

997

"Ms. Love and Mr. Nylas, every single person who expires due to your intransience will be added to your charges and the Federal Government does enforce a death penalty," Jonas pushed it. "Your cohorts will be charged under Federal Firearms statutes. That is a long time in a Federal Maximum security complex for all of you.

And I can still honor a Chinese request for extradition," he tacked on. "They have their own standards of interrogation."

"I can't believe what is coming out of you pie-hole," Dellilah snorted. "The only one the Reds will break is C  el and I bet he doesn't know 'word one' about the technical aspects of this outbreak.

The three people he does know... well, you can't catch the main player and the other two probably don't know jack-all either. I wouldn't worry about the number of murder charges you are going to foist on this group. I'd worry about the number of Homeland agents whose bodies are going to start piling up on your doorstep," Dellilah sneered.

"Ms. Faircloth, all your insinuations are doing is digging these so-called Amazons a deeper hole," Baker countered. "Personally, I'm not all that worried about a cult of delusional man-haters."

"You are impossible," Riki grumbled at Baker. "Mr. Nylas, what do you know about the Illuminati?"

Long gone were the days when I was an open book when confronted with feminine charms. Riki was looking for some sort of reaction. She got something she didn't expect.

"Why don't we talk it over in that bedroom over there?" I propositioned her. What the hell - this was turning out to be a lousy day. I might as well reach for something good.

Nikita twisted my handcuffs tightly.

"Ouch," I complained.

"Behave," Nikita whispered.

"Are you trying to trade sex for information?" Jonas sneered.

"What exactly are you implying, Mr. Nylas?" Riki kept studying me. "I'm engaged."

"Baker - no. I'm trying to gleam something positive from this moronic encounter. Ms. Martin - Rikki - please call me C  el and what I am asking you for is a chance to break through this bureaucratic brick wall and establish a personal rapport. As for you being engaged - I don't care.

I've been sleeping with officer Nikita here, and while she's been loads of fun, I'm addicted to beautiful, intelligent and confident women, which you definitely are."

"You've had intercourse with a member of my taskforce?" Baker gobbled.

"None of your damn business," I grinned his way.

"If I go back to that bedroom, will you tell me what I want to know about the Illuminati?" Riki inquired. She had this steamy, sultry look to her. The political crisis had obscured her view of me until now. My body was projecting sex, sex, sex and her body was going yes, yes, yes.

"If we go back there for thirty minutes, I'll definitely consider it," I countered.

"The only place you are going is to an ICE holding facility," Baker seethed.

"Christmas Eve - Empire State Building, Bitch," Desiree looked my way. Oh yeah, if I made it to Christmas we'd go out on a date together. To prevent that abominable date from transpiring, I was taking a header off the top of that building the night before, or so the gag ran.

"Was that some kind of code?" Baker barked. No one said anything. "Take them away," he motioned to the cops. They led us to the elevators, split us up and down we went. The Brits would have to wait a while as there wasn't enough room to squeeze them in safely. This was starting to become the new, worst day in my life ... until we hit the lobby.

There was a wall of people waiting for the cops, and us. Eight of them were SD... the other twenty were with... Deidre, I believed. That sucked big time. I wasn't sure how they'd figured I was in trouble and responded so quickly. It was London again.

"Clear a path," Officer Montero commanded in her best authoritarian tone.

"Who the hell are you people?" Baker demanded. "You are impeding a Federal Investigation."

"Give us C  el Nylas and you can pass," Deidre replied calmly.

"Like Hell," Baker grumbled. Deidre handed a packet to one of her security types. In turn, the man walked over and handed the paperwork to the closest Fed - Virginia.

"This documentation affirms Mr. Nylas' status as a diplomat with the Republic of Ireland's Mission to the United Nations," Deidre informed us. Fuck a Duck - now Ireland owned a piece of me as well as the Host, the US of A and the Khanate. One of these days I was going to emigrate to a political entity I actually wanted to belong to - someplace like Fiji.

Virginia handed the papers to Baker $\mathcal{L}^{\infty}(\mathcal{W},\mathcal{N})\otimes\mathcal{V}\mathcal{E}\mathcal{L}\mathcal{W}^{\delta}(\cdot)\otimes_{\mathcal{C}}\mathcal{M}$

"Are you serious?" he looked from the papers to Deidre.

"Very. Give us our envoy and we will depart," she insisted. This was ten kinds of strange. The paperwork must have taken at least a day if they would pass diplomatic muster.

It was a backup plan to wrangle me if things turned ugly - which they had. That didn't explain the muscle in... Illuminati.

"Deidre, what has happened?" I called out. Nikita unlocked my handcuffs.

"You know this woman?" Baker addressed me bitterly.

"If you had read my reports or looked over our video evidence you would know that woman is... I think, Deidre O'Shea. She is C  el Nylas' maternal aunt... one of many," Javiera growled.

