

First Chapter from  
**The Invisible Enemy Book II: *Vendetta***  
*First they were operatives. Now it's Personal.*  
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Author: Anthony R. Howard  
[www.anthonyRhoward.com](http://www.anthonyRhoward.com)

Zyablikov parked his truck on the curb about a mile away from Gary Klingner's house. He waited until 3:00 a.m.—when he knew Klingner would be sleeping soundly. This time Zyablikov was ready. He had the intelligence, and though he had only had two days to plan the entire operation, swift planning was his specialty, which made his organization remarkably more potent and eminently dangerous. He felt as well prepared as he had when operating with Devin's intelligence, and now this was the second official assignment under his own administration. He had faith in himself, and faith in his soldiers. The objective was clear: Get Klingner. He'll know how to find Devin.

"Team A, report," Garret spoke into his tactical microphone.

"A-1, looking sharp," Oleg Lugor reported from his position atop a large hill, a little inside of a mile away from the scene. He was equipped with his Barrett .50-caliber sniper rifle, which was already set up on its bi-pod with the long silencer tightly screwed on. The specially designed silencer would not only quiet the sound but also eliminate the muzzle flash. The flash shield not only protected Lugor's location but also prevented the sight disorientation that occurred when the Barrett's bright flash put blue spots in his eyes for a few seconds, preventing him from aiming quickly again.

"A-2, red light," Vladimir Yakof replied from near a tree just outside of the back of the estates. He had already put together his Heckler and Koch PSG-1 .30-caliber rifle but was not yet in position. Yakof climbed up the nearby tree and comfortably positioned himself among its

branches. He cursed his position in the treetop but knew that if Zyablikov had placed him here, there was no other option. He knew Lugor was about a mile way, and he did not envy him.

“A-2, green light, Iceman,” Yakof reported after he was in position.

“A-3 ready on signal,” Demitri Liutoboets replied.

“A-4 in place,” Gremis Nukludko responded.

“A-5 awaiting your mark,” Iake Tatomir reported.

“Team F, report,” Zyablikov instructed.

“F-1 standing by,” Zlata Olimpan announced.

“F-2 ready,” Rhyhor Karandei said.

“F-3, check,” Viktor Nesigneve answered.

“F-4, green light,” Aleksander Straz reported.

“Team F, move.”

Olimpan pulled a small vial of metal-eating acid out from her belt. It was the same acid Nukludko had used on the cruise ship; Zyablikov could not stop finding new uses for this creation. Olimpan quietly poured the acid onto the ten-foot metal gate that was built into the ten-foot-high brick wall. In less than a minute, they were inside the Klingner estate. The estate was well illuminated, and the teams had to cross more than 800 feet before they reached the mansion. All four entry soldiers crouched along in the shadows and away from the motion sensors, as Zyablikov had warned.

Lugor aimed for the guard on the roof whose binoculars were facing the front of the estate. In a few moments, the roof guard was in his crosshairs. He fired the shot from almost a mile way away, and the guard collapsed with no shout and almost no sound.

“One down,” Lugor reported to Zyablikov.

The second guard was patrolling another area of the roof, but his position still classified him as a threat. He could still turn around and possibly spot Team F. Lugor studied the guard's paces for one full minute. He thought back to his training in the Pit: *One shot, one kill. No exceptions.* It was the motto for the range game, so he made sure to take the extra few moments for the shot. The second guard held his binoculars up to his eyes, looking out at the front of the estates, just as the first guard had. He suffered the same penalty. The rifle bullet went straight through the guard's back and then exited through his chest in several pieces. No shout, no noise. Lugor had blessed him with a swift and painless death.

"Two down," he reported.

Team F sprinted through the shadows, and before the second rooftop guard had shaken hands with death, the team was within 150 feet of the back patio of the Klingner mansion.

Through his sights, Yakof spotted two more sentries patrolling the backyard area. He picked the one who was closest to Team F and sent one silent shot after him. The guard's head exploded. He stumbled, headless, for two steps, before collapsing silently onto the grass.

