

The White Powdered Land

By Marc Auf der Heyde.

*I'd like to take the liberty now,
To thank my family, my friends, and everyone who
Has ever believed in me. It's taken a while,
But hey at least the unedited cut is here!*

Chapter 1

Even before Brian Navel opened the door of the cockpit he knew something was wrong. Despite his inner instinct, he opened the door anyway and saw there was a puddle of blood around the body of Neil Bagamuni.

There was a hole in his head along with two daggers dug deeply in his back. It all looked very dramatic and unnecessary for that matter, but Brian was a trained secret agent who was grossly disgusted by only moths and spiders.

He was currently standing in the private jet of nuclear weapons dealer, Alexander Brenans. Brian had been sent on an undercover mission by the secret agency he worked for, which in turn was called Revilo. The main aim of his mission was to uncover the way Alexander smuggled and dealt the nuclear weapons, for if you knew anything about Nuclear weapons, which most people don't, you would know how difficult it is to conceal them. The mission was going smoothly until Neil, Brian's partner had suddenly and very mysteriously gone missing. He never showed up and Brian now could understand why he couldn't and didn't. And for the record, the way Brian found his partner was not the way he had wanted to find Neil Bagamuni.

Brian heard footsteps so he dived for cover and pulled out his gun. Through the cockpit door came Marcel, Alexander Brenans private bodyguard. He was well built, ugly and the fact that he was carrying an automatic machine gun did not improve his features. Brian started calculating his chances of taking the big man down but stopped when suddenly Marcel emptied a canister of petrol over the surface of

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the floor and pulled out a lighter. A person with a lesser intelligence could have figured out what Marcel wanted to do next. But a person of lesser intelligence wouldn't know that Marcel was in fact doing this sneaky business so all the evidence of Neil's death would be nothing but a huge pile of ashes. Another fact of the matter was that Brian's chances of escaping, which had once been so large, had shrunk from one hundred percent to a lot less than one hundred percent.

Marcel set the gas alight and scurried out the cockpit towards the exit of the airplane before he himself would be engulfed by the flames. He then locked the cockpit door and emerged into the chilly morning air of Glasgow's international airport.

The Petrol, strangely enough, was taking extremely long to ignite the other areas of the floor, which counted in Brian's favor. However Brian was still praying silently, as one tends to do in a life and death situation like this, when he noticed a small escape hatch on the roof of the plane. He was delighted and praised a higher power for making him intelligent.

He unfortunately got a little too excited, for he discovered a big fat padlock on the lock of the hatch. His excitement then ended abruptly for the Padlock had once again shrunk his hopes of escaping.

Brian had been taught to pick a lock in under five seconds but he needed something small and thin to fit through this keyhole.

Brian was about to start praying again when a huge stroke of luck hit him straight in the face: Marcel had left his pen lying on the ground and it was surprisingly thin enough to fit through the lock.

Brian saw it as his only chance and made a dive for the pen just before the flames began the blue plastic casing of the pen.

At that exact moment, unfortunately for Brian, the flames decided to become as large as they possibly could.

Brian, ducked, dived and dodged the flames in the nick of time. He ended up sprawled across the unburnt floor, and got his shaking hands on the pen. The flames however, had already directed themselves to following the oil path which Marcel had lined out. This meant, most unfortunately for Brian, that the flames were heading straight down the middle of Brian's helpless body.

Brian jumped as high as he possibly could and grabbed the lock. But quite alarmingly the lock fell off as Brian pulled on the hatch as it had already been snapped open. This meant Brian had wasted unnecessary time by rescuing Marcel's pen. Brian quickly took hold of the hatches only handle and at last after all the work and near death experience he swung it open.

As Brian got through to the fresh air, his feet were not so lucky. When he finally got them out too, they were sweaty and heavily burnt from the flames within the plane. When Brian at last finished bandaging up his legs with the remainder of his burnt sweatshirt, he looked out from the still burning private jet and saw Alexander's black stretch limousine pulling out of the private area behind the airport. Brian was ready to begin following the limousine, when he got a hard kick straight into his ribs.

He turned around in agony to see Marcel standing about half a meter away from the escape hatch, smiling from ear to ear. He closely examined the pen which Brian had left lying on the roof of the jet.

"Nobody touches my pen" said Marcel with an Italian-Scottish accent which made him all the more evil.

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“Oh that was your pen was it now. I'm really terribly sorry for not asking you for permission. It's not the English way you know. ” wheezed Brian, trying to breathe normally although he could not. He realized now how serious the smoke had affected his lungs.

He lifted his right foot and moved it towards Marcel's ribs. Instead of slamming his trainer into the ribs though he took out his gun and rammed it into one side of Marcel's head.

Brian had not intended to kill Marcel, and that's why he had not taken a shot at him. If he had shot there was always a possibility that he could miss his target and kill him without meaning to. But unfortunately Brian's blow had been so hard and powerful it had knocked Marcel sideways into the escape hatch where the flames were still flaming.

Brian saw Marcel being cremated alive and he started feeling a little sick for killing him. *Oh well, Life must go on* he thought to himself. And indeed it did go on for as Brian looked back into the Hatch, he wondered how he had failed to notice the box of plastic explosives about to be engulfed by the still expanding fire. Brian jumped off the Plane roof. And 20 seconds later the whole plane shook a little before giving way and blowing up.

Chapter 2

When Brian woke up, he was lying 30 meters away from where the plane had previously been standing to find scattered pieces of Metal and glass littering the runway. An airplane reduced to nothing more than a pile of rubble. Brian thought about making his way to the International Airport around the corner and calling a taxi there. That's until he noticed about a dozen or so police cars pulling up by the airport with back up military troops securing the surrounding area. Brian decided to go up to one of the military officers and ask to use his mobile phone. When the military officer heard this, he first stayed quiet. Then he spoke, "You're going to have with us sir. As far as we're concerned you just blew that plane up. Until we know better you're just going to have to sit tight and wait." Brian had had quite a rough time the past couple of hours, and so not wanting to take any more crap from anyone he threw a punch at the policeman who had told him to 'sit tight'. I mean the man hadn't exactly offended him but Brian occasionally had a very short temper fuse. He then pulled out his badge from the Revilo Headquarters and passed it to a nearby officer. He asked for a mobile phone which was lying around and in the end called a taxi himself. That's just what Brian does. He's his own man. He's the kind of guy whose favorite saying is 'Stuff the System'

When the taxi at last arrived, Brian told the driver he needed to drive alone. When the car driver heard this, he demanded at least 40 000 pounds and then accordingly laughed like a maniac. When Brian told him that he was retarded, the Taxi driver pulled out a pen knife and threatened to cut off Brian's nose. The military officer overheard the

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commotion and spoke to the taxi driver in Gaelic. When the officer had finished speaking, the cab driver had a grim face and grudgingly handed over his car keys. He politely then told Brian to crash and wrap his arms around a tree at the first chance he got. As Brian got onto the highway, he called the Revilo Headquarters. “Hotel Adlon. This is Noreen on the line. How can I help you?” said Noreen Baender, a German army nurse, who worked as Revilo’s secretary for agents, who got lost or were in trouble.

As Revilo’s agents were all between the ages of 21 and 35, it expanded the chances of some trouble being arising. All agents in their free time, lived on an old army base from World War II, which was renovated to make the agents feel more at home and less feel like they were going to war. “I would like room 494 if it is available. I've heard it has a wonderful view of the Brandenburg gate!” exclaimed Brian hastily using the key sentence which let Noreen know what you really wanted.

There was a pause on the other end of the line as Noreen quickly typed out Brian's agent number on her computer. “Brian how are you? The boss wants to speak with you urgently... I'll put you through to him right away,” Noreen said so fast that you actually had to recall everything she said just to understand it. Actually Brian didn’t even have a chance to reply before the phone had started ringing again.

As Brian waited, he drove into a gas station and filled up the tank. He started filling his tank when suddenly a voice sounded in his ear, making him nearly drop the petrol pipe.

“Brian, can you hear me” asked Ernie Becclestone, the Head of Revilo Secret Service.

“Yo Ern... I’m alive and...well that would be a lie” Brian said as he broke into a huge smile that Ernie clearly couldn't see.

“Brian I’ve got good news and bad news, which do you want first?” Ernie asked not saying anything else than that which was completely important. That's where Ernie and Brian were different. Where Brian liked to have some fun, Ernie was always straight to the point and completely business-like. Brian took a long deep breath and finally said, “Bad news. My day can’t get any worse than it is I suppose”.

Ernie too took a long deep breath and said: “The mission is completely screwed. We got a tracker on the stretch limo, but on the screen it took us to Disneyland instead of Alexander Brenans inner sanctum. So” – but Brian interrupted him. “Correctly my day has become even worse. Yippee yeah”. He said sarcastically.

“So” said Ernie, ignoring the fact that he was just interrupted by Brian who didn’t seem to care what was said next.

“The good news is that we have another mission for you that will start shortly. You will shortly be picked up in the Revilo jet and flown to an English populated town in the centre of Jamaica. It is believed to be the hideout of Cocaine drug baron Santiago Lopez. It is also believed to be a town next to a river that sends big cargo ships – but Brian finished the sentence and interrupted him once again “filled with Barrels of cocaine down the river to the ocean to take a long trip on the water to England. From there the goods will be sold on to gangs hanging around the docklands bay to give a hand to smuggle the drugs to the customers via the little helpers Bla. We know all of this already Ern.”

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It was quite a genius strategy and actually Brian was still unhappy about the last mission going down the drain and so it was good to look forward to yet another mission just around the corner.

“So can I count you in or what? If you are in, you need to remember one tiny little thing. If you sell any of the goods you better give every little penny to Santiago Lopez or any Jamaican charity because your butt will be out on the streets if you don’t obey rule no 21 of the mission code”, said Ernie. Brian knew exactly what rule 21 was about and he did not want to be reminded like a little child. I mean he was 27-years- old and was highly respect at the Revilo Estate. And Ernie sometimes treated him like a 12-year-old.

“If you benefit from money you have made on a mission you will be forced to leave the Revilo agency with nothing but a cushion and a coupon for a 5 Pound haircut”, said Brian putting all his might into trying not to laugh.

The code did not say anything about a haircut coupon or leaving with nothing but a cushion but Ernie fell easily for such silly tricks. “I’ve got to get that checked, haven’t I?” he muttered. Then abruptly he hung up on Brian.

Brian was still at the petrol station where he noticed he had accidentally gotten so emotionally caught up with the conversation that he had subconsciously pulled the trigger of the petrol hose so that a hell of a lot of the petrol had spilled onto the ground.

It had been so bad that Brian had wasted more than 400 Pounds in petrol! He walked into the shop that was next to the filling station, barely noticing a man in a black suit following him.

When Brian had finally paid for all the wasted petrol the man in black pulled out a sign that said “Taxi 494” with a picture of a gun

going up in flames; the trademark of Revilo. The instant Brian had read the message on a sign, the man in black pulled off a fake moustache and Brian recognized him as Jake Nelson, the man who flew Revilo's private jet from one spot to the next spot whether it was in China or Iceland. The man behind the till was watching these events unfold with an uncertainty and eventually he just walked away shaking his head for he must have thought himself crazy.

It was very handy having Jake fly the jet because he was also Revilo's famous technology specialist who equipped everyone going onto a mission. When Brian asked where the jet was, Jake took out a remote control with two buttons on it; TAKE OFF and LANDING. He pressed the Landing button and almost immediately one hundred meters away a cloud as black as the night rose high into the air and down the road came the luxurious Revilo jet. "It is a new design I've been working on for the last six months. Extreme Auto piloting!" Said Jake with proudness in his voice.

The jet itself was white as snow with Revilo's trademark painted onto both sides. The plane had twenty-nine rooms on the upper deck all containing two king-size beds, an en-suite bathroom and a television. The lower deck looked like a hotel lobby and had a dining room next to a bar and a large Jacuzzi which was five meters wide. Altogether the jet cost at least a good 10 million pounds and if it went up in flames it would mean a full on British disaster.

Since Revilo agency became the top secret agency of Britain, they had earned lots of different responsibilities, After MI5 and MI6's downfall in December 2008 that is. These responsibilities included more international and dangerous missions and also the limit of agents they could have on the Revilo estate.

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Brian walked into the lobby of the plane to find twelve other Revilo agents, all on the phone to one of Ernie's many assistants and they were each sitting on one of the different couches available. And while they were all talking to the assistants they were also eating, drinking or watching whatever was on the huge flat screen television.

Brian sat down on a couch and was immediately brought a laptop, with high-speed internet connection in the air, and tea and biscuits. His mobile started ringing and he answered it "Hello?" with his mouth full of biscuit pieces. "It's Ernie", said Ernie, obviously happy that he had surprised Brian. "Wow ... the man, the legend in the electronic device known as the telephone", said Brian with the surprise in his voice that Ernie had wanted but also with happiness as to return the favor.

"Ok Lets cut this shit out. This is the most important mission of the calendar of 2013 so far so as Chairperson and Leader of Revilo, I have to deal with this mission myself as your mission elder. But luckily you're not a 15-year-old who needs supervision all the time, so I can doze off when nothing's happening", said Ernie.

Brian had always liked Ernie but he lacked humor. And so hearing the old man say that he might doze off on one of the most important missions in the history of Revilo, brought a smile to Brian's face.

"So I hope you have a laptop because I'm going to need you to Google this: Elizabeth's villa on Jamaica Island. You got that?" asked Ernie.

Brian typed out the orders, and found himself looking at twenty different pictures that were blowing his mind. "Ernie? I got it up on Wiki. Is that a fifteen meter pool? And are those king-sized beds with en-suite bathroom? Man this should be called Queen Elizabeth's villa.

I mean, it's almost a replica of our Revilo jet", said Brian, showing the voice of astonishment to Ernie.

And Ernie replied "Well actually it is Queen Elizabeth's villa, but she wouldn't live there anymore on holidays because even her thousands of bodyguards couldn't fight off cocaine crazed drug addicts. I'm joking by the way", Ernie said and laughed at his own joke and then continued speaking. "So you will be staying at the queen's villa. Jake Nelson will equip you with full Kevlar body armor, guns, lock guns, stun batons and two pairs of the villa's house keys. So I'll see you there 'cause I weirdly have a pay as you go phone with about 8 pence left", and he hung up abruptly.

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Chapter 3

Brian was shocked by the sudden hang up, but was also happy and relieved that he could go upstairs and rest in one of the king-sized beds with his own mini bar... He was already drooling just thinking about it. “Yo, fat arse! When you’re finished drooling over an 800 pound couch, you can go up to your room and check out your equipment. And I need some help here please, now as well”, said Jake Nelson appearing out of nowhere trying not to laugh too hard.

Brian walked over to Jake to find him holding two fingers that were wrinkled and smelled 'odd' to say the least”. What the – “, started Brian, but Jake cut across him. “These are your house keys. The queen gave her villa the highest security which means only the queen’s fingers can open the doors. These two are plastic replicas with the queen’s real fingerprints fitted on to make the best fake fingers in the whole world. Naturally I made them”, he smiled as he finished the sentence. Jake was a nice guy but at times he was just such a cocky shite!

Brian was going to comment on how genius he thought Jake really was, but he was tired and had to admit that it was pretty genius, so in the end he just grabbed the queen’s replica fingers and walked over to Jake’s sister, Holly Nelson, who gave the agents their upstairs bedroom key and showed them which way to go.

Brian asked for his key and took the elevator straight to his room, twenty-three, ignored all the equipment and dropped down on the bed.

When Brian woke for the second time that day he found out that he had dropped the queen’s replica fingers on the ground when he had dozed off straight away. He was now made aware that there were 9

new boxes around his bed all with different labels. For instance one of the said: PROF LOCKGUN, while another said: 1X FULL KELVAR BODY ARMOUR, while the other three contained different assortments of guns and weapons for any violent activity that might occur during the mission.

Brian got up and looked out the window. They were still high up in the air and the sun was shining.

Brian got down on his knees and looked for the fingers – he found them by the shoes of Jonathan O'Scoty, an Irish man who had quite a record for very successful missions. As Brian was moving the shoes out of the way he soon found a note within the shoes:

Dear Revilo, I am addicted to a rare drug known as Krokodil. After taken the user has 6 months approximately left to live. I have two months about left and I want to spend them alone and helping other people. Farewell Revilo,
Jonathan O'Scoty.

The note had a bullet mark on its right side. But what surprised Brian the most was that, Jonathan O'Scoty loved his job as a secret agent with all his heart and wouldn't have given up his job for the some kind of drug.

He was also a very honest guy who would be sickened at the thought of taking an illegal substance. Brian couldn't believe what he had just read and read the letter over and over again three times before finally deciding to walk into the lobby downstairs, call Ernie and tell him what had just happened. Something seemed wrong and Brian wanted to ask him where Jonathan was currently. When he arrived

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downstairs, Holly greeted him, but he just kept walking, in a determined manner, until he arrived at the couch where he had been earlier. There he sat down and made the call.

Brian explained to Ernie what he discovered and what he had seen. Ernie's reply was simply "make a copy of the note and send it to me ASAP. Got that?"

Brian was surprised, and hurt, by the lack of response he received on such a serious matter and tried a bit harder to probe his boss for information.

"Yeah Boss, I got that. Just out of curiosity though, do you still have his tracker turned on? Because maybe..." Brian tried but Ernie cut him off.

"Aroen Sachez, the man who monitors all Revilo's tracking devices called about an hour before you did, to tell me that Jonathan O'Scoty's tracker disappeared for good. Only a dude like O'Scoty would know how to destroy a high-tech tracker beyond repair", he said. "I mean, He was a great boffin and would have had a happy life if it wasn't for that wretched drug", he shouted through the telephone he was holding.

"Boss. I know you're upset but life's gotta go on. Our aim is on Cocaine for now. Maybe we can make a difference in the War on drugs but to do that we need to act! There are other *Boffins* in the sea. And we're going to stop the cocaine chain eventually. And after that who knows, but for now we have to get a move on! You know, maybe he's just playing a cheap prank on us and he's gonna come out and go you've just been punked and loads of cameras are going to record us and people watching this on YouTube will laugh there asses off," said

Brian even though him and Ernie both knew that something wasn't right.

Brian hung up this time and walked into the dining room. When the smell of the dining room first hit him, Brian actually noticed that he hadn't eaten in... (He looked at his watch) exactly 22 hours straight (except coffee and biscuits). He looked at his watch again and saw that it was time for an Epic Meal Time.

Brian sat down on one of the red velvet chairs and ordered a chicken curry with rice for starters and a spaghetti Bolognese for his main course. He had deliberately sat away from the crowd because he didn't want them to see how much he ate.

Brian wasn't fat nor anywhere near it, in fact on the contrary he was muscularly with a six pack, but he was still embarrassed from the one time where he arrived back at Revilo estate. He had come back from a mission without having eaten anything for 24 hours straight (without coffee or biscuits!) and he was absolutely starving! He had eaten three portions of roast chicken with potatoes, and when he was done he scoffed down four entire garlic breads with gravy. The other agents had been so amazed and disgusted that they gave him two nicknames: Hippo-head and Fat Ass Twat. Ever since then, Brian had tried to eat his meals regularly. The other agents' had forgotten the nickname calling and Brian was happy again.

Brian's food arrived and he gobbled the starter and main course down in 20 minutes flat. That's fast for a normal person, but for Brian that was like eating in slow motion for him!

But anyways, when he had finished eating and was about to get up and head to his room to watch a movie or something, Jake came to his table with a phone held firmly in his hands and said "it's the boss".

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Well to say he said it would be lying, he whispered it so silently Brian had to actually strain his ears to hear it.

When Brian took the phone to his ear he heard Ernie starting to speak “Agent 494, Brian Navel, will stay on the Revilo jet for one month approximately, give a day or two. He will then meet me, Ernie Becclestone, at the queen’s villa where he and I will be staying during the mission. You got that Brian?” he said with just a hint of anger in his voice. Brian didn’t answer because he thought it was the right thing to do.

And right he was, because after a moment of silence Ernie let out his deepest secrets to Brian. OK so not his deepest secrets but he did tell him what was on his mind!

“Those bloody assistants are useless. You’d think if you paid them bloody fifty quid an hour they’d actually get the drugs mission on the run. Those bloody B-“, he said, but Brian cut him off. “Wait! Ernie calm down and tell me what’s wrong. Just chill for a moment and we can work it out. Why can’t those dumb ass mushroom headed people get the mission running? I mean we have all the equipment already what is the problem now?” he said.

Brian had broken the ice by calling the assistants mushroom heads. “They told me we would have to be put on hold because the rule of the mission code that says if an agent damages expensive property he will be banned from missions for at least a month.

“Alexander Brenans is claiming from his insurance company for a million pounds. He says his private jet cost him double and he says the insurance should consider themselves lucky. My assistants reminded me that if I let you off your ban, the intelligence minister could sack me for showing favoritism towards my own agents, and,

since we are the top secret agency, I do have to show respect to all agencies, as shite as they may be”, said Ernie with a great sigh in the middle of his detailed explanation.

“So, I actually have to wait a month before I can get down to Jamaica and start the drug’s mission!”, said Brian with so much frustration in his voice that it really sounded like he was ready to just lay into someone.

“Well it goes like this. The reason why I’m real pissed off is because the assistants, the mushroom heads, threatened to vote me off the board of intelligence. That would mean that I wouldn’t be able to continue my active role as chairman of Revilo. I would be banned from Revilo estate and this would let some mushroom doughnut headed assistant replace me. Now, if that doesn’t sound like world war III, cause I ain’t going so easily, then I don’t know what would sound like it”, said Ernie with a sound of relief that he had let his emotions flow out of his system. Brian wasn’t really surprised with the change in conversation. He was however surprised by the fact that the assistants would go through such extensive trouble just to get the mission stopped.

“Ernie. Which of your enemies would go to any lengths to get you kicked out of the intelligent services?”, asked Brian uneasily, not sure if Ernie would be bothered by the question, for Brian was getting more and more weary as the conversation dragged on.

“Well, the MI5 and MI6 bosses hated my guts ever since I caused their downfall but they’ve been in the intelligence game long enough to know not to mess with the big shots like me. They know one more step out of line and they could easily get life imprisonment. We’ll

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not talk about why, but I think you know why.” said Ernie as he tensed his thinking muscles pondering the question.

“Anyway, let’s talk about you Brian”, said Ernie as if he was no longer the Boss of an intelligence agency but rather psychologist who knew exactly what he was talking about. When Brian didn’t reply, Ernie continued speaking.

“Look Brian, the thing is you can’t go back to Revilo estate, because the next time the Revilo jet lands on English soil is in November, so you have to stay on the jet until your mission ban has been lifted. And all I can do is to sentence you to one month mission ban and a couple hours of cleaning services to get these damned assistants off my back. It’s the only thing I can do and your cleaning services will be in the fine Revilo jet kitchen. Which I know you love by the way, for the way you look at food looks like you’re looking at a solid gold statue of yourself!” said Ernie. “That was sarcasm by the way. Ever heard of it?” he added. “Once or twice maybe, but usually it’s exaggeration I hear from your stinking mouth.” said Brian laughing together with Ernie.

All of a sudden, Ernie hung up abruptly. That was one of the things Brian could not understand why Ernie always, in deep conversation, hung up abruptly.

Brian tried calling him a few times but there was no answer. He wondered what had happened when suddenly Jake came running towards him with Brian’s laptop turned on. “Come here”, he shouted. Brian was suspecting some sort of prank but he obeyed nevertheless for Jake had earlier been as kind as to bring the phone to his table. So he just thought what the hell and walked over. As Brian walked over to

Jake, Jake motioned for him to move faster. When Brian finally made it to Jake, he explained his reason for not bringing the laptop over.

“I got a lifelong ban from the Revilo dining room when Michael Deruzo and I started the Revilo Easter rising. Michael was kicked out of Revilo completely and I got a choice. Being kicked out of Revilo or, obviously the choice I took, becoming the jet pilot and gadgets dude. And you see those cafeteria ladies over there. They're retired agents and when I brought you the phone earlier on, they caused a huge fuss and threatened to beat me up. You may not think that cafeteria ladies look like they could beat me up but it's a little different when they've been secret agents.” said Jake comically. Brian was shocked though and gasped loudly after the information registered in his brain.

The Revilo Easter rising was an unspeakable event which had taken place in 2008 shortly before MI5 and MI6 fell. It occurred when 30 agents were sick and tired of the abuse they were receiving from the training instructors, being belittled and treated like children. The 30 made a plan to take over the Revilo estate and rebel against the board of intelligence. They ended up raiding several of the many weapons' cabinets on the estate, and by taking guns and several grenades were able to threaten the chairman and his assistants. They took over half of the estate and held it for 16 days and nights. In the end the chairman won back the estate and took control again. All 30 of the rebels were captured and forced to leave Revilo and some were even put on trial for damaging intelligence gear. All were released from custody and all were forced to leave Revilo; all except Jake Nelson, who was such a great Revilo agent they could not afford to lose somebody with such talent. Ernie Becclestone then stayed chairman and was highly

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commended for stopping the uprising. And after he exposed and brought upon the downfall of MI5 and MI6, Revilo was made the top secret agency in England. How he had brought about the downfall of MI5 and MI6 has been kept secret for several reasons and any agent who spoke about it would be punished.

Chapter 4

Brian was still recovering from the shock of hearing that Jake was one of the ring leaders in the Easter rising and he had to learn more about what happened. “But if they wanted to keep you as an agent, why did they make you become the Revilo fly boy?” asked Brian, growing more curious with every word that escaped him. “Well”, started Jake uneasily “they made me sign an official statement that forced me to work as Revilo’s head pilot after I retired as an agent. And let me tell you, it’s one of the easiest and best jobs in the entire world!” exclaimed Jake.

His face turned bright tomato red when Brian asked this next question. “You came here with some kind of email or news, didn’t yeah? Or did you just come here wanting to waste my time with a history lesson?” asked Brian sourly. He usually wasn’t a rude person, rather on the contrary he was very polite. But with all the events happening these last couple of days, he needed to get on with his work.

“Well”, said Jake embarrassed, “Well... it’s an email and it’s from the boss”, he said at last. “Yeah, and what’s so embarrassing about that?” asked Brian, annoyed by how Jake was stalling.

“Well, our filters saw the email as a level 2 threat, so they put a tag on it. A tag like that usually makes itself delete it from the cloud where Revilo emails are stored. After the email has been viewed at least once, that it, “said Jake.

“And you viewed it, didn’t you?” Brian asked getting more frustrated with what Jake had to tell him. “Well yeah. But I didn’t know it was a threat until after I opened it. When I opened it though a little notification opened which read “Dear Brian”, so I exited out of it

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straight away! I really had no idea until later on when I tried to forward it to you. But as you can guess, it had just disappeared. I tried absolutely everything that there is to try, but... Well it doesn't exist anymore.” said Jake looking away awkwardly from Brian.

“You screwed up beyond repair this time didn't you? But life must go on and I luckily for you have an important question. So let's move on.” said Brian, keeping in his anger by grinding his teeth together almost to the roots. “Was the – “, started Brian, but Jake started falling to pieces

“Look I'm sorry. I didn't – “said Jake until he was stopped by a powerful slap across the cheek.

“Jake, stop dicking around, otherwise you're going to get a slap from me next time.” threatened Brian putting on a hard expression to show he meant business. “My question is as follows; was the email sent from the boss directly to me or was it forwarded from another computer before Ernie read it. Because our dear friend Ernie Becclestone would never write an email to me addressed “Dear Brian” unless he had completely gone off his knickers!” said Brian, inhaling deeply to recover his breath. “Well now that you mention it, the email didn't say from whom it originally was, but it was definitely forwarded at least once.” said Jake. Before Brian could respond however, Jake suddenly ran off to the plane control system. Brian shrugged his shoulders and started walking back to the elevator. The lift door's opened and Brian, who was already envisioning lying on his bed drinking some Jack Daniels, was about to press the button twenty-three when a shout went up behind him

“Brian! Don't go out there. Brian!” said Jake who had reappeared again. Brian put his hand up to Jake's forehead and said

“What in the name of God have you been smoking?” Jake smiled and put his hand upon Brian’s shoulders. “I don’t know mate, but the boss... He’s on the phone and he wants to speak to you immediately!” said Jake as he pulled out a phone.

“What is it with this Company...? Always these bloody unexpected calls and interruptions!” said Brian taking the phone from Jake whilst shaking his head.

“Hello Ernie. What is it this time?” asked Brian most annoyed. “Brian I’m really sorry that I just hung up but guess who came to visit me right when I was on the phone to you? Never mind I’ll just tell you; The Intelligence Minister! Those bloody assistants have been telling him all about the mission ban and they’re telling him everything they know from me! Those shit heads are like bloody WikiLeaks! You tell them something and everyone knows about it before you can even get back to my office!” Said Ernie clearly pissed off.

“Look Ernie, listen to me. At the moment I couldn't give a rat’s arse what those assistants have been saying. Just listen to me, because I have a very important question for you. Well like it's relatively important.” said Brian, as he took a long deep breath. “Did you forward me an email? And if yes, who sent it to you originally?” he asked. “Because I’ve got my brain surgeon here who's clearly not as good a Computer wizard as everyone thinks!” said Brian, looking around at Jake who’s face had turned red again.

“Well, yes I did send you an email. And Andy Lee wrote it originally. I don’t think you know who Andy is but he was Santiago Lopez’s assistant before they had a massive argument. The result of their little dispute was Andy leaving the drug business and becoming an employee at Amazon. A month ago he contacted me to tell me about

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Santiago Lopez and his Cocaine business. Then ten days ago, I get this email from him addressed; Dear Brian. Since I'm your Boss I thought I'd read it. But it told me "Please enter password to read:" So I sent it to you two days ago because I thought maybe you would know the password. I don't know what relationship he has with you but you're a very smart agent so I thought sure maybe you could have a go at guessing it." said Ernie. Brian thought long and hard until he finally said, "OK, Ernie. This is what you're going to do. You going to send the email to my phone again so I can see it from there. That's just easier. Then you're going to try and track this Andy L-", he started, but Ernie cut him off.

"That's the strangest thing about the whole story isn't it? Andy Lee was murdered in his house two nights ago."

"OK. So he's dead but I still want you to send me the e-mail. I also want you to find Andy's computer. Not only will it possibly have some crucial information, but rather the password may be saved on the hard drive!" said Brian looking around the lobby. Then he added "Oh yeah and Ernie. When will we be going live? You know; cocaine, cops, gunfights?" he asked grinning uncontrollably. "Well, know that the minister of Intelligence knows about your ban...Wait that e-mail should have come through now," said Ernie.

Brian read the e-mail and flew into an immediate rage that Ernie hadn't expected. "Ernie I'm so pissed at you right now. You're the Head of a huge intelligence agency for a reason; because you're intelligent. But not being able to recognize a simple code in the pop up is just ridiculous! It just has two hidden words; SanLoe Coke. That's the password. If we find out what the hell that means..." said Brian not knowing what to say next.

“And then what Mr. Hell this, Mr. Hell that?” said Ernie. He wasn't a huge fan of bad language.

“Then what? You're going to take a nice long vacation hook up with that red head again...” Brian gasped.

“Yes I know about her. Come on man, its full disclosure remember? Anyways, you've got to be serious here Brian. You've got to focus on the mission and that's a simple order. I like the sound of that. I order you to be pumping weights in the gym every day plus you better be shooting 20 rounds of paintballs in the exercise course! Oh wait I forgot you're thirty thousand feet in the air.” snapped Ernie back at Brian.

Brian was going to reply but Ernie had hung up abruptly, once again. “What's happening Ernie? You've already made two jokes today, what's up with that?” he muttered.

Brian had never seen Ernie in such a pissed off mood and he admitted that he shouldn't have made fun of Ernie's ability as an intelligence agent. I mean, there were a lot of smart agents living on Revilo estate, Brian included, but none of them were anywhere near as smart as their chairman Ernie Becclestone. A lot of Agents didn't know this but his IQ was ranked third in the World. Ernie was indeed a very intelligent person... But he didn't always act like it.

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Chapter 5

Brian had been helping out and cleaning in the kitchen and dining room of the Revilo jet for quite some time now. He had gotten back on good terms with Ernie after their small argument in the second week of Brian's punishment. Brian had almost succeeded in getting Jake unbanned, but unfortunately Jake was having a bad day. As he walked past the kitchen he shouted out at the cook "What are you staring at you fat plank." When the cook, who was overweight, heard this she got so upset, she put her hands in boiling water, which was cooking for spaghetti, and just left them until there were blisters! When Brian had told Jake later on that he had almost been unbanned, he started to moan on about how this was all Osama bin Laden's fault. He claimed without the existence of Al Qaeda he would never have bothered with the Easter rising. This was just ridiculous in Brian's opinion so he gave Jake a nice slap.

On the last day of his punishment, Ernie arrived on the Revilo jet with all his luggage set for the drugs' mission.

"So how was your one month holiday Brian? If you promise me not to get too clingy with it, then I have a small gift for you." said Ernie as he took out an apple mac Book Pro.

At first Brian realize why he was being given this. For one thing he already had a high end laptop that ran OSX Mavericks, Windows 8.1 and Linux. So you can imagine how pleased Brian was when he realized who the Mac Book Pro belonged to.

"Oh my God... Ernie is this... Wow this is Andy Lee's computer! You literally just made my day! Now we – ", said Brian until he remembered his promise "not that I'm clinging onto it or

anything. Anyways”, said Brian changing the subject quickly. “How was your flight? Nice and relaxing I ho – “But Ernie could see how much Brian was bursting with questions and Ernie didn’t want to torture him for too long (well of course he did but Brian wouldn’t be able to hold in his eagerness for too long) so Ernie cut him off

“I know you want to know how I got the laptop, don’t you?” he asked after watching Brian closely.

“No. Not really, I'm more interested in firing her up to look at some files. But if you insist you might as well tell me about it” said Brain impatient to get the computer up to his room where he could concentrate.

“So how did you get the laptop? Could you find Andy or is he really dead?” Asked Brian for information after a long time of silence from Ernie.

As Ernie heard this however, he suddenly became wide awake and his expression became grim.

“It was horrible when we found his house. There was blood splattered all over the walls. Then we found his computer. It was near the remainders of a chopped off limb. We later discovered it used to be an arm.”

