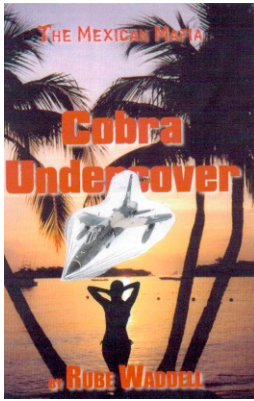


THE MEXICAN MAFIA

# Cobra Undercover



BY RUBE WADDELL



*A CIA operative, Rosalita Gutierrez code name 'Cobra', covertly became a partner with Jay Cobb, the fighter pilot's son seeking revenge for his father's death.*

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by Rube Waddell

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**THE MEXICAN MAFIA**

**COBRA UNDERCOVER**

**By Rube Waddell**

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## CHAPTER I

**Rosalita Gutierrez was traveling northbound on Route 123 in Fairfax County, Virginia. She pulled into the left turn lane behind a long line other vehicles waiting at the stop light to enter the gate to the Headquarters compound of the CIA. Rosalita, preferring the name Rosa, came to a stop, adjusted the rearview mirror downward for her final facial primping effort before entering the headquarters gate.**

**She was digging through a front pocket of her executive style briefcase for lipstick when she was startled by a familiar sound. It was the sound of gunshot. Rosa immediately dropped everything and looked forward down the waiting row of cars. Another crackling sound of gunshot shattered the morning silence. She quickly released the steering wheel upward, opened the door, stood up and peered down the line of stopped vehicles as she searched for the source of the sounds. Then another gunshot rang out. She could see a man carrying a rifle and walking down the line of waiting vehicles. He was firing into the stopped cars. The man had previously**

emerged from a pickup truck also in the waiting lane. He left his vehicle door open for a quick get away. He walked slowly but deliberately past the vehicles firing sporadically into each.

Rosa's mind grasped the event. At warp-speed and without consideration for her own safety she reacted out of instinct. She reached down and quickly removed her high heel footwear and rolled up her pant legs enough not to interfere with her running.

The man firing an AK-47 rifle in the semi-automatic mode had his back to her as he methodically fired his terror into each car. Rosa moved toward the shooter. She stealthily slid around the open door of the pickup staying directly behind the man, out of sight, as she closed the gap to within twenty feet. As he raised his rifle to fire into the next vehicle, Rosa couldn't wait any longer. Quietly and with astounding speed she rushed toward the man. Gaining speed and with every muscle tightening for the collision, she hit the man hard, just below the neck, with her shoulder in a perfect NFL linebacker style body tackle.

The shooter's head flew backwards and the rifle dislodged from his grasp. The man went down hard. Rosa landed full body on his back. The man's forehead hit the pavement in a muffled thud. Rosa waited momentarily, holding him down to make certain he wasn't capable of more harm. As blood started to collect around his head, Rosa shouted as loudly as possible, "Someone call 9-1-1!"

One of the entry gate guards with pistol drawn and already half way toward Rosa's location, yelled back over his shoulder the same demand, "Call 9-1-1." The approaching guard with his gun at the 'ready', immediately came to Rosa's side, "Are you OK?" He kept his gun pointed directly at the man's head. He momentarily peered down at Rosa and asked again, "Are you OK?"

"Yeah...I'm OK!" Rosa seemed to relax her grip on the perpetrator and began to get up from her prone position.

"What happened?" The guard spoke in disbelief, "Are you sure you're OK?" He waited for her to respond and watched as she raised herself.

"Here!" Rosa put one knee in the middle of the gunman's back. "Put your foot on his back and don't let him move!" Rosa stood up and began to straighten

her clothing. Her blouse had pulled out of her waistband and she lost the top button. She nervously and subconsciously attempted to put the blouse back into the waistband of her slacks. She readjusted her collar. All her actions were totally reactionary, completed without a thought process. She took a deep breath to calm herself and leaned down to pick up the rifle. Pulling the clip out of the receiver, she pulled back the bolt to eject the chambered round, then threw the rifle back to the pavement.

“We need EMS!” She yelled at the guards on the entry gate. She looked down the line of vehicles which had been the target of this shooting spree. Rosa saw no life from any of the vehicles. No one was moving. She turned to the guard whose foot was now firmly on the man’s back. “Use your ‘com’ and call for more help... and get EMS here as fast as possible. Someone needs to check those cars and those people for injuries!”

The guard responded to her directions and blurted into his shoulder mounted ‘com’ gear, “Officer needs assistance...needs assistance now!” Another of the gate guards soon arrived to assist and asked, “What can I do?”

“Check those vehicles...see if anyone is alive!” Rosa was responding to her training. “Has 9-1-1 been called?”

“Yes. They’re on the way!”

“Then go check all the vehicles for survivors and call your supervisor for more guards.”

Rosa’s hands were shaking. Being suddenly thrust into a life and death situation was beginning to sink into her mind. She reacted quickly with confidence and with calculated caution. Her entire body began to shake as the gravity of her actions sank deeply into her conscious awareness. She sat down on the pavement to prevent her over-stressed legs from betraying her by collapsing. Her mind began to return to normal. Looking at her feet brought a smile to her face. Her knee high stockings were shredded and her big toe protruded shamelessly through the diaphanous mesh.