The second sentry was walking through the open area with a large canine. Yakof was glad Zyablikov had put him at an angle to the mansion, or he would have had to shoot at a difficult sideward view of his target. With the PSG-1 being an automatic rifle, Yakof was able to quickly execute the human first with a swift shot through the heart, then quickly fire twice at the dog. The dog made a pitiful yelp before slouching over and collapsing near his master, whining. Yakof didn't know where a dog's heart was, so he fired once more into the dog's head, taking the life from him.

"Sixteen," Yakof mumbled to himself as a reminder of how many bullets he had left in his clip. "Area 1 secure," Yakof reported.

“A-4, move out,” Zyablikov instructed. “A-3, A-5, follow.”

Grems Nukludko left the main group to catch up with Team F. Liutoboets and Tatomir crept along slowly, in the shadows of the wall.

Straz pulled out his pistol with the silencer screwed on and blasted the large-wattage motion light on the back corner of the mansion. Team F crept inside the new darkness toward the patio and its large sliding-glass door. Nukludko crept around the corner and located a large metal box attached to the wall of the mansion. He severed the phone line to the mansion and shorted the central junction box that supplied power to the east wing of the mansion. This would buy Zyablikov the amount of time he needed before any external forces came onto the premises. The far side of the mansion would still have power, but this was irrelevant. The only thing that worried him was the possibility that one of the guards could have a cellular phone and might have the brains to call for the authorities before attempting to investigate the situation. On the other hand, a lot of private security agencies and bodyguards liked to be the heroes. This could be to Zyablikov’s favor tonight. He hoped all the guards were the cowboy types and that no one would call for outside assistance.

Olimpan gave the hand signal for Team F to stay put. She then crept onto the large patio without a sound and quickly approached the door. She held a baseball-sized semi-sphere, which she pressed against the patio glass near the door handle. She turned the semi-sphere counterclockwise, released it, and then turned it again to complete one rotation. When she removed the semi-sphere, attached to it was a circle of glass from the patio door. Olimpan reached inside and carefully curled her wrist around to unlock the patio door from the inside.

“Breach 1 complete,” Olimpan reported.

“A-4, report status.”

“Breach 2 complete. Ground lines cut. Power cut,” Nukludko reported.

Zyablikov instructed Team F. “Move in. You have five minutes.”

Olimpan signaled the team to move in, then Team F and Nukludko slipped onto the patio in the darkness. Olimpan eased open the patio door and heard the two rapid beeps as the alarm waited for someone to press the deactivation code. The assignment briefing had indicated these beeps were not supposed to occur. The security system was run through the phone lines, which had been cut.

“Security line still active,” Olimpan reported. “Please advise.”

“A-4, Breach 2 is incomplete,” Zyablikov relayed to Nukludko.

Nukludko looked at the severed wire and did not understand how the phone line could still be active. He turned on his tiny flashlight and inspected the severed wire. He then saw the brand name of the security device: Kamodo. It was the most complicated and expensive security system ever created. Though the phone lines were severed, the system now relied on a gigantic battery backup. The silent alarm could still go off, but no call would be transmitted to the Kamodo station through the telephone line. The call would be transmitted via satellite, which would take minutes rather than seconds. The backup was buried underground and was totally inaccessible.

“Kamodo security system does not allow second breach,” Nukludko replied. “Ground line is cut and power is out. Alert will be relayed by sat.”

“ETA of sat relay?” Zyablikov asked.

“Two minutes, maximum,” Nukludko replied.

Zyablikov understood that he actually had a little more time than this by way of logistics; the estate was quite a distance from the nearest police station. Zyablikov assumed Klingner wanted it this way, since he had his own private police.

“Move in,” Zyablikov instructed Team F. “You have two minutes.”

