

When a devoted husband loses his wife, her dark past throws father and son into a sinister plot. Sixty years ago, the ability to clone a human was discovered. Now, that same technology is being used to dominate the world.

Final Solution

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4175.html?s=pdf>

FINAL SOLUTION



Text copyright © 2009 *Jason Michael Hiaeshutter*
Cover design by *Jason Michael Hiaeshutter*, copyright © 2009

ISBN 978-1-60145-885-8

Library of Congress Control Number: 2009906553

Published by Matchstick Entertainment. © 2009 Jason Michael Hiaeshutter. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author. For information regarding permission, please visit www.matchstickentertainment.com.

Printed in the United States of America.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Manufactured and distributed by Booklocker.com, Inc

Matchstick Entertainment
P.O. Box 274
Ada, MI 49301

WWW.MATCHSTICKENTERTAINMENT.COM
2009

Contents

PROLOGUE	1
CHAPTER ONE: SECRETS	3
CHAPTER TWO: EVER GET THE FEELING.....	19
CHAPTER THREE: THE RACE IS ON.....	39
CHAPTER FOUR: A SMALL CATASTROPHE.....	55
CHAPTER FIVE: CHILDREN ARE OUR FUTURE	62
CHAPTER SIX: DOCTOR’S ORDERS	82
CHAPTER SEVEN: JUSTICE IS SERVED?	99
CHAPTER EIGHT: A LAWFUL ENTRY.....	116
CHAPTER NINE: THE POWERS THAT BE	127
CHAPTER TEN: NEW ALLIES.....	140
CHAPTER ELEVEN: MAGDEBURG	146
CHAPTER TWELVE: FLYING THE COOP	163
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: INSERTION.....	169
CHAPTER FOURTEEN: THE TRUTH	187
CHAPTER FIFTEEN: AMERICAN SOIL	200
EPILOGUE	207
ABOUT THE AUTHOR.....	211

CHAPTER ONE

SECRETS

The morning of the funeral was dry and airless. It was an appropriate climate for such a solemn morning in the Vegas desert. Tears clouded Devin's vision as he looked over at his nine-year-old son. He was much too young to lose somebody so close, especially his mother.

Colton was handling things well. He was a brave little boy. Devin was proud that Colton was so strong. Someone had to be. Colton had already come to terms with a fact of life that would take Devin the rest of eternity to accept. Jodell was never coming back.

The service was long and drawn-out for Colton. He saw no reason for this, other than to make everybody feel worse than they already did. He didn't want to feel worse. He just wanted to go home. He looked over and saw his father crying. He was not going to cry. He knew his mom was somehow watching over him, and he didn't want her to see him cry. Instead, he stood up straight and watched the casket slowly lower into the ground.

A man in a leather jacket was watching from a few yards away. He was leaning against a nearby tombstone and smoking a cigarette. Colton noticed the man and tried to get a closer look, but there was too much of a crowd blocking his vision. By the time his view cleared, the man was gone.

Marcus propped his back up against a large tombstone and lit up another smoke. He was out in the open now but felt confident that he could easily slip out of view if necessary. He silently watched over the funeral of Jodell Vaughn, focusing mainly on her husband Devin. He studied his every move and mannerism wondering if he knew the truth. Did Jodell tell him anything? Somehow Marcus had to find out. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the boy. Colton had spotted him, but the crowd prevented the child from getting a good look.

JASON MICHAEL HIAESHUTTER

Marcus calmly dropped back behind the tombstone. He didn't want to risk Colton seeing him, at least not yet.

Colton felt his throat begin to lump up. It was getting harder to fight the tears, but he managed to hold them back. He could be strong just a little bit longer. It was almost over now, and he was ready to leave. His dad said the funeral would make him feel better. It didn't. He wanted it to be over. He wanted to go home.

The service was pretty much over, and most of the people had already said their good-byes. Devin stared at the newly placed casket and wept. He never even had the chance to say good-bye to his wife's beautiful face. The mortician said her face was far too damaged from the fall for an open casket service. But Devin still did his best to remain strong. He had to for his son's sake. He glanced over at Colton, who definitely seemed uncomfortable. Devin shook his head and slowly rubbed the back of his neck. He turned to his sister Linda, who'd barely left his side the entire service. "Maybe I shouldn't have brought him," he said, nodding toward his son. "This is a lot for him to handle."

