



# THE LIZARD

WITH GOLDEN FEATHERS

ALVIN WANDER

*Wander  
75*



*Against a backdrop of gamesmanship and sexual intrigue, a deadly financial genius is chased in a globe-spanning drama. What begins as a story of her life evolves into a razor-sharp piece of murder and intrigue. Along the way, driven by a sadistic need to control, she murders anyone who attempts to stop her. After masterminding astounding escapes, the story unleashes an unexpected chain of heart-stopping surprises...*

# **The Lizard With Golden Feathers**

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# **The Lizard With Golden Feathers**

**Alvin Wander**

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# Prologue

My birth name is Michelina Aillon, but for reasons you will learn I have used many aliases. For you to understand who I am and why I conduct my life as I do, you should read the following:

*Crack open the chest of a living human and you can clearly see a machine: the heart. It has many functions in its four chambers that are then visible. Liquids are pumped and flow through the machine to various parts of the body, providing oxygen and vital nutrients. Most importantly, when the machine does not perform as it should, the causes can be determined by the examination of the machine itself based on both visual and metric determinants.*

*Crack open the skull of a living human and you can clearly see a machine: the brain. It receives and communicates information to various parts of the body. The size and shape can be measured. However, if the brain is not performing as it should, if performance is not considered normal compared to cultural or societal measures, there is no way in science to accurately determine the cause of such deviation.*

I am an adult woman who suffers from a psychosis. I have had these symptoms for as far back as I can remember. I've learned that these symptoms may be attributed to many factors; they may be due to genetic factors transmitted by my parents, environmental factors such as biochemical causes, or, as I believe, parental dysfunction.

Whatever the cause, I should point out that "suffering" as it pertains to me is not an apt designation for what psychiatrists would call an abnormal condition of the mind. I am usually in good spirits, and I am considered to be a brilliant financial guru functioning at a high intelligence level and devoted to achieving personal and business

goals. Physically, you should know that I am tall, nearly six feet, and considered beautiful by most people.

But when there is a deviation from what is termed normal behavior, it is a symptom of something called a *psychosis*; an individual, such as me, with those symptoms is called a *psychopath*. So why, you would ask, do I call myself a psychopath?

For one, I establish extremely ambitious personal goals for myself and I am undeterred in achieving them. I am known in America and many foreign countries as someone who accomplishes the most difficult tasks; nothing ever stands in my way. Concerning this, I dismiss the concept of “right or wrong;” I clearly understand the difference between good and evil, but I easily disregard it when I need to control situations and circumstances. I never feel guilt or remorse; I think it would just diminish me. I have no problem with being dishonest, but I am only mendacious to achieve some purpose; in that regard, I often lie to outwit anyone who tries to stop me or stand in my way. I have had to kill or have had others kill for me, but only if there is a purpose, say, to consummate some undertaking that I need to achieve. Oh, and by the way, I am a sexually promiscuous lesbian and I love it.

If this letter interests you, if you see some element in my life that is indistinguishable from yours, my life sits before you awaiting your anticipated scrutiny.

## **Part Two**





## Chapter 8

I never really knew my father. He left home when I was a kid, and I barely can remember him. But it was clear to me what he did to my mother. My mother was never the same after he left. I never saw or heard from him again. She told me he was dead someplace. She stayed in the house most of the time and had little to do with me. She began drinking heavily and I know she was taking a shitload of uppers and downers that were available at a clinic. Both my parents came from Mexico when they were children themselves, so it was clear that she couldn't deal with me and my rage. She always attended church and I think the priest began to offer advice about how I should be brought up. When she suggested that I get advice from our local priest, I flew into the kind of wild temper that scared my mom. I think that was the turning point; my mother used her last resources, and, with the assistance of our priest, came up with a solution.

