

ExopaTerra

*A story of cyberterrorism,
political intrigue,
and erotic accession*

By Baley Montag

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ExopaTerra

Part One

April 2, 9:30 A.M. EST
Briefing room at FBI HQ, Washington D.C.

About two dozen people sat silently around conference tables and in chairs lined against the walls of the dimly lighted briefing room. The rear projection screens in front of the room cast an eerie light onto the faces of the audience. Director Davis of the FBI and professor Brandon L. Harris enter the room.

The group perked up as Director Davis spoke “Good morning, let's settle in. We are going to be here about an hour. We will be getting background on a case from several agents that were involved and from Professor Harris.”

As the group open their notebooks Professor Harris begins his presentation. “Ladies and gentlemen, 3 years ago, in December, a group of ten cyber attackers went on a rampage and caused close to \$1 trillion in economic disruption. This attack is outlined in chapter three of your required reading [*Information Warfare: How to survive cyber attacks*](#), authored by Michael Erbschloe.”

Snapshots of the attackers along with their names and brief biographical statements flash to the screen.

Another group of people carried out a subsequent attack about one year later targeted at some very specific companies. The attack was called PJ1, which we believe stands for pursuit of justice phase one. The leader of both attacks was Tonya Heartfield AKA High-tech Tonya. She was born in California, 28 years old, educated at Stanford University with degrees in computer science and is a certified Cisco engineer. She worked at a large software company in San Jose, California. She had never been married, was openly bisexual, and had a reputation for promiscuity.

Various snapshots of Tonya flash to the screen.

Professor Harris wraps up his overview of the cyber attackers. As the people in the briefing room shuffle in their chairs and exchange a few comments with each other, FBI Agent Larry Moore from Seattle asks “Not to get ahead of you professor, but what happened to these attackers and why should we be concerned about them now?”

The lights came on, people started moving around.

Director Davis stands and refocuses the group. “We did not call you here just for story time. You have all been assigned to a critical task force. We must find Tonya Heartfield.”

Agent Moore from Seattle asks, “I am new to this adventure so clue me in.

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Why do we have to find Tonya, or what ever we should call her?”

Agent Thompson quickly responds, “Three weeks ago Tonya’s girl friend, Mary Chan committed suicide. She had been under going psychiatric treatment since Tonya left. We have not heard from Tonya, she disappeared without a trace after the attacks.”

Professor Harris starts to explain, “Tonya may very well blame the FBI for Mary’s death and seek revenge.”

Agent Johnson from the Dallas office asks, “Why the FBI?”

Agent Thompson continues, “We had Mary Chan under surveillance since Tonya left. Her parents complained to their congressman and wanted Mary to be left alone. But we wanted Tonya and thought that sooner or later she would contact Mary. They were in love and had been since they were teenagers.”

Director Davis takes over, “Okay professor, do you want to do this or do you want me to?”

Professor Harris stands to speak “Those of you who worked on the case already know this. Those of you who are new might as well sit back down for a few minutes. While Tonya was at Stanford she was one of my students. We had a very long and complex affair. I also had several other members of the PJ1 team in my classes, but not all of them.”

There is muttering around the room.

Professor Harris, “While Tonya was in school her friend Mary got married to one of their high school friends, Mr. Chan.”

“They had all pretty much grown up together and had sex as a three-some for years. Right after Tonya graduated Chan died in a car crash. Her and Mary lived together after that.”

Agent Sparks joins in the briefing, “The auto accident involved a drunk driver. The young man is the son of a very rich investment banker. The passenger in his car was the daughter of United States Senator. They were both under 21 and had been drinking and doing drugs. There was an extensive cover up. Tonya probably feels that justice was not done. In addition, we have traced many of the organizations that sustained the most damage during the PJ1 attack back to the holdings of the investment bank where the young man’s father worked.”

Agent Martin from the ATF speaks for the first time “So professor what you are saying is that Tonya left you for her old girl friend! Right?”

Professor Harris responds, “More or less Agent Martin.”

Agent Moore from Seattle asks, “What were you teaching professor?”

Director Davis speaks up, “For those of you who do not know Professor Harris taught information warfare and has written several books on the topic of cyber terrorism.”