Brian was aghast when he heard this. “That’s disgusting! Was there really blood splattered all over the walls?” asked Brian, his face as pale as a ghost’s.

“No. Of course there wasn’t blood all over the walls. And a chopped off arm you dumbass? You believe way too much. Brian. It's bad for your health.” said Ernie as he rolled his eyes to emphasize on how dumb he though Brian to be.

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Brian was slowly regaining the color in his face, but when you're about to puke, and then you're told it's just a prank... That's not a pleasant emotion to be holding within. Suddenly and definitely unexpectedly, Brian got a kick in the ribs which swiped him completely off his feet. He hopped onto his feet again and was surprised to see Ernie had indeed just kicked him. "What the hell man?" shouted Brian at Ernie.

"Just wanted to see if you were staying in shape. I'd hate to see you're not able to hold your own in a fight anymore." said Ernie grinning sheepishly.

As Ernie aimed yet another kick at Brian's ribs, Brian was expecting this one and so he spun around and aimed a full powered back kick straight at Ernie's head. Ernie dodged the offense swiftly and impressively. Instead of ending the battle there, Ernie tried the same technique only with a few notable changes. He this time aimed his kick at the ribs, feigned at the last minute and attacked with three vicious punches to the head. Dazed, Brian miraculously recovered extremely fast and the fight went on.

This forward backward forward backward motion went on for about twenty minutes, until Brian finally got the upper hand and one of his flawlessly performed kicks slammed into Ernie's neck which snapped back with a goosebump-giving sound effect. Ernie landed on his back in a very uncomfortable position and once he got up he first had to check if he'd broken anything. Brian took this chance to end the fight.

"Now do you accept defeat?" Ernie did nothing but grimaced. He knew he was beaten but he didn't say anything at first. Then Brian lifted his knee and shoved Ernie onto the floor. From there he placed

his knee on Ernie's chest and moved his knee up to Ernie's windpipe. Ernie couldn't cope with that and gasped "OK fine you win!" Brian smiled at his victory and let his hold loosen. As he took his knee off Ernie's windpipe, he also snapped back Ernie's neck with a crack. Ernie jumped back up to his feet and shook Brian's hand enthusiastically. "Well done. I want you to keep training 'cause we're going live in two days", said Ernie breaking into a huge smile.

This was the news that Brian had been hoping for so he also broke into a huge grin. "Oh and, Brian." said Ernie.

"Yes?"

"You can go now. And take Andy's laptop up with you and have a look if you can get into the e-mail will, you?" said Ernie carefully observing Brian's body language. Clearly Brian had been giving his eager aura away a bit too easily.

"Yeah, will do Boss!" said Brian not bothering to hide the excitement in his voice any longer. He grabbed the mac Book Pro and sprinted off to the elevator.

Twenty seconds later however he came back and asked the question that Ernie had expected sooner or later. "Is it broken? It doesn't seem to turn on..." he asked with a very puzzled expression.

"Actually we tried to turn it on when we first got it, but as you said it wouldn't work. We too thought it was broken until someone notice that the battery was just empty. We looked for the charger but it had disappeared", said Ernie as he looked at the computer.

"And you didn't think to go buy one at the apple store?" asked Brian getting a little more frustrated as the conversation dragged on.

"Yes we did and the guy at the apple store said that that the Computer wasn't actually an official Apple product but a fake. This

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particular fake, the guy told us, can only be purchased in China.” said Ernie.

“Then why the fu-” said Brian but then he remembered something. “I was on a mission in China two years ago and I bought my ex girlfriend one of those fakes! Actually I'm pretty sure I have it with me in my suitcase!” said Brian as he sprinted off to the elevator again.

“Took ya long enough didn't it”, muttered Ernie to no one in particular as he rolled his eyes to the ceiling.

As the elevator door's closed and he entered in his room number, Brian's head was buzzing like a bee. If Andy Lee had really been Santiago's assistant, then there was a chance that the e-mail contained some sort of evidence against the drug Baron. If so there wouldn't be need for a mission at all. The Police would receive the information from an anonymous source, Revilo, and make arrests immediately! That was if there was any information at all.

The lift door's opened once again and Brian walked straight into his room and over to his cupboard. In the cupboard he had put everything he needed for everyday life on the jet. Brian opened the cupboard and searched through the items on the top shelf. When he felt a wiry string he pulled. Brian had been so engrossed in getting the computer working, that he had completely forgotten about the trap he had made in the first week of his mission ban.

There was no point really as no one would bother stealing from a fellow agent, but he was bored so he just decided to make a small little trap. So as you now know, in Brian's first few hours of working in the kitchens he was on cleaning duty. Every day when he threw out the rubbish into the rubbish bins, which were kept in the cargo department

of the jet, he noticed a bucket of green slime. He didn't know what it was at the time, but decided to nick it and bring it up to his room for a proper investigation. As the week had gone by Brian had tried with various methods to find out what the slime was, but he couldn't find it in any books and not even on some online forums on chemical substances. That was until the last day of that first week where he had heard the two cooks' asking each other where the liquidated poison ivy had disappeared to. Brian's devious part of his mind took over, and he decided to make use of this substance in a little trap. He then connected a wire to the bucket of poison ivy and placed it on top of the cupboard. The Cupboard was very tall so no one could look over it or onto the top. So Brian placed it there so nobody could touch his coin collection, which was also on the top. His coin collection was extremely rare and anybody who sold it could probably get a good 60,000 pounds out of it. Yes, That valuable!

But anyways, because Brian was so engrossed in the computer, he had completely forgotten about the poison ivy! As he pulled on the wire he knew exactly what was going to happen... but yet it was no delight feeling the cold gooey slime hit his head, his hands his bare back, and his chest. You may be asking yourself why his shirt was off. Don't ask.

The poison Ivy was already taking effect and Brian was already starting to itch like crazy. He was now beginning to contemplate why there was liquidated poison ivy by the Trash Cans in the first place, but unfortunately no good reason came to mind, which annoyed Brian even more!

He tried to ignore it and grabbed out a random T-Shirt from another drawer and walked to the door. He was out in the lift waiting

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for the door's to close when he suddenly remembered why he had even bothered pulling on the wire in the first place. The apple charger was still lying in the top shelf of his cupboard! Brian sprinted out of the elevator as fast as he could hoping to God that the charger hadn't been ruin by the Ivy.

He made sure this time that he pulled on the right wire. Out came the charger which he in time then plugged one end into the computer and the other end into the socket. He waited impatiently for three minutes and almost jumped into the air when the screen showed a small charging sign on it. Unfortunately he actually did jump into the air and while he was at it he knocked over the flower pot that stood on his bedside table. He wanted to clean up the broken shards of pottery but he was more interested in the computer, and so he decided to clean up after at last turning it on.

Brian took the longest and deepest breath of his life and pushed down the ON button.

At first nothing occurred but in one swift motion the computer came to life and Brian allowed himself a moment of relief. That was until he saw a small notification pop up on the screen; *Mac OSX Partition has been wiped. Please insert a new partition to continue with boot up.*

That was the last straw for Brian. The rage of being cooped up in an aircraft for the last month and of the last mission ending so badly just came spilling out in one fluid motion!

“Those bloody arseholes! When I get my hands on them, I swear to God... I'm going to paint pictures with their Fucking blood!” he screamed out in rage.

Brian still had too much rage inside of him and so he walked to one of the many boxes stacked neatly on one side of his bed and pulled out a Desert Eagle. From here he went into a full rage mode and fired at anything inside his vision. The damage was becoming obscene and every time he ran out of ammo he opened a new box. The boxes which were meant for the mission!

Eventually somebody must have heard him, because two men in full Kevlar Body Armour and tranquilizer guns burst in the door. Brian took wild shots at the intruders, and some bullets miraculously even found their target! The men wasted no more time and quickly shot Brian with Tranquilizer darts. He was brought into the realm of unconsciousness in a matter of seconds. One of the men took off his balaclava revealing the face of face of Jake Nelson.

“I have never seen anyone let alone Brian get themselves this worked up into a rage before in my whole life. What do you think could have triggered this madness inside of him?” asked Jack directing the question towards the other man who was also taking off his balaclava. He crazily turned out to be Ernie Becclestone! So Brian had just shot his Boss as well as the Pilot of the Plane he was being flown in!

“I think this might have something to do with...” said Ernie pointing towards something written below the Notification on the computer screen; *we told you not to fuck with the white powdered territory, Andy, Lee, Naval!*

Jake was shocked, “Wait Navel... Isn't that...” he asked Ernie who nodded at the question. “Poor Brian. No wonder this hit him so hard. Andy Lee was Brian's relative!” said Jake his voice showing growing sympathy for Brian.

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As the two carried Brian down the emergency stairs, to bring him to the emergency hospital wing, Ernie just said quietly under his breath, “It's a messed up world we're living in.”

Chapter 6

Brian woke up twelve hours' later in a Hospital bed. He knew he must still be on the Revilo Jet for he could hear the silent but yet noticeable hum of the Engines.

He tried to get up but was shocked to find out that both his hands and feet were strapped down onto the bed with strong leather belts. He wasn't only shocked but he also couldn't quite understand why he had been imprisoned in the hospital wing. That was until he remembered the shoot-up he had started, and all the rage from before started flooding into him again.

He shouted out, trying to keep his anger controlled and hidden from his voice, "Ernie, Jake or any other Revilo staff. Are you out there? I'm sorry for what I did and I know I messed up. I've just never lost a relative at this age before. And I've never had anyone from my family murdered! I'll pay for all the damages obviously and I'll accept what other consequences you have lined up for me. All I ask of you is let me out of these goddamn straps. I need to go for a slash really badly".

He wasn't actually expecting to come in for the time being, but suddenly Ernie showed up. He had a Tranquilizer gun still in one hand, but he was at least out of the full Kevlar Body Armour.

"I spoke to the Minister of Intelligence and guess what? Never mind I'll tell you. He wants to press charges for against you for damage of irreplaceable Intelligence equipment. I mean bloody everyone had something against you. I mean, it's almost as if you had a price on your head!" said Ernie. He laughed and winked at Brian.

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“I sure hope you don’t though” But then his face fell and he said “I showed him the laptop... And I was able to explain to him how you were... Provoked and under emotional... Errr... Stress.” he said awkwardly pacing back and forth. He then pulled out a tiny key and fitted it through one of the keyholes on the leather straps that were holding down Brian’s hands and feet.

Brian then looked at Ernie whose face was no longer sympathetic but rather an expression of a mischievous 5 year old.

“But that, young man, doesn’t mean Revilo is letting you off so easily. After all you did shoot me, and although I physically wasn't harmed, I can't say the same for my Ego. Now all I'll still say to the matter is; when you won't be expecting it, but rather would be expecting, that what is to be expected, that is when the unexpected will occur,” said Ernie grinning from ear to ear. He really looked like an idiot! But as far as Ernie's punishment for Brian would be, Brian was not looking forward to it! You could nearly say, that Ernie's way of punishing a person was as painful as a cane whipping through the air, upon your ungrateful Bum! One of Ernie’s choicest punishments was to make an agent do what he called a Charity mission. This was doing a mission which one was usually paid 2500 to 8000 Pounds, For free. If one refused you would be asked to leave Revilo. An agent might also be asked to give their pocket money for the year to charity. Getting pocket money as a 27-year-old man, might sound ridiculous but it was Revilo's way of showing their gratefulness towards the agents. (Revilo agents are given six thousand pounds every six months. This adds up to about thirty pounds a day in case you're wondering.)

Ernie pulled out a blank sheet of paper, because he obviously thought fake reading from blank paper was better than no paper, and

began to give his speech which he had intended to deliver from the moment he stepped into the hospital wing.

“Brian Navel agent 494, currently resident to the Revilo estate, but temporarily residing on the Revilo jet, preparing for an upcoming important mission, was taken by force by two Revilo staff members, one who is the acting chairman of Revilo. The two men had heard gunshots coming from Mr. Navel's room on the upper floor and after they had knocked him unconscious with tranquilizer darts the agent in question was taken down to the emergency hospital wing and strapped secure.

Brian Navel will receive a severe punishment for damaging expensive intelligence equipment. Brian Navel, it seems, also destroyed evidence of an impending investigation about the disappearance of Jonathan O'Scoty. As for your punishment You will be expected to pay for all the damage on the upper floor, and let me tell you there's quite a lot, and when you've paid that, Your 'pocket money' for the next year will be given to the Red Cross. Any questions?” asked Ernie his eyes focusing intensely on Brian, as if he was trying to read his mind.

Brian didn't react at first. “How much does the ... em... the damage cost?” asked Brian uncertainly. “You should be able to pay for it me think.” said Ernie.

“Ah, but wait”, said Ernie pretending to have miraculously remembered something important. “Didn't you buy a plot in Madagascar right by to the sea? Hmmm... That must have cost a hell of a load of money. Who knows maybe you won't be able to pay after all.” said Ernie cheekily.”

“Actually it was a mansion. It's for when I'm retired and settled down with my wife. And it was put on sale by the owners because

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some rebels were terrorizing the area or something like that. But trust me I'll still have enough for your little damage bill”, said Brian in full confidence as he took a deep breath.”

“Brian I’m being serious here. The damage you caused is worth a good hundred thousand pounds. I don't know if you're a part time drug dealer or if you've just been careful and saved all your money, but I expect all of the money to be paid. No excuses!” said Ernie with a small inferno in his voice.

Brian was slightly thrown off guard by the figure for he really hadn't expected this.

But he was more saddened by what Ernie said next “I'm also going to put you on final warning. I've sure you've heard the term before but just so that we're clear. This means that if you get in trouble one more time, and I mean any little trouble whatsoever, I'll have you out of Revilo faster than you can say Madagascar!” said Ernie finally.

Brian’s were granted permission to gasp out loud as he got up from the bed and finally decided what he was going to do.

“Fine, I’ll pay for all the damage, Ernie”, he said sourly. He then walked straight to the door, told Ernie to go smoke some of that sticky green and chill the 'F' out and stormed out the door.

He had, however, never been inside the Hospital wing on the Jet before and so he couldn’t tell which way was the exit. But Before Brian could even begin attempting to find the answer to that question, he got a punch straight to the side of his temple. If the punch had been executed properly, Brian would be unconscious in a matter of seconds. Luckily the attacker who threw the punch did not throw the punch accordingly and the only damage caused by the punch was a slight throbbing sensation.

Brian turned around and nearly jumped out of his own skin as he saw the unmistakable face of Biran Alvoda, the Middle Eastern Revilo agent who was in the so called Revilo 'Hall of fame' for managing to defeat the self defense instructor in a matter of minutes! Such a feat hat never been done and still hasn't been done to this day!

Biran lunged for Brian, but Brian swiftly stepped to the side and slammed his palm into Biran's chin forcing his neck to violently snap backwards. Brian was about to run down the way he guessed must be the exit, but before he could go a step further, Biran slammed a Round House kick twice into Brian's ribs.

"I've got orders not to let you out of the hospital wing unless the boss says so," He put his hands up to show he meant business. "So I'm gonna knock you out and bring you back inside" he said clearly enjoying the way this conversation was going.

"Next time don't tell me your plans you cretin!" said Brian lunging for the bulging artery on Biran's Neck. Once he had it in between his two fingers, he pushed and waited ten seconds until Biran stopped struggling. He was now unconscious and would be for the next hour or so.

Ernie then emerged from the Hospital Wing with his handgun pointing at Brian. "I thought I might have heard something," He lowered the gun. "I was going to ask someone if we were flying over an erupting Volcano, because that's precisely what it sounded like." he said sarcastically. Then he noticed Biran's limp body

"It's not what it looks like, I can explain!" proclaimed Brian. "Well, you better get to It." said Ernie coldly,

"Alright well this moron who, he explained to me, was sent by you to stop me from leaving the Hospital Wing told me he'd knock me

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out and bring me back inside. I didn't really like that though and so I, in turn did what he would have done to me. I knocked him out.” said Brian who was now smiling and admiring his handy work. But he looked up and away from Biran’s body when he suddenly felt a hand on the chest area where his pulse could be measured.

“You're telling the truth. But I didn't come out here because of a wrestling match occurring between two Agents. Oh no, you see I came out of the emergency Hospital Wing, because A; it was getting pretty creepy in there and B in all seriousness; because I heard several gunshots being fired up in the lobby.” said Ernie concentrating extremely hard.

“Well it was clearly not me! said Brian. “Yeah, No shit Sherlock. But unfortunately, the problem is we don't know who is actually shooting up there!” said Ernie, clearly worried as hell now.

Brian had forgotten about how many people were always sitting in the lobby and he started feeling bad for thinking so selfishly. Any one of his fellow agents could have just been killed! He paused before saying, “Wait we're not flying at the moment! We landed a couple of minutes ago I felt it! Come on quick. Maybe we can still catch the shooter!” he ran off with Ernie following closely behind.

“I hope to God nobody's been injured! That would look really bad for Revilo!” moaned Ernie. As they reached the door of the lobby, Brian was about to pull open the door when quietly Ernie hissed at him to stop

“Wait. We have no Idea what we're up against. For all we know the plane could be taken over,” he hissed, as he pulled out his handgun.

“OK on three”, whispered Brian back to Ernie “One ... Two ... Three” he said, as he pulled open the door with such force it nearly broke off its hinges. As Brian and Ernie barged in through the small door, they noticed something was wrong, and as soon as they were through the door, and standing firm on their feet, they were immediately blown back onto the floor.

Brian was utterly shocked by the explosion as when he looked down towards his chest he noticed something rather odd; there was a sharp piece of metal stuck right above his heart and if it wasn't for the Kevlar vest he was wearing, which Ernie hadn't bother to confiscate off after his rampage, Brian would have only minutes left to live! An identical piece of metal was stuck in Ernie's chest who like Brian, still had his Kevlar vest on too.

The only explanation for such strange sharp objects would be that they came from a Splinter Grenade. A Grenade when detonated would send off Sharp Metal pieces, like the ones sticking out of Ernie and Brian, in every direction.

“This is Ernie Rico Andrew Becclestone, password is: IMADWI. Short for; I'm Awesome Deal with It. I demand immediate lock down!” Said Ernie who then looked at Brian, who wore an expression of mass confusion.

Before Brian, could ask one of his many questions however, a man also dressed in a Kevlar body suit suddenly appeared. He also wore a helmet and a variety of weapons clipped on a long belt of different holsters. The man then laughed (To this day Brian still doesn't know why the man laughed in such a grim situation) and took off his helmet. Brian didn't recognize the man and even when he talked Brian didn't recognize his voice. “Hey Ernie. Fancy seeing you ‘ere

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mate”, said the man. Ernie had a grim face until the man offered Ernie his help to get up again.

“Abdul Jones, the first Arabic Revilo agent who actually changed only his last name to something British like Jones. It's a shame we have to meet under such sorry circumstances,” said Ernie taking the sharp piece of metal out of his Chest.

“We tried but he’s gone! Jake Nelson’s bloody gone!” shouted somebody from a near-by crowd of grieving agents. Ernie made a run for the crowd and told everyone to get out of the way.

Brian quickly chased after him. They saw Jake’s lifeless body; there was a puddle of blood underneath his skull where evidently a bullet had torn through Jake’s forehead. Ernie started cursing when Brian suddenly felt a cold feeling come over him. “What about the other gunshots?” asked Brian cautiously? One agent lifted his head silently and said “Three others have been murdered as well. They were killed first and Jake tried to stop further bloodshed.” he said as he pointed over to where another, smaller crowd was grieving and praying for the other three victims.

“Over there are the other bodies. It's a sad day in Revilo history. A sad day indeed” said the agent shaking his head in dismay.

“Do you by any chance know who any of the other victims were?” he asked the agent quietly. “Yeah, I do actually. It was Holly Nelson, Jake’s sister, an agent called Abdul-Haqq Dabir, and Haansen van Roben, a Dutch agent, who was involved in one of the biggest anti drugs mission in British history. As I said, a very sad day”, said the agent. He was going to add something else but Brian grabbed Ernie and raced toward the other three victims.

Brian had just had a spectacular breakthrough. He unfortunately didn't have them often, but when he did have one it was absolutely amazing; Haansen van Roben had made an appointment with Ernie two hours before the incident. And Abdul-Haqq Dabir had once worked for MI5 before Revilo and had been quite close to the two bosses of MI5 and MI6. These shootings were not a coincidence. They were a message to Revilo; don't mess with us! But who would have sent it?

Brian and Ernie both reached the lifeless bodies at the same time. The three all had the same wound as Jake. A bullet right through the skull with blood still fresh underneath it. Brian pulled Ernie, once again, away from the crowd and made sure nobody was in earshot.

“So van Roben made a meeting with you?” he asked. Ernie nodded. “And he gave you no hint as to what he wanted to discuss with you?” asked Brian once again checking that no one was eavesdropping in on them. Security was now more important than ever.

“He didn't say. Just that it was urgent and that we had to talk ASAP,” Ernie paused. “I've made up my mind that the mission's going to start tomorrow morning at five AM. It's now five minutes past midnight, so that gives you a good four hours and fifty five minutes to get everything you prepared down to the Lobby. You have to be ready at five. Without Jake it won't be so easy landing this thing comfortably, so do not be late!” said Ernie looking all to worry.

“But,” started Brian but Ernie cut him off. “No buts, all right? Just meet me at the control room at five AM. I'll have it locked up so no one can get in, so take this key,” he said as he threw Brian a key so small he nearly didn't see it flying towards him.

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“The more we wait, the more likely it is that we're in danger. So get a bloody move on!” exclaimed Ernie. Then he spun his head around and marched off to the control room.

Brian couldn't and didn't understand why Ernie was so sure that more danger to come, but he trusted the chairman and so he prepared to go up to his room. He turned his head around to see the bodies' being taken away. This made Brian feel depressed again and he vowed to himself, and to whatever higher power that was controlling the universe, that he would avenge these deaths.

Having sworn his oath to avenge the faller, he walked over to the elevator. Before entering he looked back and now noticed the major chaos currently occurring in the lobby. Brian typed in his room number, on the digital number panel, and was completely caught off guard to hear a digital female voice.

“I deeply apologize, but the Revilo jet has been set in lock-down phase by chairman Becclestone. Please enter your personalized password to confirm your identity. Once your password has been input incorrectly three times, I will have no choice but to report you as a traitor. To continue, please say loud your password aloud.” In all the time that Brian had been working for Revilo he had never once been asked to create a 'personalized password'. But, he tried anyways. I mean he did have three guesses after all, didn't her?

“Mushrooms” said Brian as his first guess. Lady Luck however was not with him. “Guess again. Two more Left” The voice was beginning to annoy Brian. She made this situation seem like a game show. *Guess right and you get a million Bucks!* You know that sort of thing.

About to guess again, Brian paused before speaking. “The Blonde of that time had no connection, the red head of that era was a total inception, and the brunette that came along after the fall, with a personality like mine she built around me a wall.” said Brian as his second guess. And guess right he did!

“Complete. Please ask administration for the 'Jet Lock down Card'. The next time you use the elevator during a lock down just Hold your card up to the digital number panel and wait for confirmation” droned the elevator voice. His 'Personalized Password' was a phrase he had thought of, after his last three girlfriends. Brian occasionally thought himself a bit of a poet and so he came up with these quotes for certain events that happened in his life.

The doors opened and Brian found himself looking at his room door, subconsciously, thinking, while he fiddled for his room keys. As the door opened he couldn't help himself chuckling a little at what he saw in his room. All the boxes of equipment which had been in his room before his rampage were now encased in steel with different fitted padlocks on each individual.

Gradually Brian started gathering all his belongings together and started organizing them into different sized suitcases. But as he packed there was one question that he couldn't quite understand. And that was not only, who killed Jake and the others, but rather how did they manage to get on a Plane that is flying 24/7 until it's called down?

But Brian, being an intelligence agent and all, had a theory about how the murderers'/assassins (It was currently too early to tell which of the two categories the attackers should be placed in) entered the Revilo jet; The attackers must have somehow acquired intelligence

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about the Revilo Jet, which no one but the Agency knows about, and managed to call the Jet down under another Agents Number.

The murderers then must have entered the jet and shot Jake as he greeted them at the entrance. With Jake out of the way they could move freely into the Lobby where they then must have opened fire on the other victims. They then must have run out of the jet, back the way they came, and escaped in a getaway car. When Defense agents were finally armed and ready for combat, The Attackers must have been already long gone and the victims already long dead. But something about his own theory made Brian stop thinking;

The plane was moving! The Revilo jet could travel from Australia to Iceland in under six hours and since it was now half past twelve... This meant that Brian and Ernie would arrive at about five in the morning in Jamaica, just like Ernie had estimated.

The jet had climbed about twenty thousand feet by now and gradually it was speeding like a dart towards its destination. You barely even felt like you were flying after a while that's how fast the Jet was traveling! The only give away sign really was that the clouds outside were moving way quicker than they usually do on their own.

Brian spent the next three and a half hours bringing his belongings, as well as the equipment for the mission downstairs, and he dropped them one by one outside the Control Room.

Ernie had said the mission could range from six months' to a year and so Brian had asked Ernie to bring with quite a bit of his belongings. At twenty to five, Brian decided to move his way down to the Lobby, so he would be as punctual as Ernie expected him to be, and socialize with anyone who was there. And if there was nobody there,

maybe there was something he could still help with after that evening's disaster.

As he left his room he was almost sad to leave. It seemed strange but after a month of living in the same room getting up to do the same thing every day, it started to feel a little bit like home. But Brian didn't have time to ponder over the past and so he turned his back on his room and walked out the door towards the elevator.

The two doors of the elevator opened up and Brian was surprised to hear the same digital voice that he had heard earlier say;

“I deeply apologize, but the Revilo jet has been set in Lock down phase by chairman Becclestone. Please -” but Brian didn't give it the chance to finish as he quickly spoke out loud his 'personalized password'. The voice had nothing more to say except: “you have arrived at the lobby,” as the double doors slid open one last time and the lobby could be seen from Brian's point of view.

As he started exiting, a silent beeping noise could be heard behind him. He looked back to investigate and discovered that the emergency Button was flashing. The Button was there to notify people in the elevator that they had three seconds to get out before the elevator rushed to its next destination. It was only in use when another agent needed the elevator in an emergency and that's why it was called the emergency button.

He jumped out with only a second to spare and praised his good hearing. He then noticed two Revilo agents wearing green uniforms and a rifle hanging around each of their necks. They looked like two German World War II soldiers, and they were smiling at each other like they'd just captured a Leprechaun and made hot chocolate with his very edible beard.

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One of them began to laugh and shouted over at Brian. “My bad, Mate. There was a real emergency but by the time the Elevator actually made it hear it had already happened. I just couldn't keep it in any longer.” His friend started laughing like mad too then, and Brian noticed that one of them was holding a control panel that controlled the elevator.

Brian put two and two together and worked out that the two guards had made the elevator malfunction and close the doors. This made Brian really mad. “What the fuck is your problem, *MATE!* No less than five hours ago we had four of our own shot and killed down here, and now you think it's somewhat funny to play a prank on people!” screamed Brian at the man who was holding the Control Panel.

Brian did not get the reaction which he was hoping for, as one of the two agents put one finger under his nose and saluted Brian.

That just pissed off Brian to the extreme and his reaction was simply to pull out his remaining liquidated poison ivy, which he was strangely keeping in his pocket, and to throw the whole load of it at the two men. Both men got poison ivy on their unprotected necks and as they sought out revenge on Brian, he just turned around and started walking to the Control Room. The men screamed vulgar abuse at Brian but he just kept walking and shouted back the occasional “That's not what your man said last night!”

Brian reached the control room and found the doors to be sealed shut. He pulled out the little key he had been given earlier and inserted it into the equally tiny key hole. The door opened by itself as soon as it acknowledged the key being there and closed by itself as soon as Brian had stepped inside.

Ernie was sitting in a chair about 10 meters away from Brian where he was controlling the whole plane. As this was the first time flying a plane, he looked like he was under a lot of stress.

“Yo Ernie. Look like you're doing a great job. How far is it to-” started Brian smiling encouragingly, but almost as usual, Ernie cut him off

“Yo Brian. We're about to hit Jamaica in three minutes time. Brian was about to explain that his luggage was all ready to go in the Lobby, when suddenly, he grew a horrified expression across his face.

“When you say hit you do mean land, right?” he asked getting more worried as the Plane came close to its target.

“Be serious Brian. This is the first time I've flown a Jet like this, and we'll be lucky to hit the ground without any damage.” said Ernie. He smiled. Brian was now standing next to Ernie and observing what Ernie was doing while at the same time seeing, if there was anything he could do to help Ernie not destroy the Plane.

Then, Out of the blue something started flashing on the long row of controls. Ernie inspected the cause of the flash and broke the awkward silence that hung in the air. “Oh shit.” said Ernie dropping the illusion that he had half a clue how to fly the plane. “Oh Shit! This is truly crap!” he shouted out, somehow miraculously hoping that Jake would come back from the dead and somehow help Ernie fly the Plane.

“What's wrong, Ern-” but that's all Brian had time to say before Brian got thrown off his feet. On the way down he had bumped his head off the wall to sharp edges of the control panel.

“What the hell is happening!” screamed Brian as blood seeped out of his head. He saw that Ernie was seemingly mouthing something to him, but as it turns out Ernie wasn't mouthing at all, but rather Brian

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had hit his head so hard, that his Eardrums had somehow become clogged. He popped his ears so that he could hear again and was once again shocked to feel more blood trickling down the side of his face. But the loss of blood probably saved his life.

“STRAP YOURSELF TO THIS CHAIR IMMEDIATELY!” shouted Ernie as loudly as he could. Brian didn’t need to be told twice. He strapped himself to the chair and immediately took control of the second steering wheel. The plane would be speeding along Jamaican ground and if it did indeed do this the speed would force the Nose to catch fire.

But eventually, with Brian’s help, Ernie managed to steer the jet back up slightly just as they landed. They did slide on the ground for a short period of time, but it was in no way the damage that would have occurred without Brian's help.

Brian looked at Ernie who was breathing deeply. He was holding a towel out for Brian and he pointed at Brian's bleeding head.

“What – t t-the hell just happened?” stuttered Brian relieved that he could hear properly again.

“Brian man, I'm really sorry. I should have concentrated more. The plane tilted all of a sudden and by the time I realized it was already too late. You look a right state, but bad things are happening and we should get going. Are you all right till we get to the house? It's not far from here and I've got a car outside waiting for us.” said Ernie clearly worrying about Brian's injuries

“Yeah I’ll be fine, Ernie. I'm feeling quite cheerful actually.” said Brian sarcastically.

Then they moved on. They both unstrapped themselves from their chairs and unlocked the door “Jesus Christ! Are you sure you're OK?” asked Ernie staring at the blood on the ground.

“As I said I'm fine. Now can we please get me to the House.” said Brian trying to reassure Ernie of his well being.

Ernie suddenly turned pale and told Brian to sit back down. “Brian. You've lost way to much Blood. You shouldn't even be conscious anymore!” he shouted.

“Look, I told you I'm... Oh fuuuu – “, started Brian but it was too late. The last thing he saw before he passed out into the world of the unconscious was Ernie reaching out trying to catch Brian as he fell. Then all went black.

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Chapter 7

Brian woke up in a, to say the least, Gigantic bed. He had a drip connected to a large container filled with human blood and Brian did not, like Blood. It's not like he had a phobia of blood, but rather it repulsed him. And so, Brian, freaked out by that what was standing on the right of his bed, jumped out of the bed onto his left side.

This was a mistake on Brian's end, for as he jumped out he forget about the drip still connected to his arm. It ripped out in one fluid motion and the aftermath of the ripping was more blood. Blood, which in Brian's recollection of the past events he had lost enough of.

His mind was racing so he thought fast and looked around the room. That was his sort of his philosophy. When in doubt look around your surroundings. Brian had a lot of 'Philosophies' and this was one of his only intelligent understandable ones.

And, luckily enough for Brian, his philosophy paid off, as it usually did. There was a box filled with fluffy bandages, which he then took one of and applied it to his still bleeding arm. Now able to think straight again, Brian had a more thorough look around the room.

Upon further inspection, Brian found his six cases of luggage and was surprised to find that they were completely empty. Brian investigated further, but eventually decided to wait for someone to come into his room and explain what was going on.

So he lay back down, after first pushing the container of blood underneath his bed, and decided to sleep a little. He must have slept quite a while before waking up, as he could only close his eyes while keeping full awareness now.

So after a long period of frustration, he gave up and decided to take a proper, more detailed, look at the whole room.

It was quite gigantic compared to what he was used to, and what he was used to wasn't that small at all, and with a Jacuzzi and a flat screen TV hanging opposite on the wall directly in front of Brian, it wasn't a bad room at all. On the right side of his bed, where the container of blood had previously been, was bigger than average bedside table, where an All in 1 TV remote lay. Underneath the table was a mini fridge which looked and seemed almost as expensive as an actual fridge.

As for exits, there were a set of double doors leading what Brian assumed to be the outside but they were locked down by a pair of what seemed to be Bullet proof shutters. Brian had tried in vain to force them open earlier, but they simply would budge.

Brian had also discovered, what seemed to be, the most reasonable explanation for him waking up in a gigantic bed. A big bandage around his head implied that after he fell unconscious in the Revilo jet, Ernie must have flown him back to England for emergency blood transfer. After the blood transfer, Ernie had most likely brought Brian back to Revilo estate and to ensure his recovery came along swiftly, put him in the grandest place on the estate; the chairman's suite and private living quarters.

If this was indeed true, he would be the first Agent ever to step inside this area of the Estate! *Oh Yeah! I'm the Bosses Favorite! Yeah look at me Now Nazis from before!* He halted his brain from thinking anymore and decided to watch TV, instead of admiring how great he was. He turned on the TV and was surprised to watch as a Sky box come out of a hidden compartment in the wall underneath the TV. All

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the channels were already paid for, and with anytime TV he had Five Movies set up and ready to go. But what made Brian complete mental, so mental he was almost high of this mentality, was that the Original Godfather was playing at the moment. And if Brian would have to pick a favorite movie it would be the godfather. He was a huge Al Pacino fan and whenever the Godfather was on, he would make it his ritual to watch it.