So at the tender age of ten, she took me, her tall and skinny daughter, into the living room of our rented apartment, sat me down on the couch and with tears broke the news. She was sending me to what she termed a "private school" that was run by the church. The few neighborhood families that I remember were as poor as we were, and the schools were barely able to subsist, and according to mama, the local school was unable to give a smart girl like me the kind of education I deserve.

That was supposed to soften the blow, but it didn't. I immediately saw through her plot to get rid of me. Mama told me she wanted only the best and she would find a school that she knew I would love. I was not able to absorb this piece of news. I called her a stupid fuckin' drunk and I was not going to go. So mama had some people from the church stay with me until it was time for me to leave. There was no

kindness, just jailors to keep me in check. I definitely made a statement: I destroyed my room and kicked in the television. As I look back on it now, things might have gone better if she had told me she couldn't handle me and needed to put some discipline into my life. Maybe not, but at least, that would have been honest and I would have understood.

A few days later, after packing my clothes, my mother gave me a dress to wear that was so ugly, I felt like ripping it off and travelling in my underwear. I wanted to take some of the books that I liked, but she said the school had many more books for me to read. When she was ready to get me to the church where they waited to take me away, she cried terribly; when she held me close for the last time, I could smell the alcohol on her breath and I could have smacked her.

I had no idea where we were going, and it seemed to take forever to get there. Once we left the highway, we travelled on a dusty dirt road for a long time. When we arrived, what I saw was a grim-looking building made of dirty stone. A woman stood at the entrance wearing a faded, worn-out smile that I knew was phony. After goodbyes, the woman, Mrs. Leary, took me to a large room with a bunch of beds. She showed me mine, and when I said sarcastically that it was half the size of my bed at home, I got the first taste of what was to be the norm for my new home: a back-handed smack to the top of my head. That was probably the best part of my first day.

At my first dinner, we had a whitish-colored piece of meat that was supposed to be pork and some limp vegetables. I couldn't keep much down, so I was told to wash up and go to bed. By now I was scared to death. How was I going to get through this? I was looked upon by the other girls as a tall, skinny kid, a too-smart geek. I didn't sleep much that night, but as I recall, I never slept well there. The one constant emotion that I remember feeling during my first two years was total and almost paralyzing fear.

The girls, mostly Hispanic and Black, were either orphans or from broken homes; anger and fear oozed from them. Some of the girls took turns secretly beating on me. It was a ritual that in the beginning occurred each day, probably because I was smarter than any of them. Rarely did the headmaster of the school, Mr. Jonathan Sebring, ever take notice of me, even with the black and blue marks all over my arms and legs. When he did notice me because of something I did, he would take his turn and deliver a few whacks to my back and head for no particular reason. I think one of the favorite pastimes of the girls in the school was to spit on me. I could never figure out why this was such a popular event but it was. In the beginning, I tried to fight back, but because it was always being done by a clique, I just stopped fighting and bottled it in. I remember that mama had lectured me to turn the other cheek to a bully and, when I did, someone would hit the other cheek.

At the time, the teachers did not seem very intelligent, even compared to those in the school in Odessa. So school became very easy for me. I wanted to learn and a few teachers allowed me special time to read in that pitifully filled room called the library.

One day about a year later, I had an epiphany. It occurred when two Black kids got me in the bathroom. They pulled down my pants and did some awful things to my body with a broomstick and I just lay there with my eyes closed waiting for it to end. As I lay there thinking about my sorry life, a thought came to me. I should be able to defend myself. Lying on my back I conjured up an image of a muscular me, belting these bastards all over the place. If someone had come in at that moment and saw me lying on the bathroom floor with my underpants down and a smile on my face, they would have been convinced that I was nuts. But no, that was not the case. I was developing my first strategic plan. I was going to be strong; strong enough to kick the shit out of anyone who tried anything.

That night I actualized my plan. There was a gym at the school with all kinds of stuff that I never used—weights, bars, machines, that kind of stuff. After lights out, I crept along the halls and sneaked into the gym. It was dark, but early on I had memorized where everything was. I was glad of the dark. It was going to protect me.

