

Agents Dan Dailey and "Bull" Bulliard have their orders: "Identify, locate and terminate with 'extreme prejudice' unknown subject who intends to assassinate the South Korean President within the next five days. Plausible deniability demanded. For US Eyes Only. Good Luck."

Terminated - With Extreme Pleasure

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TERMINATED
WITH EXTREME PLEASURE

A Novel By

David F. De Hart

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Chapter One

Kimpo Airport, Seoul, Korea
June 2, 1968, 0930 hours

Dusty wind swirled around Dan Dailey while he waited for the approaching C-47 to land. An endless number of flights had landed and departed; but none carrying his pal, Bull. The airman at the passenger desk advised him that military flights, particularly “space available,” seldom meet scheduled arrival times. Dan’s face felt singed from the searing summer sun and sweat began to trickle behind his ears, soaking his shirt collar. He tipped his sunglasses up onto his forehead, reached into the breast pocket of his blazer and pulled out a pack of Camels. Tossing his jacket over his shoulder, he stepped back out of the blistering heat into the shade of an aircraft hangar.

From behind him, someone yelled, “Hey! No smoking in here. See the sign?”

Dan turned and squinted into the darkness to see a young airman pointing at a large red and white sign that proclaimed, ‘Absolutely No Smoking!!!’

Ignoring the sign and its three exclamation points, he lit his cigarette and glowered at the airman, who said nothing and slinked away.

Bull’s plane was an hour late arriving from Japan. Dan’s once cheerful anticipation of their reunion had long since

dwindled. He paced and lit one smoke from another, cursing his lack of self-control, and grumbled an occasional 'Damn!'

Dan did not like to wait—not for anything or anyone.

Three aircraft had landed and disgorged passengers in the past hour. Finally, an old Air Force C-47 rumbled toward the military gate and it had to be Bull's flight from Tokyo. Dan had not seen his friend and fellow Army Intelligence agent since their assignment in Turkey four months ago.

He recalled the time he had first met Bull at Oregon State. Bull had entered the fraternity's old colonial house like he owned the place. Tall, California-tanned and dressed like an ad for *Surfing Magazine*, he had met Dan with an expansive grin and a handshake that almost brought him to his knees. He had been saddled with being "Big Brother" to Bull who towered over him at six-feet-four. James Bulliard, whose mother called him Jimmy, quickly became just plain "Bull" and the name stuck.

With Dan's facility for foreign languages, coupled with his exemplary record at the Army Intelligence School, "The Bird," he had been assigned to the Defense Intelligence Agency as a Special Operations agent. This led to a series of forays around the globe on counterespionage assignments—the real spy-versus-spy stuff he'd read about in thrillers and watched on the big screen.

Dan had encouraged Bull to join him at DIA, and, after an unsuccessful attempt to work with his father in the family winery in Napa, Bull had decided to follow Dan's lead. They soon became known as DIA's "Have balls—will travel" team. Their recent mission in Izmir, Turkey, ended the career of a fanatic Kurdish terrorist and they had been awarded medals by President Johnson in the Oval Office—where Bull had tried his damndest to put the make on one of the President's young female assistants.

Dan and Bull shared a unique attachment; he had been shot by a terrorist and the bullet had passed through his shoulder, imbedding itself in the side of Bull's head. The doctor told Dan that if the 9mm round had not hit Dan first it could well have killed his pal.

There are few friends who can say that they were shot by the same bullet, now a mangled piece of lead that Bull proudly carried on a chain with his Army dog tags. In his attempt to reassure Bull's mother about her son's injury, Dan had made an "I cross my heart" promise never to let it happen again.

The C-47 finally rolled forward under the direction of the ground controller's orange wands, and cut its engines. Dan waited until the wheeled staircase was pulled into position and he stepped out of the shade of the hanger. He strolled over and stood at the bottom of the stairs. The passengers filed out like a column of dutiful ducks, following each other down the steps and trailed across the tarmac to the terminal—except one, a tall well-dressed American civilian, probably in his late twenties, with wavy dark hair, and eyes hooded tight in a frown. He clutched a leather briefcase under his left arm and waved toward a blue Mercedes-Benz sedan that had been parked beside the hanger.

The car sped toward the plane and came to an abrupt halt next to the stairway. A Korean chauffeur, dressed in black pants and a white long-sleeved shirt, quickly emerged from behind the wheel and threw open the rear door. The American got into the car without a word to the driver, slammed the door and rolled down the window. As the car departed, Dan heard the man shout, "Shit!

This was not a merry traveler, Dan thought.