Agent Lawler exclaims, “So professor, you taught Tonya and maybe some of the other PJ1 gang how to be a terrorist?”

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Director Davis responds, "I would not put it that way Agent Lawler."

Professor Harris snaps back, "I taught her a lot of things. I am not sure what made her a terrorist."

Director Davis stands up and shakes the professor's hand, "Thank you for coming professor. We will call you if we need you. Okay, we meet back here tomorrow morning to work on an action plan."

Agent Lawler asks, "So the professor won't be on the team?"

Director Davis abruptly says, "No." and walks out of the room.

The team walks out of the room. A gentleman that had sat quietly in the room during the entire briefing approaches the professor and introduces himself.

"Professor, I am with the Secret Service, my name is Henry Kirkman. The President would like to see you immediately. Would you please come with me?"

The professor, without comment, silently accompanies Agent Kirkman.

April 2, 1:30 P.M. EST

The White House, Washington D.C.

Secret Service Agent Kirkman and Professor Harris arrive at the White House. They sign in and go through the security checkpoint.

Agent Kirkman and the professor enter an office in the West Wing. President of the U.S. enters within a couple of minutes.

"Hello Henry, hello Brandon" the President says as he shakes hands with both men. "How was the briefing Henry?"

"I think it went well sir" Agent Kirkman solemnly responds.

The President turns to the professor and asks, "What do you think?"

The professor responds with a shrug of the shoulders, "It went fine sir."

The President snaps back, "Guys, how long have we known each other? 20 years?" Kirkman and the professor nod in agreement. "Then cut the sir crap. I get sired all damn day. Every damn day of the damn week."

The President nods and continues, "Let's get to the point. Brandon, your ex girl friend, student, and now cyber terrorist, is at large. Her girl friend just committed suicide. We are worried about retaliation. Not just from her, but we are concerned about her joining unfriendly forces and launching an attack."

In an irritated tone Professor Harris responds, "Dick, you should be concerned. She is the most talented and seasoned cyber terrorist alive today and she has a vendetta against the United States government. Right or wrong, it does not matter."

"Do you think the team you briefed this morning can find her and stop her from taking action?" the President continues.

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The still irritated Professor Harris snaps back “I have not seen or talked to Tonya in several years. When it comes to computers and cyber terrorism she is better than all of the members of the task force combined. But if she slips up and you have enough people watching enough places you may very well catch her.”

“And if she doesn't slip up? And if she hooks up the al-Qaida or some other groups then what?” the President asks.

“Then there is a problem. A really big problem Dick,” Professor Harris decisively states.

The President snaps back with equal irritation, “Swear to me you don't know where she is! I have to know you are on our side!”

“I don't know where she is. If I did I would probably do something stupid like try to save her. Or try to have her come in from the cold” Professor Harris says remorsefully.

The President continues, “There in lies the rub Brandon. If you knew where she was then you might just get noble. That is why you are not on the task force that is looking for her.”

Rejecting the concept Professor Harris declares, “I would not fit in with your task force anyway. What do you want me to do?”

The President thinks for a long second and responds, “Our intelligence circles are buzzing with talk of a planned cyber attack. There are also rumors of Americans being involved. And rumors about an American woman. I want you to operate in secrecy. Work directly with Henry and I. Find her, or at least find out if there is a major plot going on to launch a cyber attack against the country.”

“Dick, there is a plot, there is plot because there can be a plot. How many terrorists have you killed in the last three years? Their friends, their support system, not to mention the war in Afghanistan, the Israeli slaughter of the Palestinians and the renewed conflict in Iraq. You have put the pressure on heavy duty. As far as the rumors go about an American woman being involved you need to realize that Tonya is bigger than life in the cyber underworld. She is a hero,” Professor Harris says with conviction.

In a serious tone the President responds “That is what all of the military geeks say as well. Look, I don't doubt it but we both know that in spite of several years of effort we are nowhere near being prepared to deal with a major cyber attack.”

“All right, I am in. We need a few things,” Professor Harris says.

The President looks at Agent Kirkman and then back at Professor Harris, “No problem, we have an unlimited budget to fight terrorism. That is thanks to my predecessor's assassination. What do you need?”