Team F moved inside the mansion to the living room. They had each worn night-vision goggles, which also were equipped to spot infrared beams. Each team member carried with them rapid-fire weapons with silencers attached. Olimpan toted a Benelli M1 Super 90 12-gauge shotgun. The 14-inch barrel allowed her to move in and out of the rooms without having to maneuver the weapon. It was a specialized entry gun; one blast was enough to kill any man. Its mere five-shot magazine concerned her at times. In the Pit, they had always convinced her that large amounts of ammunition were not needed. “If you need a lot of ammunition for a covert operation, you’re doing something wrong,” she remembered her assault instructor saying. Still, Olimpan would not have minded a few more rounds, just in case. There were no rules in her occupation. Anything could happen.

A-5, Tatomir, crept in the shadows along the back of the house until he was under Klingner’s bedroom windows. Then, aiming precisely, he tossed a grapple hook over the roof of the mansion, where it landed with a muffled clang. He gave the rope a firm tug before he quietly shimmied his way upward.

“A-2, give me a reading,” Liutoboets requested.

Yakof looked through his infrared scope into Klingner’s bedroom, and through the heavy curtains, he saw two figures. Both were moving, but from the mass of colors that he saw through his scope, he could not tell what they were doing. They were standing very close together.

“Two inside the room,” was his report to Liutoboets.

In the bedroom of the Klingner mansion, Gary Klingner was dressed in a leather vest, leather boots, and nothing else. There was a naked teenage girl with a ball gag in her mouth tied to the bedpost. Whip marks and blood covered her stomach and chest from Klingner's cat-o'-nine-tails. Tears streamed down the girl's face, but her captor didn't seem to notice.

The night had begun with exhilaration for Kelly Bainbridge, but not now. Now she was receiving more than she had bargained for. The thought of sex with a multi-billionaire had at first intrigued her. But little by little, with her hands tied up and a ball gag stuffed in her mouth, the tide had begun to change from excitement to horror.

Until tonight, she had not believed a U.S. senator's daughter would ever have to worry about the deranged segment of society. She had always been protected from and had not suffered the treacherous and the uncertain. Tonight was different. She had stepped out on her own—and no one even knew where she was. Tonight, there was no one to protect her, and she could not even scream at this sick man to tell him who her father was or that her uncle was the head of the CIA. The young girl didn't realize that inside the Klingner estate, it didn't matter who her father was; Klingner was the Poppa.

The affair had begun as flirty chatting on the Internet over a month ago. Tonight it had descended into sadistic inhumanity. Kelly realized with growing terror that her captor did not even view her as a person, but as a mere object to entertain him. She was like a circus animal or a new toy to him. She knew the guards could hear her screaming before she had been gagged, and she did not understand why no one had come running to her rescue her.

Klingner was enjoying himself to the utmost. The whips and leather excited him, as did the control. An enthusiastic sadomasochist, Klingner was further turned on by the fear the young girl displayed. Her eyes were wide with terror, and deep behind the ball gag, she was screaming.

He could tell she wondered what the newspaper on the bedroom floor was for, and when Klingner brought it over to her, she became puzzled—and more terrified, as well.

For Kelly, everything moved in slow motion. It was like a sick dream she could not wake up from. She pulled at her restraints violently as Klingner placed the newspaper by her feet and lit a match. Kelly shook her head frantically as the flames flitted about, trying to ignite. Klingner removed a green squirt gun from his dresser and aimed at Kelly's young body. He happily squirted several times at her, like a kid playing cops and robbers. Kelly soon caught a whiff of the gasoline on her body and screamed behind the gag once again. And again. And again.

Olimpan pointed to the infrared beams attempting to block the way to the staircase. It was a series of beams running from across the large lobby at a series of heights. There was a large diagonal one from the northwest corner to the southeast corner. Team F quickly looked around the room for guards or moving objects. There were none.