He was beginning to wonder if it *was* Bull's flight, when he looked up and saw the blond giant bend his lanky frame to step out onto the upper landing. He waved at Dan, shouldered his carry-on bag and clambered down the stairs like a rockslide clattering on steel plates. Bull wore his gabardine uniform as if he had just stepped from the ranks of an inspection; neat, crisp and void of the usual long-flight disarray one might expect. He looked great, but he was *not* supposed to be in uniform.

"Hey Danno, old buddy," Bull yelled down. "I made it."

"Yeah, I can see. What's with the uniform? Still can't follow orders."

Bull stepped down off the stairs. "What's wrong with 'Welcome my dear old friend?'"

"Sorry." Dan said, "You are indeed welcome *dear* old friend. But, let's get you out of sight and into some civvies before we go any further."

They walked around the aircraft where the luggage was being loaded onto a baggage cart. Bull snagged his Army duffle bag as it came down the conveyer and waited.

"Alright, where's my fucking suitcase?" He glared at the crewman.

"Sorry, Lieutenant, what does it look like?"

"Halliburton suitcase. Aluminum."

The young airman yelled up at the open cargo door. "Chuck. Find a big aluminum suitcase." He smiled at Bull. "Just a sec', sir."

A moment later the crewman pulled over an immense metal suitcase and grunted as he slid it out of the cargo hold and onto the conveyer belt.

'Jesus, Bull," Dan said, "you get killed over here and they can ship you home in that sucker."

Bull reached over, grasped the handle of the large bag as it came within reach and deftly plucked it off the belt. "I don't plan on getting killed or even shot again, asshole. Remember, you promised Mom."

Dan picked up Bull's duffle bag, slung it up on his shoulder and guided him to the nearby hanger.

"My jeep's inside in the shade. You have to change clothes."

"Where, here in front of God and everybody?"

"God's seen your sorry ass before." Dan dropped the duffle to the cement floor next to his jeep. "Change."

Bull looked at Dan's clothing, shook his head, set the suitcase on the hood and flipped open the hasps. A mound of clothing popped up; neatly folded shirts, mostly loud Hawaiian colors, tumbled out onto the hood of the jeep.

"Got anything a tad more conservative?" Dan asked.

His friend gave him a quick look and rummaged through the suitcase. "Let's see, something more in the line of a seedy-looking undertaker. Hmm?" He handed Dan a powder blue Izod golf shirt, and dug deeper finding a pair of tan chinos.

"This okay?"

"If that's your idea of conservative, I guess it'll do."

"Not everyone on this planet has to dress like they've got a hard-on for the fashion cops." He pointed to Dan's sweat soaked white shirt, dark droopy slacks, and brown Hush Puppy loafers.

"Major Prattibone is going to love this," Dan grinned. "You'll be the darling of Camp Tracy."

"This unit got some sort of dress code?" Bull asked, dropping his gabardine uniform trousers and stepping into the chinos.

"Now that you mention it, most of the enlisted troops are in uniform, except for a few agent's who dress pretty much like I do."

"Who's this Prattibone dude?"

"Off the record, he's our unit commander, but he still has not come to grips with the fact that we work for DIA, not the 593rd."

"Don't tell me. He's infantry, right?"

"Yep. Infantry major, commanding a military intelligence company."

Bull stretched his Izod over his head and fed his hands through the armholes, grunting as he pulled it down his buff torso.

"Been working out?" Dan said.

"No," Bull gave Dan his beach-boy smile, "I'm naturally built this way." He tucked the shirt into his trousers and looked at Dan.

"You staring at me? What? You turn queer on me or something?" He smiled and patted Dan on the head.

Dan laughed and brushed back his mussed hair. "You check in with Colonel Bingham before you left?"

"Yep, sure did. He wished us well and sent some further orders for you." Bull unzipped his carry-on bag and pulled out a large manila envelope. "Here are my personnel records and a letter for you."

While Bull finished dressing, Dan slit open the envelope flap with his jackknife, and pulled out a single sheet of DIA letterhead.

"You read this?" He asked Bull.

"Nope. He told me it was for your eyes only."

Dan unfolded the letter stamped "SECRET-U.S. EYES ONLY", scanned it briefly, and then read it carefully.

Dan: Read this and burn immediately. We have just learned of a plot to assassinate the Korean President. NKPR has apparently targeted an infiltrator agent to carry out this mission. As far as we can tell at this juncture, it is to take place during the Incheon Landing Memorial Service scheduled for later this month. Our analysts have reason to believe the agent assigned to this mission is someone you doubled last year. His contact in Seoul is an American. That's all we have. You will locate and terminate said agent with extreme prejudice. Keep the Koreans at bay—this is an order from The Top. P.S. Foul this up and the President will take back his medals. Lots of luck. Bingham.'