Professor Harris scratches his head a bit, “A jet, a nice fast jet. Some expense money. I don't know maybe a million dollars or so. Maybe less to get started. I also need an operative from the CIA. Her name is Lucy Chin.”

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Satisfied that he is getting what he needs the President says, "Fine. That is easy. Henry will handle communications with me. Chin will be available within a couple of hours. I will have her get in touch with you. And if we win this one you are both going to lay low for a long time. Got it!"

Henry and the professor nod in agreement.

The President picks up the phone, pushes a few buttons, "Send him in."

As the Air Force major enters the room the President introduces him to Agent Kirkman and Professor Harris, "Gentleman I want you to meet Major Andrews of the United States Air Force."

They men all shake hands and nod.

"Major Andrews is your pilot. We are providing you with a jet of a former Air Force General. I trust it will suit your needs. Major Andrews will command the crew. At this point you all report directly to me. It is official. Now go save the world. And if you can't save the world, at least save your country." The President gets up, shakes hands all around, and leaves the room.

Secret Service Agent Kirkman, the professor, and Major Andrews walk out of the White House together.

"When can we be prepared to leave?" Professor Harris inquires.

The ready for action Major Andrews snaps to and says, "How about tomorrow morning?"

Kirkman and the professor nod in agreement. The men all shake hands.

Kirkman looks at Professor Harris and says "Come on Professor, I will drive you home." The professor follows Agent Kirkman in silence.

As they arrive outside Professor Harris' Georgetown apartment Kirkman advises him, "Don't tell her a thing about it."

Professor Harris ponders the advice and says, "I am not going to tell her."

As the professor gets out of the SUV Kirkman tells him, "Be careful. I will pick you tomorrow at 7:00 A.M."

"Make it nine. I will see you then. Bring some money and pick up Lucy. And by the way, thanks." Professor Harris says as he closes the door and walks away.

April 2, 6:30 P.M. EST

The Georgetown Apartment of Professor Brandon L. Harris

Brandon wanders around packing for the next day's trip. The phone rings he answers, "this is Brandon."

Brandon's girl friend, Brenda Packston starts chattering away on the other end of the line, "What's going on? Are you hungry? Have a busy day? Want to go out?"

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Brandon laughing at the barrage of questions, “Things are mellow, I am hungry, it has been a busy day, and I would rather eat in.”

Brenda laughs, “So are you leaving tomorrow?”

They both laugh and Brandon queries Brenda, “What makes you think I am leaving tomorrow?”

Brenda laughs, “You always want to eat in the night before you go on a trip. And then you want to play.”

“And what is wrong with playing the night before you go on a trip?”

Brandon quips back at Brenda.

Brenda gives in “Okay, but I want a really good bottle of wine.”

Brandon smiles and laughs a bit, “Okay you got it. See you soon.”

Brandon hangs up the phone then makes another call he orders dinner. He walks around and does more packing. About 20 minutes later the door bells rings. He opens the door. A young attractive woman is standing at the door. She has several boxes in here hands. She brings in the food, sets the table, puts the food on to the table and presents the receipt. He signs and gives her a \$10 tip.

He selects a bottle of wine and opens it. About five minutes later Brenda enters the apartment. She is attractive but not glamorous. She is tall with long hair. She is in her late twenties.

They kiss without talking. Long kisses mixed with big smiles. Brenda breaks the silence “I am starving, where are you going and how long will you be gone?”

“I am going to California. I am behind on some work. I should be back in three or four days. Maybe we can do something this weekend,” Brandon responds between kisses.

They sit down to eat. Brandon pours wine. “You are looking a lot like Professor Harris tonight. Is there something going on?” Brenda inquires. Brandon shakes his head no. They eat a while and make conversation.

Brenda stands up and walks over to Brandon and sits on his lap. They start kissing. In a few minutes they stand up and go to the bedroom.

About an hour later they pause from play. Brenda is straddling Brandon as he lies on his back. Brenda smiles and says, “Okay bad boy what game do you want to play next?” Professor Harris smiles up at Brenda, “How about truth or dare?” “Oh that's no fun,” she says laughing.

Brandon turns on the night stand lamp. Brenda is not giving up her position. He reaches down into his bag next to the bed and pulls out a leather ID card case and opens to show Brenda. The case contains her FBI identification card and badge. He opens the case and shows it to Brenda.

