. Rage feasted in Eric's mind as tired to understand how he could let his old boss, Dexter Framingham, get away with the murder of Deloris Spencer. Regret lurked in Eric's mind as he walk over to Captain Brennan's body and uttered, "*Maybe if I wasn't delayed over Chicago, I could have gotten here sooner and saved Deloris's life.*"

As the police, news reports and inquisitive neighbors converge on the murder scene, Eric desperately searched a place of solitude away from the blood and the mayhem. He crept into Deloris's bedroom and sat on the bed. Panic

pierced Eric's troubled mind as he noticed the bloodstain on the bed. Eric leapt from the bed and gazed at the large splatter of blood on top of the white sheet. An unsuspected tear drifted down the agent's face as he pondered if Deloris was already dead.

Eric choked back his tears, pick up the phone and called FBI agent Jenny Johnson.

Eric was shrouded in despair and misery as he impatiently waited to hear Jenny's sweet voice. "Hello Doctor Brown, how are you? Even though they were three thousand mile apart, the warm, loving voice of Jenny Johnson comforted Eric's broken heart.

"We been betrayed Jenny," Eric said disparagingly. "Our boss Dexter Framingham is the working for Martinez. He shot Deloris Spencer, took her hostage and escape with the treasure aboard Kevin Spencer's boat."

"Where you able to kill Martinez?" Jenny inquired.

Doctor Brown cynically uttered, "Dexter and Martinez got away. They are supposed to

rendezvous in twenty-four hour to spit up the treasure.”

“Do you know where Martinez and Dexter as supposed to meet in twenty-four hours doctor Brown?”

“No,” the doctor said gruelingly.

“Get yourself back to Washington immediately wizard,” Jenny stipulated. “We need you help to find Martinez.”

Chapter 121

Dennis pulled his Walter PP pistol from under his pillow as Jenny abruptly ran into his hospital room. “ Doctor Brown just called. Our boss has betrayed us he is working with Martinez. Doctor Brown stipulated that Dexter confessed to murdering Kevin Spencer on Martinez’s order.”

“Jenny have you been able to identify any other soldiers in Kevin Spencer’s old photograph?”

“I finally identified the last two soldiers from the picture of the eight-six airborne

platoon. One was named Private David Cooper. According to the pentagon, David Cooper died on June 6, 1944 in a church near village of Sainte-Mère-Église, France. The second unidentified soldier in the picture was named Private Kevin McFadden. According to the Kansas city police department, McFadden was recently murder with the same Lugar pistol Martinez used in the Georgetown park.”

Bewilderment erupted in the agent’s mind as he uttered, “Where you able to link the Lugar to any other murders?”

“I ran a background check on the Lugar and found one murder 25 years ago. A women by the name of Mary Hansen was murder with Martinez’s Lugar pistol. According to the police report, she was found dead in her home after a gas explosion with two bullet from Martinez’s Lugar logged in her head. The fire was set to cover up her murder. Mrs Hanson’s daughter Nicole, unfortunately was also killed in the gas explosion.”

“Mary Hansen? That name sound familiar. Can your get a printout on that ballistic report for me.”

Dennis’s heart was overwhelmed with sorrow as he stashed the printed report in his pocket.

Betrayal lingered in Dennis’s tormented soul as he laid wide awake in his bed. “*Why does the name Mary Hanson sound familiar?*”

Doubt still dawdled in Dennis’s deep blue eyes as he pondered, “*Did Dexter use my gun to kill my old partner and set me up for his murder?*”

Chapter 122

Andre Rouèche’s heart was filled with terror as he dialed Dennis Paterson’s telephone number. Andre dispensed with the usual cordial hellos as Dennis answered the phone. “I broke into the MI-6 computer and found the name of the second FBI agent working for Martinez; his name is Taylor Hanson.”

“Are you sure? We conducted a background check on Martinez’s Lugar and

found out that the gun was used to murder a woman named Mary Hanson.”