“You stand here. You come into my house, on the day my daughter's to be married and you stand here...” reenacted Brian passionately as he continued watching. That was until a wooden door that Brian obviously hadn't noticed in his investigation was slammed open by no other than a red faced Ernie, who made no effort whatsoever to hide his worried emotions.

“You bloody idiot Brian! I suppose you want to get yourself killed?” he shouted as he ran up to Brian. His speeding fist connected with Brian's jaw. Brian yelled out in pain but the punch had left Brian dazed, and when he was dazed, there was no way he was going to do anything to stop Ernie's next action.

Ernie didn't let him take any chances, and he pinched Brian's main artery before he had a chance to recover from the punch. And as for Brian, for about the fourth time in Twenty Four Hours he was out cold once again.

“Brian... Why do you force me to take such extreme measures? You're such a fool,” proclaimed Ernie, not expecting a reply from the unconscious lump that was now Brian, but asking never the less.

Brian woke up two hours later in the exact same room. The same room, but the scenario was a little different from before. Instead of being alone as he woke, this time Ernie was sitting in a corner, in an

armchair, reading his favorite copy of *Brisingar*, by Christopher Paolini.

The book, he declared, the greatest piece of literature available to man. I mean, sure Brian thought it was a good book, but greatest piece of literature available to man? That was yet to be seen. So where, Brian had a passion for classic movies, Ernie was a complete Science Fiction Freak.

“Brian, having a laugh about my actions, isn’t the brightest thing to be doing considering your heartbeat.” said Ernie startling Brian and taking a small, barely noticeable ear piece out of his left ear.

“Courtesy of the CIA, indirectly that is,” said Ernie grinning. “It’s a brand new design and was just sold to the Central Intelligence Agency by the whiz kid that made it. It’s the highest quality heartbeat reader available at the moment and guess what, Us Brits had it before the Yanks. You see what the inventor forgot to mention was, although he wouldn’t sell it to anyone else but the CIA after they purchased it, he had already sold it to us.” Ernie smiled.

“Anyways, you just plug one end into your ear and stick the other end onto your Target’s chest, preferably as close to the heart as possible. You can then hear their heartbeat perfectly like a high quality music track. So as good as it may be for medical purposes, it’s also a mini Lie detector.” he said. Brian looked confused.

“Someone obviously wasn’t paying attention in advanced biology.” Ernie smiled again and shook his head at Brian’s ignorance. “When you lie, your heartbeat speeds up and goes much faster than usual. And what way would be easier to notice the difference when the Target’s heartbeat is the only thing you can hear. The device, which I call the Heartbeat Boom Boom, is Revilo’s next Top model! I mean

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Gadget” said Ernie clearly taking the piss as he winked at Brian. “Oh and by the way welcome to Jamaica.” he added

“Yeah alright mate. Whatever. But I still don't understand why you ...” said Brian ignoring the fact that he was already in Jamaica.

“Wait a second. Did you say...? Oh crap... I must have been out pretty long then!” said Brian trying to remember anything from the past events.

“If you think about it Brian, it's not that-” started Ernie before roles were reversed and Brian cut him off.

“And you! You knocked me out! What the F-”asked Brian but his attempt at command was short lived.

“How about I start from the beginning. From when you passed out on board the Revilo jet. I got you a bandage around your head, but the blood loss was extreme. I mean it was pretty surprising that you were alive at all actually, and the reality of you holding out much longer was not that likely. So I got a cab to the nearest Hospital and got you a blood transfusion. When you seemed to be gradually recovering, I called a cab and we drove here, to the Queen's Villa. The Cab driver was starting to ask questions about the boxes of weapons he was supposed to just throw in his Taxi and transport so I had to... Well... Inject him... With some heroin phosphate.”

Brian was shocked. Shocked, not about the Hospital and certainly not that he had lost a lot of blood, but he was shocked about what Ernie had done to the Cab driver. It was highly illegal let alone morally wrong. And Brian had morals!

The compound heroin phosphate was illegal not only because it had heroin in it, but because phosphate could kill ever so easily if too much was injected. However if just the right amount was entered into

the blood stream with the sufficient amount of heroin, it would give the victim ten minutes high time before then passing out and remembering nothing of the past week. In those ten minutes the victim would be so stoned out of their minds and logical thinking they would be forced to obey any orders given by the attacker. There was no medication to help the victim get over the fact that he or she couldn't remember the past week, and quite often the victim would be neglected by his or her friends because they were determined insane and delusional.

“So anyways, I called the doctors back at the estate to find out what I should do to stabilize your condition and they told me to stick the drip in your arm and just keep pumping blood mixed with some special type of antibiotic. I of course had no idea where to get an antibiotic as rare as the ones needed for you, but luckily the doctor was aware that we were in the Queens Villa and he told me there was a small medical room upstairs filled with every kind of rare medicine possible.

“There's even some medical Marijuana which I'll be honest made me laugh out loud when I thought of the Queen lying outside in a deck chair smoking a joint. Anyways moving along swiftly, I emptied the antibiotics into the human blood. And then I was told to keep you on the drip for at least 72 hours. You see the Antibiotic begins to sync its self into your immune system and if the antibiotic is taken out before the 72 hours are up, you slowly start dying. Your body becomes Dependent on the Antibiotic and without it, your immune system will decompose painfully. So I guess you can imagine why I freaked out and sort of, 'Knocked you out' if you will.” said Ernie.

“OK,” started Brian slowly, now noticing that he had a needle on his arm once again. “Alright that sorted now I guess. Anyways... I

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was wondering where all my possessions have ended up. I mean it's nice that I at least have my suitcases but I'd like the stuff that was inside of them as well.” Ernie at first did nothing, but then got up and took out a relatively small device which Brian recognized.

It was a simple Gadget nicknamed ‘Lookabout’ and it's used for discovering listening devices, thermal sensors and even small hidden cameras. So basically anything unfamiliar that didn't seem familiar.

“We're clearly not being spied upon so let me give you the whole introduction to the house. Every bedroom in this mansion is almost exactly the same as the next. They all have the same flat screen TV and the same TV remote. So you might get confused as to which room is yours. But for now just grab your remote, and dial in the following number on the keypad” he said putting on his best salesman pitch yet. He watched as Brian shifted his cushions and with a slight headache reached over and grabbed the remote.

“4-7-8-7 which stands for GSTQ. And that stands for God Save the Queen. So Four seven eight seven. That's the first code” said Ernie as he waited for Brian to finish putting in the key combination.

“What in the name of God!” shouted Brian as a secret compartment flew out of the remote and hit Brian in the chest where he was holding it?

“Calm down Brian.” exclaimed Ernie humoring himself over the fact that Brian had managed to inflict pain on himself with a TV remote.

Brian, calmed down once again, and inspected the secret compartment a little more closely. There were twelve very small buttons in total, ten of them were normal numbered buttons that ranged

from zero to nine which looked almost identical to the number keys exactly above the secret compartment. The eleventh button had an ever so small image of a Shirt on it, and this Brian assumed was the answer as to where his missing possessions were. The twelfth Button Brian could not quite make out and the last one had a picture of a pair of handcuffs. Brian wore a puzzled expression and Ernie obviously noticed this.

“The one with the closet, as I'm sure you have guessed already, is exactly what the image depicts. Go on press it”, urged Ernie.

“YOLO. You only like Oranges, right!” he said as he pushed the button.

In a swift unexpected movement, a huge closet emerged from the wall and appeared next to the Jacuzzi. It had seven shelves, all two meters long, and with doors covering each compartment with pin protection. The whole structure was made out of pine wood and altogether it looked quite beautiful. Brian was, to say the least, quite impressed by the Closet, and his mind was still trying to figure out how a heavy closet like that could just glide up from the floor through a hidden trapdoor, when Ernie spoke.

“Isn't this great Brian. Now you don't have to come out of the closet, but the closet can come out of the floor.” Brian just stared at Ernie.

“Ernie, that just wasn't funny. Homophobic Jokes aren't funny. Ernie seriously that was just really stupid! When are you going to get that and just grow up? I have a girlfriend man. I don't need your shitty humor”,

Brian slowly got out of the bed, careful not to pull out the still aching needle, and walked over to the canister of human blood. He

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then pushed the canister forward with one leg with every step he took towards the closet. When he at last arrived, he looked puzzled as he examined the pin locks more closely. “Grab the remote again and I’ll tell you what the pin code is if you want”, said Ernie pointing towards the remote

When Brian finally reached the remote, with the same technique he had used to reach the closet, he picked it up and waited patiently for Ernie to speak.

“274826, which stands for BRITAN, is the password for the secret... 'Thing'.” he said.

“But what about the closet-” started Brian but to be cut off by Ernie whose frustration was growing with every word coming out of Brian's mouth?

“Keep your trap shut for once, and just do it will you!” he shouted. Brian rolled his eyes and did as he was told.

But as soon as the result of the combination occurred, Brian's frustration quickly melted away.

Instead of all the closet doors opening, as Brian had expected, two parts of the wall separated and revealed two, well concealed, lift doors.

“OK. Whatever. It's a lift, so what? I've seen a lift before it's not like it's an apple made from platinum.” said Brian pretending to be unimpressed, still annoyed at Ernie.

“Wow are you really going to be a little bitch about it Brian? I'm your Boss, I'm allowed to get annoyed at you. Especially when you tell me that I'm not funny. So pull yourself together for Christ's sake!” exclaimed Ernie.

“Fine, whatever. Can we please get back to the mission? We have a shit load of work to do, and you still haven't explained the last two buttons.

“And what on earth is the bloody password for my closet?” asked Brian, becoming equally as frustrated as Ernie.

Ernie rolled his eyes. “You're really immature in some aspects aren't you?” he asked. He rolled his eyes once more and at last answered the answers Brian so desired.

“The twelfth button is, how one says so nicely... Pointless. You see when you see a picture of a pair of Handcuffs, the average person will be tempted to press it. But, you'll most likely stop yourself and realize a picture of a pair of handcuffs might trigger an alarm or trap, or some kind of trouble.

“So your average person would most likely not press the button. However when the button is pressed, none of the other buttons in the secret compartment of the remote will work. They'll be useless. Just like the button I guess.

“And, for the thirteenth button, well, all that one really does is close the secret compartment. So it's not really interesting, if you know what I mean. Like seriously; 'I'm the thirteenth button, I can close the Compartment, Boohoo!' No one cares!” Ernie smiled. He really was a simple minded guy in some things.

“Oh and I'm supposedly immature?” muttered Brian under his breath.

“As for the password for your closet, it's 274826. Got that Forrest?” he asked quickly, and efficiently. Brian nodded. He didn't smile. He didn't do anything for the moment but stare at Ernie with

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those classical 'pissed off' eyes. Being called Forest like Forest Gump by his boss, was not a compliment in his eyes.

He walked over to the wooden door and was about to leave when Brian remembered a question he had been wanting to ask for quite some time.

“Where does the lift actually go?” he asked looking at Ernie for the answer. Ernie’s grin once again came back and walked across his face.

“It goes to the wolf’s lair. The queen’s private bunker which can withstand a nuclear blast. It’s probably the safest place in Jamaica if not the Caribbean. One hundred soldiers with their full equipment can easily be fit in the bunker. It’s massive.

“I’ll show it to you tomorrow and it will truly blow your mind. But enough of that, in five days time you will start looking around the streets of the city, for any candidates likely to be working for Santiago. Anyone you see fitting the whole drug dealer description, I want you to approach him or her and befriend them. And then, eventually, try to get into the drug gang yourself. Santiago Lopez is very careful in who he chooses to work for him, so he is going to want to meet you in person if you do successfully infiltrate his gang”, said Ernie.

Brian was going to ask several more questions, but before he could Ernie shouted “Exit pursued by a bear” and sprinted out the door.

“Wow. Great chat there Ernie. I can see we’re making real progress with all your random actor outbursts”, murmured Brian as he flopped down onto the bed and closed the secret compartment of the remote.

He turned on the TV and was both happy and relieved to find out that the Godfather was still paused from when he had paused it.

Well actually he didn't remember pausing it. But never the less it was paused, and he was delighted.

He then realized that he was quite hungry so he opened the mini fridge to see if he could find anything for himself. He was surprised to find quite a few ready cooked meals ready for consumption.

He grabbed a chicken curry and was surprised to feel a jolt of pain as he almost dropped the plate. The plate was scolding hot and so was the food! Luckily he dropped it on his bed however which meant none of the food fell off his plate.

“Since when does a mini fridge heat up my food?” asked Brian as he noticed a label on the top of the mini fridge saying ‘The best of hot and cold’.

It wasn't only a fridge but rather a combination of a fridge and an oven! Brian looked around for a Knife and fork, and spotted a pair on top of the mini fridge. He warily placed his hand just above the cutlery in case he was burnt again. He came to the conclusion that it was safe and quickly picked them up. He was relieved to feel the familiar feel of cold metal. He grabbed the pair and started feeding himself greedily. He had no idea how it tasted so good? I mean it must have been in there for a good few days. The Villa had cooks and cleaning staff but they were sent away for the purpose of the mission. What was this sorcery?

After satisfying his appetite and finishing the Godfather, Brian took out his iPhone, which was in his pocket and fully charged to see if he'd gotten any notifications. He was once again surprised, that he was already connected to the Wifi. But the Wifi didn't really interest him. What did interest him was who had sent him a message:

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One New Notification

Message from Sarah Wellington.

Brian's heart beat faster and faster as he opened the message. He always got this warm and fuzzy feeling when Sarah messaged him. Brian loved her, and although he loved his job and what he did for his country, he still loved Sarah more than anything.

He wrote back to her, and sent her a picture of his room. When the notification popped up that the message was sent, he put his iPhone back in his pocket and went to sleep.

Chapter 8

Madrid, Spain, November 2008.

Hotel de los ángeles, Reception Area.

“Hello good day, my name is Jaime, how I can be of assistance?” asked Brian Navel. He was standing behind the reception desk in the Hotel of Angels in Madrid. It was the most expensive hotel in Madrid, and it was part of Brian's cover to be working there. Part of his cover was also to be called Jaime.

“Yes I'd like to check in Mr. Jaime. I believe I have a reservation under the name, Wellington?” asked Sarah Wellington. Brian felt like he'd been punched. He took one look at Sarah and decided she was amazing. Her looks, her tone of voice, her amazing blonde hair, her, her... everything.

“You're... beautiful.” spluttered Brian embarrassingly. As soon as he'd said it he regretted it. He'd made himself look like a right fool, and the chances of his cover 'Jaime the receptionist' getting a date with this lady was next to zero.

“You're very nice to say that, but I have had a rather long flight and I need a rest. So could I kindly have my key?” she asked again. But she didn't have a mean tone in her voice. More appreciative than anything.

“Why of course. My apologies. It's just well... I'm afraid I'll have to call the Police and have you removed from the premises.” said Brian. What on earth was he saying?

“And why is that?” asked Sarah, with a confused expression upon her face. She really did look amazing.

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“Well, how on earth am I supposed to do my work here, when someone like you is walking around the Hotel?” replied Brian still wondering where all the pickup lines were coming from. He got Sarah's key and handed it to her.

“Well aren't you a gentleman Mr. Jaime. I think I'll be calling the reception quite a lot during my stay. I just hope you are the one who answers the phone.” she said. She took her key, and her luggage and walked to the elevator.

Did that actually just happen? Thought Brian to himself. He looked over in Sarah's direction and was absolutely blown away when she winked at him.

“I'm a boss. Its official!” muttered Brian to himself. He walked over to the private room behind the reception area, and took out his laptop.

Brian was in Madrid to meet up with a fellow Revilo agent, and take down an international Weapons dealer. As big as the mission may sound, it was in fact a rather small mission. What Revilo meant with international weapons dealer was in fact a small time thief who had acquired a gram of weapons grade uranium. It was in a way a serious threat but it wasn't really a national security issue. Brian was a little pissed. I mean he wanted a big mission, one that went down in history, and at the given time Revilo wasn't going to make that happen. Not with MI5 and MI6 around. And it wasn't likely that they were just going to shut down.

But anyways, Brian was suspicious. Why would a woman as amazing as Sarah want anything to do with him? Was she the target? Only one way to find out.

Unfortunately this way was not 100% legal. It involved hacking the MI5 intelligence database and running the name Sarah Wellington, as well as the picture of her from the security camera in the reception area, against any known criminals. If she was indeed the target, the computer would tell Brian in less than an hour. So what he did was, just leave the computer there and to leave it do its thing.

And then all of a sudden, the phone from the front desk started to ring. He remembered what Sarah had said. "I just hope you are the one who answers the phone".

He raced to the phone before one of his colleagues answered it, and casually answered.

"Hello this is Jaime, how can I be of assistance."

"Oh hello Jaime. I was just wondering if you'd like to come upstairs and help me unpack. I really could use a hand." said Sarah.

Brian couldn't believe it. This was actually happening! "I'll be up in a couple of minutes." he said and he abruptly hung up. He ran into the back room once more and got protection. Then he went to the elevator and took it up to Sarah's room.

"Ms. Wellington?" asked Brian after knocking on Sarah's door. There was a pause, and then the sound of the door handle being pushed down was heard.

The door opened and Sarah Wellington stood there in a dress. She obviously had not been resting but rather dressing herself up. Brian was once again awe struck by how amazing she looked. He had never seen anybody like her.

"Please do come in Mr. Jaime. And make yourself comfortable. I'm just going to finish getting ready and then I'm all yours." she said allowing Brian to enter the room.

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Her suitcase was open on the bed and Brian knew how utterly stupid he'd been when he heard the door close behind him. He reached for his gun but was too late. Sarah jumped on his back, and slammed Brian onto the bed.

He was pinned down and Brian had no escape opportunities whatsoever. "This is a little kinky if you ask me. I'm not sure I'm into this weird stuff," he said pretending to be innocent.

Sarah looked into Brian's eyes and simply said, without any emotion whatsoever, "Who do you work for?"

Brian was flabbergasted. He had been caught by the opponent. And he was, as sexual as it may seem, right where she wanted him!

"The Hotel?" said Brian unsure if he could bullshit his way out of this one. His hopes weren't that high.

"Don't lie to me. I don't want to hurt you, but I will if I have to. So how about you just tell me, who you work for?" she asked again.

Brian thought over his options quickly and coming up with no plan decided he might as well tell her the truth.

"I work for an Intelligence agency in England called Revilo. I was sent here to take down an international weapons dealer. My name isn't Jaime. I'm just doing my job OK. So just kill me and stop stalling please!" exclaimed Brian.

Sarah stopped and just stared at Brian. She slowly got off Brian and took out her gun. She pointed it at Brian's head.

"Are you Agent Navel?" she asked still fixating the gun on Brian's head. Brian took a deep breath and thanked the heavens above for what seemed like a couple of more minutes alive.

“Yes, yes I am. And may I ask, who are you?” replied Brian slowly getting up from the bed, making sure not to move to quickly and accidentally get shot.

“I'm Sarah Wellington. I work with the CIA. I was told to meet my new partner here from Revilo. Are you his handler?” she asked.

“Actually no, I believe I am your partner.” said Brian. He paused. “I have to ask though. Were you just being nice to me, because you thought I was trying to kill you, or did you actually...” he asked.

Sarah looked at him the same way she had looked at him before at the reception. “I actually thought you were quite sweet. However my spy sense, if you will, kicked in and I became aware that you quite possibly might be trying to kill Me.” she said.

Brian thought about that for a second. “So what you're saying is, theoretically speaking, when we're done with the mission, and we both have some time off, and I asked you on a date. You would say what?” he asked carefully choosing his words.

“I would say yes” she said simply. She walked up closer to Brian and looked him straight in the eyes. “But the mission could still take a while. So theoretically speaking you would have to wait a while.” she said.

Brian looked gazed directly into her eyes. It seemed as though he was enchanted. “Oh I'm pretty sure I can wait a while for you. You seem like a woman who's worth waiting for.” he said. There was silence between them. They kept gazing into each other's eyes getting completely lost in each other. And then when it seemed as if they would turn to statues and stay there like that forever, Sarah kissed him. Yes, let me repeat that, she kissed him. And at that moment then, Brian fell for Sarah. And to this day he still hasn't gotten up yet.

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And that's how Brian met Sarah Wellington, who is now his fiancé.

Chapter 9

Two days later Brian was off the Antibiotics which made him a happier man entirely. Ernie had also taken Brian down to the Wolf's Lair and Brian had never experienced anything like it.

The bunker itself was about forty meters in length, twenty meters in width and was set 25 and a half meters underground. There was only one way in and one way out. The bottom of the lift was always guarded by two men with Assault rifles. The specs alone of the Bunker and the two mean looking guys guarding the entrance had all impressed Brian but what had amazed Brian the most was the actual interior of the bunker: It contained a sizable kitchen in one corner, three large couches with a big flat screen TV in another corner and a sound proof bedroom in the last corner. The sound proof bedroom was for the queen and for queen's use only and was more of an apartment than just a bedroom.

There was a big green button situated on the kitchen wall, which once it was pressed made thirty two beds – with sheets, blankets and pillows! – Spring out of the ground. It really was utterly and over the top insane.

Two more days passed and Thursday came along. Brian had been given permission by Ernie to start on the mission one day early, thanks to his speedy recovery. As unexpected as it was, he was pretty excited to start with the mission. It was the biggest one he'd ever been on, and with the money he'd make on this mission he might actually be able to settle down with Sarah soon.

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Brian's main aim was to find a job in Santiago's drug gang but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy himself a little first... As he stepped outside the house for the first time ever (Ernie hadn't let him out because of the blood pressure and drip) the first thing he smelled was a strong whiff of chlorine from the fifteen meter pool. Chlorine mixed with Cigar smoke.

Ernie was lying down on a sun chair in a pair of swimming trunks and was indeed smoking a Cuban cigar. Ernie noticed Brian observing him in a pensive way, and quickly put down the laptop on which he'd currently been typing something on and walked over to Brian.

"The water is how one says; Perfect temperature. I mean it. There's some really advanced heater that adapts to the temperature of the air outside the pool and makes it just right in the pool. You should get you're trunks man, it's bloody amazing" he said as he took several puffs on his cigar.

"Ernie, since when do you smoke...?" started Brian but was interrupted by Ernie.

"Shut up and get your trunks. I'm your rich uncle. I'm supposed to sit around all day smoking cigars." interrupted Ernie.

Brian shrugged his shoulders and ran off to get his Trunks. In fact he got so caught up in the fact that he was going to swim in 'perfect temperature' water that he took a wrong turn in the massive house.

When he was on the Antibiotics he had not been allowed outside his room, and even when he was off them he had to stay in his room and rest. So this was actually the first proper time he had to explore and look around. He was standing in front of a door with a big golden crown with red rubies painted on it.

He guessed it was the Queen's bedroom and after several minutes thinking about whether to invade the Queen's private space or not, he decided to enter. When the door opened, Brian was completely taken aback by what he saw. It was almost identical to his own room apart from the fact that he was viewing it from a different angle. And it was a different angle because he was viewing the room from the hidden brown door that was also in his room.

As a matter of fact Brian now wondered if the room he was staying in was actually the queens. Only one way to find out he thought.

He walked to the side of the bed where he left the TV remote and entered the secret combination for the secret compartment. "Wow everything's so secret", he said to himself.

As it turned out it was indeed his room and after getting his pair of swimming Trunks it actually kicked in what that meant.

"Oh my God! Wait til I tell Sarah I stayed in the Queen's room herself! This is so insane!" he shouted. He then realized that he was kind of shouting at no one really if himself even. So he calmed down and decided to keep the news for later.

He then pressed a button hidden in the biggest closet compartment. The wall closest to the entrance to the house then slid apart leaving an exit for Brian. It was a fake wall. An actual fake wall! It was as if the whole house was futuristic! Ernie was only a couple of footsteps away from where the wall was moments before, and Brian decided to scare him.

He stealthily crept closer and closer to Ernie and just before he was right next to him, he sprinted and jumped backwards, back flipping into the pool.

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He then lifted his head out of the water and said “Dude, the waves are like so perfect, man. They're like really trippy dude!” using his best 'Surfer Dude' voice. Ernie had gotten soaked in the process of Brian's comedy act, but he couldn't help but see the funny side of it. He smiled and laughed and shook his head.

“And we're considered Secret agents? Imagine how fast criminals would start disappearing if we didn't mess around half the time. He then put on a serious face “Revilo offers the best perks of the top ten jobs in the whole world, but there's one thing it cannot supply: Girlfriends for idiots like you” he said to Brian.

“I've told you this so many times Ernie. I HAVE a fiancé. And the best thing of all I didn't have to pay for her!” shouted Brian. He knew Ernie was joking but after the first couple of times Ernie used that joke it just wasn't funny anymore.

Brian got out of the pool, not because he was annoyed at Ernie, but rather because the water was actually a little to 'perfect' for his liking. He dried himself off and changed his trunks back to the shorts he was previously wearing.

“I'm off to buy some drugs.” said Brian to Ernie. He was joking, naturally, but he left the safety of the house never the less. He exited through the main fence, and waved goodbye to Ernie, who has lay back down in his deck chair.

Brian had read, in his mission briefing, that Montego Bay was Jamaica's slum of slums. It was said that the town was just run down ruin after run down ruin, with kids snorting cocaine in clear sight, and their parents smoking a joint next to them. It was mean to be like a recreational paradise for drug users. At least that's what it had said.

Brian had wondered at the time how the queen's luxurious villa could be surrounded by such filth. It hadn't made sense at the time and it sure didn't make sense now.

What Brian saw was completely different from what he had expected. The ruins he was expecting were in fact mansions. Richly decorated and expensive mansions that looked newly built. It seemed like one big rich ass city. But there was one thing that seemed to be the same as what Brian had been picturing.

The children of all the rich parents that lived in the mansions were making no effort whatsoever to conceal the fact that they were getting sky high in plain sight. The parents were inside their houses and were clearly not smoking cigarettes but something a little greener. Brian was disgusted. It seemed like one huge slice of corruption land. Just because these people had money, it seemed like they were above the law!

Brian shook his head and started walking towards the direction of the city. As he slowly walked down the road he carefully examined each house in turn to check if it seemed the least bit suspicious.

He found a few fit candidates but sadly remembered that even him, a super spy, with a super spy girlfriend, couldn't exactly see through walls to see what other people were up to.

He laughed dryly at his own thought as he slowly came to the end of the road. He continued on in the direction the city, and not far from his street he heard quite a commotion up ahead.

It was a gigantic marketplace and although the most stalls sold delicious looking fruit other stalls sold fake designer clothes, watches and sunglasses.

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Brian pretended to be lost and put on his best posh English accent. His cover was to be a rich stockbroker from England.

He approached a man who was the most 'drug gang member' looking guy in the mass of people.

“Excuse me old chap. I seem to be lost. Do you know where Montego Bay is?” he asked in such a posh manner you would’ve thought the King himself was talking.

The man laughed but stopped immediately when he spotted the golden Breitling around Brian’s wrist.

“You got mixed up I say. Whappen ahh?” the man said with a sigh and a nod. “There’s not only one Montego bay mon. There be two different places. One is ugly and dirty and has no beach. Where you are my friend is the beautiful one, which has a beach”, he said to Brian.

“Me name’s Adrian Brakenridge. I'm happy to meet you. And you are?” he asked trying to make conversation with Brian. The Gold Breitling had clearly interested Adrian and Brian knew this man didn't want him, he wanted his money. “Brian Na...” started Brian but trailed off and stopped himself before he finished.

“Wilson. My bad. Yeah Brian Wilson that's my name. Sorry I guess I'm still suffering Jet lag. “Said Brian remembering his cover name

“Where do you come from mon? Are you working here? Tell me Mon, tell me. You seem like a nice guy.” said Adrian still staring at Brian's Breitling.

“Well I just moved here from London. I was a stockbroker” said Brian with an 'I'm extremely wealthy and powerful' smile.

“Was?” asked Adrian.

Brian pretended to become depressed and sad. “Yeah. I don't like to talk about it much, but if you must know they got me down for armed robbery. It wasn't even armed robbery really but that's what they called it so I guess in a way it was. “They locked me up for forty-eight hours and then released me with a £10000 pound fine, a final warning, and a crisp looking criminal record. I went to work the next day and my superior fired me on the spot” explained Brian sadly. He really was putting on a good show.

This piece of information was crucial for the success of the mission and the analysts from Revilo had even made a criminal record for Brian Wilson. It was also Brian's favorite part of all his cover background for it made him look like a rich bad ass.

Adrian was however, more curious than sympathetic and fired a series of questions at him.

“So did you actually assault somebody during a robbery? Why did ya come to Jamaica? Do ya need a place to stay?” he asked.

“Wow, slow down there tiger. Firstly, technically yes, but I myself do not classify knocking somebody out with slight permanent brain damage as assault. “Secondly I came to Montego Bay, because although I have a criminal record, and although I beat somebody to a pulp, I am still very, very rich. In fact I am so rich that I just bought the queen's villa. The queen's villa now belongs to a white collar criminal that's right.” Brian smiled. He did however think it best to offer a more detailed description to as what he did for a living that made him so damn stinking rich.

“As manager of the biggest stock brokering firm in England, I got up to 50 million pounds income a year.” explained Brian. He did sound very arrogant, and he was just a little bit worried that he was

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making his story a little too perfect to be true, but luckily people like Adrian Breakenridge don't look past the wealth factor.

In fact the very moment that Adrian heard that Brian Wilson was out of a job, his eyes practically shot thousands of tiny laser beams in every direction. He took out a small business card with white writing on it and gave it to Brian.

“Come to this place straight away when you're done with your shopping. I can get you a very high up job in the organization I work for, if you want, but you have to show your face by five 'o clock. And come alone.” he said hurriedly.

Brian was completely amazed by how fast the mission was progressing, but he didn't exactly want to sound too interested...

“But why would I want a job? I mean I could practically live off a 1000th of my wealth and still be OK.” he asked. He wanted to offer Adrian a chance to give off the whole sales pitch.

“Come on. You don't seriously want to sit around at the poolside for the rest of your life, do you? Trust me, a little action can change everything.” replied Adrian. Brian got the impression that Adrian didn't recruit people often. Otherwise he'd probably be a lot better at it.

“Well all right then. I'll come. But I'm not too sure if I do want action in my life.” Brian said.

Adrian didn't reply for several seconds. He stared at Brian and then said, “Everyone wants a little action now and then. Trust me mon” and he left Brian standing there at the busy marketplace, as if the conversation had never taken place. Brian pulled out his iPhone and turned on the signal encrypted before calling Ernie.

“Uncle Ernie. It's Brian Wilson speaking your nephew.” said Brian continuing to play in the role as Brian Wilson.

“Are you with a target?” asked Ernie.

“No.” replied Brian abruptly. “I've met this interesting fellow at the marketplace. And he was so kind to invite me over to his place. So I just wanted to call and let you know that I'd be a bit later than expected.” he said. He took a picture of the business card from Adrian and sent it to Ernie.

For several minutes Brian didn't hear a thing from Ernie, apart from the occasional click of the computer mouse and taps of the keyboard.

“The House is actually in our street. It's only about six houses away from the queen's villa. I take it, that you will be going? I mean, we've never had a breakthrough on a mission this big before so fast. It's as if Santiago wants to get caught” said Ernie, chuckling lightly. He hung up, making it clear to Brian that going to Adrian's house was not an option, but rather an order.

Brian sighed and logged onto Spy book on his iPhone. Spy book was an app that could only be downloaded by specially modified iPhones. Being a spy and all, Brian had one of these specially modified iPhones. Spy book was essentially a social network for spies. As crazy as it seems, it can actually be accessed by anyone with a computer. It runs as a Facebook extension, and if you can access Facebook .com then you can access Spy book.

He took a picture of his Breitling and posted it with the caption; #mycoverisrichbadass. Gotta love it :)

He went around a few different stalls buying exotic fruits and jewelry for Sarah. The prices were sheer bloody murder compared to

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what these products would cost in England! He even bought a PlayStation 4 with twenty games just for 8200 Jamaican dollars. That may seem like a lot but when converted it's only about fifty pounds.

When he was at last finished with all his shopping he made his way back to the Villa. He looked at his watch. Three o' clock. "Might as well head to Adrian's then" he said to himself. He did have two hours still until the deadline but quite frankly he didn't have anything better to do.

He reached the house, and saw that the queen's villa was indeed just down the road. He ruffled up his hair a little bit and made sure his shirt wasn't tucked into his shorts. He didn't want to make it look like he wanted to be there. On the contrary he wanted to make it look like he really couldn't give a shit.

He rang the doorbell which was situated on a life sized model of a man sniffing cocaine. Wow, thought Brian, they're not making it obvious at all.

He was taking in the surroundings, when the door opened a minute or so later. Brian recognized the face standing across from him as the face of Adrian Breakenridge and was reassured that he wasn't in any danger. Adrian did not seem like someone who could harm Brian.

Adrian was rather agitated however and rushed Brian inside.

"Get inside now please. Quickly" he hissed looking around the streets getting more and more agitated by the second. Brian stepped inside and got a whiff of pine needles. The room they were standing in was huge square with a red velvet carpet reminding Brian of a Hollywood movie premier. A big crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling and a spiral staircase swerved upwards to the upper floors with a polished golden banister.

Adrian at last closed the door after finishing his suspicious surveillance, but he seemed still very agitated and worried.

“Are you OK?” asked Brian carefully, not to upset or to offend Adrian. He looked at Brian. His face was acquiring its normal color again, and when he spoke it was the friendly voice from the marketplace that had been so keen on Brian's money. “Yeah. I'm OK Mon. It's just... you see the line of work I'm involved in isn't, how you would say, 100% legit. So if there was a cop who'd followed you here I gotta be careful. I don't feel like paying no bribes today” he said in his typical Jamaican accent.

“What kind of illegal activities are we talking about here?” asked Brian innocently. Adrian studied Brian's face expression and when he was satisfied he laughed and gave Brian a very devilish smile and said:

“If I told you that, I would have to kill you. And Mon, if there's one thing I hate, it's getting blood on a red carpet”. Brian laughed too but was quite uneasy because he couldn't quite make out whether Adrian was being serious or not.

“I'm kidding of course. But I will only tell you what I do, if you've gone through standard Job interview proceedings. Now, Follow me.” he ordered after he explained what would be happening in the next couple of minutes.

Adrian led Brian to a door which was tightly secured. It had more security enhancements than Brian could count. And it was very complicated.

