

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 darken and threaten thunderstorm quickly descending upon the boat. The bolts of lighten only aspirated the dread that lurked in the officer's souls as they reluctantly searched the darken 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.

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