Chapter Two

Highway 10, South of Seoul

Dan tipped up the front seats of the jeep and crammed Bull's suitcase and duffel bag in the rear area. Bull squeezed onto the passenger seat and sat like a praying mantis, his knees almost under his chin and the top of his head a hair's breadth from rubbing against the metal roof.

"If we're going to use this tin box for transport in the future, can I suggest some modifications? First, air-conditioning might be order, considering it's over a hundred in here. And, like maybe moving the seat back about a yard and cutting off the top of this fucking roof!" He banged his fist against the top of the jeep.

"You're here less than an hour and already bitching like a raw recruit."

"Well, look at me, for Christ's sake. I'm a sweat-drenched sardine. And *your* seat's not any better." He pointed at Dan's legs jammed up against the dashboard.

"I kind of came on a little strong in my demands for a vehicle," Dan said. "The Motor Sergeant advised this was the only ride available in the motor pool."

Bull shifted and groaned. "Damn thing's made for a midget."

"As a matter of fact I think it was. It was the unit commander's jeep and he's about five-five. Probably had the seats rearranged."

"Aha! Changes can be made."

Dan could almost see the machinery in Bull's brain engaged in cutting and hacking, with chunks of metal flying off and bolts being plucked from the floorboards—perhaps even tearing off the roof so he could see over the windshield.

"Maybe we could just get another vehicle," Dan suggested.

"Yeah, maybe."

Dan lit a cigarette and tried to keep the smoke from drifting in the direction of Bull by fanning it toward his open window. He tapped his shirt pocket where he had placed Colonel Bingham's note. "The Old Man have anything to say about this memo?" Dan asked.

Bull coughed, snatched the cigarette from Dan and flipped it out of his window. "Yes, he did. I was waiting for you to ask."

"Yeah? So? You going to tell me or do I have to put a gun to your head?"

"Whoa, Danno! No guns to the head. Had enough of that shit."

"So?"

"He told me in 'no uncertain terms,' to use his exact words, are we to get the Korean spooks involved in this matter. He says there are so many moles in South Korean CIA, you can't tell who to trust."

Dan nodded. "He's right about that. Same goes for their army intelligence command. They just executed a high-ranking officer who'd been working for the North Koreans for years."

"Bingham said that the US Embassy is off-limits as well."

"Now that's weird!" Dan said. "If this is a public ceremony dedicating a memorial, you know damn well the embassy will be in attendance."

"The colonel pointed that out. Said if you have to contact anyone at the embassy, find a way to work around it without

divulging our source. You have his permission. Same goes for our CIA folks. If we need their support, we're to get a hold of a guy named Banstry at their Tokyo office. No one else. Other than that, we're on our own. Again."

"Christ! Just like in Turkey—keep it a big secret from our own government and our allies, but get the damn job done."

He laughed and slapped Dan on the shoulder. "That's why they call us the ..."

"I know, 'Have balls, will travel' team. Somehow I feel like our balls are hanging out a little too far for our own good."

"Ouch!" Bull squirmed in his seat.

"Any other words of wisdom? Like who they think this turncoat American handler might be?"

"Nope. He hinted this intell came from The Company," Bull frowned and added, "But he said our CIA people here in Korea are not in the loop."

"Now that's pure bullshit. There's no way in hell the Chief of Station in Seoul would not know of this," Dan said.

"You don't suppose that the colonel's analysts suspect someone in The Company ain't playing by the rules?"

"Couldn't be any other answer." Dan nodded. "This means we have an unknown subject, maybe an American who works for The Company, and we have an unknown source that may be controlled out of their station in Tokyo."

"Bingo. And to top off this screwed-up scenario we have an unidentified assassin who may be one of the schnooks you recruited last year."

Dan sighed heavily and reached for his cigarettes again.

Neither spoke for several minutes while Dan mulled over the complications of their mission: Find and neutralize with extreme prejudice, for some inexplicable reason, an unknown assassin who is targeted to take out the Korean President. The

suspect could be one of several North Korean agents he had doubled last year.

The first had been captured in February off the coast of Inchon. The man had been affable and cooperative, but possessed little worth as a double agent. He was eventually turned over to the CIA and was now living in California where he owned a convenience store. As far as Dan knew, he was still there happily fighting off drug-addicts and two-bit robbers in San Jose.