"He'll be fine," Linda replied. "He's got his mother's strength. You're the one I'm worried about. Why don't you take Colton home and get some rest? I'll finish things up here."

Devin knelt beside the grave and laid his hand on the memorial plaque. The tombstone wouldn't be planted for another few days since the ground was still too soft. "I am kind of tired," Devin answered. "I haven't gotten much sleep lately."

"I know, honey." She spoke softly as she knelt down beside him and gently squeezed his hand. "Go ahead and go home. I'll call you later to check up on you."

"Sure," he answered quietly. "Don't worry about us. We'll be okay." Devin stood up, keeping his fingers on the plaque until it was no longer within his reach. He stopped to take one last look at the newly placed coffin that would forever hold his wife's body, and with great effort muttered a very heartfelt final good-bye.

* * *

FINAL SOLUTION

Jodell Vaughn's office was completely wiped clean. Gerald's orders were to leave no trace of its existence behind. The cover of the Sanction was at risk of being blown, and all the agents placed there were called back for reassignment.

Gerald and his men were sent in as a clean-up crew to retrieve any documents left over. He was able to recover most of them. All actually, except for Jodell's. Her records were nowhere to be found. He had no choice but to go to the Vaughn house and look for them there. He could not return to Sholokhoff without those papers. That would be failure. Sholokhoff punished failure, and Gerald did not want to be punished. Not again.

He looked at his watch. He did not have much time before the husband returned from the funeral. That is, if he was not back already. But he had to risk it. Those papers were vital to the Sanction's cause. Without them, everything they worked for would be for nothing. He had to find them.

He ran out to his red Firebird and signaled for his men to follow him to the house. If Devin Vaughn was there when he arrived, he would just have to kill him.

* * *

Marcus only had a ten-minute lead on Devin and Colton, so he had to move fast. He parked his blue Skylark a half a mile down the road from the Vaughn house and ran the rest of the way. He knew the possibility existed that Gerald and his men were already there. He only hoped it wasn't too late.

* * *

It was only a 25-minute ride home from the cemetery, but Colton had already fallen asleep. The sounds from the tires on the gravel Nevada roads always put Colton to sleep quickly. As Devin pulled the white Ford Ranger into the driveway, Colton slowly awoke.

"Go on in," Devin said softly handing Colton the keys, "I'll just be a minute."

Colton grabbed the keys and climbed out of the truck. He walked up to the house and started to put the key in the keyhole, but the door just pushed open. Colton turned to face his father, who was still

sitting in the truck. “Hey Dad,” he shouted. “The door wasn’t locked!”

Devin looked over at the front door. It was such a hectic morning. He had so much on his mind that he must have forgotten to lock the door when they left. “Don’t worry, Colton,” Devin yelled back, “just go inside. I’ll be right there.” He watched as the boy disappeared into the house. He sighed at the thought of finally having a moment alone, a moment to think, to feel sorry for himself.

He sat and thought about the last time he saw his wife alive. If he’d only stayed up on the rooftop with her. He knew something was wrong that night. He could have saved her if he’d just listened to his instincts. Now it was too late, and there was nothing he could do about it. And worst of all, it was his fault.

He looked in the mirror and attempted to regain his composure. He didn’t want Colton to see him so depressed. He cupped both his hands over his face and ran them up through his thinning brown hair. He shook his head briskly and opened the door. He then stepped out of the truck and headed into the house.

It didn’t take long before Colton was back in dreamland. Devin walked through the door and saw Colton sprawled out on the couch already out like a light. Devin knelt down in front of him and brushed back his light blond hair.

The sight of his son curled up peacefully on the couch lifted his spirit, but not enough. He felt a need to be with his wife, if not physically at least spiritually. He patted his son on the head and stood up. The boy shuffled slightly but did not awake.

Devin and Jodell had a small ranch house near Phoenix, Arizona. Devin thought it might be a good place to go clear his head. It may be good for Colton to get away for awhile too. Devin would talk to Colton about it later. He was sure the youth would jump at the chance to get out of school for a week or so.