Rosa was sitting about three feet away from the guard and the downed perpetrator. “Turn him over and let’s get a look at him.”

The guard removed his foot from the back of the perpetrator and reached down grabbing him by the right shoulder and rolled him over. His mustache and beard were bloodied by the gash in his forehead. He appeared to be of middle-eastern descent. The guard searched the man's pockets for identification. Apparently he had removed all identification and traceable items before his rampage.

The guard stood up and placed his right foot on the man's chest very near his throat just to be safe. The second guard checked for survivors in all the cars still positioned in the turn lane of CIA Headquarters. He found two dead and three severely wounded.

EMS and the Fairfax County Sheriff's Department responded to the calls for help and were on the scene within fifteen minutes. EMS checked Rosa for injuries and released her to the Sheriff's Deputy for questioning.

With efficiency, the scene was cleared, the perpetrator placed into custody. All victims and survivors were recovered by additional EMS responders. Rosa went back to her car and drove through the entry gate. There were four guards on duty and all four stood at the gate as she passed. One guard came to attention and saluted her. Another shouted, "Good job!" The two others gave a thumbs-up as she passed. Rosa was elated at the comments.

Other than needing some minor clothing adjustments, she was back to normal and heading to her work station within the CIA. The incident occurred close to 8:00 a.m. as she traveled to work. Time was nearing 10:00 a.m. when she finally entered her cubicle styled work station.

Upon entering the building, the guards commented about her being a hero. Word of the incident circulated quickly throughout the building. Numerous fellow workers stuck their heads through the cubicle entryway offering congratulations. Her ego had been massaged and she found it difficult to complete any work. Rosa, nevertheless, faced her computer as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Two soft and barely audible knocks on the glass to her cubicle caught her attention. Rosalita Gutierrez with her back to the entryway working at her computer station, promptly struck the Pause/Break button on her keyboard. All



computers at Central Intelligence Agency Headquarters in Langley, Virginia were designed for security purposes so an operator when interrupted could strike the Pause/Break button and hide information instantly behind the screen saver.

She spun her steno chair around quickly to greet two visitors to her small but important world of tracking Cuban information. She instantly recognized the older, immaculately dressed gentleman as one of her top bosses. The other individual was unknown to her.

Rosa, wearing a white sheer blouse and dark slacks, rose immediately from her chair to greet the two men. At the same moment she pulled the matching jacket of her pants suit from the back of the steno chair and thrust her well tanned arms into the sleeves. She adjusted it correctly as she buttoned the fashionable jacket over her noticeably well formed breasts. It was impossible for both men not to notice the eminent feminine curves of her body as she tidied herself.

The white blouse offered a delightful contrast to her light honey colored skin. It was obvious she spent many of her off duty hours on a tanning bed inside her upscale apartment conditioning room. Rosa preferred the outdoors. Being stuck in an office and sitting at a desk during the winter months demanded she prepare for the summer months whenever possible. Rosa was strong and trim with an appearance of a personal trainer while keeping her super model body in perfect condition.

“Good morning Ms. Gutierrez. Can we have a moment of your time?” The impressive man greeting her was the Deputy Director of Field Operations for Latin Affairs within the CIA.

“By all means Mr. Director.” Rosa’s large round and flawless dark brown eyes offered cheerfulness even before uttering a word. It was 10:30 a.m. in late January. The unseasonably warm weather begged for her to be outside. She was startled by the Deputy Director of Operations, the DDO, appearing at her doorway. There were two well established verbal protocols within the building; all high level individuals were to be referred to by their positions and the CIA was to be referred to as ‘The Company’. Using personal names was frowned upon.

**“Please Ms. Gutierrez, call me William.” Rosa knew better than to call him by name. This was Deputy Director William Osbourne and protocol stood in the way of a personal greeting. He moved to one of her office chairs and motioned for the accompanying gentleman to sit. All offices in the building were furnished with comfortable and chic household furniture. No governmental steel grey accessories would be found here.**

**“Let me introduce you to Agent Larry Bowden.” The Director spoke as cordially as possible. Rosa reached out for his hand.**

**Agent Larry Bowden was new to the business. He too was well dressed in a custom tailored black dress suit and shoes with a mirror finish. Reaching forward with his hand he couldn’t help but thank his lucky stars for being in the presence of a modern day goddess. In a lifetime of being in all the wrong places, witnessing someone as beautiful as Rosa caught him off guard. He nervously shook her hand and could feel the exciting and stimulating warmth of her hand.**

**Rosa felt embarrassed. She was wearing man-size # 9 fleece lined bedroom slippers. After shaking hands with both gentlemen she immediately retreated behind her desk to hide her feet, hoping neither had observed her casual footwear. Rosa routinely wore standard pumps to work and upon arrival at her desk would stash her street shoes in the bottom drawer and replace them with comfortable slippers.**

**The Deputy Director of Field Operations never ventured into the lower echelon sections of the building, ever! Rosa may have been caught off guard but she instantly knew when he appeared that something was definitely up.**

**“Can I help you Mr. Director?” She viewed the DDO as her kind of guy. He was tall, about 6’ 6”, wearing a custom fitted, black silk suit, and wearing well polished dark cordovan footwear. There were no wrinkles in anything. His hair was neatly combed, with slight strings of gray showing under his dark brown coloring. She watched as he settled into the chair.**