“According to a birth certificate, Mary Hanson is Taylor Hanson’s mother. Why would Martinez murder Taylor Hanson’s mother,” Andre said disparagingly.

“Andre can you check your files to see if Mary Hanson had any kids?”

“According to a CIA file I just broke into Mary Hansen had two children. The youngest daughter was named Nicole. Nicole died with her mother in a gas explosion. Her oldest child named Taylor Hanson was born in 1960.”

“Martinez murders Taylor Hansen’s mother? Why would Taylor conspire with a terrorist that killed his mother?”

Suspicion swirled in Dennis mind. “What about the children’s father, were you able to find his name?”

“There is no marriage certificate for Mary Hanson and there was no father listed on Nicole or Taylor Hansen’s birth certificate.”

Chapter 123

Jenny burst into the agent's hospital room and screamed, "The senator is gone."

Despair lurked in Jenny's soul as she explained to agent Paterson that an inept secret service agent allowed the senator to leave the hospital and go Arlington cemetery."

"We got to find senator Anderson before Martinez kills him," Dennis insisted.

Dennis and Jenny dashed out of senator's hospital room towards the Arlington cemetery.

It was one thirty in the afternoon by the time Jenny and Dennis arrived at the Arlington cemetery. The FBI agents walked briskly among the bereaved veteran soldiers as they hastily search for Senator Anderson. The D-day fortieth anniversary celebration was just started to disseminate as the agents made their way toward the tomb of the unknown soldiers.

"The senator is not here," Jenny said frantically as fear and anguish grew in her heart.

Desperately the agents cast their eyes amongst the multitude of the old soldiers that were attending the ceremony as they attempted to find Senator Anderson.

“I don't see Jeff Anderson, Maybe the senator made it home already,” Jenny suggested. Jenny’s optimism quickly vanished as she arrived at the tomb of the unknown soldier.

Disbelief swirled in Dennis’s mind as he scrutinize the crowd at the Arlington cemetery. The agent’s probed the amongst the remaining celebrators, veterans and generals that still lingered around the tomb of the unknown soldiers. Dennis suddenly became dishearten when he finally realized that the senator could already be dead. Dennis cast his eyes on a world war two army general and uttered, “Excuse me sir, have you seen senator Jefferson Anderson?”

The general pointed west.

“Thank you sir,” Dennis said as he grabbed Jenny’s hand and raced towards the gravesite of the soldiers from world war two.

“Lets spilt up Jenny,” Dennis insisted. “You go that way, I will circle around this way.”

Chapter 124

My trip back to Washington D.C. was an exhausting yet rewording trip. Thanks to my spy in the FBI, Dexter Framingham, I was finally able to kill my old friend, John Kelly and simultaneously retrieved the treasure. After forty years of waiting, my plan for revenge is almost complete. Jeff Anderson is the last soldier standing from the eighty-six airborne platoon. Though I have failed to kill the senator twice before, I am confident that I will not fail a third time.

As the festivities marking the fortieth anniversary of the D-day invasion slowly dissipated, I cast my eyes upon the wrinkled faces of my fellow crippled veterans of the last great war. Heroes cumbrously wheel themselves in front of cheering and appreciative

crows that line the streets. Tears tickled down my face as the bravest men I have ever know were praised for their sacrifices forty years ago. Unfortunately for me I have no one to cheer for me. No wife, no family or any friends thanking me for the sacrifices I made forty years ago.

Today marked the fortieth anniversary of the worst day of my life. For the past forty years I have lurked in the shadows waiting patiently to kill my old friends and steal the treasure for myself. Today I will finally fulfill my quest for revenge and kill Jeff Anderson.

Chapter 125

The senator was full of dread as he sat beside three tombstones in the middle of Arlington cemetery. Bereavement filled his heart as his thoughts drift back forty years to June 8, 1944.

Malice ragged in Sergeant Anderson's eyes as he gazed into Private David Cooper's eye. "Sir this is wrong; this is stealing. We have a mission to fulfill," advocated private David Cooper.

“Either your with us or your against us private Cooper.”