In the meantime, Devin had a few things he wanted to do. Over the last few days, Devin had spent most of his time in the basement looking through old photo albums and other memorabilia. He figured now was as good a time as any to go down and clean it all up. After

FINAL SOLUTION

all, he couldn't live in the past forever. He turned and headed toward the basement.

* * *

Marcus was upstairs in the master bedroom when he heard the young boy's voice. "Hey Dad, the door wasn't locked!"

Cautiously, he looked out the window and saw Devin's truck. He didn't have time to search the house thoroughly, that was no surprise. He didn't think he would anyway, but he knew Gerald would. He also knew that as long as Gerald and his men were coming, Devin and his son were not safe. He would have to do whatever he could to protect them.

Quietly, he walked out into the upstairs hallway. He saw Colton lying on the couch. A couple brief moments passed, and Devin entered the house as well. Colton was already fast asleep. Marcus observed silently as Devin watched over his slumbering child and then headed down to the basement.

Marcus kept a low profile. He had a good position, angled so he could just see over the loft and not silhouette himself. He would wait there until he needed to act, or until he was discovered, whichever came first.

* * *

Devin had a completely finished basement with brand new carpeting and furniture. Old photo albums and other trinkets of past memories were scattered all over the floor. Devin sat Indian-style on the floor and picked up his wedding album. Looking through it made him miss his wife even more. The memories filled his heart with the years of happiness they shared together.

As an attorney with her own successful law firm, Jodell was subject to many trips that often took her away from home for days at a time. Devin's mind kept trying to convince himself that this was just another trip and she would be home soon. He sighed deeply. He used to hate it when she would leave on business. Now, he would give anything for that to be the case. At least then he could look forward to her returning home.

Devin glanced again at their wedding picture. He ran his fingers across her beautiful face and started to cry. He was deep into his own

JASON MICHAEL HIAESHUTTER

sorrow when he was yanked back to reality by the sound of squealing tires in his driveway. "What the hell?" he mumbled to himself. He set the album down and ran upstairs to investigate.

Colton had seen drag racing on TV, but never in real life. That's what he thought was going on outside when the squealing tires abruptly woke him up. He sat up and stared out the window as a red Firebird followed by a white Trans Am sharply turned into his driveway.

Marcus had to act quickly. He knew Colton was in immediate danger now. He ran down the stairs and leaped over the couch, grabbing Colton in mid-air and forcing him to the floor. Rolling with the boy across the living room, Marcus managed to get Colton safely to the door leading to the basement.

Grabbing the youth's shirt, Marcus began spitting orders. "Get down there with your father and keep quiet!" Not giving the boy a chance to answer, Marcus flung the door open and threw Colton through it. Next, with his gun drawn, Marcus took one glance toward the front door and then followed Colton into the basement.

"What the hell are you doing?" Devin yelled as his son came leaping from the top of the stairs. Before Colton had a chance to explain, a blond-haired man with a leather jacket and a nine-millimeter Berretta appeared in the doorway. The man took a couple steps down and slammed the door. Devin pulled his son behind him. "Whatever you want mister just take it. We won't give you any trouble."

"Just shut up and listen!" the man ordered. "My name is Scott Marcus, and I don't want anything from you. But they do." He motioned upstairs.

"What are you talking about?" Devin asked sternly. "Who's they? Who are you?"

"I don't have time to explain now. Just get out of here and go somewhere safe. Take my car." Marcus handed Devin a set of keys.

FINAL SOLUTION

“It’s a blue Buick parked about a half mile or so down the road. Be sure not to be seen running to it.”

“I will not be forced to leave my own home,” Devin insisted.

“Look, you’ve got to trust me. Your life depends on it. Do you know of a restaurant called Dunes? It’s up near the strip.”

“Wha—I—Yes—”

“Good. Wait for me there. It’s a public place, so you’ll be safe.”

“Why? What do these people want from us?” Devin asked.

Marcus shook his head. “Look, we’re running out of time. Is there a way out from down here?”

“Um, yeah. Just a window but—”

“Good use it. I’ll explain everything later. Now go!” Without waiting for a response, Marcus ran back up the stairs.

