

## *Chapter 1 – Unexpected Visitors*

Hurricane Emily, forecast to be a category-five storm, was now a category-three and had just crossed the Leeward Islands southeast of Cuba. She was expected to turn northwest and head directly towards the island of Cuba, arriving there within the next twenty-four hours. They expected her to hit somewhere on the island of Cuba as a Cat-5 storm.

However, today it was just another end-of-summer day on the island, which began with a warm Caribbean breeze blowing from the east end of the island towards the west. The afternoon was just beginning to drag on as the sun was starting its late-afternoon descent.

In preparation for a kidnapping assault on a secure hacienda, just a few miles west of the Guantanamo Bay Military Base, three men and one woman could be seen loading a twenty-eight-foot open-fisherman with ammo, several semi-automatic AK-47's, some stun-guns, a few handguns, and a couple of green camouflage jumpsuits.

Two of the gunmen were Cubans with long unmanaged beards. They were tall and well built. The third gunman, an American, was younger and skinnier with a well maintained thin charismatic beard. He looked the lover type and was rumored to be an offspring of the fourth gunman, an American woman, and owner of the Tat-II.

The boat's owner, Traycia Torres, was the illegitimate

daughter of Cuban drug lord, Ronaldo Torres. Ronaldo happened to spend one drunken night with her mother who was undercover working with the DEA. Traycia was the result.

Traycia was middle-aged, about five foot seven and always wore her hair in a long thick ponytail. She had at least a dozen tattoos covering her body and one extra large one on her thigh in the form of an angel. Traycia loved to fish. She often referred to it as the four-letter "F" word she loved to do more than anything else.

Because of who her parents were, she was protected not only by those high up in Cuban power circles but also by very high up in the food chain American government officials.

Traycia "Angel" Torres, nicknamed Tat, was a warm-blooded sexy American that had put together this tough group of guys promising them twenty grand each for their time and skills. Her cut, however, was double that.

The three men climbed on board as Traycia fired up the two monster engines which sounded like a battalion of motorcycles. Tat-II was the name on the back of the boat which carried a pair of white & black trim Suzuki 350 DFA six-cylinder outboard motors. The Tat-II had a range of almost 300 miles with speeds exceeding 50 knots. The boat was capable of making the round trip from the United States to Cuba in one day, and often did.

According to reports compiled by the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee, the Tat-II was seen in the Ft.

Lauderdale area a day or two after the Emerald Green explosion. This gave conspiracy theorists a cause to believe the boat and its owner may have played a role in that sinking. That gave way to even further speculation the CIA and *The Knights of Freedom* may have also played a role in that disaster.

The Caribbean waters were becoming rough this afternoon, due to the impending hurricane only a day away. Experienced in navigating rough waters, the Tat-II made its almost thirty-minute journey from the Miramar Marina on the south side of Cuba, out into open waters of the Caribbean Sea and eventually to a hacienda just outside of Rio San Juan, within the city limits of Santiago de Cuba. This extremely powerful boat, with huge wakes coming from its stern, could be seen approaching land for miles.

Cutting their engines early, they drifted up to the dock at the compound where Jason and Christine Williams lived.

The sun was still a few hours from setting, and the horizon was full of very large white cumulus clouds surrounded by a pink and turquoise sky. It was going to be another gorgeous day in the Caribbean. Weather-wise, with a hurricane fast approaching, today would be known as the calm before the storm.

Except for an occasional gust of wind, a tropical southeastern breeze was caressing the beach at the rear of the hacienda where several open cabanas lay in the sand baking in the warm Caribbean sun. Although a

hurricane warning had been issued for the entire island of Cuba, no preparations at the hacienda had been made yet.

The owner of this beautiful hacienda, Jason Williams, was in town stocking up on supplies he and his wife planned to take to their safe-house a couple of hours drive north of their beautiful home. Christine remained at the house while Jason went into town, to make sure the staff put away anything that could fly away when the hurricane did hit. Their plan was to head north to their safe-house when he returned.

When the Tat-II arrived at the dock, the four gunmen donned their ski masks and headed up to the house. There were no security guards on the premises. The guards apparently had some type of incentive to take an early evening dinner break.