“You bastard. You rotten bastard,” Brenda yells as she starts slapping and hitting him wildly. Brenda finally lies down on the bed and starts crying.

“When did you figure this out?” Brenda asks between sobs.

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“Right after we first met. It was not hard,” Brandon confesses.

“I hate you. I hate my job. But I love you,” Brenda says as she continues to cry.

“We need to deal with this and we need to do that by morning,” Brandon says in a very a matter of fact tone.

Still crying Brenda says, “You are being so cold. You bastard.”

“I know that you work for Director Davis. I also know that he is your father. You report to him once per week.” Brandon says maintaining his matter of fact tone.

Brenda sobs, “I don't know who is the biggest bastard. You or my father?”

Brandon continues, “I also know that the FBI has the apartment bugged.”

Brenda cries more, “I know, I know.”

Brandon gets out of bed and puts a robe on. “There is something I need to show you,” as he walks into the den and turns on the computer.

As the computer is booting up Brenda enters the den wearing a robe. Brandon logs onto the Internet and enters a URL in the browser.

Brandon says in a whisper, “In the contest for the biggest bastard there is something you need to know.” He turns the speakers up on the computer. The browser is showing the contents of an ftp site. He clicks on one of the files. In about 20 seconds the sound of Brenda and the professor having sex comes over the speakers.

Brenda turns red “He told me he did not bug the bedroom! That bastard! You are both bastards! You knew he had the bedroom bugged?”

“No not really. One of my friends found out about this and sent me the information. This page has been accessed thousands of times. A whole lot of wholesome FBI guys have listened to you moan and talk to me in bed.” Explains Brandon.

“I have the bug in the bedroom disabled,” Brandon tells Brenda. “Let’s go back in there and talk for a while.”

Brenda is sitting in the middle of the bed “I don't know what to do. I just don't know what to do. Why are you doing this now? We have lived together for almost a year. Why now?”

“Some bad things are happening. Has your father talked to you about what he is working on?” Brandon inquires.

A much settled down Brenda thinks a minute, “I don't know specifically but he has been on anti terrorist duty since the attacks started. He does not tell me anything that I might slip and tell you. He is afraid I might compromise my cover.”

“He may be a bastard but he is not stupid. I don't blame him for taking such an approach,” Brandon says as he thinks.

Brenda asks, “Is there something going on? Does this have something to

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do with your old girl friend, the terrorist?”

“Your father has assembled a task force to find Tonya. Several weeks ago her former girl friend, Mary committed suicide. Your father and others think she may retaliate. They also think that she may be working with foreign interest to help launch a major cyber attack.” Brandon explains.

“What do you think? They say you taught her to be a terrorist and that you helped her get away after her gang hit the e-commerce and brokerage sites,” a more composed Brenda says.

“I may have taught her information warfare but I did not make her into a terrorist. I also did not help her get away. I was working with the task force that was hunting the PH2 and PJ1 teams as a profiler. I had no idea Tonya was involved until the FBI discovered her,” responds Brandon.

“I don't know whether to believe you or not. I want to but I am afraid,” Brenda says as she starts crying.

“That is totally up to you,” Brandon says. “You are in a tough spot. I am not telling you anything else until we settle our relationship.”

“I feel betrayed. I feel betrayed by both you and my father. If you knew why did you stay with me?” Brenda asks.

“Well right now I might have the franchise on a few feelings of betrayal myself,” Brandon continues. “I like being with you and what you were doing was not harming me in anyway. Your father was going to have me watched one way or the other and I would have rather taking my chances with you than anyone else.”

“I am not sure what to make of that. What do you want me to do,” Brenda asks. “I will lose my job if I don't tell him.”

“The secret boy's web site of Brenda having sex has been mirrored and there is more than sufficient evidence that the FBI boys have been listening to the sex tapes. There is no way you will get fired,” Brandon says with conviction. “What may be the worse thing is that if you stay at the FBI you will eventually be working with people that have listened to those tapes. It is all up to you.”

Brenda in an extremely rational tone says, “There is more to this. You are not telling me everything.”