* * *

“Tear this place apart!” Gerald shouted, tearing sheets off the bed in the master bedroom. “Let me know if you find anything!” Gerald flipped the mattress off its box spring as one of his men began tossing garments and other belongings around the room. Two more agents were on the main floor ransacking the living room as the door to the basement swung open and Marcus calmly stepped through. With his gun aimed directly at the two men, Marcus said nothing. He just motioned for them to call their boss.

“Ah...Gerald,” one of the men called. “You’d better come down here.”

“What is it?” Gerald responded as he turned to peer over the loft. “You find something?”

“Not something,” the man answered. “Someone.”

Gerald saw Marcus standing in the doorway to the basement holding his men at gunpoint. Immediately, he drew his nine-mil and pointed it at Marcus as he slowly descended the stairs. “What are you doing here, Marcus?” Gerald asked with a sarcastic tone. The question was obviously meant to be rhetorical.

“*Guten tag*, Gerald.” Marcus said, speaking in flawless German. “*Es ist shohn lange haer*.”

“Yes,” Gerald answered, “it has been a long time. Now, why are you here?”

"You have your job Gerald, and I have mine." Neither man lowered their weapons. However, their demeanor toward each other was that of old friends getting reacquainted after years apart.

Gerald smiled. "Let me guess. You're here to protect the family. How sweet. Hit man turned bodyguard, huh? Interesting." Gerald's men, with no idea of what to think of this conversation, remained hesitant to reach for their own weapons. "At any rate," Gerald continued, "I'm actually not even here for them, Marcus." Gerald paused a moment to look around the room, then began again. "Not yet anyway. I just want the papers."

Marcus shrugged his shoulders. "He doesn't have them, knows nothing about it."

"Come on, Marcus," Gerald scoffed, "you expect me to believe that? You know Sholokhoff wouldn't take your word for that. They're not at the office, and they're not here. Who else would have them? You?"

"Maybe she burned them," Marcus casually remarked.

"Now, why would she do that? If she wanted to expose us, she'd want to keep them somewhere safe."

"Who said she ever wanted to expose you? She just wanted out."

"Nobody ever gets out. You of all people should know that." *As a matter of fact*, Gerald pondered, *Sholokhoff would love to see Marcus' head on a platter. Hmmm.*

"Now now, Gerald," Marcus responded. "No reason to bring up the dirty past."

"Yes, that's true. But I cannot return to Sholokhoff without the documents. You know that." With that Gerald nodded to his men, who instantly drew their weapons and took up positions on both sides of Marcus. Gerald chuckled. "I hope you understand, old friend, this is only business. Sholokhoff would not be very happy if I let you go."

"He wouldn't be too happy if he found out you killed your only lead to those documents either," Marcus countered.

"Touché, Marcus. But we both know you're going to refuse to take me to them anyway."

Marcus cocked his head to the side. "Good point."

"Yes, I know," Gerald smiled. "It's good to know your adversary."

FINAL SOLUTION

By this time Marcus had four gunmen on him. Gerald and two others surrounded him while one other took a birds-eye position from the loft. Marcus noticed the man upstairs and decided this was not the time to move.

Gerald noticed the veteran hit man assessing the scene. "It's useless to try escaping, Marcus," Gerald warned. "It's impossible, even for you."

Marcus smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Yes Gerald, I guess you do know me. But I know a thing or two about you as well."

"Really Marcus?" Gerald asked smugly. "And what's that?"

Marcus' voice was smooth as he uttered his response. "You talk too much." At the instant of his final word, Marcus shifted his weapon toward the man on his right flank and pulled the trigger. He didn't wait to view the accuracy of his action as he moved with lighting speed under the barrel of Gerald's Berretta. With one swift action, he managed to twist Gerald's arm into an awkward position behind his back and forced Gerald's hand to fire on the second agent. Still without a stop in movement, Marcus tumbled to the floor bringing Gerald down with him, and proceeded to fire up toward the loft where the fourth gunman was posted. This entire action took place with a show of unbelievable grace and speed that would far surpass the abilities of a normal man. Marcus was clearly something more. Unfortunately, Marcus missed the man upstairs who was now returning fire.