Adrian pulled out a large key, much to the confusion of Brian. There was no key hole so Brian was very curious as to how exactly, Adrian would open the door.

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Adrian lifted the key as high as he possibly could and waved it around a little bit, until the door opened with a short, vibrant, buzz.

The room behind the door, was quite small by the standards of the house, and all it had for content was two long couches and a TV. The two couches, the TV, and the whole floor were covered completely in plastic. This, scared the absolute shit out of Brian.

“Woah, what the hell man! I've seen Dexter. I thought you wanted to interview me, not kill me!” he shouted.

Adrian tried to calm him down. I think he may have realized that the room was a bit overpowering.

“The company boss insisted that I use this room for the interview. Don't worry man. It always looks this way. Now, on to the Interview”. Once Brian was reassured that Adrian wasn't trying to kill him, and Adrian saw that Brian was calmed down and unaware, he struck!

He spun around, much quicker than Brian had anticipated Adrian's movement, and kicked to the direction of Brian's unprotected Crown Jewels. Brian jumped to one side and snapped Adrian's head forward by thrusting the palm of his hand into Adrian's head with such strength, speed and agility, that Adrian fell forwards on to the plastic covered floor. The fight wasn't over yet though. Adrian got up as quickly as he'd fallen and Brian was about to retaliate when Adrian quickly spoke to him in a surprisingly calm manner.

“Sit down please” he said. He waited for a few minutes for Brian to gather himself and plant his bum on one of the couches. Then Adrian started coughing and wheezing so badly that Brian thought he was going to spew up his lungs. He was going to offer his help but was

relieved to see that Adrian was searching through his pockets for what Brian thought was an inhaler.

Brian was acceptably shocked however, when Adrian took out a small see-through packet containing white powder, no doubt cocaine. Adrian then poured some out onto his hand and snorted. He snorted three times in a row before putting the bag back into his pocket. He then sat down on the second unoccupied, couch.

“First question mon, where did you learn those combat skills? They were to say the least very impressive. But I somehow don't think you picked them up while working out at your local gym.” he said sarcastically but yet appreciatively of his skills.

Brian racked his brains for a reasonable explanation. There was of course no reasonable explanation, but Brian did his best anyways.

“I did Karate when I was eighteen. I was always a bit of a fitness junkie, and I loved being able to just pick a fight with the average person. I only got into...” started Brian, luckily not having to think of more lies to feed the person sitting across from him, as Adrian had interrupted him.

“Good answer.” he said nodding truthfully. “How did you get the job you had in England. I mean, I suspect not just anyone can go become the manager of a stock brokering firm. And if you are now only twenty seven, weren't you a little under qualified experience wise at the time?”

Brian's mind raced once again until he came up with a reasonably reasonable explanation.

“My father had very good connection to say the least, and I attended St. Paul's private school in London before I went to university.

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I went to Stanford in the US, where I was awarded my masters degree a year early.

“When I was finished with university my father got me a job at Brandon Melbourne stock brokering and with my high credentials I was able to become manager of the firm within a year of me working there. But it wasn't just the high credentials. I'm especially gifted with anything to do with math.” said Brian. And he wasn't lying. Brian really did have a gift. But we'll get to that later.

“Hmmm. Interesting. Good with numbers eh? It so happens that there is a job opening where numbers are involved. Lots of numbers.” said Adrian curiously.

“But there is only one of these jobs in our company, which is a very unusual company Mon. Most jobs in the company do not require any skills except bravery and the ability to keep your mouth shut when being questioned by a pig.

“If you got those skills you're hired after a short identification form is filled out. That's how easy it is. But it seems not in your case.”

Brian listened to Adrian and intended to impress his new employer. He said nothing for a long time, implying as Adrian had quoted, that he could keep his trap shut.

Adrian noticed this and broke the silence. “Well done. You obviously can keep your trap shut when a little piggy is investigating you. But I do hope that you weren't implying that I'm a pig! Because to make sure you understand, I am not one of the pigs” he said breaking into a grin letting Brian know that he had only been teasing him.

Adrian took out a laminated A1 sized page and handed it to Brian. Brian thought it was most likely a questionnaire so he opened his mouth to ask for a pen.

He hadn't spoken one single word, when Adrian slapped him around the head with a sharp crack. For a second or two Brian was numb with shock but then the pain began. He got splitting headache almost immediately and there was a faint ringing in his ears too.

He, painfully lifted his head to Adrian who had one finger on his lips, which Brian guessed was Adrian's way of telling him to just shut up.

Brian looked at the laminated page and let out a small gasp silent enough that Adrian couldn't hear.

The 'Identification form', as it was titled, was made up of several common questions you would usually fill out for a normal job opening. For instance; what your name was, what age you were, and where you were currently living.

But what was unusual about this particular identification form was that all the spaces which were usually left open for the answer of the question, were already filled in. This was, Brian assumed, a sort of power play, to show him that he had no secrets from the company. In the space for name it was filled out as 'Brian Wilson' which was a relief to Brian. He somehow guessed that the following events would not be so great for him otherwise.

"What the f--" started Brian, who had just come to the realization that Santiago Lopez and his crew, also knew his complete bank details. It seemed as if Santiago Lopez had complete access to the billions of pounds that Revilo had placed in the bank account for the benefit of the mission. Brian was obviously not supposed to spend the money, but it could potentially be a problem if a drug baron had access to those billions of tax payer money.

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“We managed to easily hack your account details, and we can transfer every single pence in there if you go against us. Let it be an empty threat but I now have to ask you, are you in or are you out?” Adrian asked pulling out a silenced desert eagle and pointing it roughly in the direction of Brian’s heart.

Brian knew there was no way out anymore so he put on his best innocent voice and said: “Look I can't really accept your offer without knowing what I'm accepting. Would you please care to share with me what this line of work involves”?

Adrian laughed. “Coke. Cocaine. The white stuff. Whatever the hell you wanna call it Mon”. He stopped laughing and put on his serious face.

“I don't want to kill you. But since you know what we do now, I might just take use of the fact that the whole room is covered in plastic. But as I said I don't want to. But if you're against us, then I will take all your money, and throw you into the Caribbean Sea. It's that simple.

“That doesn’t have to happen of course, if you accept to work for the white powdered land”. Brian bit his tongue and had to restrain himself from beating Adrian to a pulp. Not only did he now know that he was on the right track for the mission, that made him happy not aggravated, but worse still was that he now knew that Adrian worked for the same company, that killed his cousin Andy. It was what Adrian had said that reminded Brian of what his cousin's computer screen had said: The white powdered land.

“In” was all he could reply to Adrian without giving away, his emotions.

“Great! Let’s get started right away then” said Adrian cheerfully, clearly not picking up that Brian, was in a very bad space.

He got up and walked towards the door. He beckoned to Brian to follow him. He lifted the giant key as high as possible again and waved it around as the door buzzed and reopened.

Brian this time had time to examine the process of the security. A small white box on top of the door, releasing a thin red laser, was examining the key as well as the holder's fingerprint for a few seconds. It was top notch security, and Brian suspected although he now worked with people who seemed to be high on cocaine most of the time, that they were very careful people.

Adrian took Brian up the spiral staircase. They reached the second floor where Brian once again was standing on the 'Hollywood Premier' velvet carpet in a long corridor. He noted that the whole house was probably covered in it.

Adrian and Brian walked on down the corridor for a short amount of time, until they at last reached the end.

They arrived at an old fashioned metal door that looked like the entrance to a WWII Bunker. Brian looked mystified so Adrian explained what the door was used for and where it led.

“We have a senior police officer situated in the Jamaican Intelligence. And no Jamaican Intelligence doesn't sound like a threat and you're right there.

“Five years ago, every single house in this street was raided, after one of our ex employees went AWOL, and gave away information about the white powdered land's headquarters here in Montego Bay, to the CIA. Having the CIA interested in our company is very, bad for business to say the least. And we had to pay a very large sum of money

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to our man on the inside, to remove this house from the list of suspects. The badass door is to make sure that if that mistake ever happens again, that everyone can get out in the time needed to cut through this door.” he explained clearly proud of the way he had been able to so easily manipulate, a servant of the law, with money. Drugs money, to make things worse.

Brian also grinned. Revalo had long since suspected that Santiago had a mole inside the Jamaican secret service, but Adrian had just confirmed it. This was good news.

But Brian was more interested in the ex employee who went AWOL, and he had an awful feeling that the man Adrian was talking about, was his cousin.

“So what happened to the guy who went AWOL?” he asked unsure if the question was going to arouse Adrian’s suspicion. But Adrian just continued smiling and said: “Got that problem over and done with two months ago. He was actually pretty hard to find.” as he motioned with his Desert eagle, to his head and mouthed 'bang'. That news came as a punch to the gut to Brian. But the show must go on he said to himself. He promised to take revenge later.

“I’m going to take you in now. There’s no going back after you go through this door. I’ll be honest if you turn back now I’ll have to kill you, but I have to warn you nevertheless.

“In there and everywhere, from now on, you call me Ade. Everybody has a nickname in the company, and you call each other only by that nickname. Yours is now Brie. We always have an E at the back of the nickname, for some kind of weird reason, but don’t ask me why, ‘because I honestly have no idea. If you ever think of a reason though, tell me. I’d love to know” he smiled. He really did seem proud

of this place, making Brian believe that Adrian actually owned the house.

Adrian begun turning the wheel while muttering silently to himself. “Clockwise, anti, anti, clockwise, clockwise, anti, anti, clockwise, clockwise, and finally the last bloody anti!” He was making an obvious effort to keep quiet but apparently the cocaine only allowed him to be so quiet, and Brian heard every word he said.

Now on to Brian's gift mentioned earlier. Brian called it meditative memory learning, or MML for short. This ability or gift as he called it, was extremely useful, and rare. In fact to date Brian was the only person alive to know that he had it, and be able to use it.

MML enabled Brian to learn any information or skill set by simply reading the target information or skill aloud while in a unique meditative trance. Brian would go into this trance, and not come out of it until he had read everything about the subject that there was to read. When he came out of the trance, he would be able to remember everything he had just read. It was as if he had a photographic memory with an updated version of the brain.

Snapping back to reality, after quickly loading the combination of turns to open the door, into his brain, Brian now watched Adrian frustratingly mutter at the door.

“Took your time ya stupid little shit” he said as he waited for the door, which was now opening completely.

Behind the door was a corridor that went on for 7 or so meters until it came to a halt by a dark, black wall. Adrian wanted to go forwards into the corridor but stopped himself. He couldn't help to take time out to brag more about himself, the house and his beloved company. It was just in his nature.

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“Only the most senior officials in our company, know the code to open this place. Only SanLoe's most trusted enforcers, and friends are allowed in the headquarters. He doesn't just like to get high with anyone.” he bragged.

As high as he was, he did acknowledge that Brian might not know who the hell he was talking about. He didn't offer an explanation however. Brian had guessed SanLoe was most likely Santiago Lopez, but a normal citizen who had only just been recruited wouldn't know whether SanLoe was a politician or an Eight mile rapper. “Who is SanLoe?” asked Brian innocently. Adrian looked dead serious. Or at least Brian thought he was supposed to look serious, as Brian couldn't really tell the difference while Adrian was high on coke.

“Come. It is time for you to meet the man, who runs the company. His name, is SANTIAGO LOEPEZ”.

He walked straight down the corridor, and didn't stop at the end. Or at least Brian didn't think he stopped at the end. It was a very dark room and Brian could only make the outlines of the wall out as he followed Adrian. And Brian turned out to be right. Adrian hadn't stopped he had instead turned left into a room covered with the same red velvet carpet, and with another very expensive looking chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

“I'd move on if I were you. I wouldn't want you to fail on your final test.” said Adrian from the center of the room. Brian was still standing in the dark corridor and was wondering what on earth Adrian was talking about when suddenly behind him, with a silent, mechanical, sound, a device that looked strangely a lot like a camera appeared.

Brian couldn't have been more wrong though. As he moved closer to it, to figure out what in the world it was, the thing which he

thought to be the lens, opened. And shot white hot flames straight at Brian!

Chapter 10

Santiago Lopez, or SanLoe as the members of his 'company' called him, was a very rich and very successful man. Born in 1974, He graduated from Harvard Med with a doctorate and was sure to excel in life and save many lives. But fate chose a different path and he was arrested for being found with a large amount of cocaine.

He claims that he was set up, but couldn't prove it whilst in custody. On his way to his sentencing, the bus taking him, was stopped by a gang that recruited him in return for his freedom. Although it is unknown who this gang was, it is believed that this gang was mainly the cause for Santiago's rise to power in the criminal underworld.

He was long since forgotten about, until one of his closest associated got caught with a kilogram of cocaine and a weapon used in the recent murder of a police officer. Santiago's associate offered information, for a lighter prison sentence, but was shanked in his prison cell after Santiago found out about his betrayal. It is unknown what exactly the informant told the authorities but whatever it was, made Santiago a very interesting man, to some very important Intelligence figures.

Santiago's exact location was unknown but his headquarters were believed to be situated in Montego Bay. An embarrassing amount

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of attempts have been made to infiltrate his organization and all ended in failure.

On this particular morning Santiago, now aged 40 was just awoken by the familiar sound of his cellphone being rung by one of his associates from his now international business.

Santiago answered the phone and put it on loudspeaker.

“Yello mon.” he answered halfheartedly pissed off by being awoken at 7am on a Saturday morning. When getting high as a skyscraper the night before, and doing some extremely weird shit, he expected to be able to sleep out. “It’s me Ade. I have excellent news” said Adrian not even surprising Santiago with the excitement in his voice.

“Let me guess. Culina gave us free cocaine and told us that we can have Miami as well” said Santiago sarcastically.

“Or better yet, the police called and said that all is forgiven?” he said.

Adrian gasped.

“How high did you actually get last night”? He said in complete shock that Santiago would be so careless to mention Culina on an unencrypted line. But as shocked as Adrian was, it had been a long time coming. The years were making Santiago careless.

You see Santiago would’ve been taken down by the secret services years ago if it hadn’t been for his obsession of extreme caution. The man was obsessed with it! Whenever Santiago answered his phone he would put on a Scottish accent. When he was then talking to one of his associates he always referred to cocaine as 'product' or 'the goods' in case the phone was bugged or somebody was eavesdropping

nearby. And last but not least his absolute golden rule was not to mention anything secret. Especially not as secret as Culina.

The Sacred Culina, was nothing but a name to the Intelligence agencies. And that was thanks to Santiago.

The organization was formed in Chile in 1961 by a man by the name of Roberto Culina. He was the equivalent of Chile's Godfather, and starting off with small muggings and robberies, the gang noticed in the early 1970's how valuable the coca plant, which was growing practically all around them, really was.

By 1977 the gang had discarded all other illicit activities and focused all their resources on producing Cocaine. By 1978 they already owned more than 20 square kilometers of land throughout Chile where coca was growing. .

In 1980, they found a candidate to run the whole business side of the operation so Sacred Culina didn't have to get their name publicized. Unfortunately that man was a happy doctor working in California. His name was of course Santiago Lopez, and after they framed him, they helped him escape the law in exchange for his business mind.

The whole operation begun then, and Santiago started the company that he runs today.

During the present day, sacred Culina has been making double than that what Santiago makes, for the simple reason they use; we got you started, you owe us. Santiago estimates their personal wealth at roughly about 800 million pounds.

Now you might be able to see why Adrian had been so completely shocked. This was after all the mass supplier of Santiago's

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whole operation. And talking about it so openly over an unencrypted line was just, completely, stupid!

“Actually mon, it's a hell of a lot better than that”. Said Adrian calming down slightly.

“I've just gotten a call from our man over in Revilo. He's been monitoring the wealthiest people in England for over a year now. Strangely enough a man popped up on his screen out of the blue this morning. He says he doesn't know of any missions in Jamaica this year so it seems the guy's legit.

“The man's name is Brian Willison but that's not the amazing part. The man is a billionaire, manager of a stockbroking company and he just bought the queen's villa around the corner. And I don't know about you boss, but I would love to meet the man who was able to buy a house from the queen!” he said getting all hyped up. He was clearly proud of his discovery

“You would think I was a five year old, on a sugar high Mon. My mind is going insane!” Said Santiago, whose mind was not yet fully functioning after getting so high the night before.

“But what's so great about that? I don't see why you give a shit that there's another billionaire living on this godforsaken street. We've got enough of them as it is. I mean honestly why they even-” he said until his mouth became a perfect O when he understood what Adrian was trying to tell him.

“When this Willison fella comes out of the villa I want you to follow him and make conversation. Then I want you to ask him, as innocently as possible, if he has a job. If he doesn't, feed him more innocent crap on the 'job interview'. If he comes I want you to interrogate him in the, you know where room at the, you know where,

location” he said. He may have been high, but his extreme caution was slowly returning.

Adrian knew where the so-called “you know where” room was and he was once again reminded that he didn’t feel comfortable with the fact that Santiago was using his mansion for the headquarters of his drug trade.

He decided to annoy Santiago a bit.

“I also called with some bad news now that you reminded me” he said. He stopped awaiting a retort that Adrian shouldn’t blame Santiago for stupid little things. No retort came and so he continued.

“The Student Council have been making contacts with the ex MI5 heads. I personally think the Student Council are on dangerous ground dealing with some revenge crazed lunatics who were once in charge. Those guys are filled with rage Mon, and anyone can see that!

“The whole cocaine business will go under if you’re friend Robert is put in prison. The only way we can stop that from happening is if we stop him dealing with these two. You know, shit will happen if these two forces collide.” he said.

Santiago said noting for several moment, which to Adrian seemed like a lifetime.

“I see your very important point.” said Santiago. There was another long pause, and Adrian knew he’d made a mistake in aggravating his boss. The people who were close to Santiago knew just how short his fuse was. It was very short

“What the hell do those bloody idiots think they’re doing?” he asked Adrian, without expecting an answer.

“Dealing with those two. And people call me insane? I’m not the one who’s dealing with stupid wanted men! I am a wanted man, and

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it's hard enough for me to stay hidden, let alone help some filthy Chileans!" he screamed. Santiago was no racist. But when he spoke in a racist manner, you knew he was pissed.

Adrian had wanted to make him mad, yes, but he had also been telling Santiago real information. And he was worried.

Sacred Culina wasn't dealing with the two ex heads with drugs, and neither were they dealing with information. Oh no. Something far worse which for Adrian meant nothing but disaster. But we'll get to that later.

But what Adrian did know now, was if the current cocaine trade would fall to pieces, then a war for power and control, over the white powder, would erupt. And it would be bloody, and it would be brutal.

The second problem for Santiago and his business, was that Sacred Culina practically owned Santiago's business. It was like Santiago and the white powdered land were the branch, and Roberto Culina and his Sacred Culina were cooperate.

The problem has started long ago, when Santiago wanted to leave the business, and move onto a less harming drug like marijuana. That was until Sacred Culina managed to get Santiago addicted to cocaine. Even though that changed his mind on which drug to sell, he still didn't want to work for Sacred Culina.

The only problem was Santiago wouldn't even have a business if Sacred Culina didn't produce the drugs. This meant that Santiago couldn't leave the business without losing everything he had, and Sacred Culina couldn't kill Santiago without losing their buyer. The situation sort of settles things between both parties, but neither one was happy with the situation.

Back to reality, Adrian began thinking about all the good people who'd die if Santiago took on Roberto and his company. It would be like the smaller, more violent version of World War III.

Santiago liberated Adrian from these gruesome thoughts.

“I want you to negotiate with those dickheads. Remind them who sorted out their shit when they messed up in Rio. And give them a very detailed explanation of what happened there. How we had to bribe half of the bloody police force just to get them away from the shipment. It cost me five million Dollars just to pay every witness there.

“And then I want you to remind them, that we were in that mess, because they sent an unguarded cargo ship, filled with crates of cocaine to a contact, they had never even met before. And remind them how stupid one has to be, to not even suspect a situation like that to be a set up!” he shouted. He had once again forgotten that he was talking on an unencrypted line.

Adrian didn't know what to say. He knew what Santiago wanted to hear, sure, but he wasn't exactly going to tell a man who killed people for fun, that he was an idiot. Roberto killed a lot of people.

“SanLoe, I'll talk to Roberto. But for now, if I might just take us back to the good news, and forget about Roberto and all those troubles?” asked Adrian trying to change the subject. He waited for Santiago to reply, but nothing came.

“What do I do if he accepts to work for us? What job should I give him? I can't just make him a muscle man. He is a billionaire after all. ” he said a bit puzzled. Sure, Santiago wanted him but Adrian couldn't exactly give a low paying security job to a billionaire.

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“Bring him up to me and I’ll talk to him. You got that?”

Santiago replied bluntly. Adrian nodded but remembered he wasn’t talking to Santiago face to face but over the phone

“Yes mon.” he said. “And boss, don’t worry. Our student council problem will sort itself out.” Adrian hung up. He rushed towards his house door, where the doorbell had just rang.

Meanwhile on the other end of the line Santiago began singing himself to sleep after stretching out.

“Rivers and roads, Rivers and roads, Rivers ‘til I reach you” he sang to himself. Who said Drug Lord’s didn’t enjoy a little calm indie music now and then?

Chapter 11

There was a big explosion followed by a series of swear words. Brian's eyes were stinging and little piles of white foam were lying all over the blacked out corridor.

The camera flame thrower, which had almost cooked Brian alive, had now returned beneath the floor of the corridor. Brian was shaking and rubbing his eyes at the same time, for whoever had used the fire extinguished to get rid of the flamethrower had also soaked Brian in flame retardant liquid.

Adrian (or Ade as Brian had been ordered to call him) was also sitting up against the wall of the corridor. He was however, not soaked in flame retardant liquid. Brian started getting up slowly, while simultaneously wiping off what he could from his clothes. He was having trouble standing upright, which was, he assumed, caused by the liquid inside his eyes. They were burning and giving him a searing headache.

“What just happened, Ade?” he asked Adrian. He got no response from the man opposite him, unless you call taking another

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snort of cocaine a response. Brian began focusing his eyes to see what the hell had put him in a near death experience.

As it turned out, there was a device stuck to the wall which seemed all too similar to a model at Revilo called the mobile DNA scanner. When connected to a weapon system, wirelessly, the DNA scanner could be programmed to a certain persons DNA, enabling it to only fire upon that person. Brian suddenly became awfully dizzy and slumped back down to the ground.

As he fell down Adrian stood up, re energized by the cocaine, and walked over to Brian.

He picked Brian up and brought him out into the big room outside the dark corridor. He put Brian down on a couch and made sure Brian's head was turned towards him. He seemed quite sorry for forgetting to mention to Brian; down the corridor that you're about to walk down is a flamethrower that's going to kill you. But don't worry. And Adrian knew by the expression on Brian's face that he should probably explain, what exactly just happened.

“Santiago Lopez is a very careful man. Whenever we get a new employee, we have to first upload their DNA to our Company's database so machines like the one that just tried to kill you, don't try to kill you. The machine scans your complete body for DNA. When it has gathered sufficient information it can run the information it gathered, against the DNA information stored on our database. The machine itself isn't the weapon, but we consider it just as deadly as a weapon.” he explained still extremely angry at himself, for almost killing a man worth billions. Santiago himself would have cooked Adrian if something had happened to the new gold mine.

Brian was still slightly confused, to how exactly Adrian had saved his life.

“I threw a fire extinguisher straight at your head. The flames were giving off so much heat that the liquid inside began to cook. The material which the container was made out of blew up and forced the flamethrower back under the floor. I'm not too sure why it went back, but obviously the pressure from the flame retardant liquid caused some kind of reaction. But anyways, the thing exploded, and next thing I knew I was on the floor.” he said proudly.

Brian could almost feel the powerful blast that the pressurized can must have caused. He also had a strange feeling that the walls in the hidden corridor had been a bright color like pink years ago, until the drug lord situated his headquarters here. Don't ask me why a bright color, but Brian was sure of it.

He got himself to stand up and focus a little more on his surroundings. He noticed three HD flat Screens hanging off the wall and they seemed brand new, and recently out of the box.

Plugged into them was an Xbox 360 with four controllers beside it and a PlayStation four also with four controllers. Funnily enough, the only game options were GTA V, for both consoles. The game consoles also seemed brand new, and looking around the room more closely Brian noticed how big the room actually was. He described it simply as, very large.

There were seven leather couches, all positioned in a way that everyone sitting down could see each other, and at one end of the rectangle the couches made up, there was a bar.

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There were two doors, directly next to each other and even those doors, had this glossy look about them which made them seem once again, brand new.

Brian's thoughts were interrupted with Adrian returning to his seldom angry personality. Brian was beginning to wonder if the cocaine that Santiago Lopez sold had a special mood changing side effect.

"What bloody day is it," he asked menacingly. Brian quickly checked his iPhone. He had no idea, as to why Adrian would get upset about which day of the week it was.

"It's Thursday, why?" Brian asked, taken aback. Adrian didn't answer him immediately and when he did, he only muttered one word; Thursday. He paused and silently sighed. It seemed like Adrian didn't want to explain what the reason for his sighing was.

"Every Thursday we have a white Powdered Land tradition called Tenugg day. Everybody in the company is invited to take part in a tennis tournament. Nobody has to work unless there's an emergency and Santiago shows up every Thursday himself. There's prize money involved if you can win the tournament." he explained scornfully.

Now Brian begun understanding the strange behavior he'd been noticing. While walking through the house, at numerous time he had thought he heard noises coming from the roof. He did assume, that the tennis courts were on the roof.

Adrian was already walking towards one of the doors when he beckoned for Brian to follow. He opened the door and the Jamaican evening heat hit Brian full in the face causing him to almost immediately sweat.

"Welcome to my four private tennis courts" Adrian exclaimed enthusiastically. Brian stepped outside and felt as if he had just walked

onto a professional Tennis grounds. Upon further inspection, Brian concluded that as Adrian had said, there were four courts, each court surrounded by a net reaching high into the sky. Brian was sure having to fetch the balls each and every time they went a little too far, would become quite a nuisance after the first couple of times. And Santiago's solution was; a net for the balls. Simple and effective.

There were floodlights as well, and another large bar area was situated opposite the two center courts. There was one large scoreboard hanging off a wall behind the bar and the bar man seemed to be keeping score of all the matches at the same time.

The whole ceiling Brian was standing on was in its own way unique. It had stairs leading upwards from where Brian and Adrian had come from and one had to watch one's head not to bang it from the low hanging roof. It was massive and a normal ceiling should have caved in by now. It must have been extremely stable to withstand the weight of the many people currently on it.

Brian's elaborate inspection was disturbed by Adrian, who had begun fixating on one player in particular, and was now pulling Brian towards his target. Brian knew that they had arrived, when he saw how agitated Adrian was becoming around the man dressed in expensive designer sports gear and equipped with an expensive Wilson K Factor K Six-One Tour 90. The racket, Brian knew from experience, was considered by many, the best racket in the world. This man was obviously serious about the sport.

The man looked up and saw Adrian standing there. His face looked calm and tired, in a worn out way. He had bulging muscles giving Brian the impression that the man worked out extensively, all day, every day.

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“Hello Brian Wilson. I must say, I've been wanting to meet you ever since Adrian here told me about you. You seem like quite a guy.” he said enthusiastically. He spoke with an almost identical to Brian, posh English accent with the exception that unlike Brian's accent, the man's had easily noticeable hints of a Jamaican accent.

Brian was however, less interested in the man's accent, and rather more interested in the fact that the man knew his name.

“How do you know my name?” Brian asked intrigued. He didn't get an answer, but Adrian did get a smack around the head.

“Why didn't you tell him my name, you idiot. What's the good in having henchmen if they're all as useless as you?” he said then turning back to Brian.

“You must excuse me. My name is Santiago Lopez. I am your new boss.” Brian looked absolutely gob-smacked. MI5 and MI6 had been trying to get an updated photo of Santiago Lopez ever since he became a wanted man. To the day of their downfall. They had not managed it.

Adrian's face was red and he was clearly afraid of Santiago. Brian was getting the impression that Santiago was quite a strict boss. Santiago glowered at Adrian and finally spoke to diffuse the tension

“Can you play tennis, Brie?” he asked Brian. Brian nodded and Santiago started smiling.

“Well that is excellent news. I'll tell you what. If you can beat douchebag over here” he gestured at Adrian, “I'll give you a superb job that many of my workers would have to work years to get. In case you're wondering what that exactly means, I'm offering to give you a job after our first meeting, that people have to work five or six years for. How does that sound?” he asked happily.

Brian nodded but Adrian's sour expression and decided to pretend to care for him.

“Why do you like me so much? I mean I know you're offering me a killer job here, but why exactly didn't I get one of the crappy jobs? Why doesn't someone like Ade get this job? He seems more than capable.” he asked defending Adrian who still wore a very, sour expression.

Brian had however, chosen the wrong set of words, because Adrian no longer looked sour, but frightened. Was Adrian scared of Santiago? Brian's suspicion was prove correct when Santiago slapped Adrian hard across the face.

“Didn't this complete idiot tell you anything? Did he not tell you, that just this morning, we were informed by our informant in England, that one very rich ex stock marketing firm manager, had just bought the Queen's Villa, from the Queen. We knew everything about you Brian, before you even knew who we were.

“You see you should know, that when you go against somebody like me, I am always one step ahead. Just keep that in mind, when you thrash Ade here in a game of tennis. It's either you play him, or I kill him. You're choice.” he explained still in a calm manner. How he could just keep his cool like that, was a mystery to Brian

“I'll play him of course. I wouldn't want you to get blood on the courts.” said Brian, joking to ease the tension. He honestly couldn't tell if Santiago was serious, but he didn't want to find out.

Brian was quite relieved however, as he now knew that Santiago had found and inspected all the information of Brian's cover story. If Santiago was persuaded, then Brian's cover should remain intact.

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Brian and Adrian moved to one of the courts that had just become free. Brian was handed a racket, not as fancy as Santiago's, but nevertheless expensive. He was handed a pair of Nike tennis shoes and was told to get ready.

The umpire gave the signal to begin, and soon Brian was battling his opponent in the sweltering heat. He was destroying and humiliating Adrian, who apparently was the fifth best player in the company. Brian wanted to let Adrian win, but quite frankly getting the job was good for the mission. And, Brian just really enjoyed beating Adrian.

Chapter 12

Brian arrived back at the villa about an hour or two after beating Adrian in tennis. He would have arrived back sooner except he was challenged by a group of drunk muscle men, to down three liters of beer in 30 seconds.

“Jug jug jug until you barf. Jug jug jug jug jug until you Barf,” sang Jaques Monica, one of the muscle men, who was, as it turned out, the only French man in the company.

Brian of course did ‘jug’ down the beer and he told himself it was for the good of the mission. That was a pretty weak excuse, and he knew himself he just wanted to have a little fun. The fun ended however two minutes later, when Brian puked up the majority of what he just drank. He usually had a rather large tolerance of alcohol, but consuming so much, in so little time, even an alcoholic couldn't handle. He swayed around in a drunken haze on his way back to the Villa, and fell face first onto the road several times as well.

He allowed the security panel on the front door to scan his fake finger, and as the door buzzed open, he stumbled inside. Brian jumped

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back and slammed into the door, in surprise. In front of him there were two men (Brian would find out later that it was only one person and that he was seeing double after the beer) and they were holding automatic machine guns pointing straight at Brian's chest.

“Get down on the floor and put your hands on your chest. If you resist I will not hesitate to shoot you in the head.” shouted the mysterious man. He was dressed all in black from head to toe, and wore a ski mask to keep his identity hidden.

Brian cooperated, and slowly got down on the smooth comfortable dark blue carpet, which covered most of the villa's floor. The man bent down and searched Brian for hidden weapons. Brian had completely forgotten about his hidden handgun, but he doubted that in his drunken state he would have had a chance against an automatic machine gun anyways. The man pulled out the ammo cartridge and examined the bullets.

“Where did you get these?” he said with all of hell's anger in his voice.

“From my girlfriend's arms dealer man, Where the hell else?” said Brian with a smile. Although this was kind of a life and death situation, the alcohol in his system was giving him an 'I couldn't give a shit' state of mind.

There was a flash and Brian felt cold metal on his throat. The man had pulled out a knife quicker than a cheetah chasing his prey, and was now holding it closely to Brian's undefended throat.

“If you don't answer me properly I will kill you. It's as simple as that. I know of more than a hundred ways to kill you, but I prefer slitting someone's throat, because there's a lot of blood. And I love blood. So, how about you answer me, and live another day.” he said.

Brian was getting a strong feeling that the man was psychotic and extremely dangerous. The man reminded Brian of Santiago in this aspect, and thought it'd be funny if Santiago and the man, were killer buddies or something of the sort. It did not cross Brian's mind that the man might be working for Santiago. That's how drunk he was.

“I got them at this place, near this other different place, where this one dude and another dude made them for me, and they sent them to a different place, where I was to collect them,” said Brian giving his all time best effort not to crack up laughing. Coming to think of it, which he really couldn't with his unfocussed mind, Brian couldn't remember one other time when he'd been this drunk.

The man took out a pair of handcuffs and tightened them around Brian's hands. He picked Brian up by his hair and dragged him to a room that Brian hadn't noticed while wandering around the house earlier that day.

He opened the door, with a faked key that looked exactly the same as Brian's. The door buzzed open and Brian got started to get worried. I know what you're thinking. After being threatened with death multiple times, he only gets worried now? The effects of alcohol ladies and gentlemen. Making death seem like the most hilarious joke ever spoken, since 10,000 BC.

Brian's thoughts accelerated faster and faster, fueled by what seemed, an endless supply of alcohol. If this man had a key, identical to his, then he must have either stolen the queen's finger, or, the more likely of the possibilities, gotten the finger from a double agent within Revilo. And that, was not good news. A double agent would have also told the two gunmen who attacked the Revilo jet, exactly where they had to be, at what time. It was an intelligence agency's biggest

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nightmare, and when a double agent came along, he or she had to be taken care of immediately.

Inside the room, there was complete darkness, and all Brian could do, was sit tight and wait for the man to turn on the lights.

The darkness was a perfect cover, and as Brian began sobering up, he also started picking the lock of his handcuffs with a needle he kept inside his pocket at all times.

The lights go on. The man slaps Brian hard across the face and Brian is forced to stop picking the lock.