**“While you were in the field in Cuba, do you remember a man named Miguel Luis Fuentes?” The Director spoke and peered directly into Rosa’s eyes.**

**“I most certainly do. What do you want to know?” She watched as the DDO toyed with his class ring from West Point. After graduating from the Academy, he entered the Intelligence Community and rose to the rank of General. He entered the CIA after retiring from the military.**

**“I want you to bring me up to speed on Mr. Fuentes and what happened to him after you left Havana. I have reviewed all your files on Cuba and I know who Fuentes was. I also have an idea who he might be now.” The DDO turned to Agent Bowden to bring him into the conversation. “Rosa was previously an undercover field agent in Cuba. You need to hear what she has to say!”**

**Rosa began. “Miguel Fuentes was one step below the Cuban Minister of the Interior, a very high level position. He was head of the Security Department and the prison system. The Company wanted him removed from his position. Congressmen and Senators were getting hammered by exiled Cubans who wanted something to be done about the prison situation in Cuba. Their Cuban relatives were being thrown in jail for no apparent reason and their belongings were confiscated. We knew some were being tortured as punishment. The Company believed Fuentes had to be removed from office. The way we were to get him removed was to bring a great deal of embarrassment to him and his department.” Rosa paused before continuing.**

**“As it turned out, things were worse than we had anticipated. We allowed Fuentes to be hunted, found and beaten by a US citizen seeking revenge. Fuentes was instantly replaced and put on permanent leave from his position in the Security Department. His replacement, a man named Julio Hernandez, was a zealous straight shooter. From past associations Hernandez knew Fuentes was dirty. He also knew he was using his high level position to hide illegal operations. He knew Fuentes had been into black marketing, drug smuggling, prostitution and property seizures from wealthy families. The new man, Hernandez, was closing-in on Fuentes with a mountain of evidence against him. Fuentes, knowing he was about to be arrested, left Cuba. He chartered a private aircraft out of Ciego de Avila Province to Kingston, Jamaica. We tracked him to Jamaica where he had been depositing money into an off-shore account for years. He took out all his money, totaling well over \$100,000 US and left Jamaica. That’s where we lost track of him. We aren’t**

certain where he is located now. He dropped below the radar screen and apparently disappeared.” Rosa watched for their understanding before continuing.

“On the bright side, since his departure the prison situation did get much better. There hasn’t been as much contention over the treatment of prisoners and there are fewer outspoken dissidents being imprisoned. We made a special note in our reports regarding Fuentes’ illegal activities. We believe he was targeting those with wealth, finding reasons to put them in jail, and then robbing them of their possessions, selling them and pocketing the proceeds, placing the money into his Jamaican account. In his position as the top Security Boss, he worked his own underworld and held himself above the law. That’s about it.” Rosa waited for a comment.

The Deputy Director spoke. “We believe he has resurfaced. The Congressional Intelligence Committee received information from the Mexican Government regarding a newly organized underworld crime syndicate in southern Mexico called *El Accion Bajeza*. They tell us the crime boss is a man named Raphael Pardo.”

Rosa’s eyes glared in surprise as she heard the name and excitedly blurted out. “Is his middle name Almarales?”

“Yes! How did you know that?” Osbourne was amazed.

“Raphael Almarales Pardo is dead.” Rosa spoke with certainty. “We killed him. My cover was blown in that effort and that’s why I had to leave my station in Cuba.” Rosa was emphatic.

The Osbourne spoke up, “You are sure this man Pardo is dead? I also saw that name in your files and couldn’t make the connection.” Rosa was nodding her head as he spoke confirming her statement. “They have checked this man’s identity. He claims to be of Mexican birth and has papers to prove it.” Osbourne paused in thought. “Maybe those papers were forged documents. Anyway, the Mexican Government, namely the Mexican Attorney General referred to as the PGR, has asked for information about this man as well as our help in stopping him. Apparently you know something about him.” The Deputy Director waited for more input from Rosa.

Rosa offered. “The traditional Spanish way of naming offspring is to select a name and add both the mother’s and father’s sur name. Almarales was the real Pardo’s mother’s name. There is no way there can be two men in the same generation named Raphael Almarales Pardo. It stands to reason Raphael Pardo is a false name. I definitely know Raphael Pardo was a sidekick to Fuentes and that Pardo is dead. When Fuentes was engaging in underworld activities, Pardo was helping him do it. After Pardo’s death, I can see why Fuentes might take over his identity.”

The DDO spoke, “That’s why I am here. We need you back in the field. I want to recruit you for this assignment!” The Deputy Director of Field Operations for Latin Affairs was offering Rosa an opportunity to get back into field-ops. Finally after three years of desk sitting, Rosa had her chance to escape.

“Sir, I am more than ready.” Rosa exclaimed. “What do you want me to do?”

“You know this man Miguel Fuentes, aka Pardo, and you can readily identify him. We want you to go undercover to Mexico, set-up house, track this man down and let us know what he is into. My guess is he is smuggling and selling drugs. The Mexican Government believes he is also engaged in smuggling Mexicans and other Latins from South American countries across the border into the States through Arizona. Pardo has been tied to the crime syndicate, *El Accion Bajesa*. It is an organization involving murder, assassinations, drug running, prostitution, money laundering and political corruption. He uses hired mercenaries to protect his illegal activities and is becoming one of the most powerful crime bosses in Mexico. There have been thirteen gun-shot deaths in twelve months and each was related to his operations. One of our DEA Agents was lost in a hail of gunfire over the winter. If it was Fuentes behind these deaths, by God, I want him stopped!” Osbourne paused. He searched Rosa’s face for signs of hesitation before continuing.