"Order your man to cease fire," Marcus demanded.

Gerald said nothing. Marcus twisted his arm up higher. "I said, order him to cease fire!" Marcus demanded again. This time Gerald complied.

"Cease fire, Alexander!" The gunman stopped. Marcus stood up, maintaining full control over Gerald. He made it outside with no sudden moves from Alexander.

Out in the driveway, Marcus shot the front tires of both the Firebird and the Trans Am. "Just to make sure you don't follow me, Gerald," he explained. "Nothing personal."

"You should kill me now," Gerald warned. "It'll be your last chance."

“Now, I can’t do that,” Marcus smiled. “I need you to tell Sholokhoff who bested his men.” He chuckled and shook his head. “Again,” he added.

Marcus, still restraining Gerald, moved over to Devin’s truck and opened the door. He placed his weapon into his waistband holster and took Gerald’s gun from his arm-barred hand. He kept the weapon pointed at Gerald’s head, making him think twice about trying to run. Luckily, the truck was angled in a way that kept Marcus covered from the front door. An important note, due to the fact that Alexander positioned himself in the doorway looking for a chance to take Marcus out.

Marcus gestured toward the console of the truck. “Hotwire it,” he ordered. Gerald stuck his head under the dash and started crossing wires. Within seconds, he got it started. It was an effortless task, and Marcus knew Gerald could manage it without a problem. “Good,” Marcus praised, “now step out of the way. Keep your hands where I can see them.” As Gerald complied with his commands, Marcus climbed behind the wheel.

“They’re not worth all this, Marcus,” Gerald commented. “You can’t stop the entire Sanction. We will find them. You know that.”

“I gave her my word, Gerald. It’s worth it to me.” With those words, Marcus peeled out of the driveway.

As the tires began to squeal, Alexander came bolting out of the house shooting at the truck. Sparks flew here and there, but he was unable to stop the vehicle.

Gerald motioned for him to lower his weapon. “Let him go,” Gerald ordered. “Begin clean up detail.”

“But what about—”

“We’ll find them soon enough. Once Sholokhoff orders the manhunt on Devin Vaughn, not even Marcus will be able to protect them.” Alexander took one last glare down the dirt road and stormed back into the house.

* * *

Dunes is a small restaurant and bar located about a mile south of the Las Vegas strip. Devin and Colton had been there for

approximately fifteen-minutes when the waitress placed a plate full of hot Buffalo wings on their table. Colton dug into them right away. "I didn't realize you were so hungry, son," Devin commented.

"I haven't eaten all day," the boy responded.

Devin nodded in acknowledgement. It was just after three p.m. and was already proving to be a crazy day. As if spending an emotionally draining morning at his wife's funeral wasn't enough, he was forced out of his home without so much as an explanation why. Who were those people in his house? What were they looking for?

Things happened so fast he didn't have time to argue. If he and his son were in that much danger, shouldn't he go to the police? He watched his son devour the food. The boy was all he had left, and he needed to protect him. What would anyone want with them anyway? He wanted answers and he wanted them fast. Getting frustrated and confused, Devin stood up. "Come on, Colton," he said. "We're going to the cops."

Colton grabbed a napkin and stood up. Devin threw a twenty-dollar bill on the table, and they began to make their way to the door. Just as they were about to step outside, a man stood in the doorway and blocked their path. *It's the man from the house*, Devin realized. *What was his name? Marcus.*

"Step aside, Marcus," Devin demanded. "We're going to the police."

Marcus didn't budge. "The cops can't help you," he said, "I'm not even sure if I can. But I'm the only chance you've got." Marcus stepped aside and gestured toward the outside. "I won't stop you from leaving," he assured them, "but I'd advise you to hear me out."

Devin stared at Marcus. This was the first opportunity he really had to look at the man. He was an older man, around fifty or so, but had obviously aged well. His features were quite hardened, showing that he was certainly no stranger to excitement. His hair was a fading blond color and apparently becoming grayer with every passing day. Then there were the eyes. Deep, saddened blue eyes. There was just something about the man's eyes that told Devin he was sincere. He continued to watch the man as he addressed his son. "Back to the

table, Colton.” Devin said. They returned to the table with Marcus and sat down.