Brian looked around the room with pain. He saw a few boxes, and more boxes, and as far as his vision could reach, he saw more bloody boxes. But they weren't just any boxes. They were the same type of boxes that held the contents of the weapons Brian had used to ruin his room on the Revilo jet.

Brian lifted his face to the man. He had had enough. Sure moments ago he had thought death was just a joke, but now the joke was over. It was time for Brian, to kick some ass. And he meant that, in the literal term.

He pounced onto one of the boxes labeled AUTOMATIC SUB MACHINE GUN, and ripped open the weak cardboard lid. The moment he did though, he regretted it. He turned around to give himself up to the mystery man and was surprised to see that the man had disappeared.

Strange, thought Brian. But not strange enough to go chasing after the man, still in his handcuffs, and to not focus on what he had just discovered.

Stuck to the bottom of the lid was a trip wire. And in Brian's experience, trip wires, were very bad for people's health. Not the wires

themselves. Oh no. The unhealthy part usually followed after the trip wire.

Brian followed the trip wire and sure enough, his worst suspicions were confirmed; the trip wire was connected to one larger wire which fed smaller trip wires into each of the boxes lids. The big wire went into one of the boxes, which looked like every other box in the room. The only difference was this box, had a very nasty surprise waiting inside it.

Inside the box, were plastic explosives piled on top of other plastic explosives, and they were all connected by that one wire. Brian could only imagine what would happen if he took out one of the weapons inside the triggered boxes, and so he decided to have a go at diffusing the bomb.

He walked towards a box which seemed to have been forgotten about and carefully reached inside. While he did all this, he tried remembering everything that had just happened with the man, and why it had happened. He thought the whole situation was strange, but what he found especially strange, was that the man had now vanished.

From inside the box, Brian produced a pair of scissors and slowly walked back to the box of explosives. He opened the lid, and slowly and carefully, began pulling out a device that looked like a detonator. It was very sophisticated and uniquely programmed, so that only the person who armed the bomb could disarm it. It had a screen that showed the state of the bomb, and the rest of the detonator was plastic.

But Brian knew this detonator. It was a detonator like this one that Revilo agents were taught to disarm back at the estate. It was a detonator, produced by Revilo.

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He slid down the plastic case bellow the screen, and a very small plastic keyboard revealed itself. Brian wiped his forehead which was dripping with sweat by now, and typed in the following command;

```
<exe>(Kill)(order)<Agent|NAV|>
```

It was the only code that would disarm the bomb. And being a Revilo agent, Brian luckily knew how to disarm it. The screen on the detonator turned off, and Brian became calm once more.

“I am never ever, going to drink that much again” he said to himself, wishing he could just relive the past three hours and make sure he wouldn't give in to a French man telling him to 'jug'.

He finished picking the lock of his handcuffs and threw them behind him like a movie star.

“So Mr. Ninja, I can slap Brian in the face guy. You wanna play? Cause Boy, you better be ready, for I'm coming for you,” he whispered. He was now 100% sober, more or less and was already hatching a plan for revenge. That was if he could find the sneaky son of a bitch.

He grabbed a bulletproof vest, slipped it over his head, and took an automatic machine gun out of one of the boxes. He made sure it was loaded, and was satisfied with the sound of the cartridge sliding into the gun.

He ran out the door after kicking it down and rolled out into the corridor with a crazy look upon his face, and his gun poised high. He really was going for an Oscar here with all the cheap action moves he was doing!

He stood up straight and looked around at his surroundings more intensely. Brian always did that. It was sort of his way of finding the danger, before the danger found him.

The first thing he noticed, was where in the house he actually was: Right in front of the front door. He remembered stumbling in through the front door earlier in his drunken haze, but he couldn't quite remember how far he'd traveled to the room he'd just emerged from.

He navigated his way through the big house towards his own room. He opened his door and found it exactly the way he had left earlier in the day. Nothing had changed. No signs of mysterious men dressed in black or anything of the sorts. None of that. Just the same old luxurious bedroom.

Brian had thought about going to check if Ernie was alright, but went against the thought, for Ernie would want him to get out of harms way, and worry about him later. Although that wasn't Brian's way of thinking, he did believe that Ernie would be ready for an attack by only one assailant.

Brian went over to where he had left the remote earlier on, and picked it up. He tapped in the combination of channel selection keys, 4787, and like Ernie had showed him earlier, before Brian had been recruited by the biggest drug lord in the world, been mugged etc, etc, the secret compartment of the remote popped out with a satisfying ringing noise.

He pressed the closet button and tapped in 274826. The closet appeared and Brian got out his favorite hand gun. He even gave it a name; arma di morte, which was Italian for Weapon of death. Brian sometimes did have a really morbid humor.

He again tapped 274826 on the remote, pressed the lift button, and watched as the closet quickly disappeared and the lift resurfaced.

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Brian then turned around to his bed, where he had left arma di morte, picked it up, and checked to see if it was loaded. He then placed the gun in the back of his shorts, and entered the lift.

As it took Brian, on an odyssey to the bunker, he began searching for his phone to see if anyone had tried to contact him. When he finally found his phone in the back pocket of his shorts, he decided to give Ernie a call and tell him everything that had happened from the moment Brian had been recruited by a drug organization to the moment he had almost blown up the Villa.

He was going to tell him all that and possibly more, but the lift doors opened with a high pitched dong, and Brian was greeted by the two guards who defended the entrance to the bunker, who were pointing their guns at Brian.

Brian of course knew that the guards first few bullets, were rubber bullets, which did still hurt, but didn't kill. If the two were provoked however, they would act out on a shoot to kill order. But Brian had had an extremely long and awfully strange day, so he just lifted his hands and surrendered.

“Give us your weapons and...” started one of the guards but Brian quickly interrupted him, in an attempt to hurry the procedure up.

“Agent 494 England’s Revilo secret service. I was down here the other day with my handler. I'm living here currently.” he shouted as he pulled out arma di morte and slid it across the floor. He also knelt down on the floor and put his hands slowly behind his head.

“Get up before we splatter the walls with your body particles!” shouted one as he shrugged at his companion. The guard slid the gun back towards Brian, who got up once again and placed the gun in his shorts.

“Private Brian Navel. You should always cooperate with the military, and let them finish their sentences. That rash movement you just did while I was talking could have been read as a threat by me, and I would have probably shot you without thinking about it. For all I knew, you were an associate of some drug gang above ground trying to capture the queen. All I'm saying is be careful!” said the one who had slid Brian’s gun back towards him again.

“You do know, that you're not protecting the queen, but rather me and my handler?” asked Brian.

“Yeah but still,” protests the guard. That's military for you, thought Brian. Always trying to be the important ones in the room!

“Where is *commander* Becclestone? It's urgent!” says Brian with an evil scowl “Inside the bunker, Private Navel.” mumbles the guard.

Brian pulled out his fake finger and let the security system on the door scan it. He waited patiently and when the doors buzzed open, he stepped inside.

Ernie was standing by the kitchen with a steaming cup of coffee held tightly in his hands. He was reading, what Brian assumed to be, some kind of document. It was on the same emerald paper, that official Revilo documents were often printed on. Ernie looked up from the document noticed that Brian was standing there. “Brian, my man. You look like absolute shit, no offense,” shouted Ernie as Brian walked over towards him.

“None taken. You won't believe what just happened to...” started Brian but trailed off when he noticed that Ernie was wearing the same dark clothing that the assailant from earlier was wearing.

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Brian gasped. “You tackled me! And you were going to kill me. What the hell man!” Ernie looked confused. And then the realization hit him.

“Yeah that was me. I'm really sorry. But... Well... In my defense I couldn't actually see you until we got into that room with lights. And I left as soon as I knew it was you. I mean, as much as I enjoyed beating you up a little, I didn't actually mean to hurt you,” explained Ernie. Brian did not look pleased. Ernie noticed the hateful look he was receiving from Brian, and so he decided to quickly explain, why on earth he had done what he had done.

“Ok, so as I said, I'm really sorry. But I do have a reason for physically assaulting my colleague and friend,” he explained.

“And that reason being...?” asked Brian, his voice sounding like cool water hitting a boiling pan.

“You see there was something suspicious going on at the Revilo estate. I haven't gotten the full details from the security team yet, but soon after I was informed of the activity, someone showed up outside the front gate. I thought it was you, but when the person didn't come in I knew something was wrong. I called the two guards outside who were on their night off, and told them to guard the outside of the bunker. They weren't protecting me but all our information on the mission. Information so valuable, it can't be backed up in the cloud, and has to be protected by physical means.

“When they came I quickly went up to the house again to interrogate the man outside. Unfortunately, I was caught off guard by you, since you were suddenly standing in the house.

“I guess you know what happened then. Me... Beating you up and all...” He finished his long and detailed explanation with an aware

tone in his voice. He was very careful to produce his last sentence without angering Brian more because he knew that when Brian got pissed off, it did not end pleasantly.

Brian thought about all the information his brain just processed. He looked up at Ernie and thought that after Ernie telling him everything eventful that had happened while Brian was gone, that he should probably tell him about everything that had happened to him before the incident in the Villa.

“Right, sorry. I should probably tell you about all the great things that happened to me.” Brian smiled.

“Well my day was pretty good. Had a few life or death situations here, and a few tennis matches there. Nothing too exciting.” He paused. “Unless you consider being recruited by the biggest drug lord in the world, exciting.”

While Brian explained what had happened Ernie made coffee for them. He was listening intensely and would occasionally grumble something, or ask something, but other than that he kept quiet.

“And then, in my drunken state, which I previously stated I wasn't proud of, I barged into the house and was confronted by you,” finished Brian.

There was silence as Ernie himself processed everything that Brian had told him. He took his time, and when he spoke, everything around him seemed to stop. He had this sort of ominous way of talking.

“We're in already, which is highly surprising. I'm very impressed and it looks like this is going to be a job well done. But did he actually tell you what job you would get to do for him?” asked Ernie.

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Brian looked at Ernie in a weird sort of tired way as if to say *‘What on earth is twerking?’*

“I don’t know Ernie. It’s a good point though, and I guess I just didn’t think to ask him at the time.” he said in a starry dazed expression.

Ernie laughed and said: “Well tomorrow you are probably going to find out. And I don’t know about you, but I’m dying to find out what your job is going to be. So,” he picked up his coffee mug and said: “To tomorrow. To the Mission. And to making the world a better place!” he toasted and downed the rest of his coffee.

Brian didn’t know what was making him feel so nervous, but something about the way Santiago kept the job a secret made him feel funny. I mean he was a Drug Lord and secrets were part of the business, but Brian’s gut told him otherwise. And Brian strongly relied on his gut feeling.

Chapter 13

Brian woke up five hours later in his own bedroom, and without the threat of someone trying to kill him, he really had slept well. As well as he slept though, he still had a pounding headache.

It was about nine in the morning and the hot Jamaican sun was already baking the insides of the villa, like a chocolate cake in an oven. This was however partially Brian's fault as he had forgotten to turn on the AC before he went to bed.

He got dressed, quickly shaved the small amount of stubble that was gathering on and around his chin, and headed to the dining room for a long awaited, hangover-curing breakfast.

He walked into the kitchen, went straight to the fridge, and gathered all the necessities for a typical full English breakfast. There was nothing in the world that could cure a headache faster than a plate of bacon, and food in general always made Brian feel better.

He fried himself some eggs, tomatoes, mushrooms, toast, sausages and baked beans, and while he waited for the bacon to finish, he made himself a hot cup of tea. He got himself a plate and loaded everything onto the plate and although the plate was large enough as it was, not everything fit perfectly, and as he brought it over to the dining table, the sausage on top of the pile of food wobbled with every step he took. He sat down and began devouring the food in his ravenous

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state and the slime on his face could only be the result of truly delectable food.

Several minutes after beginning to work his way through the mountain of food, Ernie also came to make his own 'Fry up'. Brian often referred to Ernie as a fake English man, because for Brian a Full English, meant with baked beans and bacon, whereas Ernie did not think so. It was one of their reoccurring debates and as petty as it was, the voices of both parties were often raised in the particular argument.

By the time he was finished frying everything, and had neatly placed everything on his plate, Brian was already scraping off the last crumbs and bits off his plate. Brian stood up and handed his plate to one of the two maids of the Villa. He would have cleaned his dishes himself but they were always looking for stuff to do, and since only Brian and Ernie were currently living there, they had next to nothing to do, and mostly sat around the house during the day. For what they were getting paid sitting around was blissful, but Brian still wanted to give them a purpose of being there so to speak.

Brian walked back to the dining table where Ernie was sitting reading the newspaper, and kicked up a conversation. No words had been spoken until now, mainly because both Brian and Ernie had been aware of the breakfast conflict, and neither one wanted to start it so early in the morning.

"So Ernie, what shall we do today?" asked Brian. His eyes kept wandering in the direction of Ernie's plate and even though he had just eaten a full English, his stomach was yet again rumbling.

"I guess what you want. We can maybe watch a few movies, chill in the pool." said Ernie. Brian was surprised. He hadn't expected an answer like that one from Ernie.

“I'm joking you idiot” said Ernie when he noticed the look on Brian's face. “You go over to that guy Adrian's place and you look for Santiago so you can find out what your job is. I mean seriously Brian we're on a bloody mission here not a holiday. At least I'll be doing some real work. The deck chairs by the pool side need someone to lie on them and I'm going to do just that.” Ernie smiled, teasing Brian with whole, doing shit all attitude.

“I agree with me going to the villa, but I firmly believe that you could benefit quite a bit by getting off that lazy backside of yours and actually do something useful, like get documents like the one from yesterday... documented or whatever you do with them,” said Brian careful not to overstep the line between friend and boss.

But then he suddenly froze and focused on exactly what he had just said. This happened quite frequently when he got drunk. He'd forget small fragments from the night before, only to remember them at random points throughout the day after. “What was that document you were holding yesterday anyways? You know the one you were holding down in the bunker?” asked Brian.

Ernie looked uneasy, and it was clear he'd rather not speak about the topic Brian had just asked about.

“Well... it was a document describing your performance on the Alexander Brenans mission.” he said carefully producing his words. As much as he didn't want to speak about it, Brian was going to find out eventually so it might as well come out now.

“Well,” demanded Brian. “How did I do?” he said with a hateful gleam in his eye. Ernie shifted around uncomfortably in his seat, and avoided eye contact with Brian.

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“My *assistants* stated that you did an overall good job on the mission, but describe you blowing up a private jet worth 10 million pounds as unacceptable and irresponsible. I know you told us that it wasn't you, but without evidence we can't prove a thing.

“Though you've served your punishment already, they state that you should be removed from the mission as you're apparently 'unfit' to perform with your full ability. My vote counts just as much as half the panel of assistants and so the dilemma resulted in us having to ask the agents themselves. 97% of the agents said that you should be allowed to stay on the mission as almost everyone knows how great an agent you are. Five agents though, who were involved in major crime missions where they went deep into an organization, left Revilo estate when the verdict came through that you were allowed to continue. They handed in their resignation last night and cut off all communications. We did a lot of research to find a cause that would have provoked five good agents to leave like that, and we can't find anything. Anything except for the fact that one million pounds were transferred into their bank accounts shortly before they cut off communications.

“It pains my heart to say it, but I'm pretty sure they're traitors. Things can go bad if you're deep in an organization, and I think that's exactly what happened with those five.” said Ernie, inhaling deeply and allowing Brian to process all the news. It seemed like a common thing in his line of work; processing information.

He stood up, and nodded. “I guess I'll just get straight to my work then. That is all I can do from here after all, so I might as well just do it” he said, leaving the dining room and walking towards his room. He had noticed that he had forgotten his iPhone in his room, and he wanted to see if he had received a message from Adrian or Santiago

offering hints as to what he should do. I mean neither one of them had even told him where to go on the next day, nor he wasn't exactly sure how to do a job which he had no idea was and where it took place.

He unplugged the iPhone from the charging socket beside his bed, and waited the split second for the phone to recognize his fingerprint. The phone was specifically modified so it could only be unlocked when it felt the heat of a finger on the fingerprint scanner. There were ways of getting around this, but it would take a sufficient amount of time, and time which most people, who would want to hack Brian's phone, didn't have.

There was one text from Adrian and Brian was quite surprised to receive such a vulgar message. He had no idea what he had done to deserve the foul language and was so taken aback that he hadn't the slightest clue how to respond;

Yo Retard. I hope you go kill yourself first fuckin chance you get. But in the meantime, get you fat ass over to my crib. Sanloe wants you.

Well Good morning to you too thought Brian as he read the text for a second time. He checked his various other social accounts, and sent Sarah a simple 'good morning' message. He pressed the button for his closet to appear, and got out arma di morte, where he had left it the night before. He did his usual check to see that it was loaded with the safety on, and tucked it in its usual place in the back of his shorts. It wasn't unusual for somebody to be carrying a gun in Montego Bay and if Santiago or Adrian asked him what he was doing with a gun, he would simply say;

“To be frank, I don't want to be robbed by some drug driven asshole. There seems to be a lot of them around this part of town.” He

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would of course smile then and say he was joking. He didn't want a bullet in his back for cheekiness after all.

He gathered up small things like earphones and his wallet which he thought he might need throughout the day, and walked back into the kitchen where he wasn't the least bit surprised that Ernie was still reading the same newspaper he had been reading when Brian had left the room.

“I got the call from Santiago” said Brian referring to the text that had just come in. Ernie looked at him with a blank face expression.

“Well?” he said, clearly unsure as to why Brian was still there in the Villa. Brian was likewise confused though as an awkward moment passed between the two as Brian tried to figure out what Ernie meant

“Oh right, of course... you want me to get on with my job. I get it now” muttered Brian as he waved goodbye to Ernie whilst walking in the direction of the exit to the outside of the Villa.

He heard Ernie shouting after him and he couldn't help smile. “I honestly question your intelligence sometimes! Have a safe day idiot!”

Chapter 14

As Brian arrived at the door of Adrian's villa he expected Adrian to answer the door, after he rang the doorbell, and was quite surprised to see Santiago himself dressed in a Hollister hoody and shorts, with a gold chain swinging around his neck. “So you showed up. That is good for you. Because today, I really didn't feel like killing anybody,” said Santiago with a strange American twang to his English accent, which made Brian think that the man didn't really belong to any nationality in particular.

“Sorry I only got the message after my breakfast. I hurried over here as fast as I could of course, but not to worry, I assure you it won't happen again,” said Brian making a mental note to stay punctual for the drug lord.

“It doesn't really matter. I just want you to respect me. Respect is the most important requirement in our company,” said Santiago. He stepped to the side of the door to allow Brian to enter.

“Don't just stand there for now. Come on in,” he said beckoning with his free hand for Brian to come in.

Brian entered, and found himself staring once again at the grand chandelier hanging from the ceiling above him.

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“It’s an antique you know. Original and worth twenty thousand pounds,” said Santiago admiring the work of art. Brian wondered if Santiago was the kind of criminal who bought expensive things so he could show off just how rich he was, or if he genuinely showed interest in art and creations of beauty. Thinking about that also made Brian wonder, what kind of a man Santiago had been before he had gotten interested in the drugs business. There was so much Brian didn't know, and he asked himself if Santiago had always been a ruthless Drug lord, or if there was a time where even he, was soft on the inside.

“So why did you want to see me?” asked Brian. He was hoping to finally find out what his job was. The suspense was, in a way, killing him.

“Oh. Well. I wanted to introduce to my new financial boss.” said Santiago, and he smiled.

Brian looked around the room to see who Santiago was talking about. There was no one else in the room.

“So who is he?” he asked confusingly.

“Brian Wilson is my new financial boss. He's perfect for the job. I say, do you know him?” asked Santiago with a smile.

Brian was utterly blown away. He didn't know what exactly the job entitled, but by the sounds of it, it was quite a huge role in the company.

“Me? Holy shit... I mean... Wow. I can't thank you enough. I mean, I have enough money for the next thousand years, but I'm a workaholic and I can't sit another minute around my villa without inflicting harm to myself. And that I can do something in my own expertise in your company!

“I really wasn't expecting this, SanLoe. I am forever in your debt.” said Brian. He really did a good job of portraying the thankful employee, and he was sure he noticed a glint of content in Santiago's eye. He was most likely pleased that Brian was being so grateful.

“It's no problem at all man.” Santiago said still smiling. There was an awkward pause.

“So. What happens now? Do I go home again and prepare to start tomorrow?” asked Brian looking to Santiago for answers.

“No, no, no. You don't understand, do you? Being the financial boss is one of the most important jobs in this organization, a job that I used to fulfill myself because of my mistrust of others. And because I know the burden of this job, I would suggest you start right away, without a moment's hesitation.

“Not only is it a lot of work, but it comes with a lot of perks to. You have to go on various trips around South America with me, where only my most *trusted, associates* go with me. You may think it strange that I have such high expectations for someone I've just met, but I believe I am correct when I say; you will shine in the white powdered land!” Santiago nodded proudly and took a quick breather before continuing.

“From now on you will be called Brian Wilconsin. For know that's all you need to know, and once again, I advise you to begin immediately.” said Santiago. Brian nodded. He was eager to impress his new employer.

“Well where can I work from?” he asked Santiago.

“Let me just get the stuff that you need for your work, and then I'll show you to your workspace.” said Santiago as he started walking away from the entrance hall. “Can I help with something?” shouted

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Brian after him. When Santiago just ignored the question, Brian took the hint and patiently waited for Santiago to come back.

Twenty minutes after Santiago had disappeared, Brian was still waiting, and ever so slowly he was beginning to become suspicious. He pulled out his iPhone from his pocket, and called the number from which Adrian's text message had been sent from that morning. It started ringing and for several moments Brian thought no one would answer. Then Adrian answered, and before Brian could even say hello, Adrian said;

“SanLoe’s number is 0018761749507317,” he said and abruptly hung up. He hadn't said anything else but Brian got the impression that Adrian was still mad at him for some unknown reason.

Brian rang the number which he had received from Adrian and as soon as a connection had been picked up, the phone was answered by Santiago.

“I got your stuff. Sorry it took so long. I got a little preoccupied.” he said and hung up. Brian didn't know what was up with these people and their mood swings but he quickly forgot about being hung up on twice in a row, when Santiago reentered the room.

Santiago was driving a 250cc Honda quad bike with a sizable trolley being pulled on the hind side.

Inside the trolley was a small office table, a telephone that looked like it had been brought back from the eighties and last but not least, a mountain of different documents and paperwork.

Santiago parked the quad bike about fifty centimeters away from the wall on the right hand side of the staircase. He got off the quad and said,

“As you can see I did not need a hand, but rather a machine.” From the selection of items in the trolley, he pulled out a small sign that read, Dr. Wilconsin. “I’ve never been a doctor before. Dr. Wilconsin. I like it.” said Brian with a smile. Santiago now took out a hot glue gun, and placed four drops of scolding hot glue on the wall where he had parked the quad bike in front of. He made sure the drops were in perfect alignment, and when he was pleased, he pressed the sign to the wall and held it there, until it seemed stable enough to stay in its fixed position.

He pulled out two pairs of black tinted sun glasses. One pair he wore and the other he handed to Brian.

“Put these on now and keep them on when you’re inside this house.” he said strictly.

“Why if I may ask?” asked Brian politely. Santiago didn't say a word but his face expression said several. *Do it or I'm 'gonna stick your head in a bucket of acid.*

Brian put the glasses on, and at first he thought nothing of it. Then, the whole world around him, changed.

As he put the glasses on, the wall on which his name was now glued, became less like a wall and more like a row of equally spaced out doors. The door Brian and Santiago were standing in front of, had two, now visible with the glasses, Jamaican Dollar symbols. The sign with Brian's new alias had also been placed in position on the door, and Brian now realized that although what Santiago had been doing might have seemed pointless, but it made perfect sense now.

“Wow.” was all Brian said and he really was struck with awe. Santiago laughed and bent down towards a tiny keyhole, which had seemed like a hole in the wall without the glasses on, and opened the

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door with an equally tiny key on a golden chain. The door opened automatically and there was just enough space to drive the quad bike through the now open slot in the wall.

As Brian entered, he wondered just how many secret rooms this Villa really had. Not only that though, he also wondered what it was inside the glasses that made it possible to see the hidden features of the Villa. This really was, one of the craziest missions, Brian had ever been on.

The interior of Brian's room, contained an aquarium at the very back of the room, a big writing desk in front of the aquarium, a Mac Pro(Brian guessed it was the 16GB edition) underneath the desk, and an Apple thunderbolt display on top of the desk. Apart from the interesting things, there was also a reclining leather chair behind the desk and there were a couple of empty filing cabinets and a mini fridge on the right side of the room. In the left top most corner of the room, there was a small bathroom, with a toilet and shower.

Brian was once again amazed by his surroundings, and if the whole place hadn't been funded by drug money, he was sure he could live in a Villa like this quite comfortably.

Santiago was already moving all the documents into the filing cabinets, and as he did this he whistled away to himself. Brian thought it best not to interrupt, and so he allowed Santiago to just do his thing.

Ten minutes later, when Santiago had at last organized his documents accordingly into the filing cabinets, he handed a 'To do List' to Brian.

Brian placed the note on his new desk, and walked over to the small sofa next to the mini fridge, where Santiago had graciously planted his bum on. Brian could see now, that people must love

working for a man like Santiago, especially when he spoils his employees so much. To think that this was his office just made Brian smile. But like Bachman Turner Overdrive would say; you ain't seen nothing' yet.

“Your name is etched on the front of the bumper of the quad bike. As long as you don't crash her, she's all yours. And don't worry about driving inside the house. The house was designed for her, and she was designed for the house.” he had said as he tossed Brian both the quad bike keys and the little office key.

As Santiago headed for the exit, Brian thanked him once more.

“Don't mention it mon. I really like you Brian. So don't mess up. I see myself in you. And I really don't want to kill myself” said Santiago as he exited and nodded at Brian.

Brian walked over towards his desk and picked up the TO DO list again. This time, he read it to himself.

1. Learn off by heart every single Financial transaction that has occurred with the company and anyone else
The Documents are organized in alphabetical order, and although I understand this will take you a significant amount of time, it needs to be done fast. I don't care how you do it, as long as it gets done!

Brian looked up from the list, which wasn't really a list, but one individual task, and walked straight over to the filing cabinet to check how many pages each letter of the alphabet approximately was. The letter A was 200 A4 pages of information in its purest form and there were, Brian guessed, about Three thousand pages in total.

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He set to work immediately and discovered within half a minute, just how hard the job was. He decided the only way to do it was through his MML ability, and as he prepared, to meditate he took one last look at the spectacular room. It really was amazing he thought.

It was now the afternoon in Brian Wilconsin's new office and Brian was now about half way through A, when he decided he needed a long deserved break. He didn't really feel like staying in his amazing room however, and decided to go explore the Villa a little. There was nothing wrong with taking a stroll, if he was caught by Santiago, but in reality he thought he could use this opportune moment to find some Intel on the company. The ironic thing was though, that he was currently in the process of learning the biggest source of Intel, on the company that there was.

Well anyways, Brian did need a break and so he looked towards the exit of his office and smiled at what he saw still sitting patiently in front of the door: The 250cc quad bike. Brian pulled took the key from around his neck, and simultaneously put on the glasses which he had taken off while working on the financial documents.

He exited through his still open door, closed it behind him and hopped on the quad and drove off. He drove and drove until he at last came to a lift which although had little space left over after Brian had driven in, could indeed fit the whole quad bike inside its interior. Brian pressed one of the buttons at random, and was surprised he'd pressed the third floor button even though he wasn't really a high kind of guy. He laughed.

A squeaky voice rang out from a speaker and said

"Please insert your office key and wait until the transaction is being read." Brian did as instructed, and inserted his key. He waited

for a few seconds until the key popped out again and the lift slowly began moving. It moved very swiftly and before Brian even knew it, the doors opened with a *ding dong ding* and Brian drove out onto the sun deck.

Brian looked around, and slowly started remembering flashes from the night before. He had to remind himself however not to dwell on the crazy evening in his past, but rather to get the necessary Intel he was searching for.

Looking over the side onto the steep fall to the ground bellow, Brian at last realized how it was possible for a villa like Adrian's, to hold the required amount of space, for ten to fifteen offices. I mean sure the villa was big, thought Brian, but not so big that there was enough room for everyone.

The answer to Brian's question was, that Adrian's villa, was in fact not the only villa. Adrian's villa merged with the villa next door and noticing how the windows were boarded up, and the front door was cemented shut, Brian suspected that Villa, among hosting space for the offices, was Santiago's actual living quarters. Although this was a huge step for the agency, in case of a raid, they would know that the Villa next door, also belonged to the operation. But what Brian strangely enough only noticed now, was that the sun deck he was driving on, was actually a relatively large quad bike track, equipped with a few different obstacles, and a small spectators area. He looked at his iPhone to check the time, and decided that he'd take an hour's break from being a spy, and just have some manly fun driving dangerously on a sun roof, where it was more than possible to drive off the edge. He tried different stunts, and even attempted a front flip from the quad bike

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in mid air, but landed flat on his face. Luckily for him, he was driving at less than 5KM per hour.

He drove through the finish line of the track for the twentieth time, and looking at the time once again, he decided his head was cleared, and that he could get back to working for the government. He raced towards the elevator, and quickly instructed the elevator to return to the ground floor, using the buttons at his disposal. He kept the engine running, so he could burst through as soon as the doors opened. He didn't think anyone would be standing, waiting for the elevator, and so as he burst through and almost ran over Adrian who was waiting for the elevator on the ground floor, he quickly stalled the quad bike, and violently flew head first over the steering controls.

“I see you got your quad, asshole.” said Adrian, his words sharp, eager to slash and cut something. Brian didn't know what was up with Adrian, and before the feud could go any further he decided to block Adrian from entering the lift until the doors had closed behind him.

“Look, mate. I honestly have no idea, what the - pardon my French - hell your problem is, but I'd like to sort it out because you were so kind to me yesterday. I'm not going to offer you forgiveness again, and if you want to have beef with me, then so be It.” said Brian, using his hands to demonstrate, how clueless he really was, to Adrian's reasons to hate him.

Adrian only scowled even more and tried to get past Brian who gently shoved him back. He stood his ground and Adrian knew very well that he wasn't going to get past Brian without offering an explanation. And so, with the realization of the situation coming to Adrian, he grudgingly started to explain.

“I was going to be the financial boss. I was going to be the second in Command. And then you showed up mon. Out of bloody nowhere! And you get the job. Because you're good at tennis? What kind of a drug Lord gives the biggest position in the company to a complete stranger who he's just met, just because he's a good tennis player!

“I don't know how yet, but *you Brian Wilconsin*, are going to be The White Powdered Land's downfall. And I'm glad, I'm not going to be the one responsible.” he said. His words implied something that struck fear into Brian's gut feeling. Adrian knew something, and although Brian didn't know what it was that he knew, he didn't think it was good news.

He allowed Adrian to pass by beside him, without uttering a single word to him. He thought it was best to leave the situation as it was, even though his gut feeling told him to kill the man he was allowing to pass. And as extreme as it seemed, Brian had killed several men relying on his gut feeling.

He drove back to his new office, and set up his surroundings, so he could enter his MML state again. He sat down on the floor, with the documents on his lap, and started to control his breathing. Slowly everything around him begun fading. He could still feel the papers he was holding in his hand, but the rest of his body had gone completely still and his breathing had slowed. His eyes opened and with a mind of their own, they began reading the words on the pages. Brian was now fully in his MML state.

Chapter 15

“How much cocaine did we sell to Alexander Brenans and how much did he pay us?” asked Santiago, bursting into Brian's office and interrupting him from his MML state.

Brian knew exactly how much they had sold, and how much they were paid, but what really shocked him, was that one of Santiago's customers was Brian's former target before the mission went to shit, in Glasgow.

“Ten kg. He didn't tell us what he wanted with it, being an arms dealer and all, but like the rest of our customers, we sold it to him, no questions asked. He was going to pay \$50,000, but when it turned out he had insufficient funds, he offered us 5kg of weapons grade uranium. He technically didn't offer it to us though, since he did just leave it behind and fly away again. But the amount of money we made from selling the Uranium pretty much summed it up.” said Brian. Santiago nodded and smiled. Brian was pretty sure he'd quoted the file of Alexander Brenans word for word, and he thought Santiago thought so to.

“You are good at this. I should have head hunted you for my company years ago.” he said and walked towards Brian's fridge. He

opened the fridge door, and searched for something in particular. Once he found it, he took out the Becks Ice, and snapped the bottle top open.

He put the bottle to his lips and drank. And drank. And drank. And he kept on drinking, and drinking until there wasn't a single drop of beer left in the empty bottle. Santiago was obviously accustomed to consuming large amounts of alcohol.

What Santiago did next, did to say the least surprise Brian. The Drug boss was hardly drunk from the small 0.5L beer with no more than 2.5% alcohol in it, but yet he pretended to be a police officer investigating Brian. Where the sudden role play came from, Brian had no idea.

“Please empty all your pockets. I have reason to believe you are in possession of cocaine, and if that's the case I have no choice but to arrest you.” said Santiago. When Brian didn't react, but just stood perfectly still, Santiago pulled a gun on him.

Brian wasn't expecting the turn of events, and he quickly emptied his pockets, in order to keep Santiago from doing something rash, and bad for Brain's health. He expected it was a brief moment of insanity, after all Santiago was a major Coke head.

“Do you deny possessing cocaine and or being about to sell it to someone?” asked Santiago, after finding nothing amongst Brian's possessions.

“I deny all the charges.” replied Brian.

“Are you carrying any firearms?” Santiago had not yet discovered Brian's favorite gun.

“No”

Santiago believed him.

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“Any other weapons?”

“Yes.”

“What, you idiot? Don't make me pop a cap in your ass” shouted Santiago.

“A very, very sharp toothpick. I'd watch out if I were you” said Brian breaking into an enormous smile.

Santiago was pushing Brian's head to the floor, and simultaneously holding his arm behind his back in a painful arm lock. There really wasn't anything else he could do, and so he decided to actually stab Santiago with a toothpick with his free hand. The ironic thing was that Brian had actually been telling Santiago the truth, but luckily for him, Santiago hadn't believed him.

Brian gently slid the toothpick out of a small hole in his flip flop, and gently stabbed Santiago's wrist. He didn't want to hurt him too much, in the off case that this angered him more, and forced him to accidentally shoot Brian.