“Listen, I am not telling you to betray your father and run away with me,” Brandon says as he strokes Brenda's hair. “I am suggesting that you stand up and get a little revenge. If you don't stand your ground on this the FBI will not be worth working at. If you do things might work out. You also have some big issues to work out with your father. He lied to you. He set you up. And he has embarrassed you. He was willing to do all of that to get me, or more precisely to get Tonya.”

“I want you to join the anti terrorism task force. It is where you can learn the most. I also think your father needs you there and I also thinks he wants this

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phase to be over with," Brandon says as he continues to stroke Brenda's hair. "Go in the office tomorrow and tell him what has happened, he will put you on the task force."

"I can't sleep after this," Brenda says.

With a big smile on his face Brandon turns out the light, "Who said you get to sleep."

"You are bad," Brenda says moving closer, "You are really bad and that is what makes you so much fun."

"There are two things I want you to know," Brandon says between kisses. "One is that I love you and care about you." Between kisses Brenda asks, "And the other?" "Perhaps I should demonstrate," was his response. "Oh yes, I like it when you demonstrate," Brenda muttered as they fell deeper into their passion.

April 3, 8:00 A.M. EST

The Georgetown Apartment of Professor Brandon L. Harris

Brenda Packston woke with an attitude of determination, a pain in her heart, and a little revenge on her mind. She nudges Brandon, "wake up sleepy boy." He rolls over and groans a bit. She jumps out of bed and takes a long hot shower.

As Brandon lies in bed watching, Brenda dresses in a black tight-fitting drop-dead good-looking outfit. She takes her gun and straps it on. She puts her FBI ID in her jacket pocket. She smiles at him as she walks over and sits on the edge of the bed.

As they sat holding hands Brenda leans closer and they kiss. "Be careful out there and let me know where you are."

Brenda goes to the den and logs onto the Internet and navigates to the site that the professor had shown her the night before. She pulls the computer and the speakers around to where they can be heard from the living room microphones.

She clicks on one of the files called "morning bang." She starts the recording. She walks by the professor as he is going into the shower and they both laugh a bit.

She walks out the back door of the apartment building. There is a white van sitting in the alley. She waits a minute. She hears laughing from inside the van.

She pulls the back door open and jumps in. She sprays both of the occupants, who are sitting with headphones on, with mace. She pulls out her gun and orders them out of the van.

They come out of the van with hands up. Both are swearing. She orders them to stand against a railing. She handcuffs both of them to the railing as they

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are coughing and cursing. She takes their guns from their holsters. She unbuckles the belt of one Agent and pulls his slacks and his underwear down. She does the same to the other Agent.

“You bastards,” she yells at them. “Bend over.” They curse and complain but they obey. The agents moan and groan. Brenda takes out her digital camera and takes several photos. She walks away leaving the FBI agents handcuffed to a rail.

As the police were driving down the alley to rescue the FBI agents from their embarrassing situation Brandon walks out of the front door of the apartment where Kirkman is waiting in his SUV.

Brandon gets in the back seat and says “Good morning.”

Lucy Chin unbuckles her seat belt and hangs over the seat to give the professor a kiss. “I missed you. How are you? What is happening? What are we going to do? You look great. Where are we going?”

Brandon tries to respond to the list of questions. “I missed you to. I have been a bit busy. The usual gig. Thanks. And you look better than ever. How have you been? We are going to Japan.”

Lucy looks back at the Brandon, eyes wide, big smile. “Japan sounds good. So we are off to save the world!”

“I need to make a quick stop at the Watergate Hotel,” Brandon tells Kirkman. “I need about 15 minutes.”

Kirkman asks “The cops coming around for any reason you know of?”

Brandon laughs “My guess is that my new ex-girl friend undercover FBI Agent Brenda Packston had a quarrel with the FBI surveillance team that likes to hang out in our alley.”

Kirkman chuckles a bit. Lucy turns around smiling and laughing “You never have a dull moment do you?”

April 3, 9:30 A.M. EST
Briefing room at FBI HQ, Washington D.C.

Director Davis was about to start the morning briefing when Agent Brenda Packston enters the briefing room. He was surprised to see her and assumed immediately that something had happened.