The young naive private stood paralyzed in fear as he looked down the wrong end of sergeant’s Smith and Wesson pistol.

“We have to report this sir. Stealing this treasure is wrong sergeant Anderson,” Private Cooper was soon joined by three other soldier who also disapproved of sergeant Anderson’s plans.

Rage infiltrated the sergeant’s soul as he pointed his weapon at the four defiant private.

Soldiers of the eighty-six airborne platoon watched apathetically as the sergeant murdered the privates one by one.

No tears were shed as the last private gasped for his last breath and died. Empathetically Jeff casted his eyes upon the remanning soldiers in his platoon. Their faces were cold and callous.

“Today we swear a blood oath to never reveal the theft of this treasure or the murder of

our former friends,” Sergeant Anderson declared.

Wretchedest enshroud the platoon as sergeant Anderson slashed the palm of his hand and passed the knife to his men. “Repeat after me; I swear to never tell another living soul for as long as I live.”

Blood tricked from the soldier’s hand as they slashed the palms of their hands and clasped the sergeant’s hand.

Sergeant Anderson smiled as his platoon repeated the oath.

The young soldiers from the eight six platoon committed several sins that day that would haunt them for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 126

Vindictiveness galvanized my heart as I wheel my wheelchair amongst my fellow brothers in arms in the sacred cemetery. I see my last victim, Jefferson Anderson, siting alone on a bench in front of three soldiers from the eighty-second platoon that he murdered forty

years ago. I wheeled my chair closer to my old friend and said,. “How befitting to find you amongst the soldiers you killed in cold blood. Now the circle is complete, forty years ago today you murdered those three soldiers, buried in front of you, and today I am going to murder you.”

Jeff sobbed, “Go ahead I don't care any more.” Bereavement filled Jeff’s eyes as he slowly turned and cast his eyes into my scotched face.

“Don't cry my old friend you will soon be seeing your lover again very soon.”

Taylor Hanson struck the senator in the head knocking him unconscious then strapped a custom made bomb around his chest. As I held the trigger to the bomb in my hand, I savored my final victory.

Chapter 127

Trepidation lingered in Dennis’s mind as slowly walked west through a grove of oak

street and came upon two dead secret service agents. Dennis suspiciously surveyed the cemetery then kneeled down and check the agent's pulse. He was to late; their black suits were already heavily stained with their own blood. As Dennis cleared the grove of tress, he could see in the clearing a silhouette of man siting on a marble bench quietly morning the lost of a love one. Dennis quickly realized that the man was Senator Anderson.

“Sir what are you doing here; Are you all right?” Dennis crumbled to his knees and lifted up the senator's head. The senator's eyes seemed stone cold and desolate; his demeanor was despairing and apathetic. “What's wrong Mr. Anderson are you injured? We got to go now senator, Martinez is planning to kill you.”

“ His name is not Martinez, it's Private David Cooper.”

“That is impossible senator, David Cooper was killed on June 8, 1944.”

Jeff raised in head towards Dennis, his eye were filled with regret and sorrow. “Forty years

ago during the D-day invasion, the soldiers of the eighty-six airborne platoon and myself found a warehouse full of German gold. We contrived a plan to pilfer the gold and smuggle it out of the country. Our endeavor was in jeopardy when four soldiers from my platoon refused to participate in a theft of the gold.”

A cynical smile crossed my face as I rolled my wheelchair toward the perplexed agent. I thrust the barrel of my Lugar pistol against agent Paterson’s head. “go on my old friend tell the inept agent the truth.”

The senator’s heart was tormented by the sins he committed. Anguish gripped his sole and left him speechless.

“Since your going to die anyway FBI agent Dennis T. Paterson, I’ll tell you the truth. The senator shot the four American soldier that refused to steal the gold. Three of those soldier are buried here in Arlington cemetery. I was the fourth soldier that the senator tried to murder

forty years ago. Thanks to father Mansion, I surveyed the senator's attempt to murder me.