The suave looking thin gunman named Ronaldo Jr., same as his grandfather, and who routinely did odd kill jobs for the CIA and specifically for the *KOF*, keyed in the combination at the gate. He signaled the others to follow behind him as he proceeded up along the poolside area until reaching the hacienda. As they arrived, they crouched down and remained hidden under the cover of privacy bushes planted in front of each window.

After a short wait, Traycia could see Christine was alone in the house, and Jason Williams was nowhere around. Because Jason was not home, she made a call on her cell phone to Benedict Warren, the man who hired her. She

needed to know whether to abandon their plan to capture Jason Williams or to proceed and at least abduct his wife Christine. And more importantly, would they be paid the same amount for only returning with his wife and not him.

Receiving the go-ahead, the four of them maneuvered their way into the house. Ronaldo grabbed Christine from behind and slammed her to the floor. His eyes met hers, and she screamed as if he were the devil getting ready to pull her down to hell. He started to remove her blouse and her Capri pants, but because she was wiggling too much, he just ripped them off her exposing her silky white bra and pink frilly panties.

The two taller gunmen kneeled and bound her hands and feet with plastic ties. Although no one other than those in the house could hear her loud screams, this didn't stop Christine from kicking and screaming and trying to escape their control. Ronaldo placed the bottom of his boot on her neck and told her to stop resisting or he would put his weight down and cause her neck to break. The threat caused her to stop.

Once he released her neck from the bottom of his boot, although restrained with her arms tied behind her back, she wiggled as far away from the men as she could and crouched in the corner of the room, thinking this might prevent what she thought was the reason they were here.

Not sure what was going on, and fearing she would be

raped, she began screaming and yelling again. Christine began kicking more wildly than before as Tat kneeled to try and calm her down.

Christine's foot forcefully connected with the mouth of Traycia and a tooth went flying across the room. It landed under the kitchen table and out of view from her angered face.

"You bitch!" Traycia yelled, and in a fit of rage, punched Christine in the nose, resulting in a cracking sound. Blood began to flow from Christine's face, down onto the clothes that lay on the kitchen floor.

Within seconds, the two taller Cubans unwrapped a camouflage jumpsuit from their bag, cut the plastic ties from Christine's hands and feet and worked her body into what they assumed would become her outfit for the next few days.

As Christine continued to fight back, she was jolted by the electrical charge from a powerful handheld stun gun. She immediately slumped back down to the ground and became quiet dead weight. With darkness only an hour or so away, they quickly placed a black burlap bag over her head and carried her back down to the dock.

They fired up the boat's outboard engines and were gone just as quickly as they arrived. Heading out of the bay and into the Caribbean Sea, they soon were pulling alongside a 190' Trinity Motor Yacht out of Caracas called "*The Pleasure is all Mine*".

This thirty-five-million-dollar sweetheart, with its crew of thirteen, a heliport, seven cabins and every amenity the U.S. Government could buy, was waiting for the gunmen to arrive.

The ship was owned by the Central Intelligence Agency and used for many activities including entertaining its organizational department heads. It was also used for conducting initial interviews with captives to determine where they should be relocated. And for some drug smuggling activities, mostly for their own internal use. All of these operations were part of the daily routine of the CIA and were conducted at the expense of the American taxpayer.

The four gunmen hoisted their passenger up to the yacht's lower deck and collected a briefcase from the ship's Captain, Benedict Warren, in exchange for their troubles. Having been paid, they departed back out to sea in a northwesterly direction. The yacht headed in the same direction, but at a much slower speed.

With the ship's new cargo safely secured below deck, the yacht pulled into a hidden secluded harbor, from which they could securely contact their cargo's husband once they could find him. It was hoped she would be the bargaining chip in their transaction. Jason would have the opportunity to trade his life for hers. However, what he didn't know was neither would be set free. Both would be returned to Washington once he was on board.

The CIA paid dearly for this cargo. Between the

gambling debt paid for an out-of-control gambler, Jason's wayward daughter, and the hundred grand they paid to four hot shot gunmen, they had spent close to half a million dollars and still didn't have the one person they came for.