At first it was pure pain. I had watched some girls doing push-ups during gym class, so I tried it. At first I could do only one. I continued experimenting with weights and pull-ups, and although at first I could do almost nothing, I tried every piece of equipment I could find in the gym. That became an epoch time for me. When I received my regular beatings, I just smiled and kept the immense anger hidden because I knew time was on my side. I went to the gym every night and often rose before anyone got up in the morning and spent an hour each time.

I was not challenged for a while, but one evening before lights out, a major event occurred. A girl named Makesha-baby (I never knew her real name) passed by me on my way to the bathroom, stuck out her elbow and hit me in the stomach. I turned around to face her and gave her the finger, so she started to hurl her fist towards my face but it never got there. I hit her square in her nose and it started to bleed down her shirt. Then I hit her in the eye and she immediately started crying. A crowd quickly gathered around us as I landed punch after punch. What a thrill. As an adult now, I can't think of many such pleasures that matched those that took place that night.

After the fight was over, I just went to bed and masturbated under the sheets. Please, I already knew what this activity was even if I didn't know what it was called, but after that night I surely became more devoted to the process and its results. From that time on I always was in control. I knew then that I could outwit or outmuscle anyone who wanted to stop me, and they knew it as well.

Though the teachers, mostly all women, were homely, skinny, fat, or a combination, the sight of an exposed thigh or the unbuttoned top of a blouse started a strange reaction in me that I did not understand for years.

After about a year at the orphanage, I became interested in writing. I wrote whenever I had the chance. Miss Gwendolyn Ellison was my favorite English teacher. She recognized my talent and encouraged me to try to develop my skills. Although she was woefully thin and wore clothes suited to an eighty-year-old, her face seemed pleasant to me, and she wore glasses that she liked to take off and wave as she was trying to make a point. I liked that. She allowed me to stay after class to continue writing and then to read a completed short story to her. It was during these sessions that she noticed another quality about me. When she sat on the edge of her desk, which she only did during after-class studies, I was able to catch a glimpse of her calf and ankle. She noticed me staring at her. Try as I might, I could not control this strange feeling of sexual excitement. At first she seemed to understand; she would stand up and move closer to the blackboard and away from the desk. My wet dreams at night would relive the event and offer me pleasure under the sheets, but after a while I became confused. She never chastised me or sent me to the headmaster's office. In my child-like logic about this thirty-five-year-old woman, either she was so inexperienced that she didn't know how to handle the situation, or she was experienced and didn't mind seeing my reaction. The light at the end of the tunnel was soon lit when she suggested that I attend her newly formed senior writing sessions. She felt that I had writing talent and that she would try to nurture it. That night I examined the alternatives and when I next attended her senior class, in which I was then the only student, I took the gamble, went to her desk, and asked if she would look at the latest story that I had written. I stood next to her and gently pushed the space between both

my legs next to her arm. She flew into a rage and shouted at me to leave the room at once. That night I slept little. I imagined the headmaster confronting me and giving me his special discipline or maybe even throwing me out of the school, but no one came, then or any time after that. I thought it was best to stop going to Ellison's after-class writing sessions and had no contact with her at all for a week. One day, she stopped me as I was leaving the lunch room and said that she noted my absence from the class and expected me to be there promptly the next afternoon to continue writing.

The next afternoon, I was still the lone student in the room, and after some time she asked me to show her what I had written. I stepped next to her. This time, Ellison reached down and touched my pubic area over my clothes. She rubbed softly between my legs and stared at me all the while. No words were said, but it only took a few moments for me to squeeze my legs together and explode into an orgasm. She smiled and told me to continue attending the senior class the next day.

This activity continued for several days. The touching became more forceful and intrusive. Her cold hands next to my skin continually aroused me. She never uttered a word to me and she never allowed me to touch her anywhere. That is, until one day when she asked about my new physical prowess and I told her about my secret visits to the gym at nights.