Desperate to delay his emanate death, Dennis cunningly played on my ignorance and my ego by encouraging me to elaborate on my quest for vengeance. " You where the unknown American soldier that father Mansion falsely claimed to have died in his church forty years ago."

"Your quit clever for a flatfoot Mr. Paterson. Yes, your right, Jeff shot me and left me for dead. My friends from the eighty-six airborne platoon betrayed me and left me to die. Fortunately for me, father Gregory Mansion took me to his church a saved my life. The priest reported to the U.A. Army that I had died in his church on June 8, 1944. For the past forty years, with the help of my friend Robert Dubinsky, I have murdered all the my fellow brothers in arms for their betrayal and stolen the gold for myself. Senator Anderson is now the last soldier standing from the eighty-six airborne platoon."

“You had Dexter murder Kevin Spencer and my old partner Roger Campbell with my Walter PP pistol?”

“Dexter didn't kill your old partner. My son Taylor Hanson murdered your old partner. Now that you know the truth, I am afraid it is time for you to die agent Paterson.”

Dennis was lost in an emotional pandemonium as Taylor Hanson walked up to him and pointed a Walter PP pistol at his head.

Terror ragged in Dennis's heart as he turned and cast his blue eyes upon his aslant and said, “Your Taylor Hanson?”

Chapter 128

Taylor unsympathetically struck Dennis in the head with the pistol. “Your a pathetic old drunken fool. My name is not Craig Holloway, My real name is Taylor Hanson. Mary Hanson was my mother's maiden name. My estranged father is David Cooper. After my pathetic mother killed herself. I was then sent to a catholic orphanage where the nuns changed my name to Craig Holloway.”

“Your mother didn't commit suicide, she was murdered by your father with his Lugar pistol,” said Dennis.

“That a lie son, he trying to trick you. Kill your old partner now,” I pleaded.

“Jenny discovered the police report on your mother's murder. The two bullets retrieved from her head were from a Lugar pistol.”

Dennis removed the crumpled ballistic report from his pocket and handed it to his partner.

“The police ruled your mother's death a homicide. Your father is lying to you my old friend.”

Lost in an emotional chaos, Taylor cast his green eyes upon the police report.

“That report is a fake Taylor; shoot Dennis now,” I protested.

“Your father killed your younger sister, Nicole Cooper, when he tried to conceal Mary Hanson's murder with a gas explosion,” said Dennis.

Confusion swirled in Taylor's troubled mind as he desperately tried to unravel the truth

behind who really murdered his mother. Despair erupted in his heart as he finally fathomed my insidious scheme. His eyes glazed upon my scorched face with unrelenting antipathy. His face was shrouded in malice and a thirst for vengeance enraged in his soul. Ferociously he clenched his jaw as he turned toward me. “You killed my mother and my sister? You lied to me father, you said she committed suicide.”

“Your mother was a whore, liar and cheat. She betrayed me just like my old friends. Your mother deserved to die for her sins,” I declared.

Taylor finally had a moment of lucidity as tears trickled down his cheeks. He cast his chartreuse colored eyes towards my scared face and proclaimed, “You bastard you lied to me, you killed my mother.” Callously Taylor pointed a Walter PP pistol at my head.

Malice swelled in my soul as I pondered the necessity of my son’s services anymore. “I have decided that our alliance has come to abrupt end my son.” I pulled the trigger on my

Lugar pistol and apathetically shot my son, Taylor Hanson, in the head.

“No,” Dennis screamed. Anguish swirled in his mind as he cast his blue eyes upon his partner’s bloody face and wept.

chapter 129

Depravity and vindication enthrall my mind as I gasped the trigger to the bomb wrapped around my next victim. I stared at my old friend Jefferson Anderson for the last time as my soul was bewitched with ecstasy. Finally after forty years I will have my revenge and kill the man that placed me in this wretched wheelchair for life.