A drop of blood seeped from the wound and as Santiago dropped the gun he also released Brian with a low howl of pain.

Brian jumped onto his feet, swiped Santiago's feet away, and slammed a nays karate chop into his guts. Pain was a feeling Santiago couldn't avoid after the physical abuse he'd just endured.

Santiago, was still making awkward noises on the floor after five minutes of lying there, but Brian could understand his pain. He had stabbed him in a *very* awkward spot of the hand, and nothing cures brief insaneness, if that's what it had been, than being stabbed by a toothpick, on your trigger arm!

“Damn you Brian, you slimy piece of shit! That was completely uncalled called for. You could have just asked me nicely to

stop!” shouted Santiago, after momentarily collecting himself again. Brian kept his silent laugh beneath his breath and offered a hand to the beaten man, still lying on the floor.

“Serves you right. I was seriously worried you'd gone insane man. I wasn't really expecting to get shot at work today, otherwise I would have set up my insurance for accidents at work already!” said Brian still trying to keep the smiling and uncontrollable laughter to a minimum.

“Ha, Ha, bloody Ha! You stabbed the hand I shoot with, a hand that I use practically every day. That has sincerely pissed me off! And that karate chop,” he said his tone filled with anger and rage, “Was absolutely amazing!” exclaimed Santiago, now accepting Brian's still extended hand.

“Now before I came in here to test you on your 'how well can you keep your mouth shut' skills, what was I going to ask you? I must say, getting stabbed by a tiny spear really put me off course.” said Santiago, racking his brains in order to find the memory he was searching for. His eyes lit up when he remembered, and he cut the chase and got straight into it.

“You better get packing your bags. You remember those trips abroad I told you about, that only my trusted men in the company come with on? Well there's one of these trips tomorrow, because to cut a long explanation short, I want to eat Diner with you tomorrow in Columbia. If your uncle asks where you are going, you tell him there's a stock brokering conference tomorrow in Colombia. Tell him nothing else. Understood?” he asked Brian. Brian nodded.

“Well then, see you soon.” said Santiago, saying goodbye with a middle fingered salute directed at Brian, held high in the air.

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Brian was, amazed. Santiago Lopez was known for being an extremely careful man. A man who would double check something that's already been double checked multiple times. He would never leave loose ends and he would be ruthless if he had to. And yet he had just invited a complete stranger, who had been working for him for less than a day, to go on an important trip to Columbia, where he stated he only took his most trusted operatives. The man was completely unpredictable, but Brian could guess what was going to go down in Colombia, the homeland of Cocaine.

He got out his iPhone and called Ernie. A mission had never progressed so fast, and although he should be proud that he was working so quickly, he felt that something wasn't right.

“Hello good afternoon, Ernie Wilson here. How can I help you?” asked Ernie as he answered the phone.

“Uncle Ernie! How are you? You will be so proud of me, I'm the new financial boss of the company I'm working for. It's crazy,” said Brian, trying to protect his cover as he was unaware if his office was bugged or not.

“You don't know if they're listening, do you?” asked Brian.

“Yes isn't it great!”

“Ok tell me what you wanted to tell me, but I don't understand why you didn't just text me,” said Ernie, rolling his eyes on the other end of the line.

“Well, as I said, I'm the boss. And as the boss I've been invited to a Stock brokering conference in Colombia tomorrow. The company is going to fly me out there on their private jet, and I'd let you know when I'm coming back.

I just wanted to call to give you a heads up” said Brian. He waited a while as Ernie tried grasping the true meaning of what Brian had just told him.

Ernie grunted, “I don't get why you couldn't have just found a place which was unlikely to be bugged. I hate these stupid guessing games!”

There was a pause. “So Santiago is flying you out to Colombia, to most likely meet up with the suppliers?” asked Ernie.

“That's exactly it” said Brian, laughing that Ernie had figured it out so quickly, and mainly because he wanted to make it sound like he really was talking to his uncle.

“After One day in 'The White Powdered Land', you're already being taken to meet the very high ups of the operation?” asked Ernie, “That can't be right.”

Ernie thought some more. Something was wrong with the situation, but he was enjoying the way the mission was going, and he didn't really want to investigate the strange state of the situation. He was staying in a luxurious Villa, with everything that was needed for his definition of 'chilling time', and the real reason he had wanted to be Brian's mission handler for this particular mission, was because he had really needed a holiday.

“But whatever the situation is, I want you to go anyway. I'm going to organize a Special Forces team to be ready in the off case that things go tits up. But Brian you're going to be safe. Trust me.

“But you can't go in like Brian Wilconsin, the spy. I hope you know that” said Ernie. He never liked putting his agents in a situation like this. But in times like this, and not because he wanted his holiday

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to stay undisturbed, he had to do it. It was about catching the bigger fish.

“You're going to have to go in deep.”

Brian sighed. If he wasn't a secret agent, in a perverted way he probably would have found what Ernie had said amusing. But as a Revilo agent, being told to go deep was not a thing he wanted to hear.

It meant he was going to be cut off from his real life when he went to Colombia tomorrow, and if he was in danger, the chances of him being rescued were very slim. Although it wasn't really a problem on smaller less dangerous missions, on a high profile mission such as the one he was on, this was particularly dangerous. The purpose of going deep, was however, a necessity. If he was searched and found with a piece of intelligence equipment such as a lock gun, as a stock broker he would have a lot of explaining to do as to why he had one.

“I understand” said Brian nodding.

“Brian. It's for the good of the people. And I'm not saying that as a communist, but I'm saying that as a friend trying to convince you that getting rid of a major drug lord is a good idea!” exclaimed Ernie. He desperately wanted Brian to understand, but Brian wasn't convinced.

“I have a fiancé,” he mumbled as he hung up. Brian wasn't a bad person. He was people's person, but he was going to get married, and there had to be a time when he stopped putting his life on the line.

He put his phone back in his pocket and got the key for his quad bike. He hopped on, turned it on and drove out of his office after locking the door. In the Villa he drove at a reasonable pace but as soon as he was on the street outside, he sped up to the maximum speed. It

was a powerful motor and Brian loved the liberating feeling of the wind whipping through his hair.

He drove back to the queen's villa and drove inside the already open gates. Ernie was waiting for him holding a suitcase, which Brian suspected, as he was going deep, was filled with normal things that he'd take with on a business trip.

"There's clothes, a hygiene kit, two books and a gun" said Ernie handing the suitcase to Brian.

"I thought I was going deep?" asked Brian, unsure as to how a gun could go undetected in a suitcase.

"Oh no don't worry, you are. I've disassembled one into twelve different pieces. The bullets look like cigarette filters, and the actual gun pieces, are in your hygiene kit. I would be careful when you build together your electric toothbrush though, because you might end up shooting yourself." said Ernie. He sighed and looked at the sky. He wasn't often a soft man, and Brian knew what was coming next.

"The gun was one of Jake's finest creations. He would have liked to see you use it to kill one of these drug bastards," said Ernie. Brian felt the same way, but still wasn't happy with ending up in the same place where Jake had gone. And Jake had not gone to Colombia.

"Well let's hope I don't have to use it Ernie. But I think I might have to, because this whole situation stinks to high heaven!" Brian paused. "Did anything else happen while I was working?" he asked.

"I got quite an unusual phone call from someone, asking if they could speak to Brian Wilson. I told them you were at work but he said it was urgent. I explained to him that you weren't in the Villa and then I gave him your mobile number. He hung up, leaving no name and no contact information." said Ernie. Brian waited for any other news but it

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became apparent to him that this was the only exciting thing that had happened to him.

“Caller ID?” asked Brian, now beginning to wonder himself who it might have been.

“Couldn't get one. I used Jake's equipment and everything, but it's like when he died that all of his creation suddenly became unreliable,” said Ernie shaking his head in disbelief.

“Well on the bright side, if this mission continues going so quickly and I'm done soon, then we can go after Jake's killers. I'll personally get a very dark satisfaction from putting those two away for a long time,” said Brian, not believing for a second that he would really catch those two killers. They had been professionals, and what Brian knew about real professional killers, was that they never got caught. Whatever they did, they didn't get caught.

Ernie smiled sorrowfully at what Brian said. It would be a happy day, the day Jake was avenged. And Ernie couldn't wait until it happened.

“OK, then. Get back inside the Villa and check that the clothes I packed are to your liking. Go get anything else you need from your room, and I left another model of the gun in your suitcase on your bed, if you wanted to see how fast you could assemble it.

“And I want you out of here ASAP. I don't like any of this more than you Brian. I know I told you it's all going to be fine, and I hope it too. But I really don't know this time,” said Ernie deep in his train of thought.

Chapter 16

The two shooters who Brian and Ernie had just been talking about, were currently having an extremely luxurious time. They were both drinking cocktails on the makeshift underground beach of La ciudad bajo de Hilton. The man waiting for the two of them, was patiently waiting behind them for their next command.

“James, old chap.” said Pieter Chivosky.

“Yes master. How can I be of your service?” asked the waiter whose real name was Manuel.

“Get me the files on Brian Wilson from our office. It's a personal request from Santiago, so be quick with it. And while you're at it, I've had enough alcohol for now, so get me a cherry coke. The drinkable kind!” said Pieter laughing at his own joke, who thought drug humor was absolutely to die for.

“Yes master. I'll run as quickly as I can” Manuel mumbled turning to leave his tormentors.

“Excuse me you idiotic simpleton, but I think you should have some courtesy when you talk with us. So raise your bloody voice when you speak!” said James Liguanto, the second shooter.

“Yes master, I will give it my best.” exclaimed Manuel, who now raised his voice a little. Pieter whacked him across the face with his

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wooden cane for good measure, and sent Manuel once again, on his way.

Manuel sprinted towards the office of the two shooters. It wasn't far from their position but he was still in a noticeable hurry. Manuel, who was more their slave than assistant, had been bought by the two killers for a couple of hundred US dollars. The money was supposed to help his family back in Colombia, but he doubted the money had ever been sent by the two treacherous villains he now served. He had previously been working in the Bogota Hilton, and when Pieter and James, had entered the hotel sounding friendly as ever, and offering a great working environment, Manuel gladly agreed to go with them. They told him that they'd pay his family a monthly fee and that when he wasn't needed any more, they would then fly him to America where he would be able to begin a new life and still support his family. It was the classic 'American dream' trick and Manuel wasn't the first to fall for it.

His masters had treated him kindly for the first two days, but on the third day, disaster struck. And it struck Manuel right in the face! They had laughed at the seeping wound on his face, and Pieter boasted that it wasn't even his hardest shot. Manuel was first confused. But the realization soon hit him. And it kept hitting him on a regular basis.

Although Manuel was their slave, he knew little about the two men. It wasn't like they were going to tell him that they were the ex bosses of MI5 and MI6.

Pieter and James had been running the two agencies for more than ten years. After those ten years of loyal service, the two men were arrested on corruption charges. The investigation had been brought to light by an unknown private detective by the name of Ernie

Becclestone, who once the two ex bosses had been tried, was rewarded greatly, with running his own secret agency.

The Prime Minister closed down MI5 and MI6, because he was unsure how badly the two agencies had been scarred by the ordeal, and the result of his decision was that Revilo, the secret agency that Ernie Becclestone had begun, began to run all major intelligence operations.

As for Pieter and James, they decided, and managed to bribe the Judge leading their trial, and escaped the police. They are still currently wanted in 24 different countries, for accepting bribes from important criminals who could have been stopped if Pieter and James hadn't intervened.

In present day, it is still unknown exactly the extent of their illegal activities, but the police have finally given up on operation 'T.T.C.O.D' (Take The Corrupt Ones Down), after various failed attempts of capturing the two. They are currently living in a secretive city known only as La ciudad bajo de Hilton.

Manuel brought the files he had been searching for, back to the two criminals.

“Brian Wilson, arrested for...” Pieter paused as he read the details exactly.

“Born in...” he paused again.

“Worked in...” another pause.

“Whereabouts currently unknown and DNA test showed...” Pieter pauses one final time, as he notices something interesting and potentially useful.

“DNA test results show that Brian Wilson, is a ninety nine percent match to a victim of the Sacred Culina. How interesting” said Pieter.

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“Which victim?” asked James.

Pieter smiled.

“Adrian Navel. The one that tried to get away. You remember, the snitch.”

James smiled.

“You're right. I do remember him now. Tried to be a whistle blower and ended up dead. I think it's about time we have a little chat, with our new friend Brian.”

The two men laughed sadistically, and continued drinking their beverages.

Meanwhile, back in Jamaica...

“What the hell are you wearing? We're going to Columbia not Iceland you twat!” said Santiago as Brian's blue fur coat came into view. Brian smiled when he saw his employer shaking his head at his clothing.

“It gets cold on the plane with the AC on and I don't want to freeze before we get to Colombia. I'm just doing the sensible thing!” Brian protested, but jumping to more important things once he was finished.

“Anyway, where's our plane?” asked Brian looking around the empty landing strip where they were both now standing. It was about an hour's drive away from Montego Bay, and Brian was almost certain, that they were not standing at a legitimate airport. What made him think this? Well the fact that there was one building, which was about the size of a medium sized house, to cater for the whole customs business, baggage claim and all those other airport things, seemed a little bit dodgy.

It seemed that the airport was specifically used for drug related business in Santiago's company, and in the far side of the surrounding gate of the landing strip, he could see a guard tower, with armed guards ready to sniper into their direction.

Santiago took out his phone, looked around the deserted area and made a call. He waited several seconds before speaking.

“Bring that shit out.” he said, and hung up.

There was a deafening roar as the plane, which Brian assumed was his ride, landed only meters away from them. It had come to a stand-still in what Brian believed was record time, and he was utterly impressed.

Santiago waited for the current co pilot to exit. When he did, no words were spoken, and the pilot just started walking to the area where Santiago had parked his car, and drove off.

Santiago stepped on board the plane, and beckoned for Brian to come up and join him. Brian walked up the steps and was surprised as to what he found inside the plane. The Plane was normal on the inside and looked just like any old jet. That was apart from the KG vacuum packed bag of cocaine, ten to twenty grams of marijuana and sealed plastic bags filled with different sets of currency. So yeah just normal airplane stuff.

Brian sat in one of the available seats, and Santiago sat in the chair next to him. There were four sets of tables in total, and each table had two leather seats on either side. There was one massive TV situated at the back of the plane, and it was obviously positioned there so the sounds would not disturb the pilot.

Neither, Brian or Santiago, said anything, and they just sat there for several minutes while Santiago picked up the marijuana bags

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and begun smelling them. With every bag he smelled, he gave a comment to the quality of the weed.

“Oh... That's some pretty dank shit right here.” he said, as he smelt which must have been the seventh or eighth gram bag.

A voice came through the only speaker in the plane,

“This is your captain speaking. We will be heading to Columbia today and our expected arrival time is 18:09. It's now 15:45, so our flight time should be a little over two hours. Please help yourself to the on flight drugs and entertainment, but remember the golden rule. Always offer your pilot a hit! Enjoy the flight and if you have any problems, you're screwed because I can't help you. Thank you.” Brian smiled. You had to respect the drug people. They all seemed to have a sense of humor.

“Hey bro. You want a hit? It's AK-47, the best weed in the world.” asked Santiago as he lit his carefully rolled joint. The plane was in the air already now

“No thank you. I'd rather watch a movie. I'm not all into getting high on the job” said Brian.

“I'm thinking Hangover part III. I just feel like watching a comedy with a fat comedian you know.” added Brian. He checked the time on his iPhone; 16:00. About two hours left to go. Two more hours, until what Brian's gut told him, was going to be some kind of show down.

Two Hours Later...

The plane landed in a field. It was a green field. And it wasn't every day that a Plane landed in it.

The landing had been bumpy and dangerous, but luckily for Brian, he came out of it unscathed. The time of arrival had been in 18:15 and the six minutes extra added to the estimated arrival time, was only because of the fact that the captain was high.

The doors opened, and Santiago stumbled down the steps with massive pupils and bloodshot eyes. Brian followed suit and came down the steps holding bag filled with American dollars, which Santiago had instructed him to take with.

“Where the hell are we, in all due respect sir?” asked Brian. He took out his iPhone to see if he picked up reception. The phone had a special antenna which could pick up a signal in places where normal phones couldn't, and Brian had never been somewhere, where his phone couldn't get at least one bar.

When reception was confirmed, he went straight to the Apple Maps app, to see if he could get an exact location. He knew that the location wouldn't really be exact since he was using Apple maps, but it was the best he had at the moment. In the mean time, Santiago had taken out his own phone, which was in looks an identical model of Brian's iPhone 5s, and made a call. He waited a few rings until someone at last answered. Brian realized that there must be a specific amount of rings that the receiver of the call had to wait before picking up. It was almost as Santiago and his associates used some kind of secret knock.

“Pick up” was all he said, and then there was silence. That was until a brand new looking Nara bronze metallic Discovery 4 Land rover, came bursting through the bushes surrounding the field. The driver parked the vehicle next to Brian and Santiago, hopped out, threw the keys to Santiago, got into the plane and flew off.

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Santiago stayed put in his position until he was sure his jet was safely gone, and then moved towards the car.

“Who you just saw, was Madison Canterbury. Owner of 15,000 Marijuana crops and grow ops. She is a very successful woman, and she doesn't take shit from nobody. See that's the secret to being a criminal genius. You don't take shit from nobody!

“The system I'm going to introduce you to today, pretty much runs itself. Money goes in here. Profit comes out there. People hide under here, and people escape from there. It's been running 11 years now and it still hasn't been uncovered by any unwanted intelligence operatives. So it's pretty amazing. Now get in the car. It's time for our döner,” ordered Santiago as he himself got into the driver's side. Brian did as he was told, and got into the passenger side. There he waited patiently for Santiago's next move.

Santiago started the car and the powerhouse engine revved to life. He started driving, and didn't say a word. He wasn't using the built in Sat NAV, and Brian wondered if he'd driven this way so many times that he knew exactly where he was going. Brian suspected he must have, as they slowed down and reached their destination.

They had arrived at the Hilton Hotel, and Brian was confused. This Hilton wasn't really a place where he'd envisioned eating döner.

“Why would we eat-” started Brian but Santiago interrupted him.

“Just keep your trap shut, and all will become clear soon enough,” was all he said, as he got out the luggage from the trunk.

Why Santiago had driven here, would for now, remain a mystery to Brian. And so he did as he was told, kept his mouth shut, and followed Santiago like a sad lost puppy. The automatic doors of the

Hilton opened with a whizzing noise, and they entered the luxurious hotel.

Santiago walked to the check-in desk, and Brian was once again surprised as the man working there recognized Santiago and greeted him warmly.

“Señor Lopez. It is nice to have you staying with us again. I see you have a new financial assistant. He looks like a very intelligent one. Would you like your key card?” asked the man.

“Yes Danny boy. Key card sounds like a good plan. I think I need to take a moment here, and just chill from the pressure of life,” said Santiago winking at the man he had called Danny. Brian wasn't exactly an expert, but the man did not look like a 'Danny'.

Santiago took his card and said goodbye to Danny. They then walked towards the lift and as Brian simply couldn't wait any longer, he pressed for information.

“What happens now?” asked Brian, fidgeting with the items in his pocket. Santiago once again ignored his question and focused on what he was doing. He slid the card into a slot labeled Admin panel, and Brian expected some crazy high tech stuff to appear, but he was disappointed when nothing happened, and the elevator started going down. Brian wondered why Santiago's room was below the ground floor, but he suspected something was strange when the elevator just kept going.

When it stopped, the doors opened, and Brian and Santiago walked into a very small garden. A garden where the sky wasn't visible and the only light came from torches dug into the soil.

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At the end of the small garden, there was a wall that connected to other walls that enclosed the garden. It was more like a room than a garden, but yet one felt like one was out in the fresh air.

“And what happens now?” asked Brian without any hope whatsoever of actually getting an answer from his boss. Again Brian was surprised, and Santiago answered him.

“We enter a criminals Paradise!” he said. The wall slid apart and a new World filled Brian's eyesight.

It was like he was looking at the outskirts of a city, and he kept having to remind himself, that he was actually quite far underground. There were shops and apartments. And there were several restaurants too and in the far distance, Brian could recognize a makeshift beach. It was like the place had everything one needed for a comfortable lifestyle.

He had a closer look at the shops. Although a few of them were normal clothing outlets and electronic appliance stores, some specialized in more illegal trades. He spotted a fake documentation center, offering replicas of fake passports in the windows for show. There were firearms stores, and even a strip club. The whole thing made Brian feel like he was playing Grand Theft Auto. But, where Grand Theft Auto was a virtual video game, the place where Brian was, was very, very real.

“If you've ever heard of the DeepWeb, then let me tell you what you're looking at right now, is the DeepWorld.

“Founded in 2001 shortly after 9/11 by an ex FBI agent who had attempted to shed some light on what had really happened during the so called 'terrorist attacks', this is one of the many La ciudad bajo de Hilton's all over the world. The founder wanted a place for criminals to

be able to hide, and little did he know that what he had started would soon go out of control. This city, the first one to exist, was very expensive to construct, but as soon as it was completed it encouraged criminals around the globe to create a network of cities.

“In more than five hundred cities around the world there is an underground section. Always below a Hilton, and let me tell you. In some cities, building beneath the Hilton hotel, is extremely hard to do.

“The sections are connected by an underground tram. If you're being searched for by the police, and you're in some serious trouble, you just come to a Hilton. A scout there will sniff you out and bring you to the underground. That is of course if you can afford your ticket in. There are currently ten wanted terrorists living in the La ciudad bajo de Hilton of Colombia. They don't bother any of us and we don't bother them.

“Each city is governed by a serious crime kingpin. Take me for instance. I own the underground section of Rio, and with that I own practically everyone living there. They all work for me, and they all have a debt to pay me. A debt, that I will one day collect,” explained Santiago as he pointed out some of the buildings he visited frequently.

Brian was in simpler words, amazed. A place where any criminal in the world could just hide out, as long as they wanted. A place where they could live in peace among others of their kind. A safe haven and a place that was hidden. And Brian had just stumbled onto it, one hundred percent unintentionally. At last he thought so. Even though his gut once again, told him otherwise.

Santiago went on, showing him the makeshift beach Brian had seen in the distance earlier, and a shop Brian was especially interested in, was a bribery office, where one could bribe any easy to bribe officer

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or agent, in the world for the right price. Brian thought that the people working at the bribery office, might be able to find out if any know Revilo agents were working against their agency. That was with the right persuasion techniques.

The pair walked on, until they came to a modern looking building that offered rooms to temporary guests of the underground city. They walked inside, and like in the Hilton Santiago headed over to the check in section. *Another Hotel* though Brian. *I wonder what secrets you hold.*

“Have you seen PJ around” asked Santiago, as he waited for the man behind the desk to sort out their rooms.

“They've gone hunting I believe and they took Manuel with, I think” said the man as he handed Santiago the room keys.

“Do tell me when he comes back. We have matters to discuss. And I'm sure if you tell me the minute they arrive back, There will be a reward in it for you.” said Santiago handing Brian a room key. Brian was realizing how things worked in the underground city. With the motivation of money, pretty much anything was possible it seemed.

“Be back down here in an hour, don't contact anyone, and dress appropriately for dinner. And I mean it Brian. Do not contact anyone. I like you, but I'm pretty sure you know that I won't hesitate to kill you if you don't listen to Me.” said Santiago.

“Don't worry about me Boss. My lips are sealed” said Brian jokingly but he could see how serious Santiago was.

He took the stairs to the second floor where his room was, and unlocked the door. He walked inside and took note of every little detail of the room. This was possibly the biggest breakthrough in all criminal investigations. I mean to know that there was a place where your target

could be hiding out, would change the intelligence games for ever, and for all Brian knew, every little detail that he remembered know, could be a lot of help later on.

It was a simple hotel room with a TV, double bed, Bathroom and desk. Nothing spectacular, but the fact that it was ten floors underground, made it just a little bit more interesting. He placed his suitcase on the Bed and took out his finest suit he owned. When he was told to dress appropriately, he would always go that extra mile, for a close to perfection look, because when it came to appearance, Brian loved showing off that he took care of himself.

He took out his iPhone, and made sure that the networking was traveling through a VPN in Hong Kong, and as soon as he was sure of his phone activity being completely privatized, he sent Ernie a simple iMessage: *It's unbelievably crazy here! Would have never expected anything like it! Stay wary, uncle.* He thought it better not to go into detail in case the message was intercepted by a hacker working near the hotel. He disconnected from the VPN, making it impossible to receive any secure networking, and put the phone next to his suitcase on the bed.

He took a quick shower, suited up and even put on some cologne for extra effect. He closed his suitcase, slid it under the bed (He thought it best to hide his personal belongings when he was in a city, where the people around him were made up of thieves, murderers and drug dealers) and exited his room.

He found Santiago down in the lobby, patiently waiting for Brian to arrive, and what he was wearing highly amused Brian to say the least. He was wearing a normal gangster, yet expensive, looking suit, but what was underneath the dinner jacket, was the thing that

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made Brian laugh; A purple and Neon colored tie that had 'I'm the Boss' written vertically from top to bottom.

“You like my tie?” asked Santiago. Brian nodded.

“Very much so boss. It's very. How does one say? In your face.” he smiled. “That's the message I'm trying to bring across. You see Brian, although you should show your business associates that you respect them, you also need to share with them that you don't give a shit. A little less of the latter, yes, but if you show them that, then they know that you're a serious man.” said Santiago, dropping another pearl of wisdom on Brian as they headed out the exit.

The two men walked in a certain direction, and the destination of their journey, was once again only known to Santiago.

“The men you're about to meet, are serious killers. So I suggest that you do your utmost best not to piss them off. If you thought I was ruthless, and you haven't even seen my ruthless side yet, then multiply what you thought me being ruthless was, by ten thousand. And I mean that once again. Sorry for all of the seriousness, but you have to understand these things. So, understood?” asked Santiago.

“Understood. I won't even say a word if you don't want me to,” said Brian, trying to reassure Santiago that he wasn't going to screw up.

“You'll have to talk some times, but don't talk too often. Just sit there.” he paused.

“You like Turkish food right?” Brian nodded. “Good. Because then you are going to love döner.” he said

He stopped, and Brian realized that they had stopped in front of a döner restaurant. It wasn't exactly fancy, but Brian suspected that any place in an underground crime world was suitable for dodgy meetings to be held.

Santiago opened the door and stepped inside. Brian stood there and waited for a moment. He took a deep breath and followed the drug lord inside, and soon his nostrils were filled with the lovely smell of meat.

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Chapter 17

“Table for everyone get the hell out of here. I'm giving you ten seconds and then I'm going to get my shotgun. You have been warned!” said Cornelius, as he spotted Santiago entering his restaurant. Everybody currently seated inside, quickly got off their seats and started scrambling to get to the exit. Brian guessed that they knew Cornelius wasn't kidding, and he also suspected they'd rather leave their dinner here, than gamble with their life.

Cornelius spotted Brian standing behind Santiago, and obviously didn't know that he had come in with the drug boss.

“Are you deaf? Do you want me to blow your fucking stupid out?” asked Cornelius with a thick Chav accent.

“He's with me Cornelius. He's the new guy, so let him be,” said Santiago, stepping in front of Brian to emphasize his point. Cornelius nodded and headed back into his kitchen, leaving Santiago and Brian, alone with the four Hispanic men sitting at a table in the very back.

They walked over, and the men stood up, each taking turns in first shaking Santiago's, and then Brian's hand.

“You must be Brian.” said one of the men, who seemed to be the leader of the pack.

“I know a lot about you. And you probably know nothing about me. For instance, I know that you're related to Adrian who we killed. I also know that you're a very hard worker. But I bet you don't even know my name. That's how stealthy and powerful I am. I just wanted you to know that before this meeting commences.” said the man. He smiled. It was a show of power. It was him, making clear to Brian, that

Brian knows; *You can't hide and you can't run from us. We know everything.*

But Brian wasn't impressed. He had known that whoever he was going to meet here today, would be extremely powerful, and would have made the appropriate pre-meet investigations. But this didn't worry Brian. It didn't matter where they were checking him out. Whether it was the CIA or FBI database they were digging through, Revilo had everything covered. Brian's real DNA was used in the making of his criminal record. Real events had even been used and manipulated on the internet, and if there was something Revilo hadn't managed to do, then it wasn't of importance.

“It's quite scary, I admit, that you know so much about me. But I assume since I'm not double crossing any of your people or any of our mutual friends, that I don't have anything to worry about?” asked Brian politely but unafraid.

“If that's really the case, then no, you don't have a worry in the world.” replied the man who Brian still couldn't put a name to.

“Alright folks, lets sit down. I don't know about you people, but I'm getting seriously hungry after all that weed I smoked earlier. I need a döner pronto!” exclaimed Santiago, taking his seat at the table. The four men did the same, and took their seats around Santiago. Brian took the remaining chair and there was complete silence. Not a word was spoken. The meeting had begun.

“We want Rio.” said the leader bluntly.

“Cornelius! I'll take a dürüm döner, with just lettuce and tomatoes. No sauce!” shouted Santiago in the direction of the kitchen. By ignoring the opposition leader, he was leading his own little show of power. More of the *Oh sorry did you say something*, power show.

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“I never liked that about you Roberto. You always jump straight to the business part of our meetings. Can't we just chill out, eat some food, maybe smoke a little.” said Santiago. Roberto. *So that's your name Mr. I know where you live* thought Brian.

“We do this every bloody time, Santiago. You're not blind. You know exactly what's going on. And yet you still keep on stalling!” shouted Roberto.

“Roberto, if I may-” started Brian attempting to diffuse the tension, but getting swiftly interrupted by Roberto.

“Culina. Señor Culina to you.” said Roberto. Brian thought this was a good time to get to know everyone, even though the meeting had already begun.

“And your friends are...” asked Brian. Roberto rolled his eyes.

“Santiago really hasn't told you anything has he. He never does, you know.” he rolled his eyes, as if this was a frequent thing, and continued on.

“This is José, Miguel and of course my son, Roberto Junior. My son comes with me everywhere, as he is the heir to my empire, and José and Miguel, are my very own trusted assistants. As for me... I am in charge of the Sacred Culina. My name is if you haven't guessed already, Roberto Culina.”

Brian's brain snapped and somewhere deep within the information center of his brain, a reliable source was telling him that the Sacred Culina had been transferring large sums of money to Santiago, for some time.

“I've never heard of you. Not before yesterday. How come? How did you manage to stay so secretive for all these years?” asked Brian. It was an answer his brain couldn't give him, and he was

genuinely interested in how a big fish like the Sacred Culina, had stayed hidden for so long.

“It's quite simple. I just let Santiago take the blame for everything that we do. And it works. For me at least.

“Let me elaborate. When we kill someone, we have reason to kill, and it somehow gets connected to the Cocaine business, then we call up one of our corrupt officials, and get him to call in a tip, that it was a job done by Santiago. In a way Santiago is as clean as us. There is no concrete evidence on him, and there will probably never be any. But there are tips. Lots of tips. All tips that we've fed to the police. Santiago enjoys the rush of being on a most wanted list and so he became our scape goat, when the business started booming” explained Roberto. He wasn't a modest man, and Brian was beginning to see the man literally thought he was untouchable.

“Ingenious. You guys must be untouchable,” mumbled Brian, with mock astonishment. He take it a normal average, non spy would genuinely be impressed.

“Indeed. That's exactly how we describe ourselves. As well as invincible,” said Roberto. He smiled.

“But enough of this now. I hate getting distracted, and I'm starting to think that Santiago brought you along, just to distract me. So let's get back to where we were before you ignored me.”

Cornelius entered from the kitchen, and brought out Santiago's dürüm döner on a plate surrounded by what seemed to be, fresh vegetables. He asked Santiago if anything else was required.

“I wouldn't mind a shot of Vodka. And do bring out the bottle. I can imagine Brian here finishing it with me, even if my other friends

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don't feel like drinking,” replied Santiago, waiting patiently for Cornelius to disappear again, until addressing Roberto.

“You will drink something with me first. Then we can discuss dreary matters such as Rio. And like you said earlier on. I'm your scape goat. It would be a shame for all that evidence I have on you and your cartel, which I have stored back in Jamaica, to get into the wrong hands.”

“And Besides, I need to get high before I do anything.” said Santiago as he fumbled around in his pockets. He found his pre-rolled joint, an item that he seemed to always have in his pocket, and pulled out his lighter.

“Anyone else want some bud? The more the merrier,” he asked.

Roberto had had enough.

“How about you start taking this serious! You know how hot it's getting out there! You know exactly why I'm here, and you keep putting it off!” shouted Roberto.

Santiago said nothing. Roberto's eyes were practically burning up with rage, and yet Santiago didn't do anything to calm him down. Instead he lit his joint, and started smoking.

“Roberto, I know, exactly how hot it's getting. But getting Rio isn't going to help that,” says Santiago after a long awkward pause.

“Why do you want Rio? Taking an underground crime city, is going to continue flowing in some money, but you really think it's going to change what's going on out there?”

“It's not going to change anything. But you know I want to leave the business. And governing a city is exactly the thing a retired cocaine producer can do with his spare time. I'm not trying to be funny

Santiago. It's time to leave the sinking ship, and we better do it before we drown along with it." said Roberto. Brian wasn't understanding everything being talked about, but he was guessing it had something to do about Roberto, quitting the producing service.

"But why Rio? If you want to continue making money, then you should take a city like London. I know for a fact that the governor of London is trying to quit his position," said Santiago. Roberto ignored the suggestion as he considered it utterly ridiculous.

"But that's the bloody point! Why do you think the governor wants to quit? Because London is like a time bomb. Tick tick ticking away! And when it blows, that underground city is going to cause the whole system of perfection to collapse. It's an inevitable future!

"But Rio, is just perfect. The government in power is built on the very foundation of corruption! Crime rates are out of control, and what the army tries desperately to control above the ground, can continue flawlessly below it. It's perfect, and it will soon become the very capital of La ciudad bajo de Hilton."

Brian found the mental spreadsheet in his brain, which calculated the profits of Rio de Janeiro. He had no idea how he knew all these figures, but guessed he must have read it during his MML state. He shook his head in bewilderment of his unique talent.

"How much money do you reckon, a year, would I lose if I hand over Rio?" asked Santiago. Brian thought for a few seconds.