Brenda walks up to her father and speaks in his ear. “You set me up. You taped me having sex. Those tapes are on the FBI web server and half the agents in the bureau have heard them.” Director Davis was speechless. Brenda was not. “First, I am on this team. If not I will tell my mother what happened. Second, I will get the bastard who put those files on the server. Third, I want the names of everyone who was on surveillance duty listening to me have sex. I will handle it

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my own way. But only if I am on this team.”

Director Davis was somewhat flabbergasted. “What about your present assignment?” Brenda snapped back “It is terminated. I suspect something is going on.”

Director Davis nodding “The only question I have is how do we handle this situation with the task force?”

Brenda smiled “I will tell them.”

Director Davis still nodding “Agreed. But I want a private conversation with you young lady.”

Brenda, still smiling “You are a bastard.”

Director Davis turns to the group assembled in the briefing room. “Ladies, gentleman. Agent Brenda Packston will be joining our team. I believe she has something to tell you all.”

Brenda turns takes a position in the front of the room. “For the last 11 months I have been living, undercover, with Professor Brandon L. Harris.”

There was mumbling all around the room.

Brenda continues “I know his habits and his personality. I do not know if he helped Tonya escape or what his present relationship is with her. However, I do believe that he did not make her into a terrorist.”

There is more mumbling around the room.

“I believe at this time that Professor Harris is up to something. Last night, at our apartment, he presented me with my FBI identification card and badge.”

Louder comments form the back of the room.

“He told me this task force was underway and the suspicions that everyone holds about his relationship with Tonya. He did not tell me any details about this task force but he did imply that there is a sense of urgency to locate Tonya and determine what she is up to. I also believe that the professor thinks that a major cyber attack is in fact going to happen soon. I am here to assist in all of these related efforts.”

Director Davis stands. “Let's break for now. Be back here after lunch.”

The task force members start leaving the room.

Director Davis turns to Brenda. “I want to see you in my office Agent Packston.” Then he abruptly leaves the briefing room.

As Brenda is leaving the room Agent Sharon Lawler approaches her, “Agent Packston, after you settle in I would like to buy you lunch.”

They smile at each other and leave the room and Brenda accepts, “Thanks, I would like that.”

Director Davis is pacing around his office nervously. Brenda knocks on the door then enters the office. Brenda walks in and starts pacing around with her father.

Brenda’s sense of irritation is building. “I am not sure who I hate more

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you or the professor! You are both bastards. You knew we were being taped. He knew we were being taped. I agreed to do this on the condition that you did not bug the bedroom.”

Director Davis sits down. “We did that for your own protection.”

Brenda snaps back, “Bullshit and you know it. Look at the guy's profile. What was he going to do screw me to death?” Brenda sits down and continues to grumble.

Director Davis sighs, “I do appreciate the way you handled the meeting.”

There is a knock on the door and a voice outside says, “It is the morning surveillance team sir.”

Director Davis looks at Brenda, “What do you want to do?” She answers “Tell them to come in.”

Director Davis invites the men into his office. “I understand that you have Agent Packston. Agent Brenda Packston please meet Agent Randy Johnson and Ken Bloomfield.”

The two agents from the morning surveillance team look shocked but they both approach Brenda and shake her hand.

“Gentleman please have a seat,” Director Davis continues. “Let's try to deal with this, in a well mannered fashion please.”

“Sir, we had no idea she was an Agent. No one on the surveillance duty knew this sir. I swear no one knew sir,” Agent Randy Johnson repeated. Turning to Agent Packston Randy continues, “Agent Packston, I am really sorry. I had no idea.”

Brenda is touched by the young man's sincerity. “I don't know what to say either gentleman. No one was supposed to know who I am. But I want to know who put those recordings on the FBI server?”

Agent Ken Bloomfield speaks up, “Agent Packston we turned everything into our supervisor everyday just as we were instructed. I have no idea who put them there. But I think the bigger question is how many people know they are there?”

Brenda pointedly asks, “Who was supervising this?”

Both men respond, “Agent Roy Thomas.”

Brenda sits back in her chair, “Gentleman I do owe you an apology. If you decide to file a complaint I will take my knocks.”

Agent Ken Bloomfield takes the lead, “Agent Packston if we could keep this between us I am sure we can work through it.” Agent Randy Johnson agrees, “I am with him on that Agent Packston.”