A loud thunderous roar from a Glock pistol echoed through the Arlington cemetery as FBI agent, Jenny Johnson pulled the trigger of her pistol

Blood gushed from my flesh as a barrage of bullets stuck my body. Inadvertently I dropped the trigger to the bomb as Jeff lunged towards me and thrust me to the ground. Dread pervaded Jeff’s soul as his eyes gazed callously

upon my scared face. An unsuspected tear trickled down my scotched face when I noticed that the trigger to the bomb was firmly grasped in Jeff's trembling hand.

"No Senator, dropped the trigger we can still save your life," Dennis screamed.

"I am sorry agent Paterson, my life was over the minute he killed the love of my life Penelope Baggins. Forty years ago I tried to kill him. Today I will not fail; I will have my revenge."

A vengeful smile adorned Jeff Anderson's face as he pulled the trigger. A loud thunderous explosion erupted in the Arlington cemetery.

Chapter 130

The flashing lights of the D.C police cars and ambulances lit up the city skyline as the sun slowly settled in the west. The first police officers on the scene were nosed from the blood as they cast their eyes upon the chaos that had erupted throughout the cemetery.

Washington D.C. has never seen a murder scene of this magnitude before. The carnage was more than the young police officers could handle as they ran puking up their guts. The ambulance personnel couldn't figure out who to help first as they hastily searched for any survivors.

A police officer heroically carried Jenny Johnson out of the roaring fire and into an ambulance. Tears filled the agent's blue eyes as she frantically search for Dennis Paterson through the bellowing smoked and roaring fire.

“What the hell happened here?” rookie officer Kenny Bungalow scrutinized as he cast his eyes amongst the carnage.

“I am okay,” Jenny reassured officer Bungalow as she stood to her feet. Jenny was horrified as tears streamed down her face. “Is Agent Dennis Paterson dead?”

Bungalow's grim disposition confirmed Jenny's suspicions that Dennis Paterson was dead.

As a medic bandaged Jenny's arm, countless FBI agents evaluated the massacre that laid out before her. Sadness engulfed her heart as she gazed amongst the tombstones looking for any survivors. Jenny cried as Senator Anderson's lifeless body was dragged from the smoke.

Anguish filled Eric Brown's face as he raced towards Jenny Johnson. Doctor Brown gazed into Jenny's smoke-covered face as he said, "Jenny are you all right; where is Dennis?"

Eric embraced Jenny's trembling body in his arms as hoards of police officers searched the cemetery for Paterson's body. As firefighters desperately tried to extinguish the fire, Jenny finally saw a smoldering body emerge from the smoke-filled cemetery. She quickly turned away and gasped, "Is that Dennis?"

Eric casted his eyes upon the burning corpse through the bellowing smoke and screamed, "No, it's Martinez's body." The agents were

relieved that the terrorist once know only as Martinez was finally dead.

Coughing on smoke, agent Dennis Paterson emerged from the smoke and clasped upon Jenny's shoulders. The agent was severely brunt. Smoke and ash from the raging fire, cloaked his face and was indebted in his burnt hair. Jenny turned and cast her tear filled eyes upon his burnt face. Her heart was full of sorrow as she screamed, "You alive."

Chapter 131

Eric never liked hospital. The death, pain and agony that lurked within them were too much for him to tolerate. The doctor's hands trembled as Jenny gently cradled them in her loving hands. Jenny tried to ease Doctor Brown's anxiety with a smile as they walked down the hall towards Dennis Paterson's hospital room. The walls of the dimly lit hospital encroached upon Eric's feeble persona. Bitterness and resentment plagued Jenny's heart as she remembered the agony and trauma that Dennis recently endured. The ferocity of the

bomb explosion in the Arlington cemetery three weeks ago almost killed Dennis. The agent endeared three painful skin grafts surgeries.

Jenny paused a couple of doors down from Dennis's room and gazed into Eric's eyes. She tried to smile, but only empathy lurked in her soul and anger besieged her otherwise loving heart.

Jenny fought back tears as she asked Dennis's doctors for a diagnosis. The twenty something doctor paused briefly, cast his deep blue eyes on his chart and quickly uttered, "He lost his kidney, broke three ribs, burnt sixty percent of his body. Though he died three times while he was in surgery, he is still clinging to life."