“It is fortunate the Mexican Government has asked for our help. This will give us the opportunity to fulfill our own goals. Since the ultimate destination for the products of all his criminal activities is the United States, we want to find him and eliminate him.” The Deputy Director watched closely for any indication of

hesitancy. He understood the danger and inwardly believed this job was better suited for a man. He also understood having a woman like Rosa undercover could often open many more doors than a man could. Besides, she had experience and knowledge of the man being pursued. He wanted Rosa to accept the assignment.

“If you are offering me this assignment;” she didn’t wait for a response, “I will gladly take it.” The eagerness in her voice was obvious. Her smiling eyes also supported her response. “What do you want me to do first?”

“This man,” The Director turned to Agent Bowden, “He will take your place at the Cuban desk. I am going to leave him with you. You get him indoctrinated and familiar with your job and the files. Show him around. When you are finished and he is comfortable with his new assignment, I want you to report to me. I will need to send you to Quantico for refresher training. You will take an accelerated three week course on new methods and equipment and get physically fit; although you look to be in great shape now. Then report back here for your final ‘out’ briefings before you go. We will have our in-country team coordinate all the particulars, get you set-up and ready for your job. They will establish your cover, code name, bank account, business contacts, credit cards and brief you on the Mexican Intelligence contacts you will need.” The DDO paused for Rosa to comment. She only smiled.

“Have I talked you out of this assignment yet?” The Deputy Director raised his eyebrows eager for a positive response.

“Hell no. I am ready to leave!” Rosa looked at Agent Bowden. “You better be ready for a crash course. I am going to make your indoctrination fast.” Rosa smiled at both men. Eagerness, enthusiasm, overwhelming anticipation already had her juices flowing. It was as if she had won the lottery. It was difficult to contain herself.

“There is another name.” The DDO paused. “He has been connected with Pardo, aka Fuentes, whoever he is, that name is Antonio Guillermo. Have you heard that name?”

“Yes sir.” Rosa answered. “He was an operative for the Fuentes’ regime. He was under the Witness Protection Program for the FBI in Miami. They allowed him to be discovered by a man named Emanuel J. Cobb, Jr. Cobb was instrumental in getting Guillermo exposed, causing him to flee the U.S. At the time, the FBI

believed he escaped to Cancun, Mexico. The connection between the two is becoming obvious.”

The DDO was delighted with the information. “You will be good for this assignment. Do you know what Antonio Guillermo looks like?”

“No.” Rosa responded. “I have never seen the man...he’s been described to me. I guarantee you I can find both of them. Just get me set-up and I’ll take care of it.”

Osbourne began logically forming the information. “Fuentes is Raphael Pardo. Antonio Guillermo was his operative here in the States in Miami. The FBI in Miami was Guillermo’s handler while he was in the Witness Protection Program.” He thought for a moment as he swirled his West Point class ring around his ring finger. “And tell me again, who was Emanuel J. Cobb. Where was he from? What was his purpose in getting involved? And could he identify Antonio Guillermo?”

Rosa was somewhat reluctant to offer any information regarding Jay Cobb. She knew the Director would have no qualms about seeking his help if it was needed. Rosa was slightly protective of Jay. She secretly kept tabs on him after their escape from Cuba and knew he now had two sons, one of which was only six months old. His life had been reestablished and there was no need to bring him into government business and possibly ruin all that. Rosa had strong feelings for Jay Cobb. She didn’t want to disrupt his tranquil existence.

Rosa spoke with emphasis. “There is no need to seek out and find Mr. Cobb. I can easily handle this assignment and find both Fuentes and Guillermo for you.”

Osbourne wouldn’t let it drop. “What was Mr. Cobb’s profession back in his home state?”

Rosa was being pushed and felt compelled to speak. “I would consider it a personal favor if you didn’t bring Mr. Cobb in on this operation.”

“We don’t want to recruit him for anything. When I talk with the FBI in Miami I will need to sound knowledgeable to get information from them.”

“That’s different.” Rosa said. “Mr. Cobb is a geologist from Claremore, Oklahoma. He is in the oil exploration business.” Rosa felt OK revealing that much about Jay.

The Director was pleased with his visit. "I am more than happy you will accept this assignment." He reached out to shake her hand. Check with me before you leave!" He turned and walked out the door leaving Agent Bowden with Rosa.

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Once back at his desk, the Deputy Director looked at his roster of operatives on location in Havana. His fingers found the name, the method for contact and the secure number and placed a call to Carlos Rodriguez. He left a message for a return call. Osbourne was beginning his search for a partner for Rosa to tag-team along on this assignment. The danger was obvious and demanded a partner. Penetrating the underworld in a foreign country was a gargantuan task. He wasn't about to send in anyone without being partnered-up.

He next went to his opened vault and pulled out a thick U.S. Intelligence cross reference compilation of operatives within the United States from all intelligence gathering agencies. He quickly opened the Florida file to the Miami area. He found Agent Samuel Bascom with the FBI and asked his secretary to get him on the phone. Within a few minutes Agent Bascom was on the phone.