One night after that, she met me in the gym and lay on a mat with me, lifted up my dress and pulled down my underwear. She entered me with one hand and rubbed herself with other. It was great but funny that she would never take off her clothes. I really didn't know what to call this routine. It didn't seem like we were screwing, but it felt good.

After several similar late-night encounters, while we were in the middle of our drill, a light in the gym illuminated us. Mr. Sebring, the

headmaster, entered the gym and his face turned as red as an overripe tomato. He screamed at me to get out of the gym and wait in his office. It seemed like hours before he got back to me. With a serene demeanor, he told me to take off my clothes and get on my knees. He removed his thick black belt and brandishing the brass buckle, he began to beat me. First on my back then down to my ass, the blows came fast and furious. Before the buckle was lacerating my skin, I heard a swishing sound as he swung the instrument in the air. Each time he struck me he made me repeat that I would never do that again. At first I screamed from the buckle tearing at me, but I soon bit my lip as hard as I could and remained silent. I just kept thinking that first my father beat the shit out of my mother and now the headmaster was beating the shit out of me. I wondered if all men do these things to women. I thought I would keep a list of men who did these things. Maybe someday I'd have the chance to reciprocate.

When he finished with me, he called the school nurse and told her to tend to me. I couldn't attend class for two days while I stayed in the infirmary. The scars have since faded into red welts like flaming tattoos that I own to this day. The odd thing about the Ellison affair was that she was not fired and continued teaching at the school. With the maturity I gained, I surmised that Sebring was probably doing her and he didn't want to give it up.

After that, my physical prowess and my survival of Sebring's punishment made me a kind of folk hero at the school. Physically, I grew to 5'9" and I must admit, I was gorgeous. I couldn't figure out where my blonde hair came from but it just made me a knockout. I had few friends at the school; I thought most of the girls were either physically or mentally inferior and having them befriend me would be totally inane.

There were occasions when our school would meet an all-boys school for a kind of festival with dancing, singing, and a lot of

looking. I labeled most of the boys ineligible, but ones that I knew were either jocks or nerds, I allowed to get close to me. We would find a secluded spot and I loved the control I had over those guys who were never satisfied with a squeeze or feel of my tits, but that's all I allowed. The few who got rough found that I knew how to disarm them, usually with a well-placed kick to the groin. The plain fact was that I finished high school a virgin and I was okay with that. Much of what happened during the later years at the school seems like a blur to me; I was at the top scholastically and it seems like I didn't do much else.

The day of my graduation and my eighteenth birthday soon neared. I was excited about the prospect of living in a world with humans. On the morning of my departure, I arose early, packed my new set of clothes in a backpack, and readied myself for some kind of celebratory gathering of the staff to wish me luck. In fact, no one was anywhere around. Sebring was too busy to see me and not one of the faculty or staff was there to salute my achievements. So as I was leaving, with all the wisdom and maturity accumulated over the years, I opened the door to Miss Ellison's classroom filled with students and yelled, "Thanks a lot for fucking me."

Because of my circumstances and my amazing school grades, I got a scholarship to the University of Texas of the Permian Basin, which was located in my home town of Odessa. It's a small school, only a few thousand kids, but it became home to me. I saw my mother from time to time although she remarried and had a few kids. I didn't see my connection to her as something desirable and she didn't seem to want to get close to me. I just saw her as a dumb woman incapable of recognizing what I had achieved. I double majored in finance and accounting, and got nearly straight As. When on the rare occasion that I did not get through a class with a perfect score, there was always a professor who liked the attention of a "5'9" blonde willing to sit on



his lap. If I really needed the grade, a car ride out to a country road at night where I could practice my skill at quickly unzipping a fly always got both of us what we wanted. At school, I began to date, but the guy had to be an all-star in some activity. I never had sex with them although if the guy was at the top of the list, I occasionally would put my mouth on his organ and let him squirt his creamy stuff on my face. They believed that they had a fundamental right to take control, but they were so wrong. I had absolute control in these situations and I never let it go too far. Everyone knew I was super-hot and so popular that I won the Miss University of Texas beauty pageant in my senior year.