Other than the guy in California, three were presumably still alive; Pak Quang Suk, who they had doubled in March and who was currently a political science professor at Pusan Women's College, and two others who had been turned-over to South Korean Intelligence Service shortly after capture. Most likely they were either in prison or dead. In any case, even if they were alive, they were under South Korean control and out of his reach.

"I gotta pee," Bull announced, breaking the silence.

"Good timing, traffic is stalled ahead," Dan pointed. "We're not going anywhere." He pulled over to the side of the narrow highway onto the shoulder.

"What? You want me to get out and piss here? Look at all the cars and people."

"Up to you pal. We're about thirty minutes from Camp Tracy."

Bull grumbled and opened the door. Standing on the side of the road with his back to oncoming traffic, he took in the surrounding terrain while urinating. Flat land, checkered with emerald green rice paddies, from which arose the most wretched odor in his memory. In the distance a small cluster of thatched-roof buildings formed a farming village. To the south, treeless rolling mountains extended into the distance. The scene was like an Asian ink-brush painting; the only

thing it lacked was a young woman wearing a coolie hat, similar to the photo on the cover of his Berlitz Korean language book.

He zipped up and curled back into the jeep. "The mountain terrain here looks kind of like Turkey, doesn't it? Except for the rice paddies. What in hell is that stench?"

"Human fertilizer. Each paddy has a hole at one end where they dump the honey buckets from their village.

"Nice!"

"Now that you mention it, the landscape does look like Turkey. Did you know that the Turks still have an Infantry Light Brigade here, up on the DMZ? About half a mile of the border is under their control. Must be the strongest point along the zone. The North Korean troops learned their lessons well when dealing with the Turkish Askers."

"Like how?" Bull asked.

"Every now and then a Turk patrol makes a nighttime run through the wire. They sneak up on the NKPR soldiers asleep in their two-man foxholes."

"And?"

"This is the cute part. They slit the throat of one and let the other sleep, then exfiltrate back across the line."

"Man, that's cold!" Bull said. "Can you imagine waking up and finding your buddy like that?"

"Great little demoralizer. Makes for a peaceful part of the DMZ."

Twenty minutes later, the black skeletal silhouette of the Han River Bridge came into view. Dan pointed ahead. "Yong Dong Po up there." He aimed a finger at rows of ramshackle structures clumped along the highway. "Seoul's just beyond that at the other end of the bridge."

They passed tin-roofed buildings butted against each other bearing signs hawking their wares to the military personnel who pass through on the way to Seoul. Several ballyhooed such things as: "Exselent Uniforms Sewings," "GI Cherry Klub," "Reel Icy Beer."

"See that?" Bull pointed, "I could use an icy beer."

"Off Limits. The entire village is off limits to US military personnel. Nothing but whore houses and beer joints."

"God forbid! We can't have our troops getting drunk and laid can we?"

"Too many young GI's end up floating in the Han River with their pockets emptied. Also, the VD rate in this town is at about 99.9 percent."

"Forget I mentioned it. Where we headed?"

"Over the bridge. The first road on the right. We're down there about two hundred yards. You'll see it when we cross."

Bull glanced at the bridge that still bore the scars of its unfortunate past. He could visualize the hoards of soldiers and civilians jammed up along the river bank in their attempt to escape the North Korea juggernaut in 1950.

Dan drove across the bridge at the posted 25 MPH and came up behind the same blue Mercedes he'd seen at the airport. The passenger in the back seat turned and glanced through his aviation sunglasses at the traffic piling up behind him.

"Without staring, you see the guy in the car in front of us?" Dan said.

Bull casually glanced ahead, then away and stared out his side window. "Yeah, snobby asshole was on my flight."

"He get on in Tokyo with you?"

"Nope, we stopped in Pusan and picked up a few people, he was one. That's why we were late. Fucker got on the plane pissing and moaning like *we* were the ones delaying his travel

plans. If we hadn't made that unscheduled stop in Pusan, I'd have been on time."

"Why's he a 'snobby asshole?" Dan asked.

"Can you believe this? He takes the seat next to me. We're the only two Americans on the plane. And, the jerk sits there glowering the whole flight without saying a word to me. That's a snobby asshole in my book."

"I think I've seen the guy before, but can't place him."

Traffic began to creep forward and Dan let the car in front move away before he put the Jeep in gear.

"There's Camp Tracy," Dan said, pointing to his right. "See the Quonset huts? That's our home until we get further orders."

"And when might that be?"

"Only God and Colonel Bingham know, my friend."

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