"Agent Bascom? This is Deputy Director William Osbourne from The Company. How are you this morning?" The greeting was cordial but all business.

"I'm just fine sir." Agent Bascom was quickly searching his mind to know who Deputy Director William Osbourne was. He didn't immediately recognize the reference to The Company.

"What can you tell me about a man named Antonio Guillermo?"

Bascom was surprised. It had been three years since his last contact with Antonio Guillermo. Bascom was still uncertain who William Osbourne was. "Are you with the Defence Intelligence Agency?" There was a slight pause. Bascom suddenly remembered The Company reference. "I'm sorry Mr. Director, this phone call caught me off guard. So you need information regarding Antonio Guillermo?"

"Yes! What can you tell me about him?"

"Antonio Guillermo is Cuban and came to the US during the Mariel boatlift. He was seeking asylum. We agreed to place him in the Witness Protection Program if he would give us certain information. He was in the WPP for sixteen years. A man



from Oklahoma, Emanuel J. Cobb, flushed him out of the program and Guillermo left the States. We traced his departure through Customs. He went to Mexico in the fall of 1996. After he left, we had no reason to maintain a trace on his locations. We definitely know he went to Cancun, Mexico and believed he was going back to Cuba.” Agent Bascom waited for a response.

“Then tell me about this man Emanuel J. Cobb you just mentioned. Who was he and why was he instrumental in Guillermo’s departure?” The Director was very specific. Agent Bascom knew this was an important conversation.

“Emanuel J. Cobb lost his father in North Vietnam at the hands of three Cuban interrogators. He wanted to find the three and bring about some sort of revenge. We gave him Antonio Guillermo. Guillermo’s real name was Benitez Aguillar. Mr. Cobb coerced the names of the other two interrogators out of Guillermo and went to Cuba to find them. With the help of Rosalita Gutierrez, the two killed a man named Pardo and did a number on Fuentes. Afterwards, Fuentes was fired from his high level position in Security and left Cuba before his replacement discovered all his illegal activities. That is pretty much all there is to know about Guillermo and Fuentes.” Agent Bascom stopped, waiting for comments.

“What does Emanuel Cobb do? What business is he in?”

Agent Bascom was beginning to feel something had gone terribly wrong since his last contact with Cobb and Rosalita Gutierrez. He tried to remember specifics about the two in an effort to connect the dots of his mental puzzle. He spoke, “Jay Cobb was a geologist from the Tulsa area and that’s all I know about him.”

“What of his character?” The Deputy Director queried for more information.

“He was a determined man, strong in character and physical stature; a family man, persevering, unyielding in his efforts. I didn’t get to know him that well but he could be intimidating if needed. He stands 6’ 2” in his stocking feet. He exudes confidence at all times, is muscled and trim. Apparently he can be very willing to strong arm anyone when necessary. He beat up Fuentes when he found him and he killed Pardo. He can be quite decisive.” Bascom had difficulty not asking questions. His curiosity was overflowing.

**“Did Cobb and Rosa Gutierrez work well together?” Osbourne asked.**

**Bascom had uncomfortable thoughts running through his mind. He asked, “Have you met Rosa Gutierrez?”**

**“Of course, she works right here for The Company.”**

**“Then you must have noticed how she looks, her body, her sensuality. I know...maybe this is wrong to talk about, but Rosa played the role of a prostitute in Cuba and told me Cobb never placed a hand on her. He was a married man and stayed true to his wife. In order for Rosa to play her role, she slept in the same bed with him and he still resisted her advances. By my calculation, that is about the strongest character trait you will ever find. Mr. Cobb stayed true to his wife in the face of such temptation. I couldn’t have done that. And if you have seen Rosa, you know what I am talking about.”**

**Osbourne knew exactly what Bascom was saying and knew he had found a partner for Rosa. Getting him to do the job would be a different matter. “Thank you Agent Bascom. You told me what I needed to know.” The DDO canceled the call to Agent Carlos Rodriquez in Havana.**

**The Deputy Director again pulled out his thick US Intelligence cross reference compilation of operatives throughout the world. He searched for a CIA operative in Oklahoma. Not finding one in Oklahoma, he next fingered through the Texas list. He found Sebastian Rafferty in the Houston Region who was in charge of Mexican Affairs in an anti-terrorist unit. Rafferty’s primary concern was in the security of Mexican oil. He dialed Rafferty’s number.**

**The answer from Houston was typical. “Hello, Law Offices of Rafferty, Sloan, and Kitchel.” The receptionist was very cheerful.**

**The DDO spoke. “Good morning, may I speak with Sebastian Rafferty?”**

**“Whom may I say is calling?”**

**“William Osbourne!”**

**Mr. Rafferty instantly answered the call. “Good morning Mr. Director. To what do I owe this call?”**

**“I need you to do something for me. I want you to go to the Tulsa area and find a man named Emanuel J. Cobb, Jr. I want you to go in quietly, unannounced**

and undercover, prepare a dossier on him and fax me your results, and I need it done yesterday.” The DDO was emphatic enough for Rafferty to react.

“Yes sir! You will have your information within two days!”

“Another thing, I vaguely remember about four years ago when our government made a loan to the Mexican government part of the security agreement was for us to have two men on location in the Mexican oil fields. The revenue from exported oil reserves was put up as collateral for the loan and these two men were to be our watchdogs. Do you remember that placement?”