During college I developed my theory about sex. To me, my sexuality was distant and unreachable so I put those feelings away. I knew I would someday face the issue of who I was, but for now, feeling desire meant reaching for the next rung on the ladder of success. At this stage of my life, it was not what I wanted or needed to satisfy me. At school, I felt no homosexual lust for the breasts or bodies of girls. At the time, an asexual woman was perhaps nearest to what I considered myself to be, but I did feel lust.

The lust I felt was for some nameless, indescribable thing, something that did not exist. I suppose my lust was for something human, some sort of human contact that I might someday know. These thoughts surfaced in my dorm room at night when I knew Kalinda was masturbating in the bunk beneath me. I felt the steadily increasing movement of the bed until it suddenly stopped and I heard a hushed groan. I never discussed it with her.

To understand the world I would spend time developing theories. Things that are too small we magnify; things that are too large, we reduce. After a time, we bring them within the scope of our senses. This was my take on knowledge. I had endured the pain of my childhood to correct the distance and acquire the knowledge. If all the

necessary distances had been put in their proper place, life could proceed in a normal sense.

But that was never the case for me. I thought I didn't belong; it was just a feeling. I felt like an outsider to whatever was happening around me. I know it's not how I look. No, it's something else. With no friends, I had no one who could answer my questions so I answered them myself. That's why I am who and what I am.

There was one exception to my rule. It was at a fraternity dance where I preferred to sit on the sidelines despite the efforts of a dozen guys to get me to dance, drink, or go someplace and shove something up my nose. I was preparing to leave when she stood in front of me and introduced herself as Annie. I froze and stared at her for what seemed to be minutes. She asked my name and I responded and we began to talk.

We talked about classes, our majors, teachers, and all that simple process of sharing. Annie told me she was from Austin and was gay. I told her it didn't bother me. She was pretty. She had a good figure with a strong face and high cheekbones and her hair was always pulled back away from her face. She wore Nikes, jeans that fit just right, and as I surmised that her breasts were small but firm, it occurred to me that I was taking inventory, but I couldn't stop. She asked where I was from and I lied, a tactic that I used frequently; I had no intention of discussing that horrid place. At a lull in the conversation, I asked her if she would like to have coffee or something to eat with me, and my heart felt like it skipped a few beats when she said she'd love to.

Annie Goldstein and I became friends. We studied together at the library, took long walks, and after a while, we started to sleep together. I liked her a lot and respected her, so I won't go into any details of our love life, but suffice it to say, we both enjoyed it. It took me about two dates before I could no longer lie about where I was

from, what my parents were like, that stuff. In truth, I didn't lie to Annie much. I just omitted a lot and allowed her to make assumptions. For example, I told her my parents died when I was young and the family sent me to a special school in Houston.

After having dinners together, studying together, or just taking walks around campus, it clear that we had become good friends. When she first kissed me, something happened. I realized that I enjoyed the closeness, sexually, for the first time. At first we sat on a park bench on campus and just "made out." After a bit, Annie made it clear that she wanted to take me to bed and it felt right. Just seeing her take off her clothes was like magic to me. In bed, she reached out to hold me in her hands, and she suddenly stopped, removed her hands, and lay back on the bed. She stared at me with what I first took to be anger, but later realized was sadness. Annie told me that she never believed my bullshit story about school and my parents, so I told her the truth, chapter and verse.

When I finished my life story, I was astonished to see tears running down her cheeks. We made fabulous love that night and I learned something about the value of truth, although to be perfectly honest, I felt it had limited utility. For a while after that, we spent a lot of time together, but it didn't last. She was moving in different directions than me. She wanted to study literature and write and she had the perfect temperament for it. She lived in a fantasy world of imagination, and to me, everything was black and white. Though we eventually agreed to part amicably, it hurt for a while but it allowed me to realize the truth; I was lesbian and would be throughout my life.