Brenda stands and shakes hands with the two young agents, “Okay. Let's give that a try. Again guys, I am sorry. I was just so upset this morning.”

Director Davis stands to shake hands, “Agent Packston has informed us that the professor has left town and she thinks he will be gone for a while so let's

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suspend the surveillance until further notice. You two can go now, and I want to thank all three of you for trying to work this out.” The two agents quickly leave the director's office.

Director Davis sits back down, “and what about us?”

“We have a lot to work through,” Brenda replies. “But first we need to attend to business. I am going to go home and go through everything to see if I can find any clue as to where the professor is and if Tonya has contacted him. I will be back tomorrow and we can take it from there.”

As Brenda gets up to leave her father says, “Okay. One other thing.” She looks back from the door “I am not going to tell mom. You and I need to work this one through on our own.”

Director Davis moans.

April 3, 9:30 A.M. EST

The lobby of the Watergate Hotel

Brandon walks into the lobby and picks up the house phone and dials a number. “Hi, Laura, its Brandon Harris. I am in the lobby. Can a get a few minutes of your time?”

“I have been expecting you. Come on up. I am just having coffee,” Laura Springler responds.

Brandon hangs up the phone and takes an elevator up to Laura's floor.

Laura is setting at a table by the window reading newspapers and drinking coffee. The doorbell rings. She gets up, walks to the door and opens it. Laura steps forward and Brandon kisses her on both cheeks. “Good morning Brandon and welcome back.”

Brandon and Laura sit at a table next to window that over looks the city. Laura pours him a cup of tea and refills her coffee cup.

Brandon inquires, “how have you been Laura?”

She smile at Brandon, “busy as ever, but life is good. What is going on?”

“Have you heard from Tonya?” Brandon asks.

“I figured that is why you came by,” Laura insightfully responds. “No I have not heard from her since the big bang when her and her friends did their cyber frenzy thing. Why? Is the woman hunt on again? Are they still trying to find her?”

“Of course they are,” Brandon says with concern. “They will never stop looking for her. Mary committed suicide and they think she is going to try and get even.”

“I heard about Mary,” Laura says with sadness in her voice. “Poor kids. They were so much in love. I am surprised in a way that Tonya has not been in

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contact with you. Your relationship was something special to her.”

“So was yours,” Brandon responds. “I am concerned about her. If she does contact you please tell her to be careful.”

Laura was not listening she was starrng out the window, thinking, remembering a summer day many years before. Laura and Tonya were sitting by the pool sipping on glasses of wine and preparing to eat lunch.

“Let's take a swim before we eat lunch, “ Laura says to Tonya in a challenging tone.

Tonya impulsively stood up and took her clothes off and jumps in the pool. Laura smiles. “You little devil.”

Laura stood for a moment then took her clothes off and jumped into the pool and pursues the challenge further, “Okay kid, let's do a four lap race, winner takes all.”

Laura waits at the end of the pool for Tonya to finish a good half lap behind. “You can really swim!” an out of breath Tonya exclaims.

Laura laughs a little, “Let's take a sauna!”

“Another great idea!” Tonya agreed.

Tonya and Laura sat in the heat, sipping some water, recovering from their swim. Tonya was looking at Laura. She stood and stretched. Laura watched and smiled as Tonya watched her. Tonya sits back against the wall and relaxes. Her legs were slightly open. She smiled.

Laura looks at Tonya, “My dear, you are not a virgin, are you?” Tonya smiling says “No!”

Laura moves closer to Tonya and kneels down in front of her. She started touching Tonya's legs. Moving her hands up and down and then up toward her thighs. Laura looks up and smiles. Tonya smiles back and opens her legs a little more. They stood up and both started to giggle. They leave the sauna and enter the house.

Laura snaps back to reality and looks over at Brandon. “Why do you think she did what she did Brandon? You know her so well.”

“I don't know,” Brandon says shaking his head. “It seemed to start after Chan was killed in the automobile accident.”

“I think we all sort of spoiled Tonya,” Laura says in response. “She grew up with love and was surrounded by intelligent and caring people. The world may have been too much for her. Find her Brandon and make sure she is safe.”

Brandon stands leans over and kisses Laura on the cheek. Silently he walks to the door and leaves.