“Yes! I certainly do! I am the one who recruited and contracted the two men for the assignment. Why?” Rafferty wanted to make certain his office was in the clear if something had gone wrong.

“Do you have the names of the two men?” The DDO obviously had something in mind but was uneager to share the information.

“Hoyt Ferguson was a man I recruited from New Orleans. He is a Chemical Engineer who was working for a company there and he was in charge of off-shore drilling, platform construction, and marine support operations. I contracted him to be our watchdog over the Cantarell oil fields in the Bay of Campeche. The other man is Samuel Tenney. He is also a Chemical Engineer who we stole from a major oil refinery company in Texas City near Houston. Both men work out of an office we set up in Villahermosa, Mexico. Ferguson has a satellite office in Ciudad del Carmen. That location is where all the platform support for Cantarell is located. Tenney has a satellite office in Minatitlan, Mexico. That is where a Mexican refinery is located. Ferguson watches the oil fields while Tenney watches the refineries.”

“Just a minute, let me write that down. Ferguson is in Ciudad del Carmen and Tenney is in Minatitlan. I am writing down these names.”

The DDO was pleased and graciously closed the brief conversation. “Thanks Rafferty, I’m counting on you!” The DDO dropped the phone into its cradle.

William Osbourne stood up from his massive mahogany desk, adjusted his suit coat, and walked into his secretary’s office. He was still adjusting himself and his security badge as he rushed past her desk.

**“I’m going down to the Cuban desk and then to the Mexican Tracking Office. Don’t page me unless it is absolutely necessary. I should be back in twenty minutes.” The DDO fingered the knot to his tie to make certain it was correct. He walked down the shiny immaculately clean corridor taking long strides in his rush. The corridors on the fourth floor were never filled with people and his footsteps echoed in the empty hallway.**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**Rosa and Agent Larry Bowden were huddled around the computer station with their backs to the doorway when they heard two knuckle raps on the glass. Rosa automatically depressed the Pause/Break key on the keyboard hiding the information behind the screen saver. Both stood up when they saw the Deputy Director standing in the entryway.**

**Rosa answered. “Yes sir, Mr. Director what else can I do for you?” She was as cheerful as possible as she subconsciously reached for her jacket strung across the back of her steno chair. Agent Bowden nervously came to attention as if he were in the military.**

**“I want you to come with me. Give Agent Bowden your read file. He can catch up on the latest while we are gone.”**

**Rosa threw her jacket over her back thrusting her left arm into the sleeve as it fell across her shoulders. This manly way of donning her jacket threw her chest forward and both men tried not to notice.**

**As Rosa finished adjusting her jacket and placing her security badge prominently onto the collar, she announced, “I’m ready.”**

**“I want to introduce you to the folks in our Mexican Tracking Office, sort of allowing you a preliminary peak into the Mexican dilemma.” Rosa easily kept strides with the DDO as they swiftly and business-like glided down the fourth floor corridor. At the end of the hallway, both entered the large office occupied by Mexican Affairs. It was an office four times the size of Rosa’s with another sound proof office in the rear. There were a total of five computer stations; each manned by Special Agents with backgrounds in Mexican Intelligence. The DDO led her**

straight to the glass enclosed rear office and entered without knocking. Rosa thought it was strange to enter another person's office without knocking.

Witnessing the DDO coming toward his office, Special Agent Stanfield Connally was already standing when the DDO entered. Connally moved from behind his desk to welcome the two.

“Good morning Mr. Director, what can I do for you?”

“I want to introduce you to Rosa Gutierrez. I have just assigned her to work out of the Mexico City Station to assist our unit there.”

Special Agent Connally wrinkled his brow and slowly reached out his hand to welcome her. Rosa instantly knew he was surprised at the announcement and probably had misgivings over a woman being assigned, or wanted the assignment for himself. Either way, she was used to this type reaction.

The DDO continued. “What I need from you is a ten minute preliminary view of the situation. The Congressional Intelligence Committee handed me a request from the Mexican Government asking for our help. I am sending Rosa to do just that.” The DDO chose to be slightly more emphatic; he too picked up on Connally's bewilderment.

Connally offered them the opportunity to sit down by pushing two chairs together in front of a briefing tri-pod. This tri-pod briefing pad of information was kept up to date for just such occasions. Top dignitaries frequently came unannounced for a quick run-down on various situations. Special Agent Stanfield Connally knew the charts and all the information intimately. He could rattle it off in his sleep.

He began. “Our relationship with Mexico began in 1848 with the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo ceding Mexican Territory to the US. Mexico is one of our largest trading partners. They provide us with one of our largest supplies of petroleum and raw materials. They are...”

The DDO interrupted, “I don't want to hear about all that stuff. Give us some real meat to chew on!”