After graduation, the first thing I did was to change my name to something simple. I became Nicole Lawrence, which allowed me to escape everything about Michelina Aillon from Odessa, Texas. I set a goal that I almost reached. I wanted to work in finance in a major money market center, but I didn't quite get to the Big Apple. My first

job was in Philadelphia in the finance department of a small technology company.

I could have had job interviews near home: Houston, Dallas, San Antonio. No, it had to be far away, closer to New York. So when I saw a posting for a finance job in Philly, I jumped at it. It was exhilarating to finally leave a small town. I got the job and moved to a cheap apartment near downtown that one of my Profs recommended. I enrolled at Temple and earned my MBA in finance. I got some great experience working on financial derivatives and leverage buyouts in structuring transactions.

My boss, who was the finance manager, took an interest in me. Well, okay, to be truthful, I gave him reason to take an interest. Yes, I had sex with him on several occasions, but I had absolutely no interest in it at all, even if he hadn't been overweight and married with two kids. As soon as I started, it was clear that he had the hots for me, so we did it late at night in the office. I honestly felt absolutely nothing and was proud in a way that I could keep control of a man. So, in addition to developing financial experience, this job gave me the opportunity to learn the art of moving ahead in an organization.

Within two years, my boss was promoted and I was named finance manager. This position gave me the opportunity to mix with upper management, and I found a few men at the top who wanted to see me on top, and I mean in a sexual sense. I was particular with whom I let have me; I had to see an advantage, an edge to doing it. I can understand men's motives: I was almost six feet tall, blonde with a great body, and smart as well. Which man wouldn't want to sleep with me? In few years I became the corporate controller and the chief financial officer of the company.

I really enjoyed working in Philly, but the company was not large enough and was privately owned. I was at the top financial spot with nowhere to go. Within a reasonable time, I began to think about

where to go next and, of course, how to get there. I was making good money but nowhere near what I wanted. I measured success in terms of wealth and power and I knew I was just beginning my quest. If I met someone who could further my career, particularly a man, I would do everything to satisfy him in any manner that was required. It was perfectly clear that I never enjoyed having sex with a man; it was more important to provide pleasure for them and I knew the techniques to do it.

My first big break came when I was invited to attend an industry conference in New York. Reaching the city was a real turn-on; the people, the excitement, the pure pleasure of walking the streets was intoxicating. On the second day, the executives broke into small groups, and I signed up for a group that was to discuss the key industry issues. I did my homework and found a table with eight male execs who worked for public companies. There was one man at my table who interested me and at the break I introduced myself to Phillip Courtney. He was head of technology for his company, tall and good-looking. I felt that this was my chance. We made small talk for a while and had cocktails later. He invited me to dinner and I did my homework about his company, a big, public corporation in Detroit in the tech field. Talk about luck—the chief financial officer position was vacant and they were interviewing. I turned it all on for Phillip, and to his credit, he was a hunk. We spent the next few days at the conference together. I know he liked me and he made a serious attempt to get me into bed. Of course, after resisting for a bit, I gave in. It's funny, but although I felt no sense of emotion, it was nice being in bed with him. After a couple of strenuous nights of sex, he agreed to get me an interview. Going to Detroit was a bit of a turn-off, but the job was fantastic and I wanted it. I dressed conservatively: a suit with the dress just at the knee, closed mid-heels, my hair pulled back away from my face. Hey, I was a nearly 6-foot fabulous-looking

blonde with solid experience in finance. I knew the job was going to be mine. Once I started, I recognized that I would have to maintain a relationship with Phillip and that was fine while it lasted, but if his career ever stalled, I knew I'd have to jump ship quickly and find someone in a higher corporate position.

At any rate, I was hired as the vice-president of finance for Black Technologies, a weapons development company. Under a lucrative long-term contract with the Department of Defense, the company was developing a laser gun that would be used by troops in battle on either a fixed or moveable installation.