"\$10,000,000 give or take a bit. It's your largest income after drug dealing, and with a gross income of \$20,000,000, you'd be down by roughly 50% of your income," announced Brian. Santiago sat silently, and thought over the possibilities in his head. There were two

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possible outcomes of this argument and Brian strongly hoped one would occur.

“Roberto. This is the way I see the situation you're in. Your biggest factory and farm was burnt down, by a rival cartel. Smaller assaults have been taking place on the other farms for quite some time. And the money that used to flow in so effortlessly is coming slowly to a standstill.

“And now you want me to bail you out, and hand over my second, if not biggest, source of income. You must have finally gone insane!” shouted Santiago. Brian observed quietly as the atmosphere grew tenser, and what had started out as a debate, was quickly starting to evolve into a heated argument.

“How dare you, you ungrateful púta!” shouted Roberto.

“I made you the man you are today. I was the one that kept you out of a 5x5 cell, and made sure you would prosper in life! You would be rotting in a prison cell if it weren't for me! And now you question me? This is not what I was expecting, but I have no problem. No guilty conscience. No nothing to stop me from destroying what we built together!” Roberto's voice grew higher. Santiago laughed.

“The empire that *we* built? I built this empire alone. I didn't need help! I didn't want to do it, but I did it nevertheless because of you! I was the genius behind the whole operation! Without me, you would have been caught decades ago. I made you the millionaire you are today! And you're appalled because I question you?” screamed Santiago now up on his feet.

Roberto also jumped up. He took it a step further and pulled out his Glock model 17 handgun, and pointed it at Santiago's head.

“If that's what you really think of me well then that's OK I guess. Because I don't need your permission to do anything. I say stuff that and I'm just going to take Rio by killing you.

“And while I'm at it, I'm going to get somebody to hack your bank accounts and steal all your money. I really thought you were smarter than this Santiago. Walking in here like you're invincible, you little *bitch!* Didn't think that two against five, would be a little unfair?” said Roberto more calmly now.

Brian didn't know what to do next. He had several options, but in order to protect his cover, he had to pull his own gun and point it at Roberto. Why he hadn't done so already was simple though: The three other men were obviously armed too, and Brian really didn't fancy his odds against four cartel members.

He took his chance, and pulled the gun on Roberto. The reaction he received was exactly what he expected.

The three others pulled out their weapons and pointed them at Santiago and Brian. Before either one of them would be able to move, they would probably be shot dead.

“You kill my father, and I'll make sure you feel every nasty thing I do to you afterward. I swear compadre. Put your gun down and except the inevitable.” said Roberto Jr. He had a thick accented English like his father, but his vocabulary seemed quite extensive for a partner tongue speaker.

“You think I didn't think of you bringing back up? You always do and that's why you always lose, Roberto. You're simply too predictable.” said Santiago surprising everyone by taking out a hand grenade from his pocket.

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“You know I'll do it Roberto. I'm as insane as any psychopath out there, and I'd rather be dead than know that you're living off my hard earned income,” he said. Brian couldn't tell if Santiago was bluffing or not, and so he lowered his gun, just to be on the safe side. The four cartel members did the same, and soon it was just Santiago, holding a hand grenade and with that all the power of the table.

Cornelius emerged from the kitchen holding a bottle of Gorbatschow Vodka and a shot glass, and he really didn't look pleased.

“You know just because you own the bloody restaurant, doesn't mean you can come in here and threaten to blow me up! I never did nothing wrong to you Santiago! So I expect you to pack that shit away, and continue in a civil manner” he shouted. *Oh shit*, thought Brian, *Santiago's going to kill this fool now.*

But he couldn't have been more wrong. Santiago put the grenade back in his pocket, and apologized to Cornelius. It was as if the guy had some kind of influence over him. Incredible, was the only way Brian could describe it.

“Sorry Cornelius. Things just got a little heated. It won't happen again,” he said. He poured a shot of vodka and downed it.

There was silence. Cornelius had gone back into the kitchen once again. Roberto seemed to be thinking about the last words Santiago had spoken. And the air was tense as ever.

“You're right Santiago” said Roberto. He paused.

“It won't happen again. I won't permit it to.” he said, and with one swift movement, he pulled out his gun and shot Santiago three times in the chest. No blood spurted from the holes, but three perfectly round holes, were able to be seen on his dinner jacket. The chair tipped

over and he landed on the floor, lying there, silent not moving and seeming very much so, dead.

Brian's mind reacted almost a moment too soon. He pulled out his gun in time to see Roberto moving his gun to fire at him, and shot Roberto in the shoulder. It knocked the gun straight out of his hand, and before any of the other three men could fire at him, Brian shot them all in the chest. All except for Roberto. He needed Roberto. Well at least his gut told him so.

“Give me your gun. Get out of this restaurant pronto, and never come back. And do it quickly before I change my mind of sparing your life. You're a very treacherous person Mr. Culina. And I really despise traitors.” said Brian. His tone was menacing, and when Roberto had truly left the building, he stumbled over to Santiago's body still in shock.

There was still no blood to be seen, and Brian was confused as to whether he was really dead or not. He checked the pulse, to see if anything was still there, and what he felt was definitely not death.

Santiago's body twitched, and a smile appeared on his face. Brian gasped. What was happening currently, never happened after he himself shot someone.

“Oh man I love those guys. This shit happens every time. Where's Roberto?” asked the man still on the floor.

“Oh shit. You killed his companions including his son. I'll be honest I wasn't expecting that.” he said, still lying on the floor.

“Roberto just left. But...” said Brian trailing off.

“Why aren't you dead” he asked.

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“You didn't honestly expect me to march into a death trap without a bulletproof vest. Its common sense really.” said Santiago, as if it was general knowledge.

“Before I move on though, I must thank you. You probably just took out the Sacred Culina. Who were getting very unreliable.” continued Santiago.

“But, the thing is about your job... There's going to have to be a slight adjustment made.”

“What do you mean, boss?” asked Brian.

“Well, there's no easy way of saying this. You're fired.”

“Wait a second, you fly me to another country to tell me this? I thought you liked me? I haven't done anything wrong!”

“Well apart from being an undercover operative I guess no, you haven't.” Santiago raised his gun and pointed it at Brian's chest.

Brian was speechless. His heart pounded, and his mouth became dry instantaneously. He had been discovered. It was his worst nightmare, and it was one of those dreams he just couldn't wake up out of.

Brian's hand went into his pocket and he pressed the lock screen button of his iPhone until the phone vibrated. It sent off an emergency SOS signal to Ernie, who would hopefully deploy a Special Forces team to come rescue him. Brian wasn't very optimistic.

“I'd appreciate you keeping your hands out of your pockets. I don't want you to stab me with a modified Labello stick or whatever spies get these days.” said Santiago. He was wearing a gigantic grin upon his face, and it looked like nothing in the world could wipe it away.

“You know, I always wondered, how you just happened to show up and steal the show. When we first got Intel on you coming to Montego Bay, it was almost too good to be true. And it wasn't true. We did all the usual background checks, but this time, we noticed something... unusual. Actually I'm lying, we didn't find something unusual. In fact we got the most skilled hacker in the world, to make an unauthorized check through all intelligence databases. Anyone can get into an Agencies database, but covering your tracks as well is the hardest part. Anyway, we ran you DNA against an agency called Revilo.

“And we got a hit, Brian *Navel*.” explained Santiago.

Brian was beginning to worry. This didn't happen often and when it did, he had a very good reason to be worried. Why was he still alive? What was Santiago getting at?

“Why didn't you just kill me when you found out?” he asked. Santiago smiled.

“I found out your real identity, moments before Adrian was set to interact with you. I made him follow you to the market, and I told him to recruit you. The original plan was to legitimately integrate you into the company, but we had a slight change in the plan once we found out your true intentions. I made sure Adrian would seem friendly at first, and once you had the job he would turn on you and blame you for his life's misfortune. I didn't think you could actually do the job and if you would have failed to memorize the information I gave you, at least the start of it, I would have killed you. Simple as that. But you managed to do it.

“What do you see when you look at me? A drug lord, who himself likes to get high as hell and not give two shit's about how much

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money he just spent on those two cars he crashed? Well, if that's what you really think, Brian, then I've got news for you. You're an idiot. Every line I snorted, was a harmless powder that could be taken without inflicting any damage whatsoever to the nasal canal. Every joint I smoked... OK well I'm not going to lie. That part was always real. Quite frankly I love smoking pot. I don't even consider it a drug, it's natural and it makes me feel good. But that's not the point.

“You intelligence operatives are all the same. You think, killing people that shouldn't be allowed to live, is morally better than selling drugs for a living. And it is in a way. But that's once again not the point.” Santiago paused for a moment. It seemed as though he had lost his train of thought. His smile crept back upon his face though and he continued to speak.

“The point is. The majority of you, are cold hearted killers. Down to the core. You take fighting crime as your legal answer to being able to kill someone. It's why people join the army too. So that they can kill, and get away with it,” his fingers tightened on the trigger of the gun in his hand.

“And I really hate people like that. It's another perfect example of everything that's wrong with the society we live in. It makes me want to puke. But more than that it makes me want to kill you. And that's exactly what I'm going to do,” he reloaded the gun, and pointed it at Brian's head.

“I have a fiancée. You really want my unborn child to grow up without a father?” asked Brian, desperately trying to avoid being shot.

“You think I really give a shit whether you're going to get married or not? How stupid on a scale of simpleton to primitive do you take me for?” said Santiago laughing loudly.

“How did you even get access to my files? The database of Revilo was designed by a man, who no hacker could outsmart. To get in, you needed a key code, which changes every ten seconds. And the defenses our guy put up, made it impossible to figure out the current key through a brute force attack on our servers,” asked Brian, hoping that Santiago wanted to show off. It was a different approach and if it didn't work, Brian was officially out of ideas.

“We had a guy on the inside. The most useful asset we ever had. And we had to kill him. Because he wasn't going to keep his trap shut any longer...” replied Santiago.

“What was the man's name?”

“I think he knew you. Although I think he knew everyone at the agency. Jake Nelson.”

Brian gasped. He really hadn't expected this. It was the most horrible thing he'd heard in a long while. His friend, and the man who worked so hard for Revilo, had been a traitor. He had worked for the enemy. He had worked for the bad guys. And he obviously hadn't cared who died as a result of his actions.

“He wasn't just working for us though. He was a bloody genius, and he'd work for anyone really, as long as they'd pay him enough. He ran errands for us for about five years, and quite a few times he managed to keep your agency from discovering The Sacred Culina. I couldn't care less if they were discovered now, but back then, we were still on speaking terms,” said Santiago. He seemed to have a permanent smile etched into his face now.

“But how did you know where the jet was going to land? And who killed him?” asked Brian. Santiago said nothing.

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“Come one you're going to kill me anyway, so you might as well tell me!” said Brian. He regretted it as soon as the words left his mouth. He had just reminded Santiago to kill him, and he hoped that Santiago would ignore it for the time being.

“That's true. In case you think I've forgotten about the whole killing you part I haven't. It's just since I know I'm going to do it, and nobody's going to save you here, I might as well tell you everything.

“This is where Mr. Andrew Friedrich comes in. You may also know him as 0P3NSCR1PT, which is his hacker name. He's famous for being the first person ever to take down a Facebook main server, leaving the site nonfunctional for four hours. It cost Facebook, an approximate \$400,000, and Andrew was charged for first degree hacking. Rather than face the court, he disappeared and went to London's quarter of La ciudad bajo de Hilton where he opened a hacking shop.

“We hired him, and it took him 48 hours to hack the Revilo main server. The same job would have taken Jake 4 hours even if he hadn't created the server, and I'm telling you this to show you just how irreplaceable Jake really was. But anyways, Andrew found out the Revilo jet's flight plan, and we sent our two hit men to the next place it would land. Our two guy's were only supposed to shoot Jake and his sister, but they messed up unfortunately and shot two others. And now, I'm going to introduce you to a man who has a little personal beef with you. He came here to specifically see your dead body. Andrew!” Santiago called out into the Kitchen. A man emerged and Brian's eyes practically popped right out of his head.

The man standing in front of him now, was a man who Brian had thought to be dead. More specifically, Brian had though he'd killed

him. It was Marcel, Alexander Brenans personal bodyguard. Well Brian assumed that he wasn't working for the arms dealer anymore, since while he was working for Alexander, he had always been five meters maximum away from his boss.

He skin had red burnt patches all over his body, and his face also showed after effects of falling into a flaming wreck of an airplane. He had no eyebrows, and his nose was about half the size as Brian remembered it. He must have had surgery done though, because half of his face was still covered under a masquerade of bandages.

“You really hurt me bro.” was the first thing he said.

“You know when Alexander hired me, I was told all I had to do, was hack some of his enemies’ bank accounts. For me that's as easy as buttering a slice of bread. But then you came along. And you decided, to knock me into a plane, that was about to explode.

“The doctors said that I should have died. They called it an act of God. And I've taken that in its literal meaning. God wanted me alive for something. And I've figured out what it is. He wanted me to find you and kill you.” he said.

Brian reaction was priceless, considering he was moments away from a definite death. He laughed and sat down at the table.

“You know... I do admire your will to live. I can't act like I'm not impressed. But I didn't realize you were one of *those* guys.” said Brian, implying hardcore religious believers with *those*.

“I'm not one of any. But I'm on my own mission here. And it's a mission from God. So any last words?” asked Andrew, not raising the gun in his hand, thinking it wasn't worth the effort just yet.

“Yeah actually. And don't worry about writing them down. I'm pretty sure you'll remember them. This time, stay dead will you!” Brian

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pulled his gun out of what seemed to be thin air. Santiago had lowered his gun, in the time that Andrew was explaining his mission from God, and neither one expected it. Before Santiago or Andrew could react, Brian shot. But two shots were fired. And Brian honestly couldn't tell if they both came from his chamber.

Chapter 18

30 minutes earlier, The Queen's Villa...

“Agent X just sent me the SOS signal. He seems to still be in the last area where his internal phone GPS reported coordinates to us. Move now. If anything happens to him, I'll personally make sure your men are given dishonorable discharges. I respect the fact that you don't know what you're up against, but I want three Special Forces teams advancing now! Are we clear sergeant Mulcahy?” said Ernie. Seconds earlier before he made the call to Sergeant Joe Mulcahy, His Mac Book Pro had unlocked itself, and the screen had started giving off a flashing light. It meant the distress signal from Brian had come through, and that he was in immediate danger. It was something that Ernie never wanted to see, when he was working on a mission with an agent, and it was specifically not something he wanted Brian to go through. SOS meant serious danger.

“Yes Sir understood. Do we have a shoot to kill order, for any hostiles we encounter en route to retrieval of Agent X?” asked sergeant Mulcahy. When he was called in for a job like this, he was usually only told Agent X. Names were too personal for situations like these, and sergeant Mulcahy certainly didn't want to know the name of the Agent, whose life had just been placed in his hands.

“Do whatever is necessary. If shoot to kill is necessary, then do it by all means. Just bring Agent X back,” replied Ernie.

“Very well sir. Alpha Team is moving in. Delta has arrived. Mission has started. I will keep you updated sir!” said sergeant Mulcahy. He was the leader of the Special Forces squadron known as

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NQACT (No Questions Asked Criminal Takeover) which consisted of three tactical assault groups. He was married and had two children. It was the reason he always used when people asked him, how he can go around killing people: If I can help make the world a better place for my children to grow up, well then I think I'm doing a pretty decent job as a father.”

Ernie hung up the phone, and started observing things outside on the street. At first he didn't notice anything strange, but when suddenly an army of armed men started marching from Adrian's house in the direction of the Queen's Villa, he thought it a little abnormal.

He jumped into the lift, which he'd kept open in case of an emergency, and rode it down to the bunker

“We're most likely under attack! I need you two to set up the control section of the bunker so I can monitor everything going on outside!” shouted Ernie at the two soldiers dosing in front of the entrance. The opened the door, and did as Ernie had requested. The set up the Mac Pro, to multiple monitors, and connected a land line telephone to a secure DMX connection.

Ernie made a quick call to sergeant Mulcahy once again, and explained what was happening on his end.

“Stay where you are. I'll make some calls. There should be a Special Forces team there within the hour. Keep in mind that you are sitting in a bunker that can withstand a nuclear fallout.

“Unfortunately we have some bad news for you. My teams and I have reached the coordinates. That's not the bad part though. The coordinates have led us to the Hilton Hotel in Colombia.”

The news pissed Ernie off.

“So go in there and check every single bloody square meter of the place. It's Colombia, and I don't mean to be racist, but the country is practically run by drug Cartels. And I wouldn't be surprised if that hotel is too.” he shouted into the phone.

Although Ernie couldn't see it, sergeant Mulcahy's face turned bright tomato red.

“We did sir. Brian hadn't even checked in apparently. There weren't even any signs of criminal activity.” he said.

“But that's impossible...” said Ernie. He went back onto the tracker software, to see if he'd read the coordinates wrong. They were still the same. Ernie thought hard. *Where are you Brian?* And that's when it hit him. He turned on the 3D functionality of the tracking software, and rejoiced when the screen showed Brian as a little green dot, about ten floors under the Hilton.

“He's ten floors under the Hilton! Get down there now! I really don't give a shit how, but do it!”

There was a minute's pause, from sergeant Mulcahy's end of the line. Then a loud scream could be heard, and some muffled talking.

“The receptionist was easily persuaded. He gave us a key card for the lift. He says it's the only way down.” said sergeant Mulcahy, once again talking to Ernie.

“Then why are you still talking with me? Get your ass down there!” shouted Ernie. Sergeant Mulcahy didn't appreciate the cheek he was getting from Ernie, but understood that he was under a lot of stress. He hung up and got his soldiers ready.

Ernie had other problems. The Villa's main security system was being overridden by an unknown source. The lift was going up, then

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down and up again, as the mainframe of the security was trying to fight off the internal attack.

“Bollocks! You two, grab the turrets, and start loading them.” shouted Ernie. He grabbed his MacBook Pro, and opened a simply designed hacking application. It had been developed by Jake, and was best described as a technical bomb. Once it was started, it would start overheating and frying the hardware of every computer in a one kilometer radius. It was extremely powerful, and if the hacker trying to access the Villa's security system was in that one Km radius, the danger would soon be stopped.

The program launched and all that it showed, was a picture of a giraffe. There were no buttons to start the process or anything of the sorts, and Ernie guessed the program must have been corrupted somehow. He cursed beneath his breath and looked to the two soldiers to give them further instructions.

“Prepare to engage, soldiers. These men are not here to drink a cup of tea with us. Shoot to kill.” shouted Ernie. It was the second time he'd given that order in the last hour, and it was not a good sign. He only hoped sergeant Mulcahy's men would show up in time.

Alpha Team, Ten floors under the Hilton...

“Alright men, we have to assume that we're going to be under heavy fire. That receptionist most likely warned whoever is down here that we're coming. But I trust you men! You will be brave, and you will not run. And more than anything, you will return to your home at the end of tonight! I intend on leaving no man behind!” said sergeant Mulcahy to his men. They were crowded in the lift of the Hilton hotel.

The doors slid open. They marched out into the little garden that Brian had been in earlier that day, and faced the same wall too.

“Buzza!” shouted sergeant Mulcahy. A man with a Bazooka stepped forward and fired, without a moment’s hesitation. The wall exploded into rubble. As the dust settled, and the soldiers regained their clear sight, they saw something terrifying to say the least.

A hundred or so, wanted criminals stood facing the alpha team, guns held high. Thirty soldiers of the NQACT squadron, facing more than a hundred Drug dealers, thieves and trained killers. It was quite a sight.

And then, they began shooting each other.

Confined to the little garden, the Alpha team had to first put all their energy into pushing the criminals back. Once they were out of the garden, they could take cover behind obstacles they found all over the street. The soldiers took over different shops, and shot from the windows. Even though the NQACT squadron was more skilled in terms of warfare tactics, they were heavily outgunned. The criminals were managing to take back the ground that they'd lost, and it seemed that soon the forces of evil would win yet.

But that changed when the other two teams, of the NQACT squadron appeared entering through the lift doors. The criminals were soon running around like headless chickens, once they realized they had run out of luck. They didn't have a chance against a small army of Special Forces.

The battle raged on, for a further ten minutes. And then suddenly, the remaining enemies disappeared. It was as if there hadn't been an opponent the whole time. It was just the fifty five remaining

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Special Forces, and what seemed to be about one hundred and fifty dead criminals lying all over the ground.

The city, which sergeant Muclahy now took to be a city by the looks of it, was bloody and showed signs all over of the battle. The windows of the shops, either had bullet holes in them, or were completely shattered into pieces. The same was with the walls of the buildings. Bullet holes here and bullet holes there. Some of the building were in flames, from where grenades had struck them. It was a real warzone.

But for sergeant Mulcahy it wasn't over yet. He still hadn't found Agent X, and so he ordered his men to continue down the street.

“We lost good men today. But we also got rid of bad men. Men who should have already been six feet under. And so you can all be proud of yourselves. But it's not over just yet. We haven't retrieved our objective yet, and until we've done that, nobody is going anywhere!” shouted sergeant Mulcahy at his men. They had regrouped in a formation, and the sound of their marching boots was utterly ferocious.

Cornelius's Döner Restaurant

The two shots that had been fired, had indeed come from Brian's now smoking gun. Andrew was lying dead on the floor, and by the looks of it, Brian thought he could safely assume that he was this time, really dead. Blood seeped from the two bullet wounds in his chest, and by the muffled gurgling sounds coming from his mouth, it seemed that he was choking on his own blood.

“You know, killing four people isn't how I remembered intelligence operatives. I thought you guys had to at least check, if they were guilty before putting a bullet in their chest,” said Santiago now

making sure the gun in his hand was steady. Brian was once again unarmed, after Santiago had made him slide his gun over to him on the floor.

“Look Santiago. I get it. You're going to bloody kill me. But can you please get on with it. I've come to terms with it now. Nobody's going to come rescue me now. It's just me and you. So do it,” said Brian. He wasn't quite sure what he was saying, but it felt right. A tear welled up in his eye as he thought of Sarah, and the future he would have had. He just hoped that she would be able to move on after his dead body was discovered. And he also hoped that Santiago would be put in prison for the rest of his life. If all that occurred, then he was sure he could die in peace. But he was still scared of death. With respect, who isn't scared of it?

Santiago looked at Brian.

“I respect that about you Brian. You know when the game is over, when the movie is finished, when the bell has been rung, when the last ball has been kicked...you get the meaning? And a man who can accept the consequences like that, is a man at peace with himself,” he raised the gun a little higher, so it was perfectly aligned with Brian's forehead.

Brian awaited the bang, but Santiago had paused. Gunshots were being fired outside, and Brian could see by the expression on Santiago's face, that something about the scenario was wrong

“What the hell is going on now?” shouted Santiago. “This always happens, when I'm trying to kill someone. Sometimes I get a call from a close relative. And it's one of those calls you just can't miss. And so I have to answer it. Sometimes it's the mail man at the door, and if I don't come out to him, then I have to go to the postal service and

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collect the package there! Always I'm bloody disturbed!" he started walking backwards to the exit, while keeping both his eyes and the gun fixated on Brian.

His face went pale when saw what was happening outside. Whatever it was he had to go check it out, and with that he handcuffed Brian and locked him to the kitchen door.

"If you try and escape, I will find you and I will kill you Brian. You said it yourself, you've accepted the consequences, so please don't mess around and make me think you're trying to cheat death." said Santiago as he left the restaurant. He had taken both Brian's gun as well as his own, and as he was locked to a door made out of reinforced steel (He had no idea why a kitchen door was made out of reinforced steel) his chance of escaping were very slim. He had nothing to pick the lock of the cuffs, and he couldn't rip the door out of its hinges because it was so heavy.

So he resorted to the only method he knew of. Breaking his thumb. Luckily for Brian, it was the left hand that had been cuffed, but although that meant he could still use the hand with which he shot guns with, it wouldn't make the process any less painful.

He started pushing the thumb away from the bone, and as the pressure built the pain became unbearable. The bone broke with a silent CRACK and with the thumb in an awkward position now, he was able to slide his hand through the cuff.

The first thing he did, with his regained freedom, was look for a weapon he could use. He entered the kitchen, and was surprised to see Cornelius's abandoned double barreled shotgun lying on the floor. He was lucky he hadn't found the gun before he had escaped, because he

suspected that he would have tried to shoot the cuff off, and in the process he would have probably blown off his hand.

Brian didn't want to stay a moment later in the restaurant, as Santiago could be back any second, and he thought it best to go see what all the commotion was outside.

I mean sure, in a city filled with dangerous criminals, there has to be a few gunshots now and then thought Brian. But what he saw outside, was a little over the top even for an underground city of crime.

The city was in absolute chaos! Buildings were in Flames! Criminals were running past the restaurant in the direction of the makeshift beach. Brian suspected that the tram which Santiago had mentioned, the one that connected to the other underground cities of the world, must stop somewhere in that direction, as many of the runners were carrying suitcases and personal items. It didn't look like a lot of them were planning on coming back.

Brian made sure the gun was loaded and walked against the swarm of people. He suspected that Santiago had gone that way because if he still wanted to kill Brian, he wouldn't really be taking the next tram out of here.

“Run for your lives! The pigs are here! Code Black!” shouted a short fat man, with a sub machine gun strapped to his back. Brian was beginning to ponder whether going in the direction where the battle sounds were coming from was such a good idea. *Bloody hell*, he thought. He would not retreat now. It was time to face the music. Not that it could get much more dangerous than almost being killed twice, in the time span of twenty minutes.

Squadron Leader of NQACT still in search of Agent X.

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“They aren't gone yet! They're all running in one direction to a possible escape route! We are not going to leave these criminal rats escape us now!” shouted Sergeant Mulcahy to his men. On they advanced. They were ruthless. Anyone trying to escape them, was shot.

But not one. One man stood alone on the road. He faced the onslaught of soldiers, and held his gun high. He shouted something.

“Halt men. If he wants to surrender we shall accept. We're not like them. We don't want to kill, but we do it because we must! Keep that in mind!” shouted Sergeant Mulcahy. But his opinion changed when the man started shooting at him.

Brian facing the NQACT squadron

Brian opened fire. It was a futile attempt, against the mass of men marching towards him. But he did it anyway, in hope of seeing Sarah, once more. It was the only thought inside in his mind.

The army of men quickly returned fire, and Brian fell to the floor. He was wounded but still breathing, and before he was wounded any further, Sergeant Mulcahy spoke.

“It's Agent X! The picture Ernie sent us is a straight match. Don't fire again. I repeat do not fire!” he said as he ran over to where Brian was lying on the floor.

“Brian?” he asked.

Brian nodded.

“Ernie sent us. Sorry we only made it now. We're surprised to see you're still alive. What the hell is this place?”

“I'll gladly answer all your questions after I've recovered in a hospital bed. I have just been shot after all” he tried to get up, but stumbled and fell down again.

Seeing as Brian was in no fit state to leave the underground city by himself, Sergeant Mulcahy motioned for two of his men to come over.

“Bring him back up to the Hilton. I'll have a Chopper waiting for you. Take him to the nearest hospital. I'll have a doctor from America flown in, in the meantime. But be quick. He's losing a lot of blood.”

The two men nodded, picked Brian up and started carrying him as fast as they could, back in the direction of the lift.

“Alright boys, capture anyone who does not pose as a threat. They'll get their punishment when we bring them back up again, so there's no need to kill them if they don't attack first. Is that cle-” asked Sergeant Mulcahy being cut off by his radio.

“Brian has confirmed Santiago Lopez is still alive. He's our new objective!” said one of the men helping Brian.

“Copy that” said Sergeant Mulcahy. “You heard him boys. Find Santiago! Now let's go capture some criminals! And try to have some fun while you're at it. Otherwise, what's the point?”

The squadron continued in the direction from where Brian had come, and their intentions were clear. They had killed, and now they were being ordered to capture. Every man still down here was their objective, but Santiago was the most important.

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Chapter 19

Brian opened his eyes. The first thing he saw, was the color white. The first thought that popped into his mid, was *I'm Dead*. Then his eyes began to focus, and he realized that the afterlife most likely didn't contain the medical machines he was hooked up to. The equipment that surrounded him, was expensive looking, and it seemed that he was momentarily in some private clinic, in Europe if he had to guess. He listened to the beeping of the machines around him, and just stayed still underneath the cozy duvet of his hospital bed. He couldn't make any big movements anyway, thanks to the medical machines that were half inside of him, and half outside of him, but he did his best anyway to reposition his stiff body.

The door which he was facing, slid open, and through walked a blonde nurse. She was taller than average, and at about thirty four years of age, she looked to be well off, in health terms. She didn't seem to be surprised to see that Brian was awake, and when Brian opened his mouth to speak, she just raised her fore finger to her lips and shushed him.

“The doctor will be with you soon enough, Brian. You've been out for quite some time. The drugs we've been giving you, take a high toll on your digestive system, so don't be afraid to call at any time if you need to use the toilet,” said the nurse. She had a strong thick Swiss accent, and Brian now took an educated guess, that he was in Switzerland.

He nodded at her, and waited patiently as she checked the data from the machines. She ran some quick maintenance tests, and disappeared as soon as she was finished. Brian was once again left on

his own, and instead of listening to the noises of the machines, he tried to keep count of his heart rate. After five minutes of counting, he eventually tried to figure out the average per minute, but gave up when the doors slide open.

The doctor, that the nurse had foretold would come, was a smallish man, with a mustache, and he wore a baseball cap on his head, which was a tad bit strange for a doctor.

“I expect you have a lot of questions about your condition Brian. And as to how you got here. And don't worry, they will all be answered shortly. But for now I can permit you to ask one question.” said the middle aged man. He did not have the same Swiss accent as the nurse, but rather a Texan twang. He was probably flown over from the US by Revalo, who would go to great lengths for the recovery of an agent. To put them up in a private Swiss clinic after they were injured, was not an unheard of thing.

Brian thought hard. There were a million question in his brain, but he thought he'd best ask the most crucial question, so he could at least understand a bit of what was going on.

“What happened to me, why am I here?” asked Brian. The doctors face expression was blank.

“Well, you were in a coma for the past week. It wasn't really anything life threatening, or rare, but you kind of passed out, and didn't wake up again. That's why your people brought you here, for the best recovery possible. The machines are just here to make sure you don't accidentally die.

“What happened I can't tell you however? Even if I knew, it's way above my pay grade to tell you things like that. So you'll just have to wait for Mr. Becclestone to return.” By the firmness in the doctor's

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voice, it was clear to Brian that the answer he had received would really be the only one, he was going to get from the stubborn doctor.

Brian nodded his head and smiled. He was trying to encourage the doctor to open up a little more, but that seemed hopeless at the given time.

“I'd better just sit tight then, and wait for *Mr. Becclestone*. I'll shout if I need anything” said Brian. He closed his eyes to emphasize his attempt at rest but the doctor interrupted him before he could put on a good show.

“Look Brian you seem like a really chilled guy, but we both know, that as soon as I leave this room, you're going to unhook every one of those machines, as painful as it may be, and try to get out of here. And I can't let you do that. Because the people that you work for, are paying me a lot of money to take care of you,” said the doctor.

He pushed a button on one of the machines, and Brian was completely taken aback, by the cold hard metal boundaries that formed around his arms. They were connected to the bed somehow, and although they weren't so tight, that they were uncomfortable, there wasn't any possible way of escaping. The scenario reminded him of when he had to break his thumbs in the underground city to escape, and as he thought about it, he was able to tell that there was a cast on the hand with the broken thumb.

“Really. Is this seriously necessary?” asked Brian. His mood had quickly dropped to an icy level of despise, and all the muscles in his face were working on making his feelings apparent to the doctor.

“It's better this way. Just let it happen. I'm sure you'll thank me later,” said the doctor. His face showed no sympathy, and as he headed back to the door and unlocked it.

“Piss off you prick. I see no possible bloody outcome where I'm going to thank you for chaining me to a hospital bed!” shouted Brian.

The doctor said nothing as he exited, but Brian could have sworn that he heard him chuckle.

Wow. I have no idea what's going on in the world, but seemingly I can wait, thought Brian. *I hate intelligence agencies!*

Brian closed his eyes, and started the whole 'Trying to sleep' process. His mind soon started drifting, as his reality became a dream, and in no time at all, he was fast asleep.

“Wake up Brian. Come on Brian I know you're in there. Calling your very expensive private doctor a prick isn't really the English way, now is it Brian? Come on Brian I know you can hear me!” said a voice.

Brian's eyes snapped open. In front of him, was the face of Ernie Becclestone, with red puffy cheeks, from the cold Swiss air. He wore a woolen hat, and was gently slapping Brian to awake him.

“Do you bloody mind! I'd appreciate not being slapped if that's alright.” said Brian, with an icy tone. He wasn't quite sure what to say, since he'd just been dreaming of a penguin with super powers, but all of a sudden, all of his questions raced back straight into his mind.

“What the hell happened to me?” asked Brian.

Ernie's face dropped, and he looked away from Brian.

“We're not exactly sure, but we do know you lost a lot of blood. It caused you to pass out, but you should have woken up after a few hours at the most. The doctor said it could have been something to do with you reliving memories. That you so to speak got stuck in your

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dream world. He's an expert in neuroscience, and he says although it rarely occurs, it has happened before.

“Do you remember anything you dreamed of or thought of while you were asleep? Anything at all that could be helpful to diagnose your condition” he said. Brian thought hard. To think it was even possible, that he had been dreaming for the past week, was something new even to him. Images flashed before his eyes. Memories he usually couldn't recall at all, were now crystal clear and available to grasp.

“I don't know what happened, but I seem to be able to remember things better. I feel like I've taken some recreational drug, when I remember something. I see the whole thing...” said Brian trailing off, lost in the world of his memories.

Ernie looked back at Brian and examined his facial expression, with a puzzled look.

“Does anything in particular pop out? Like something that screams importance?” asked Ernie.

“Not really to be honest. But one memory which I can picture the best, is the one of the events which occurred down in the underground city. And the last thing I remember is leaving the restaurant to look for Santiago.” said Brian. The memory seemed to ignite something in his mind though, and soon his eyes were wide open.

“Did you catch him?” he asked.

“Who?”

“Who do you bloody think? Santiago?”