Agent Connally pulled down the cover flap to the briefing chart and readjusted his thinking. He had been on this job since he was shot and left for dead

**in Chiapas in 1982. The turmoil in Guatemala ignited a flood of refugees fleeing Guatemala across the southern border of Mexico. Agent Connally was caught up in this turmoil within three months after his arrival as a novice agent. He was left for dead on a side road, his body covered with underbrush, and he should have died, but by some miraculous means he was found and nursed back to health. He is here only by the Grace of God.**

**He turned to Rosa. “There are three important, perilous, and policy making incidents you must become familiar with. They are on disk and you can come in here and stay as long as you desire to thoroughly go through these files. The first one is The Kiki Camarena Incident of 1985. I call it an assassination plot. Kiki was a DEA Agent in Guadalajara, one of our own. He was tortured before he was killed. The next file is The Humberto Alvarez Machain kidnapping of 1990. He was a Mexican doctor kidnapped by us and taken to the States for prosecution. Read the file, it is filled with ‘what-went-wrong’ and ‘what-not-to-do’ stuff. The next file is the Veracruz Incident of 1991. This incident got seven Mexican Agents killed by the Mexican Military. In our military we would call this a ‘friendly fire’ incident. What it does is show how inter-agency lack of communication is very deadly. I would call these files mandatory reading for you. These are the things that will get you dead!”**

**Agent Connally stared at the DDO. He knew he was right. This assignment required an army of people and not just a single person, especially not a beautiful looking woman. DDO William Osbourne accepted the intended facial expressions and knew both he and Connally were on the same page.**

**The DDO spoke up. “It was one of our men, a DEA Agent, who asked his Mexican counter-parts to request through official channels that we offer assistance. Tell us about that.” The DDO focused directly on the matter at hand.**

**Agent Connally pulled himself a chair close to the DDO and settled into it as he put his thoughts together. “All of us, the anti-narcotics task force, the Mexican Military, the US military, the Mexican Police, the DEA, and the Mexican Attorney General’s Office together have created a Drug Control Planning Center and up until three years ago we were winning the war on drugs. I don’t mean we were stopping it, I mean we were making a big dent in it. In Mexico there are big time**

crime bosses and drug lords. They all compete for the vast amounts of revenue generated by illegal operations. And guess what...as best we can tell...not one of those crime bosses nor the drug lords are of Mexican descent. They are all aliens from other South American countries living and working in Mexico and internally tearing up the country. None of them have any qualms about taking lives, torturing people, kidnappings and assassinations. It only takes one bad apple with ambitious desires to ruin the peace and tranquility. There is one individual we know of who was the catalyst for creating this latest surge of criminal activity. His name is Raphael Pardo. He claims to be Mexican and has papers to prove it. We can't find any records on him. We don't..."

Agent Connally was interrupted by Rosa. "He is a Cuban national. I know this man. I know him well. He is very vicious. He would certainly be capable of creating problems in the underworld." Rosa felt further explanation would only be confusing.

Agent Connally looked surprised. "You know this man? You know what he looks like?" Rosa was nodding her head at each question.

Agent Connally continued. "This man Pardo..."

Rosa interrupted again. "Pardo is dead. The man you are after...his real name is Miguel Luis Fuentes. He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Cuban Military and escaped the country when he was about to be arrested for illegal operations. We traced him to Jamaica where he cleaned out his offshore bank account of well over \$100,000 US. I guess he surfaced in Mexico and continued in his pursuit of underworld activities."

The DDO offered. "You two should have gotten together sooner. Don't you talk to each other?" Both looked at each other with troubled and puzzled stares. The DDO continued. "Do we want to take this man out? And if we do, does that help resolve the problem? Will the Mexican Government appreciate our help if we take him out of the picture?" The DDO looked at Rosa searching for any signs of hesitancy. Rosa remained bright-eyed and enthusiastic about her new assignment. She believed she had paid her dues doing desk duty for three years and deserved to be in the field.

Agent Connally interjected. "I need to tell you about the politics and the interaction of the Mexican Government Agencies regarding Drug Control."

The DDO interrupted again. "No Agent Connally, let's allow this preliminary view be enough for now. I am sending Rosa for a three week refresher course at Quantico. When she returns I shall turn her over to you. Then you can bring her up to date on all the intricacies involved in our Mexican Affairs." He stood up, a way of announcing the conversation was over. Rosa and Agent Connally did like wise and the meeting ended.

As the two walked down the corridor toward Rosa's office, the Deputy Director for Operations stopped in his tracks, turned toward Rosa and looked deeply into her eyes. "Do you still want this assignment?"

"Hell yes!" She was more than emphatic.

"This could get messy at times. All I want you to do is to find Pardo, aka Fuentes, track him into his haunts, know where he stays most of the time, and when you are ready, we will come in force and take him and his entire army of goons. Now hear me on this, I don't want you to be sticking your neck out. You are way too pretty to wind up in a dark alley somewhere all bloodied up!"

Rosa matched the DDO's intensity. "Mr. Director, I want this assignment. I can find Fuentes. I can get close to him. I can take him out if you want me to. He is an easy target. I know this man and I can do whatever it takes to bring him down!" Rosa was decisive and spoke without any hesitation.

"OK...I'm glad we haven't scared you away." He turned and motioned for her to follow. "Here is my thinking on the situation. The Mexican Government wants to get rid of Pardo. I could send an army of folks down there and we wouldn't be any better off. They would just get in each other's way. I decided against that approach. A single person, not perceived as an operative, has a better chance of finding and locating him. That's why I recruited you." The two approached his office. "Come on in, I would like to get a profile started on you." He looked to his secretary, "Bring in two cups of coffee."

Rosa interrupted, "No coffee for me please, I prefer juice. If you have orange juice that would be fine."