The computer geeks were suddenly sedated with portentous thoughts as they contemplated the veracity of doctor's illuminating diagnosis. They tried to put a face of bravado upon their sadden face in an attempt to cover up their anguish. Jenny slowly pushed open the door to Dennis's dimly lit room. Grief

stricken, Jenny moved closer to Dennis's bed, she could still smell the stench of smoked that linger on his body. A small lamp on a nearby nightstand, cast an eerie glow onto Dennis's solum face. Despite the soft lighten, Eric could still see the burnt mark on Dennis's face.

Tears trickled from Jenny's face as her thoughts drifted back to the last time she saw agent Paterson alive. Though its been three weeks since the explosion that devastated the Arlington cemetery, Jenny could vividly remember the bloody seen. The cemetery was engulfed in fire and thick black smoke after a bomb erupted. The eruption killed Martinez and senator Anderson immediately.

Theories and speculation on what really accrued at the cemetery was still headline news three week after the explosion. Despite a thorough report from the FBI, conspiracies abound that the senator committed suicide after the murder of his girlfriend Penelope Bagging.

Eric's heart was filled with anxiety as memories of that tragic explosion infiltrated his

soul. It has only been two weeks since the doctor eulogized twelve of his friends and fellow FBI agent murdered by Robert Dubinsky in the Georgetown park. Even after three weeks of investigation, the FBI was still ambivalent about what happen at the Arlington cemetery. The only person that knew the truth lied asleep on the hospital bed.

“We better go,” Jenny quickly whispered.

As the agents got up from their chairs, Eric saw Dennis’s blazing blue eyes suddenly open. A smiled slowly crept across Dennis’s scorched face as he uttered, “Isabella is that you?”

The room was shrouded in anxiety as Dennis slowly woke from his nightmares.

A jovial smile adorned Eric’s face. “I thought I lost you my old friend.”

Dennis’s face suddenly turned white with terror as he cast his blue eyes upon Eric Brown. “Did Jenny survive?”

Tears stream down Jenny's beautiful face as she proclaimed, "It okay Dennis, I am here." Jenny's hands trembled as she lightly touched Dennis's burn hand."

Confusion lurked in Dennis's heart for a couple of moments as he struggled to remember that tragic day. "What happen I can't remember anything. What happen to senator Anderson?"

Grief stricken, Jenny sat alongside Dennis, held his hand and sympathetically uttered, "I am sorry Dennis, the senator is dead."

The cheerful sound of a child's laughter burst into Dennis's room. The hospital room was suddenly illuminated by the laughter of a young girl with long blonde hair and a pink dress. An astonished look emerged from Dennis's once gloomy face as his only daughter jumped upon his bed. Jenny was animated as she cast her eyes upon Dennis's daughter Isabella. The delightful child smiled as she cradled herself in her father's loving arms.

Friends, relative and fellow FBI agents paid their respects to their hero, Dennis Paterson. The room was besieged with friends and coworkers well past the hospital visiting hour.

Just before midnight, when Isabella was sound asleep in her father's arms, Eric whispered, "What happen in the Arlington cemetery?"

Dennis's face suddenly went blank, all the joy he felt in his heart suddenly evaporated. His mind drifted back to the last time he saw his friend and partner Craig Holloway alive. Dennis's hands started to trembled as he reflected upon my sinister, scorned face. Even though it been over three weeks, Dennis still had horrible nightmare of the explosion that almost killed him. Though Dennis tried to smile to cover up is inner demons, Eric could still tell that agent Paterson was still living in fear.

Jenny smiled, held Dennis's hand and uttered, "The last time I saw you alive, you were kneeling over Craig Holloway's body."

An unsuspected tear trickled from Dennis's face as he gazed into Jenny's beautiful blue eyes. "Craig holloway was not who I thought he was. He fooled everyone, even the FBI, into thinking that he real name was Craig Holloway. The truth is that behind that innocent, charming face, my partner was not really my friend after all. His real name was Taylor Hanson."