"How can I accept these papers as authentic?" Baker cast about for an explanation. Riki stepped up, snatched them out of Baker's stunned fingers and reviewed them herself.

"They look legitimate. I'll call one of our European liaisons anyway," she mumbled. All the while, I kept exchanging glances with the rest of the Amazon contingent. This was a solo exit invitation. Aunt Deidre didn't have a way to bring them out with me and wasn't inclined to be helpful to the point of breaking the law at this time. Showing sisterly solidarity was pointless.

In jail, I was actually a detriment to Katrina. I was the one with the information and the big mouth.

"Mr. Nylas checks out," Riki announced. "He has the proper credentials."

"Mr. Nylas, you could have mentioned your diplomatic status when this all began," Baker got pissy with me. I ignored him.

"Guns and axes," I demanded. "I want my weaponry back."

"Mr. Nylas," Baker got in my face. I kept ignoring him. "Fine, I will file a formal protest with our State department and have you expelled from the United States." Captain Moe blanched.

"Do you abuse prescription drugs?" Riki really was becoming more succinct in her approach to Jonas. "Or, are you some crack-whore, meth-head, or someone who shoots up black tar heroin into their tear ducts?"

"Watch yourself, Ms. Martin," he glared at her.

"Blow it out your ass, you half-wit," Riki seethed back. "Does it occur to you the ONLY person you could pin any criminal charges on is about to walk out the door? Even better, knowing he has some level of knowledge of both the Illuminati and the Anthrax outbreak, you are going to have our government put him well beyond our reach," she shook her head.

"Thank you Ms. Martin," Katrina finally spoke. "What exactly are the rest of us being charged with? Our firearms are licensed and I don't recall anyone besides the diplomat from Ireland saying anything remotely like a terrorist threat."

"Release them," Javiera stated. "I'm not going to file any charges I know are unsupportable."

"What about the Arizona fiasco?" Baker was looking flustered. Summer Camp.

"The only people we can tie to that camp are Mr. Nylas, Ms. Faircloth - a British citizen, and Agent Maddox. Ms. Faircloth was an avowed foreign intelligence operative operating on US soil with our permission. Agent Maddox was sent by us into that camp and didn't break any laws we are aware of," Javiera made her case.

"So, who are you going to call first? The Deputy Secretary (of HS), or the Secretary of State?" Javiera was pushing Baker into a corner. Despite Javiera's order, no one was un-cuffing the Amazons. Baker was still in charge.

"Mr. Nylas, perhaps we got off on the wrong foot," Baker suggested.

"Mr. Baker, do you love your country?" I asked $(\omega)\mathcal{W}\mathcal{L},\otimes_{\mathcal{Q}}(\nu)\mathcal{E}(\cdot)\mathcal{W}\mathcal{P}\mathcal{M},(\epsilon)\mathcal{U}(\mathfrak{n})$

"Yes... of course. Sure, I do," he hesitated, looking for the pitfall.

"Then quit the task force. There is no way my side can work with you anymore. This demand is not a point of negotiation," I told him $\mathcal{W}\mathcal{W}\otimes\mathcal{N}\mathfrak{v}\mathcal{E}\mathcal{L}\mathcal{W}^{\mathfrak{a}}\mathcal{R}\mathfrak{m},(\epsilon)\mathcal{U}\mathfrak{m}$

"You had your chance and blew it. We Amazons are not much into forgiveness. Worse, you disrespected your underlings in my presence, refused to own up to your mistakes and failed to put your duty before your personal advancement. You have repudiated all the hallmarks of a good and honest leader. You've failed. Good-bye," I related.

"You don't get to dictate the shape of a US federal investigation, Mr. Nylas," Baker retorted. My immediate counter was cut off by the arrival of the Brits and the NYPD with our weapons on a cart.

"Dellilah, Ms. Martin and Captain Mistriano, would you care to come along with me?" I was back to ignoring Jonas.

I began to re-arm myself ... which the NYPD didn't love.

"Hold on now," Baker violently pulled on my arm. Hallelujah! My fist crashed into his face, breaking his nose and dropping him to the ground. I went back to my business $\mathcal{W}\mathcal{W}.n\delta\mathfrak{v}\mathcal{E}\mathcal{L}\mathfrak{w}\delta\mathcal{R}\mathfrak{m},\bigcirc\mathcal{Q}\mathfrak{m}$

"Mumma-fuffa! Awwess hmm," he squawked. That was 'Mother-fucker. Arrest him.'

"Sir, you physically assaulted a diplomat," Vincent responded, "in front of dozens of witnesses. He wasn't doing anything illegal and you had no right to restrain him in an official capacity."

"Really?" I looked at Vincent. He nodded. "I'm filing charges," I chuckled.