Phillip's demise happened more quickly than I expected. He screwed up something big. I'm not sure what it was, but I knew the company was falling behind production schedules and the Department of Defense was screaming. Phillip took the hit and fell out of favor with the CEO. I knew Phillip would soon either leave or be forced out, so I searched and found the big fish. He was the son of the founder of the company and clearly was number two behind the CEO. I was sure that his power could get me where I wanted to be. I was finally going to put the pieces together. So seducing both the CEO and his son in the boardroom and the bedroom was like attacking my "victim" with a powerful raging force, as if being buffeted by savage winds – at least, that's what they told me.

Several months after I joined, something very important occurred. I went to a finance conference where heavy-duty money men attended. During a break a hedge fund manager from Boston stopped to introduce himself as Fritz Babson. At lunch he casually expressed an interest in both my company's weapon system and in my company. At first, I had the impression that he was just looking to socialize but at cocktails that evening, he unloaded. He was consulting for a foreign corporation that was competing for a piece of the same weapon system, but was stalled. He wondered if I would be

willing to enter into a consulting relationship with his client and provide some general information about the weapon's development, in exchange for a generous reward. I didn't want to appear anxious so I told him that I would consider it.

He placed a folded copy of the *Wall Street Journal* on the table and told me to keep it. He said whether I was comfortable with the arrangement or not, I could keep the contents of the paper as a gesture of goodwill. I knew what was inside but when I got to my room, I had a shock: one hundred thousand in large bills. This was going to be step one in my quest for the gold. The payment firmed the relationship, which I allowed to continue for some time. It wasn't long before I determined that my arrangement was with a dummy corporation, and it became clear that I was dealing with an agency of the Russian government. After that, I was careful about what kind of information I supplied; it was always partially copied data complete with multiple redactions.

At this point in my story, I think it's fair to expose my strategy. I easily dismissed any notion of right and wrong, but I was not really sure how far I was willing to go. I knew I could rationalize almost any behavior that kept me in control, and it gave me the confidence to move ahead with my plans. So for the next few months, I regularly copied parts of the plans, and the rewards kept coming. It didn't take long before I had accumulated a million bucks, but problem number one popped up. In the time that I spent with Phillip, I knew he was getting suspicious about confidential information leaving the company, although he never suspected me. From my frequent visits to his apartment, I knew he kept detailed notes about work on a laptop. When he was forced to leave the company, my fear was that he would try to get some kind of retribution against the company by going public with his concerns about the lack of security of vital data.

What if he did and I was identified as the thief? Would I let him bring me down? Never. Not on my watch.

I called Fritz, my Boston contact whom I was in business with, and asked for help. I knew the Russians would be willing to help avoid any public scrutiny. I explained the problem and told him where to find Phillip. I never told him to get rid of Phillip, but I suppose I could guess what was going to happen, and it did. A few days later we were shocked to learn that Phillip committed suicide in his apartment and left a note implying that he suffered from a deep depression and, guess what else? His laptop was never found. Right or wrong, nothing was going to stand in my way.

Now I was ready to put the master plan into motion. I developed a copy of the entire set of development plans, destroyed the originals, and deposited the copy in a safe location. My strategy was straightforward: If I was identified and taken into custody, or if I needed some heavy help from the Russians, the plans would be a valuable chip to employ.

Leon, the son of the CEO who was my next student, was fucking me regularly and really had the hots for me. I knew I had him; I knew he would do anything I asked. The money that I already had accumulated was coming from the Russians and I didn't care. At an especially hot session, I revealed the plot to Leon and asked him to join me in the end scheme. I had no intention of having that piece of baggage with me, but I needed him at that time. Of course he initially went through the roof and refused to be a part of it, but after his master promised him Nirvana and I used tongue and teeth to close the deal, the pliant student agreed to be my partner. So the number two man in a large public corporation who was married and had two kids was on board to cheat his company and go away with me to the Promised Land. This piece was critical to me because when the plan



was exposed, I expected to be long gone, and he would be the fall guy.