Dennis finally started to remember the tragic events that unfolded in the Arlington cemetery three weeks ago. "Martinez real name was David Cooper."

"My friend Andre informed me that the treasure that David Cooper was searching for was eight hundred bars of gold the eighty-six platoon stole from a warehouse just outside Sainte-Mère-Église, France during the D-day invasion. The bars of gold where know as Raubgold aka stolen gold. In 1943 German invaded France and stole over 100,000 gold bars from the French government and stored it in German protected warehouse through Europe," said Doctor Brown.

“David Cooper confessed that Father Gregory Mansion helped saved his life after senator Anderson shot him,” said Dennis.

“That is where Private Cooper must have met up with a Nazi soldier named Robert Dubinsky and forged a plan to kill Jeff Anderson and steal the gold for themselves. David changed his name to Martinez and Robert changed his name to Albert Kandinsky,” Jenny theorized.

“What happened to the gold that the platoon stole?” Dennis inquired.

“When I got to Deloris Spencer’s house, our old boss Dexter Framingham confessed that he conspired with David Cooper to steal the gold and murder Kevin Spencer. Dexter escaped aboard Ken’s boat with the gold,” Eric uttered.

“How much is the gold worth now?” Dennis inquired.

“Let’s see, the price of gold today is \$ 370 a troy oz. Eight hundred bars equals 319,666.65 troy Oz. A big grin crossed the

doctor Eric Browns's face as he said, "The gold that Senator Jefferson Anderson and his platoon stole in 1944 is now worth \$118,276,660.00 American dollars."

Hate filed Doctor Eric Brown's eye as he vowed to revenge Deloris's brutal murder, retrieve the gold and murder the former director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Dexter F. Framingham.

"Where you able to retrieve my Walter PP pistol from the Arlington cemetery? Taylor had it on him just before David Cooper murdered him."

"Taylor Hanson is still alive. We never found a Walter PP pistol in the cemetery," Jenny stipulated.

A bewildered look emerged on Dennis's faced as he uttered in disbelief, "He alive? Where is he right now Jenny?"

"Two door down Dennis, but he is still in a comma."

“I want to see him now, alone. Jenny you watch over my daughter.”

Animosity lurked in Dennis’s mind as he thrust open the door to Taylor’s hospital room. Light from the hallway streamed into the dark room and cast an eerie shadow on his old partner's frigate face. Malevolence filled Dennis’s eyes as he glared at the person he once called friend. Undaunted by the fear that rumbled in his gut, the FBI agent ferociously lurched into the hospital room and slammed the door behind him. An irrational wrath erupted inside him as he cumbrously made his way towards the bed. Dennis stumbled on a nightstand and flicked on the switch of a small lamp. The dim light that protruded from the lamp cast a pale unfaltering light upon Taylor’s cold face. Dennis clutched his hand as he tried with all he might not to kill his former partner.

“You bastard, how could betray your country and my trust by joining Martinez’s plot to kill senator Anderson?”

Dennis cold, unsympathetic heart softened as his eyes filled with tears of sorrow. “I know you and Dexter conspired to kill my old partner so you could take over as my new partner. The gun you were going to kill me with in the cemetery was my Walter PP pistol. You stole my Walter PP pistol and replaced it with an identical gun. Then used my gun to kill my old partner and Kevin Spencer. Someone must have removed my gun from the cemetery. Even though I don't have any proof yet that you murdered my partner, by the time you awake from your comma, I swear I will have proof that you killed my old partner.”

Dennis crumbled to his knees and wept on his former partner's body. The door abruptly opened and screams of his daughter woke him from his morbid thoughts.

“Dad please come home.”

Dennis's face lit up as his daughter Isabel rushed toward him and hugged him.

Dennis smiled at his daughter, grabbed her hand and walk somberly out the hospital

room. He stopped briefly at the door, cast his eyes upon Taylor one last time and wiped away an unsuspected tear from his face.

The end