

Kurt's Pretty Lady

By

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

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

Introduction

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

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

Chapter One

Saturday, July 7, 1984 - Paradise Valley, Nevada

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

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

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

center.

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

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

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

scientific world as “Dreamland” in southern Nevada.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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