“I’m sure you have a lot of questions,” Marcus said. “Where do you want to start?”

“Okay,” Devin started, “why did you force me out of my house?”

“You and your son are in danger,” Marcus answered. “There is a group of individuals that have taken a major interest in some of your wife’s work. She’d discovered some information that these people need.”

“My wife?” A hint of grief crawled over Devin at the mention of his wife. “What kind of information?”

“It’s difficult to explain,” Marcus said. “It had something to do with a,” he paused, “case she was working on.”

“A case?” Devin began to feel uneasy. Having a law firm in Las Vegas meant having some very touchy clients. Many of her more notorious clients would always meet with her in Phoenix. Devin was always afraid that she would take the wrong case one day. A light seemed to flick on in Devin’s head as a terrible thought occurred to him. “Is that what this is about?” he asked. “Do I have some mob boss after me?”

I only wish it were that simple, Marcus thought to himself. “Not exactly,” he responded. “It’s far more serious than that.”

“Well? What case then?” Devin asked.

“One of your wife’s biggest clients was a man named Norman Sholokhoff,” Marcus answered. “Sholokhoff was a student of one of Hitler’s most notorious henchmen in the Second World War. A man named Josef Mengele.”

“Mengele!” Devin exclaimed. “As in the Doctor of Death?”

“So you’ve heard of him?”

“Sure,” Devin answered, “on the History Channel.”

“You know his work then?” Marcus inquired.

“Vaguely,” answered Devin, “something about cruel experiments on children. Usually twins.”

“That is precisely correct,” Marcus praised. “Well, Sholokhoff has been delving into Mengele’s research for over thirty years.”

“And what does all this have to do with Jodell?” Devin asked.

“Jodell was looking up research for Sholokhoff,” Marcus continued. “Apparently she stumbled across something that she wasn’t supposed to know. Or maybe something she doesn’t want them to know. Only the documents she kept say for sure. Those documents are what the Sanction is looking for now.”

“So how do you fit into all this?” Devin asked.

“My name is Scott Marcus. I was a business associate of Jodell’s,” Marcus paused a second before continuing, “and a friend.”

“She never mentioned you,” Devin doubtfully replied.

“Of course she didn’t,” Marcus concurred, “she never wanted you or Colton in any danger. She and I both worked for Sholokhoff. The less people who knew about his research, the better.”

“Are you telling me that my wife led some kind of secret life? What was she, Batgirl or something?”

“Hardly,” Marcus chuckled, “but there were secrets. Secrets you were never meant to know about.”

Devin was beginning to get angry. “This is ridiculous!” he shouted as he stood up. “My wife was just put into the ground a few hours ago, and you have the nerve to scare my son and I half to death with these practical jokes?”

Marcus remand calm and professional. “Mr. Vaughn, please sit down. This is far more serious than you think. Jodell meant a great deal to me, and I promised her I would protect you. Now I assure you that I am a man of my word and I intend to keep that promise. So sit *down*!” His voice became stern with his last words.

Devin complied and sat back down.

Marcus leaned back in his chair and smiled. “Besides,” he said, “would I have just blindly given you my car if this was a joke?”

Devin cocked a small grin. “No, I...I guess not,” he answered. “So where do we go from here?”

“Good question,” Marcus answered. “First, and most important, get the boy out of danger.”

“But I want to stay,” the boy said. Up until now, Colton had been silent. Now it seemed he was afraid he’d be taken out of the action. “I’ll be okay. I can take care of myself.”

Marcus grinned. "I'm sure you can," he said patronizingly, then readdressed Devin. "If you know a safe place for him, take him there. Your truck is out front."

"My truck?" Devin asked. "You've got my truck?"

"How else do you think I got here?" Marcus replied. "It was too dangerous for you to get it before. Gerald and his men would have seen you. But I took care of that."

"You hotwired it then," Devin concluded.

Marcus grinned and continued with his instructions. "After you take care of the kid, meet me back at your house."

"My house?" Devin seemed puzzled. "Isn't it too dangerous there?"