Straz gave Olimpan a thumbs-up signal. Olimpan placed her M1 Super 90 on the floor and then swiftly maneuvered her way through the infrared beams. She turned, bridged, and twisted her body in turn to avoid each beam, somersaulting into a sideward roll to get under the last beam. It was a fantastic display of gracefulness and athleticism. She came out on the other side of the beams in less than nine seconds and rolled into the bottom of the stairwell with a soft thunk. Her name, "Olympics," was well earned. She stood up and spotted the beam-control switch at the top of the stairwell. Suddenly, two shots were fired from Straz's gun. An unseen guard had emerged around the corner, a move for which he had paid the ultimate price. The guard took a bullet in the side and tumbled loudly down the steps. Olimpan quickly raced up the



steps and stopped the guard's noisy descent. She pulled her large knife from the leg holster of her black combat suit and slit the guard's throat from ear to ear, silencing him quietly.

"One minute," Zyablikov reported.

Still beyond the estate, watching through the sights on their high-powered rifles, Lugor and Yakof saw commotion amongst the guards on the roof. The guards were rushing toward the east wing.

"Breach detected," Yakof reported to the teams.

Olimpan quickly ran up the staircase, with not quite the stealth of her previous movements. She turned the beam-control knob counterclockwise. The beams suddenly, almost eerily, disappeared. Olimpan aggressively gave the "move" signal, and Team F quickly caught up to her. The four night soldiers sprinted up to the third floor of the mansion, and Straz handed Olimpan back her shotgun.

Before they turned into the corridor toward Klingner's bedroom, they knelt in a single-file line.

Olimpan reported.

"Level three," she informed Zyablikov. She pulled a thin device from her suit.

"One thirty," Zyablikov replied, checking his watch.

Olimpan extended the antenna-like pole. Fastened to it was a tiny square mirror. Without exposing her body, she extended the mirror around the corner at floor level and tilted the mirror up. She slowly raised the mirror and stopped when she saw four guards positioned strategically along the corridor. She could not take out one without the others seeing it. With two hand signals, she informed her team of the four armed guards around the corner.

Team F swiftly and silently slid around the corner, positioning themselves belly-down on the black marble floor. They immediately opened silent automatic gunfire. No silencer existed for the M1 shotgun, so Olimpan did not shoot.

The corridor was dimly lit, and while the guards returned fire immediately, one ran into Klingner's bedroom. Without night-vision goggles, Klingner's troops had poor aim. All of Team F sent Teflon-coated bullets through the air at their targets with nearly perfect aim. The loud return fire echoed throughout the mansion, and suddenly, the ceiling became alive with light. The lights were now on in the east wing, and through the giant windows of the mansion, Lugor and Yakof were able to spot the guards rushing to the commotion, like ants to a mound of sugar.

"Guards are on full alert!" Yakof reported from the tree.

"A-5, report," Zyablikov said.

"Breach 3 almost complete," Tatomir replied outside Klingner's window.

"ETC," Zyablikov requested.

"Fifteen seconds."

Klingner watched with eager eyes as the flames burned Kelly's body. Suddenly, the door burst open and the captain of his armed forces ran through the door.

"Mr. Klingner!" the captain exclaimed. "We have armed intruders!"

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Authors Bio:

Anthony R. Howard has been an industry recognized consultant and technology expert for the premier global technology firms for over 12 years. Presently he is a leading Technology Specialist for one of the world's largest Information Technology firms where he was named #1 *IT Super Hero* by [InfoWorld](#) and [ComputerWorld](#), was the winner of the *National Federal Office*

*Systems Award* (FOSE - Nation's Largest Information Technology Exposition Serving the Government Marketplace), and the 2004 winner of Government Computer News *Best New Technology Award*. Several case studies have been published on Howard's solutions across the Information Technology industry. Currently he provides enterprise technology solutions and advisement for America's most distinguished clients including a sizeable amount of work for the U.S. Defense Sector, Department of Justice, and the Department of Homeland Security. After founding his own technology firm, Howard completed his formal education with a Masters of Business Administration with a concentration in Information Technology. His vast career has included controlling hundreds of devices worldwide from secure Network Command Centers to relocating overseas to Amsterdam, The Netherlands for more than a year to solve technology issues for American based companies. He has also worked briefly for a private military logistics corporation that contracts a sizable amount of work from the Department of Defense and other military institutions.

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Anthony R Howard

[www.anthonyrhoward.com](http://www.anthonyrhoward.com)

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