Inside the quiet confines of his office, Osbourne settled into his swivel armchair behind his desk, opened his top drawer and pulled out a yellow legal pad. "I want you to know that I placed a call to Agent Carlos Rodriquez in Havana. It was my intentions to get you a partner. He seemed to be the perfect man. I canceled that call until I had a chance to talk with you. Would Agent Rodriquez make a good partner?"

"Agent Rodriquez is a good man and an excellent undercover agent." Rosa attempted to be understood. "I mean no disrespect to him. But I prefer to work alone. Somehow my physical appearance gets in the way of focused work. I do better alone. Besides Agent Rodriquez is about to wrap up our Cuban investigation of the prison system searching for any US citizens who might be imprisoned there. Let's let him finish his job."

"I truly don't understand." The DDO was perturbed. "You will certainly need some help!"

"No I don't. I can handle it." Rosa was adamant about this issue and allowed it to show. The Deputy Director became less inflexible and Rosa was certain she convinced him she could work alone.

They were interrupted by the secretary at the door bringing in the requested refreshments. She served them as if a high paid servant. She left as silently as she entered. Rosa was again beginning to enjoy her status. Being a field agent was like joining an elite corps.

Deputy Director Osbourne brought up another subject. "Lets decide on your name. We need to set-up a cover name and pick a code name for you. We will get you appropriate papers declaring you as a Mexican national, a place of birth, education level, give you a business, set up an account you can draw from, get you a credit card, all those kinds of things. What about a name?"

"I would like to keep my name, Rosalita Gutteriez...and I would like to keep my last codename, Cobra."

"I'll check those out and if no one is using the code name now you will be able to keep it. I guess you know, you will have to memorize all the contacts and the means as to how they might be contacted?"

**“Yes. It is understood. Where will I be inserted?”**

**“I’m not certain as yet. Before you leave I will have a place identified. Prior to being inserted, you will have to go to Houston and to Phoenix. There are CIA stations in those two locations. They will brief you, get you up to speed, and let you know how to use their services when you are in-country. You will then go to Mexico City to our station there for your final instructions.**

**“We need to get rid of Pardo, aka Fuentes. He entered Mexico through Cancun. Right now, without further knowledge, I am looking to Cancun as your probable base of operations. We already have a lady in mind as a business helper. Her name is Anna Robles. She isn’t our agent but an undercover agent for the Mexican Attorney General’s Office, abbreviated as PGR in Spanish. We will use her as your assistant. I mean by that statement, she will run the business we will set up for you. She will also pass along any information you might gather to the PGR.**

**“If I choose Cancun, then we will set you up as a beachwear entrepreneur. If I choose elsewhere, then it will be a chic fashionable ladies shop. When I look at you, I know instinctively those two businesses are well suited for you. You would be very believable in one of those two roles. You could also fit right into society with a shop like those.” Osbourne fingered his note pad subconsciously. He continued.**

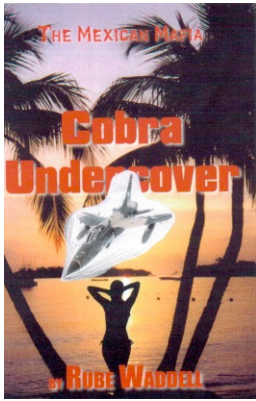
**“When Pardo entered Mexico, he flew into Cancun and immediately got into the drug trade selling retail to college students and tourists. Then he ventured one step above retail into a distributorship. From there onward he engaged in all sorts of shady operations. His lucrative operations grew into his position as a crime boss of dark underworld activities. The latest is that he operates mainly along the Guatemalan border and is heavy into people smuggling; charging as much as \$10,000 for a trip across Mexico into the US. We believe he has a compound somewhere along the southern border. We also know he kills and tortures people. The last unaccounted death happened just outside of Cancun. Since the body was that of another drug lord, we believe Pardo ordered the assassination. We also believe he is his own trigger man. The word is out that he enjoys seeing their faces just before he pulls the trigger. We aren’t sending you after an everyday criminal. You are going after potentially the biggest crime boss in Mexican history. All you**

need to do is find him, locate his base of operations, then call us in. We will do the rest.” The DDO was finished with his briefing.

Rosa arose from her chair. She straightened her legs and pushed her pant legs down. They were tight against her well formed thighs from sitting. As she adjusted her slacks every curve in her body seemed enhanced. The Deputy Director looked away as Rosa gathered herself hoping she hadn’t notice his reactions to her obvious beauty.

“I will check back in with you when I am finished at Quantico. Thank you for your confidence in assigning me this job. I will not let you down.” The Deputy Director of Operations for Latin Affairs nodded his head. He smiled as she walked out his door. His eyes were glued to her well formed backside as she walked away. He shook his head to get back into reality.

Rosa’s excitement was overwhelming. She was so ready to return to field operations. She hoped it would be Cancun. If there was another place in the world which could easily mimic Cuba in natural beauty, it would be Cancun, Mexico. At this very moment, her immediate goal would be to get Agent Larry Bowden up to speed as soon as possible...he was her ticket out the door and into the field again!



*A CIA operative, Rosalita Gutierrez code name 'Cobra', covertly became a partner with Jay Cobb, the fighter pilot's son seeking revenge for his father's death.*

# Cobra Undercover

by Rube Waddell

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