"Not likely," Marcus answered. "Gerald never leaves a mess behind. I'm sure he's cleaned his tracks and split by now." Devin looked doubtful. "Trust me," Marcus said, sensing Devin's apprehension. "But just as a precaution," he continued, "take this." He pulled out the Berretta he took from Gerald and slipped it under the table. "Now take care of Colton. I'll handle everything else."

Hesitantly, Devin grabbed the gun. Then he concealed it and got up to leave with Colton.

* * *

Clean-up detail was a standard requirement after any operation. The Sanction was always careful not to leave any sign of their presence behind. Sholokhoff's men were like ghosts. They could accomplish their objectives and disappear without a trace. As far as society was concerned, the Sanction didn't exist.

Unfortunately, they did exist to Marcus. He'd killed two of Gerald's men and smuggled Jodell's family into hiding. On top of all that, Jodell's documents had still not been recovered. *So much for this being a simple assignment*, Gerald thought to himself. Sholokhoff would not be happy with the outcome of this mission. Punishment was inevitable, and Gerald knew it.

Disappearing was the easy part. When Gerald and Alexander were finished, it looked like they'd never been there. After changing the tires on their vehicles, they were ready to depart. However, the hard part was still to come. Sholokhoff was expecting to receive all the

FINAL SOLUTION

documents, and Gerald was missing the most important ones. Jodell's.

"Head back and take care of the bodies," Gerald ordered. "I have to go make my report."

Alexander drove off in the Trans Am, leaving Gerald alone with his thoughts. The house was in the middle of a long stretch of desert without another house in sight for at least two miles or so. Good thing, because vanishing would have been more difficult if the Vaughn house was surrounded by nosey neighbors.

Gerald knelt down and picked up a clump of dirt. He crushed it in his hand and watched the powder fall back to the earth. This was the second time Marcus interfered with Sholokhoff's plans. And once again, Gerald would be the one to pay for it. Sholokhoff was going to crush him...like a clump of dirt.

* * *

Linda picked up her phone and pressed Devin's number on her speed dial. She let it ring several times before she set the phone back onto the receiver. "Ugh," she grunted, "why hasn't he hooked up that damn answering machine yet?"

As she voiced her complaint aloud, she heard a knock at her front door. She looked through the peephole and noticed it was Devin and Colton. Without hesitation she unlocked and opened the door. "Come in, guys. I was just trying to call you," she said.

Neither one responded to Linda's comment. Instead, Devin knelt down in front of Colton. "But Dad, I don't want to stay here," the boy pleaded.

"Colton, this is not up for discussion," Devin answered. "I want you to stay here with your Aunt Linda. I don't know what's going on, but if Mr. Marcus says you need to be kept safe, then I'm gonna listen to what he says. You are important to me, and I will not let you be in any danger."

At this, Linda spoke up. "Danger? What are you talking about?"

"I don't have a clue what I'm talking about right now. But I'm not about to take any chances," Devin answered.

"But Dad I—"

JASON MICHAEL HIAESHUTTER

“No buts!” Devin snapped. He stood and turned to face his sister. “I don’t want him out of your sight for a minute, understand?” Devin demanded.

“Oh...okay, Devin,” she stuttered. “But what’s this all about?”

“When I find out, you’ll be the first to know,” he assured her. “Now don’t go anywhere. Don’t even go outside until you hear from me again. If you don’t hear from me within the next twenty-four hours, go to the police. Got it?”

“The police?” she asked. “What’s—”

“I...I don’t know. Just do what I say, please.”

“Yes...okay...but...if you’re really in trouble, why can’t we go to the police now?”

“I don’t...I can’t explain. Just trust me.”

Linda nodded her head. “Of course I trust you. Just calm down and be careful, okay?”

“I will, Sis. Thanks.”

Devin picked up his son and gave him a long hug. He then kissed his sister on the cheek and bolted out the door.

Still a bit stunned by her brother’s behavior, Linda turned to her nephew.

“S-s-so,” she stuttered, “how about some ice cream?”

When a devoted husband loses his wife, her dark past throws father and son into a sinister plot. Sixty years ago, the ability to clone a human was discovered. Now, that same technology is being used to dominate the world.

Final Solution

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4175.html?s=pdf>