I won't go into the details of the strategy but as the chief financial officer of the company, I could move funds without oversight, and I did. This was a time in 2007 when the economy was in a tailspin and the mortgage market was in the toilet. Mortgage forfeitures were the tip of a huge iceberg that would have major repercussions for America's economy. The big banks were packaging mortgages and selling them, despite the fact that most of them were worthless or worth very little.

As chief financial officer of the Black Technologies, I had complete access to corporate assets. I diverted portions of the capital of the company to private accounts in foreign locations. Getting the funds out of the country was a snap. It was easy to find an executive with a Panamanian company who helped me set up a shell corporation overseas. I dealt with the rep of a Panama City company that advertised online that it could "set up complete corporate structures to individuals to conduct their financial affairs in a private, secure, reliable environment."

With complete secrecy, the money could flow like the wind. When I had enough salted away in foreign accounts, I began investing in the market by betting that these bundles of mortgages would fail, a technique that I researched fully, and they did. It was easy to outplay the big banks and institutions. Most of them never believed the financial crisis was coming. When it became a worldwide crisis, I negotiated my way out and booked profits up to over \$500 million. I was very careful to put the funds into safe places all over the world.

By this time, I needed to have my consulting partner take care of the leaks that came up as I neared the final stage of the implementation. It didn't matter much to me if they had to get rid of a few people; they were just part of the game. To be brief, as I carefully

planned my exit, Leon, his father, and an FBI agent got in the way, and I had to get rid of them myself.

If someone is prepared to kill, it should be for a purpose – that was the cardinal rule I always followed.

I would like to explain why I had to eliminate an FBI agent. A woman named Patricia Gilchrist, a top-level business executive, appeared in my life. A strange coincidence, I imagined, got us together, and this beautiful, elegant woman in her forties, taller than me and exquisitely dressed, became my friend – more than a friend. When she first kissed me, the hot switch in me began to tune into high velocity. I felt a maddening concupiscence for the first time in my life. She led me through all the journeys to my orifices, and she really made this neophyte nymph reach a level that I never dreamed I could experience. I fell headfirst in love with Pat, and we planned to spend the rest of our lives together. God knows we had enough money to go anywhere. I would have done anything for her. But, unfortunately, Pat Gilchrist was not a businesswoman, nor was she even Pat Gilchrist. I never found out what her name was, but one night, when I suppose she had enough information about me and my plans, she pulled out a badge and a snub-nosed Glock and told me she was FBI. She just wasn't quick enough and never saw the weapon I had on under my sexy robe. I put two shots into her head and poured myself a double Grey Goose. The emotion and sexual energy that I had in this encounter was unimaginable. I knew that I needed more of it in my life and would search it out wherever I ended up.

After this, the escape that I planned was seamless. After obtaining a new identity, a new passport, and forged identification, I was on my way. However, there was a dink in my plan: my flight from Detroit to LAX was weather-delayed for too long in Vegas and I had an early morning flight out of the country, so to further prove my ability to improvise, I found a young woman on the plane who was

willing to share my rental car and drive to LA. After she agreed to drive with me, it occurred to me that if I got rid of her on the drive, I could plant the “Nicole Lawrence” identification on her and dump her on the side of the road. I knew the wildlife in the desert would soon make her unidentifiable before anyone found her, and I could make the perfect escape. So, I then became Miss Laura Benson of Texas. I would catch the morning flight to Auckland, New Zealand, with half a billion, and start a new life.



*Against a backdrop of gamesmanship and sexual intrigue, a deadly financial genius is chased in a globe-spanning drama. What begins as a story of her life evolves into a razor-sharp piece of murder and intrigue. Along the way, driven by a sadistic need to control, she murders anyone who attempts to stop her. After masterminding astounding escapes, the story unleashes an unexpected chain of heart-stopping surprises...*

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