Brandon stops at a phone on the way out of the Watergate and calls one of his associates, “Blaster, hey it is Brandon.”

“What's going on?” Blaster responds on the other end of the phone.

“We have a job coming up, I will be there in about two days with some

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additional members for our team,” Brandon says. “I also need for you to create a diversion for me.”

“Hey one of my all time favorites things to do, that is after Razer, Germ, Rabbit, and you of course,” Blaster spouted. “What do you need?”

“I need to convince my new ex-girl friend, who until a few hours ago was an undercover FBI Agent that I was living with so she could spy on me, that my old ex-girl friend, Tonya, AKA High-tech Tonya, the most wanted cyber terrorist in the world, is on her way to see me in Washington D.C.” Brandon explains. “Does that make sense?”

Blaster laughs, “So I assume that Brenda is still with the FBI but is no longer undercover and that she has access to your computer.”

“That is correct,” Brandon affirms.

Blaster still laughing, “I also assume that there is a major shift going on here and the reason you are coming home is you need save the world or something like that.”

“Something like that,” Brandon again affirms Blaster’s conclusions.

“I have an idea. I will play Tonya. I can probably find some ad about somebody driving from east to west or west to east. She or they can be the ploy. I will keep Agent B believing that you are meeting and put them on the trail of some not so innocent driving across the country. Sound good?” Blaster said.

“Good enough. Just keep them busy as long as you can,” Brandon concludes.

“Got it smart boy,” Blaster still laughing a bit. “You sure do get yourself in one mess after another.”

“Thanks for your words of encouragement,” Brandon said sarcastically. “Anything else you want to know?”

“One more thing smart boy,” Blaster says. “So, no girl friend at this point, huh?”

“The ex-girl friend thing seems to keep me busy enough,” Brandon moans as he responds. “I have to go now.”

Brandon hangs up the phone and walks out the lobby doors of the Watergate hotel. Kirkman drives up to the curb and Brandon gets in the back seat.

Kirkman asks “Where to?”

“A coffee house in Tokyo,” Brandon replies.

Kirkman drives off toward the Air Force base.

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Part Two

April 3, 10:30 A.M. EST
An Air Force Close to Washington D.C.

Kirkman, Lucy, and Brandon board the plane, stow their bags and take seats by the windows. Major Andrews walks out of the cockpit to greet them, “Good morning. So we are going to have coffee in Tokyo? It will take us about 15 hours to get there. We will make a short stop in Seattle. There is food and drinks in the galley. Help yourself. And buckle up. We take off in about five minutes.”

Major Andrews returns to the cockpit and minute later the intercom crackles. “Oh by the way my copilot is Captain Sherry Spinx.”

“Good morning folks and welcome aboard,” Captain Spinx says in a soft but confident voice, and you can just call me Spinx.”

The engines start up and the plane taxis to the runway. Three minutes later they are in the air. The professor, Kirkman, and Lucy Chin all fall to sleep shortly after the plane takes off.

The professor wakes after a few hours and gets up to use the restroom. Kirkman and Lucy Chin also awake. When the professor returns Kirkman and Lucy Chin are in the galley getting out food and drinks. Lucy Chin is wearing a T-shirt that has a logo and the words "planet out" on it.

“What is planet out Lucy?” Kirkman asks.

Smiling at Kirkman Lucy says, “It is sort of like a club Henry. Just people that have things in common.” Kirkman shrugs and returns to his seat with his food and drink.

Lucy sits down next to the professor with a tray of food. She smiles, “I think it is time you clued me in professor.”

“A few years ago a group of cyber terrorist launched something they called the Pearl Harbor 2 attack or PH2. Later another group launched Pursuit of Justice, or PJ1 scenario”, Brandon replies.

“Yes I remember. I also remember that all of them from both groups, except one was either caught or killed,” Lucy elaborates.

“What else do you know Lucy?” Brandon asks.

“Oh that the one that got away is called High-tech Tonya. She is brilliant. She was also your girl friend when you were teaching at Stanford while she was a student there. There are rumors that you taught her to be a terrorist and that you helped her get away after the PJ1 attack,” Lucy said with a grin on her face.

The professor and Lucy Chin nibble on the food.

After a few bites Brandon responds, “I have heard the same rumors.”

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