Ernie smiled. Brian suspected good news and he wasn't disappointed.

“Yes we did. And so to speak red handed too. Had an AK-47 in his hand and a kilogram of cocaine in his bag. And it wasn't normal cocaine either.” replied Ernie.

The news brought a gigantic grin to Brian's lips, but while on the topic, he decided to ask more questions, rather than staring dumbly into space.

“What exactly do you mean, it wasn't normal cocaine?” he asked.

“Well, the people in the lab, described it as: 'The purest cocaine, ever tested'. It's about double the amount of purity, as the cocaine which is normally sold by Santiago and his crew. The big questions are now: Where did he get it? And does he have more somewhere in storage?

“As the stuff is just snorted up anyways, we couldn't really care less how much of it is left. Apart from the obvious fact, that the money is almost too much to handle,” explained Ernie.

Brian wasn't stupid, and he knew if this stuff was really as pure as the scientists claimed, then it would go for millions on the market.

“The street price of a normal kilogram of cocaine, is about \$35,000. And that's if it's quite high quality. But the stuff Santiago had, could be sold for about \$200,000 per kilo. That's an insane inflation, and with Santiago going to prison, we want to make sure that this kind of drug money, stays away from the cartel,” said Ernie, finishing explaining the current situation to Brian.

“Let me guess. Santiago isn't talking, is he?” said Brian.

“You're damn right he isn't. But he did say one word to us. And it's your name. He's only going to talk with you,” replied Ernie. Brian

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seemed shocked. Why did the man, whose trust he had abused so he could put him in prison, only want to talk with him?

“So why aren't I already on my way to speak with him?” asked Brian. He thought he already knew the answer, but he thought he'd try it anyway.

“Because you could go back into whatever state you were, at any time, if we don't figure out what was wrong with you. You don't expect us to put you back out there, literally after just coming out of a coma?” asked Ernie.

“Of course not... What about the underground city? Did you find the other ones? There's more than just the one in Colombia. You have to get into them. There's so many criminals, and they're all just waiting to be put behind bars.” said Brian. He was quickly getting excited again, and Ernie had to threaten to rip off his eyebrows, to calm him down.

“That's the bad news I was getting at. But it's got good news in the far future.” said Ernie.

“Explain”

“Well, once the last criminals had been caught in the city in Colombia, sergeant Mulcahy and his men reached a small tram station. The tram had obviously disappeared already, with the lucky few who weren't captured by the Special Forces, and what they left behind, was not exactly a pleasing gift. Several kilo's of high explosives. And I'm not over exaggerating.

“The special forces took an educated guess, and suspected they wouldn't be able to diffuse it in time. So they ran for their lives, and miraculously made it out in time. But the damage was too great. The entrance to the underground city, is now completely blocked, and it's

going to take a few weeks at the least, in order to get back in. And by then we're sure that all the other cities which you claim exist, will have been closed down. But at least now the criminals have nowhere to go. So it's not all as bad as it seems... Well OK it is." Ernie's expression was sorrowful, and Brian guessed that he was sorry, that Brian's hard work had ended in such a mess.

"But on the bright side, we got the objective. Santiago" said Brian. A small smile crept up on his face and his optimism gave Ernie a little flare of hope too.

"That's right. And soon you'll be able to make him talk. But in the mean time. How would you like to hear the story of how I was attacked by Santiago's gang while you were down in Colombia?" asked Ernie. Brian hadn't known about what had happened on Ernie's side of the mission, and he thought talking about something other than his series of failures would cheer him up. But he reminded himself that this time it wasn't really him to blame.

"Do tell me. But please, dear God. Could you please unstrap me from the bed?" asked Brian. Ernie must have overseen the straps restraining Brian to the bed, and he quickly walked over to one of the machines, and flipped a button. The straps disappeared and Brian was free once more.

"Sorry about that Brian. But now, let me tell you of my adventure." He paused and began his story. He retold the events in a very dramatic sense, and he made sure he didn't miss a single detail. When he got to the point where the doors of the elevator were being forced open, and several angry drug dealers were ready to shoot him, Brian was very into the story. A story which was so crazy he kept having to remind himself that it had really happened.

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“There I was, hiding behind the cover of a military turret on either side of me, when the lift doors burst open. Well I didn't see it, but I sure as hell heard it. Loud and clear! And then they started on the bunker door. I'm not going to lie I was getting pretty damn scared. And when they finally burst open the bunker doors, I swear to God I almost shat myself. But there was no need.

“A stun grenade was thrown in, and it detonated. I was blinded and by the time my eyes were focusing on reality again, I was knocked out cold. I think I was hit in the head by the back of a gun but I'm not too sure honestly. It was pretty crazy... I woke up lying on the floor of the bunker, the two soldiers next to me. Nobody else was there, and all that remained from the people who blasted open the door, was a letter.” said Ernie.

“What did it say?” asked Brian. Ernie grimaced.

“They weren't there to sell us something. If they were they probably would have rung the doorbell. Oh no. What they did was a clear warning. A very crystal clear warning. Not to mess with Santiago's gang. That's what the letter said. Alongside with: “Don't try to leave. It might be bad for your health.” It was signed by your buddy Adrian.

Brian let his mind process Ernie's story. His eyes were fixed on a spot on the wall, and his breathing was concentrated and natural. Something seemed to click in his mind as he had a sudden realization. An obvious realization but yet a realization.

“How did you actually get away then? I assume Adrian had people positioned around the Queen's Villa to make positively sure you didn't leave, right?” asked Brian. He wondered if he was on any

painkillers for the fact that he hadn't noticed the story wasn't finished yet, made him feel explicitly stupid.

“Well that was the weird thing. There wasn't anyone. In fact the whole mansion had been cleared out. Not a soul was around.

“We assume that Santiago notified Adrian that the underground city was being attacked by law enforcement just before he was arrested, and with that also informed Adrian to clear out and destroy evidence. It's a major setback,” Ernie admitted, “but in the three or four hours I was gone they couldn't have gotten rid of much. In fact it turned out that they had simply moved out all the documents, and files they were keeping in the Villa, into the upper floors. Behind the vault that is, but we have our people working on it as we speak.” finished Ernie, with a smile.

“So the mission's finished? And we won?” asked Brian unconvinced.

“Well Santiago still wants to meet you, and we suspect he still has one last card to play. I'm just sure of it. There's no way he'd just give up.” said Ernie.

Brian nodded his head. He thought the exact same. Someone who could act so well and fool Brian that he was just a coked up drug lord, had to have more to give than just letting his enemies win!

“Your right. So can't we make an exception and allow me to talk with him? Something crucial could be happening as we speak! I mean it's not as if I was going on a mission. I'll be in a maximum security facility talking to a man, cuffed to the wall.” said Brian. His expression was stern, and he was trying to convince Ernie with all his might. Ernie a man who wasn't easily convinced at all.

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“I guess I could take you with me. He's being held in Her Majesty's Prison Wakefield, and I'm sure he doesn't have any connections in the area that could aid in an escape...” said Ernie.

“You put him in with all the high risk sex offenders? That's real nice. He must be loving it, like a happy meal,” butted in Brian sarcastically.

“OK I'll take you with. But you have to promise when you've talked with him, you're coming right back here to be analyzed. And I mean it Brian. I'm not trying to be your father figure here, but it's either that or you can find a new job,” said Ernie strictly.

Brian rolled his eyes, slightly but never the less rolling them, and slowly ever slowly got out of bed. He first started wriggling and seeing which limbs he could control, and one slow movement at a time, he hung his legs over the edge of the bed. He realized then that he obviously had full control over his body, and used all his usual energy to stand up.

“I have a strange feeling about everything that's happened. It just get's crazier and crazier, and it doesn't seem to stop. I mean there was no way anyone ever suspected there being underground cities all over the world that housed criminals and terrorists. I mean there was no way Marcel, or Andrew Friedrich, could actually have survive a plane explosion. And yet he did.

“I take it you knew about that?” asked Brian, not sure whether Ernie actually knew anything about the Sacred Culina, or Andrew Friedrich.

“You talked about him, and the Sacred Culina in your sleep. The doctor wrote everything down. He said it was another effect of whatever coma you were in. You were actually completely reliving you

past events. But just to make sure that we understood everything, update me on the way to the prison.” said Ernie.

The information surprised Brian once again. *What On earth was wrong with him? Why was he tripping like this?* This really was one of the weirdest things that had happened to him in a long time. And considering everything weird that's occurred, that's quite a feat!

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Chapter 20

Her Majesty's Prison Wakefield

“You know I'm really glad I'm just visiting this place.” said Brian to the microphone attached to his shirt. Ernie and Brian had arrived at Her Majesty's Prison Wakefield two hours ago, and Brian was now waiting for Santiago to be brought into the visiting room. It was a closed room, so that the people inside the room would really be alone. The conversations would always be recorded and listened to live by the guards outside, but guards weren't allowed into the actual room.

“You nervous?” asked Ernie, from the other end of the mic.

“Not really. I just want it to be over soon. I have a feeling he's just going to shout at me, and scream how bad the world is.” replied Brian. The door opened and a guard stepped inside. Behind him Santiago entered, wearing an orange jumpsuit and cuffs on both his hands and feet.

“Hello Brian” he said, as he was being cuffed to the wall opposite Brian. He had several cuts and bruises on his still tanned face, but other than that he seemed like the same old Santiago that Brian had got to know in such a short time.

“Hey” is all Brian replied. He didn't want to say more until the guard was gone, since it gave Santiago a little more feel of privacy.

The guard exited after Santiago was securely chained, and shut the door behind him. He left a packet of cigarettes and a lighter on the table for Santiago, in case he wanted to smoke.

“You want a smoke?” asked Brian.

“I suppose it's just tobacco. Weed isn't legal in what godforsaken country I'm in?” he asked in return.

“They didn't tell you where you are?” asked Brian surprised.

“No. Didn't tell me anything. Read me my rights, put a black bag over my head, and I woke up after hours of traveling in a cell here.”

“Alright... Listen... I don't... I don't really know what to say. I mean you killed my cousin and many other innocent people because they got in your way. That's just wrong. So I'm not really going to apologize for trying to infiltrate your organization.” said Brian. He thought he'd better make his beliefs clear from the very start.

“I'm not going to tell you how very wrong you are, just yet, but rather when I've finished telling you what I've wanted to tell you.” replied Santiago. His expression was hard like a rock, and his muscles didn't move an inch.

“Alright, start whenever you are ready.” said Brian. He nodded to Santiago and then made sure his microphone was still turned on.

“You should make sure that microphone is turned on, because what I'm about to give you is one hell of a statement.” His voice was arrogant and there was now a smug look on his face.

“It starts twenty years ago, in June 1994. At the age of twenty I had just been awarded an honorary doctorate from Harvard med, and was due to start work at a hospital in California. I was a child prodigy, and not only in medical studies. But obviously my brilliance had reached the wrong ears.

“One night a month I went out to party and have fun, I was arrested and placed into some serious deep shit. The police came into the club and raided the place specifically looking for me. I later found out that they had been tipped off, that a man fitting my description was holding a large quantity of cocaine in the club, waiting to make a deal. I

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didn't even know how much cocaine I supposedly had, and it turned out there was a bag with 3 kilogram of cocaine sitting next to me, without any owner to claim it.

“I had good lawyers but they told me the least they could get me was 10 to 15 years in a medium security prison. My doctorate would be taken away from me, and when I came out I would be unemployed and useless. Even my brilliance couldn't save me. I explained to them that I was framed but it didn't help. So I just accepted it, and waited for the day of my sentencing.

“On the way there, the prison bus that was transporting me, stopped. I thought something was strange and I was right too. The guard shouted something outside that I couldn't hear, and then I heard a lone gunshot. A man came onto the bus and walked towards me. It was Roberto Culina.

“He gave me two options. Either he'd leave me there in the bus with the gun used to shoot the guard, or, I would agree to work for him. I asked him what the work would be but he said that I had to decide first. I went with, thinking that owing my freedom to some thug, would be much better than not having any freedom at all. I can't say that I was right.

“A year went by, and I still didn't know what I was selling. I knew it was illegal, but I didn't know exactly how illegal. I set up the perfect distribution network, one which was flawless and perfect. And then I was invited to Colombia to a party hosted by the Sacred Culina. They had stationed my headquarters in Jamaica, in Montego Bay, where it still was two weeks ago, and it was the first time I had been invited to go to the big bosses house.

“I arrived and met politicians and law enforcers from all over the world. Roberto had bribed everyone from Colombia to China. There wasn't anyone he hadn't thought of. But the times were changing and soon bribing simply wouldn't work anymore. But more on that later.

“I gathered up my courage to finally ask my boss, what I was actually selling. He promised me that he would tell me by the end of the evening, and then he told me to follow him. He took me to a back room, where more associates from the Cartel were hanging around. They were all snorting coke around me, and Roberto himself then pulled out a little baggie and put some on his hand. He snorted it up and handed the bag to me.

“I knew what he was asking but I couldn't bring myself to take it. He laughed and said, 'don't you want to try your own product?' I knew it was illegal what I was selling, but I didn't know it was bloody cocaine. If I'd have known that, I might have even stayed on that prison bus and taken life imprisonment. But I was too far in. I knew what I had to do to keep Roberto happy, I mean I was still scared of him back then, and so I took the powder, poured some onto my hand, and snorted.

“That was the first of many times I did cocaine. Ultimately Roberto turned me into a cokehead. For ten years it was practically all I did. Snort coke, party like a beast, and do my job. It wasn't a bad life in any aspect but when Roberto called me and asked for someone's head, I either went myself or got him that head, or I sent someone to do it for me. That was just how it was. If Roberto says drop down and give me twenty. You get down and drop him fifty.

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“But that changed nine years ago, when I remembered how I'd gotten where I was. I was framed and arrested with cocaine which was the very drug I was selling now. I didn't make the connection then, but I did turn my life around.

“I got off cocaine, and started making inquiries into my case and into gangs based in California who would have wanted to frame a Harvard Med doctor. Once I was completely off cocaine I started smoking marijuana, which amusingly enough unlocked my full creative mind. It didn't make me relaxed and chilled like normal people, but instead it made me think long and hard about things like my framing. And eventually after I finally found some evidence, I made the connection.

“One of my guys found a document, hand written and signed by Roberto Culina, ordering 3 kilogram of cocaine to be placed next to me in that club all those years ago. I was pissed off. Really pissed off. The man who made me into the criminal that I was, was making more money from me in a year, than an average man makes in his lifetime.

“But I kept my head cool. Instead of just killing his stupid ass I started plotting against him. A master plan. That would ensure his downfall, his company's downfall and the downfall of the modern economical system we know today!

“You see, when Roberto Culina tricked me into working for him, he had already started producing cocaine months in advance. That was clever, there was nothing wrong with mass production, but what he didn't realize was, that he was selling high quality cocaine worth a shit load of money, for the price of normal street quality cocaine. Of course once I found out about this, I immediately made sure that he made a lesser strain which could be sold for more, and ensure a quicker and

bigger profit. The lesser strain was a rip off really, pure cocaine mixed with chemicals to make the powder heavier, and less powerful, because I knew that if I could put the good stuff on the market once a year, I'd have millions of people begging us for just one line. But that stuff he had made was expensive to make, and it needed more coca plants than we had. So, we simply kept what he had made in advance, and once a year we put it on the market and sold it at sky high prices.

“And you want to know how much of that cocaine still exists? 1.8 tons of it!”

“What?!” exclaimed Brian. This was insane. That there was such a good product out there and it was only being sold annually?

“I'm not kidding. But this is where it gets real crazy. The street price of a kilogram of cocaine is about \$35,000 right? Well the last time we sold a kilogram of this stuff, we sold it for \$500,000. If you can't do the math, that's 85 million dollars for what we have left. Once it hits the street, it'll slightly, very slightly damage the economy. But that's not all.

“Where do you think all my money is hidden right now?” asked Santiago.

Brian couldn't really focus with the knowledge of cocaine in value of 85 million dollars, just floating out in the world, but he answered Santiago anyways.

“Off shore bank accounts?” guessed Brian.

“You really think that an offshore bank account would accept my billions of dollars? Well they're not all mine in fairness. Half is the Sacred Culina's and half is mine. But since the Sacred Culina doesn't really exist anymore I guess it's *all* mine.

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“But anyways. I guess I could put all that money in several offshore bank accounts, but that's a lot of work keeping up with so many bank accounts. Especially when you are a fugitive like me. So what to do? I, being the genius that I am, came up with the perfect money laundering scheme. So perfect it shouldn't even really be classified as money laundering.

“I founded a company, and hired someone to be the chairperson. Someone who was basically me, but with a different name. I assume he'll be pissed off when he finds out that I'm in prison, and it won't be long before he's picked up by the police.

“So I founded this company, and every year, I put all my earnings into it. It's a multibillion dollar corporation now, and the funny thing is although many of its stocks have been sold, I still own 100% of it! Each stock sold was a fake. Well people thought they'd bought a stock, but if they go over the paperwork very carefully, they'll notice how badly they were fucked over!

“You now know how intelligent it was of me, to hide all of my precious money this way, but it still doesn't actually explain how I'm going to take down the modern economical system with that company. You want to guess what company it was?” asked Santiago.

“Apple, Google?” replied Brian only half joking.

“Very close.” said Santiago. “I founded the company TNT electronics, and I built it into what it is today. A company that's right up there with Apple, Microsoft and Google in all the markets. A company that sells millions of products every year, products that the consumers love!”

Brian gasped. He didn't know what to say. It was simply unrealistic.

“Impossible” he spluttered, eyes as big as tennis balls.

“Not at all Brian. If you'd dig a little deeper into the initial start of the company in 1996 you'd see just how real everything I'm telling you is. The whole company was founded on drug money. A company whose net worth is now about 500 billion dollars. Per year it sells about 10 million NuclearBlast Computers. Per year it sells about 10 million copies of NuclearBlast OS. And for the last year, it's been selling its top of the range NuclearBlast Phone, which has made the company more money than any product before. It is one of the biggest, most powerful electronics empires in the world. And it all started with drug money. And it was led indirectly by a drug lord. Some of the shipping containers that contained NuclearBlast Computers, contained 20 or 30 kilogram of cocaine at a time. It made smuggling easier, and it was the perfect way to keep my money safe from being seized.

“But what happens when the world finds out, that TNT electronics, shouldn't really exist. According to law, any company that is directly or indirectly funded by any illegal product, must be shut down. Can you just imagine what's going to happen when a company in worth of 500 billion dollars just stops from one day to another? Products made by the company will have to be seized, because it's technically all illegal. The modern economy will be ripped to shreds. It's exactly as I planned it. I'll be in prison, and sure I'll have lost. But so will the rest of the world.” Santiago smiled. He was glowing like a pregnant lady, and his eyes were filled with something Brian could only describe as victory.

“And the cocaine? How was that part of your victory?” asked Brian. He was surprised his brain was registering all this crazy

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information at all, without any hesitation, but he guessed it hadn't all been fully realized by him yet.

“Moments before I was arrested, I knew it was coming, I sent an email to 12 drug lords who I've worked with in the past. They are all key players in the cocaine industry, and in two hours more than 8 of them will be dead. I emailed them the location of the 1.7 tons of cocaine, and told them to meet me at the location on this day, at a particular time. They're all going to bring backup in case I'm trying to double cross them, and when they realize that 11 of their contenders in their market are there for the same thing, there's going to be a bloody war. The shooting is not going to stop until one of the drug lords takes those 1.7 tons of cocaine with them. Once they have the cocaine, they will soon realize that inside the container of cocaine I also put the full banking details of the main bank account for TNT electronics. That means yes I am giving away about 400 billion dollars.

“11 drug lords and their associates will be dead, the modern economical system will take a major hit, and there will be high quality cocaine on the market for several years. So in every way I've won, yes, but I've also helped you guys out. After the underground city in Colombia was raided, every other underground city closed up and kicked every one out. There's no more places to hide for the criminals any more, and evidently I caused that. But again I won, there's nothing more to it,” finished Santiago.

“Do you believe him? About everything?” asked Ernie? Brian could hear him ask from the earpiece but he wasn't ready to respond yet.

“Uh, yuh” is all he managed.

What Santiago had just told him, was just unreal to put it plainly. It was huge. The fact that a multi-billion dollar empire was built and funded by an international drug lord, was just unbelievable. This would be the talk of the world for the next 5 years. It was just so bad, in so many ways. People believed in that company, people believed in the idol that ran it, and now, it would turn out that the company that people had believed in, wasn't even an accepted company. And an illegal company!

“Why do you have to take down the economic system as well? You got your revenge on Roberto, and you pissed off every other criminal in the world. But why do you have to take down a system that works?” asked Brian. He was looking at Santiago in a whole new light. Not just a drug lord now, but more than that. The man was practically a super villain. He had gone out of his way to change the world in a bad way. That was some serious super villainy stuff.

“Because my dear Brian, The system that you claim works so well, cheated me. And in a real bad way too. If you do remember I was wrongly accused, and not because the police actually suspected me of something, but because they were bribed to arrest me without any questions asked. They didn't even think about the life they were ruining. All they thought about was the money they were getting. And which vacation they could take their wives on after they got paid. At this point you should ask yourself, does the system really work?

“Or tell me instead, is it just OK that a government spies on its own citizens. I mean sure it's for security right, but is it still security when the bloody NSA is checking when you last wrote to Abdul Manhama or whomever, because he clearly must be a terrorist and not your friend from you science club right?

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“And that's only the tip of the iceberg! There are thousands of prisons like Guantanamo Bay, around the world run by different nations, and inside of those prisons takes place the continuous 'legal' torture of many innocent civilians. But that's OK because by torturing those people the government is protecting us? I don't think so.

“Where is it going to stop? Answer me that! When is it enough? When a camera is put into each and everyone's household, so the government can just check up on anyone anytime? I hate this world! And I'm one of the richest people alive. But that doesn't change anything. This world is doomed. Fat cats will continue to get fatter, and I'm going to enjoy watching the world unravel from behind iron bars. *That was the plan all along!*” finished Santiago. He smiled, cracked his knuckles, which was difficult since he was cuffed, and then he yawned.

“Any more questions before I go back to my cell?” he asked Brian smugly.

“Yes.” replied Brian, “This isn't the end, is it?” he asked.

“You're exactly right Brian. This isn't the end. My last little surprise is just for you. You see I believe you've endured quite enough. Your cousin being killed by my people. Jake, who was your friend although a traitor, being killed by my people. And practically anything that's ever gone belly up for you is due to me or my people. So how about one last stab” said Santiago? He laughed and Brian started panicking.

“If you touch anyone close to me again, I swear to God I will come to your cell and gorge your eyeballs out Santiago! Do not mess with me!” shouted Brian up on his feet now.

“Guard! I want to go back to my cell!” shouted Santiago. Brian was approaching rapidly and if the guard hadn't made it in on time, Brian probably would have ripped Santiago's head off.

“Step back sir. I don't want to hurt you!” shouted the guard.

“I'm going, I'm going” grumbled Brian. His eyes were fixated on Santiago and not until the drug lord had left the room did his muscles relax.

He sat back down in his chair and tried to calm down. Ernie would be in the room at any moment and he had to be prepared to act quickly. Plans were being set in motion and they weren't going to wait for Brian to relax.

“Ernie what are we going to do? If everything he said was true, we're going to have a lot of dead bodies somewhere in the world, and the international economy is about to fail,” said Brian as Ernie came in through the door.

“I honestly don't know but we need to move fast. You're going back to the private clinic. If Santiago wants you to die, you'll be most vulnerable in the next few hours as we bring you back to Switzerland,” said Ernie taking Brian's arm to lead him outside.

“I don't think that's what he meant, Ernie. He didn't mean me. He's going to kill someone close to me. To maximize the pain,” said Brian lightly resisting Ernie's pull.

“Doesn't matter right now, first we get you to safety!” said Ernie shrugging off Brian's theory.

Escorted by two guards, they briskly walked to the exit of the prison. In the car park two black cars with tinted windows pulled up.

“You get in the first one, and go straight to the airport. I need to make a quick stop somewhere. While you were talking with Santiago

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I got a lead on the cocaine. It's a long shot but if we can pick it up before all the drug lord's show up, we can be there when they show up and arrest them without a hassle," said Ernie. He handed Brian a small carry on briefcase containing Brian's boarding pass and passport. "You'll be picked up as soon as you land in Switzerland."

Brian nodded his head and thanked Ernie. His gut was telling him something as it did so often, but he chose to ignore it. He opened the passenger seat and was about to get in when Ernie shouted something from the other car.

"And Brian," he shouted.

"Yeah?" replied Brian.

"Don't get yourself killed" said Ernie and smiled as he disappeared into his car. Brian got into his and drove off in silence with his chauffeur.

Chapter 21

Brian was back in the private clinic, and exactly a week had passed since he'd talked with Santiago. A lot of things had happened in that week, but most importantly TNT Electronics CEO, George Kallman, went public and announced that the company was going to be shut down within 24 hours. Alongside this news he also announced that all services related to TNT Electronics, like Whatsapp and Twitter, would be disconnected until further notice. Millions of people protested, bringing to light the true power of multimedia in the 21st century. The day after George Kallman announced that TNT Electronics would be closing its doors, was the same day that forty arrests were made in connection to the investigation of TNT Electronics initial funding. Amongst the arrested was George Kallman himself, and 39 other senior employees of TNT Electronics. In a press conference, FBI spokesperson, Frank Lordon announced that none of the people in question admitted to the crimes they have been charged with.

On the second day after TNT Electronics was shut down, the FBI announced that it had finally been confirmed that the whole company had been funded on drug money. Given the situation, the United States Federal Court passed a law, making all products produced by TNT Electronics illegal. Several other countries including, Germany, England, France, China, and Russia have decided to do the same and passed laws banning the products made by TNT Electronics.

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George Kallman, insists that he had no knowledge that the money being given to him by Santiago was illegal money. He said he first met Santiago two years ago, which is a direct contradiction, of evidence which shows Santiago and George meeting as early as 1997, one year after TNT Electronics went public. George Kallman is expected to sit the rest of his life in prison. For alongside money laundering he is also being charged with various other crimes, including murder. The other 39 employees that were arrested are expected to receive 7 to 10 years each for money laundering.

As bad as everything is, Santiago had lied about the date of the supposed mass shoot out between drug lords. Nothing had happened in the seven days since Brian had spoken with him, and so everyone at Revilo and every other intelligence agency in the world, was very wary and cautious.

Ernie was in America, attending meetings with the FBI, CIA and NSA mainly receiving congratulations for doing such a great job. He was however simultaneously searching for the cocaine which he believed was somewhere to be found in Texas. Ernie was supposed to call Brian any minute now and as Brian waited for the call in his comfortable private hospital bed, he was also awaiting the newest test results for his 'condition'.

“Well Brian we've come to a final conclusion, I'm sure you'll be glad to hear.” said the doctor as the door to Brian's room opened and the doctor entered.

“We've decided to let you go back to England. There's no more tests that can be done on you, and it seems that what happened to you was indeed a once off freak accident.”

Brian looked unsure. For the past week there had been test after test, and after every negative result the doctor had insisted on Brian staying longer, so that he could be treated to his 'condition'. He had until now made no indications of ever releasing Brian to the world again.

“Are you sure? I mean I know how much you love having me here,” stated Brian sarcastically.

“Very funny. Hilarious even. But I'm serious. It's time for you to go back,” said the doctor. He gave Brian a form to sign, and once Brian had signed his release form, the doctor left Brian in his room alone again.

Brian lay in his bed for the next ten minutes debating with himself if he should leave without getting his call from Ernie, or if he should be good and wait for the call before leaving.

The loudspeaker next to Brian's bed hummed silently to life, and through it spoke one of the nurses of the clinic.

“Brian Navel, once you are ready to depart please come and pick up your boarding pass and passport. That is all,” said the nurse.

Brian took that as a deciding factor in his dilemma and decided to get up and start packing. There wasn't much to pack, just a small carry on suitcase with the clothes he had used for the week, and he was finished relatively quickly. As soon as he was finished, he left a one hundred pound note for the cleaning lady that had always so graciously cleaned up after him. He left the room then and headed straight to the reception.

“Have you heard anything from my boss? Ernie Becclestone?” asked Brian.

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“Afraid not. Haven't heard from your boss in over 24 hours. Sorry,” replied the receptionist. She seemed to be telling the truth, not that she had any reason whatsoever to lie, but Brian was fresh and recovered, and his senses seemed to be on permanent high alert.

“Thank you anyways, Frau Karden. I'll be sure to throw in a good word for you and your colleagues when I return to England,” said Brian, reading the receptionist's name tag.

He nodded, thanked her again, and headed out the exit door. He went to the taxi cab waiting for him and got in the passenger seat.

“The airport?” asked Brian, making sure he'd gotten into the right car.

“Precisely.” replied the cab driver. His face was hidden from Brian, by a thick woolen scarf, but along with broad shoulders and thick uncombed eyebrows the man carried with him an accent, possibly Middle Eastern.

“What's your name if I may ask?” asked Brian.

“Why?” asked the driver.

“I'm just making conversation.” replied Brian.

“If that's all it is, I suppose there's no harm done,” said the driver, “My name is Jacob Abdul Serra.”

Brian froze as he heard the name. This was not good at all. Something was seriously wrong. He had been expecting this the whole week and now it had finally come.

“And have you always lived in Switzerland as a cab driver, or have you ever done anything else?” asked Brian, gulping as he tried to continue the conversation.

According to the information Brian had learned through his MML state, Jacob Abdul Serra, was an international enforcer for The

Sacred Culina. What he was now doing in Switzerland, happening to be right around the same area as Brian and by chance picking him up in his cab, Brian could only fear the worst.

“I used to work this private security kind of thing, but my boss was killed unfortunately. His death meant that my job would also unfortunately be terminated. But it could be worse. Now I'm doing things I've wanted to do in a long time. Like go skiing in Switzerland, even if it means driving a taxi cab around.

“What about you Brian Navel? What did you do before you were recruited by Revilo?” asked Jacob.

Brian's heart sank. Sometimes he just hated being right, and this time, was one of those times.

“I never actually worked before that. Although I was pretty good at everything I did. Archery for instance. I used to love that sport. But I'm more into guns now.” replied Brian acting as confident as he could.

“How was the Sacred Culina's payroll before Roberto suffered his accident?” asked Brian, trying to prove his intelligence was equal if not great than Jacob's.

“Not bad actually, although I don't think I mentioned something to you about something called the Sacred Culina.” said Jacob.

“I don't remember telling you my name.” said Brian.

The two went silent, clearly looking over their next strategy. They had both entered a psychological war, and a war like that didn't just end: There was always a winner.

“OK Brian I'm going to cut the crap now. I was ordered to bring you to America. I'm driving you to a private landing strip where

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you'll be knocked out and put into a crate of bananas. Because you caught me on a good day, and I'm planning on leaving this kind of business behind me anyways, I'm prepared to let you go.” said Jacob. He still hadn't faced Brian during the whole drive and Brian was beginning to think that was a partial cause why Brian felt so intimidated.

“What do you want from me? Money?” asked Brian.

“Oh not at all. I just want you to get me through all airport security through a back entrance somewhere, so I can catch my flight to the Bahamas without being caught on surveillance. That's all I ask and I'll leave you live. I can't say as much for the other one though.” said Jacob.

“Deal... Wait which other one, Jacob? Tell me you haven't already killed one of my friends because I'm afraid then we will not have a deal.” said Brian raising his tone and making it crystal clear that he wasn't messing around.

“The two guys that hired me, said that they already had the other one they were looking for. I didn't ask questions I never do.” said Jacob.

Brian's mind raced. Who were the people? Who had they taken? Who was already dead?

“I want you to call the two employers and ask them where they are. Tell them that you'd rather deliver me straight to them than risk losing your bounty. They'll believe that I'm sure!” shouted Brian. Anger was shining through the thin veil that still shrouded his sense and judgment.

“Why should I help you? I could just as well send you to your death and instead I'm allowing you to flee! And on top of that you now

want me to help you find your missing person? It seems like you've got a lot riding on a gun for hire driving a cab!" said the cab driver. Brian was practically boiling, ready to stab Jacob. He would probably kill himself in the process but he was contemplating the worth of the deed anyways.

"I'll do it though. Because you're going to personally make sure that I get passed those security check unharmed. If you don't the last thing I'll do is make sure you go down with me. So believe that!" snarled the cab driver.

Brian wasn't in a comfortable position to make deals here and so he nodded his head, and agreed to the terms.

They stopped somewhere on the Swiss Highway (A highly illegal thing to do) and Jacob made the call.

"No I want to deliver him personally. I don't believe in slip ups, and this is the one way I ensure they don't happen!" shouted Jacob into the phone. He had been arguing with the man on the other end of the line for about a minute, when Jacob started raising his voice.

"I did tell you I might choose for it to happen like this! Read the bloody contract. Now tell me where the hell you are?" shouted Jacob.

The other line stayed Silent. Nothing was said and only the breath of Brian and Jacob could be heard in the cold evening chill.

"Give me the phone," said Brian calmly. He reached out his hand and beckoned for the phone. Jacob shook his head and waved Brian away.

But Brian being Brian had of course anticipated this. He was impatient and he wanted to kill everyone bad in the world.

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Unfortunately that meant the gun for hire standing in front of him was an obvious choice for stress relief.

He pulled out a stun gun and shot Jacob in the chest. As 30,000 volts surged through the crime enforcer's body, his heart accelerated and eventually slowed down rendering him immobile.

Brian picked up the phone and talked.

"Who have you taken and where are they?" asked Brian calmly. There was a short pause as the other end of the line just breathed slowly and clearly.

"I assume Brian, you're talking about our mutual buddy Ernie? Well we've got him with us here and we wanted to have you watch the show with us, but perhaps next time. If his heart holds out." said James Liguanto 'retired' boss of MI5. He could hear Pieter

Brian strangely wasn't the least bit surprised that the two men, he had heard Pieter Chivosky's voice in the background, had at last sought out their revenge on Ernie. Brian now suspected the two must have been working for Santiago, but that was not important to him now.

Brian was in a way like his fiancé. Ernie was just a person Brian depended on. Someone who he simply couldn't live without.

"Tell me now... Before I come looking for you... Where... Is... Ernie... Becclestone?" Brian waited for an answer, and the phone went dead.

THE END