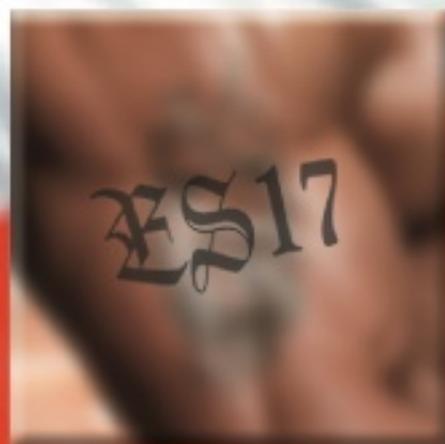
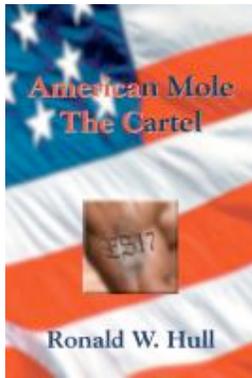


# American Mole The Cartel



**Ronald W. Hull**



Imagine the United States after a nuclear explosion has destroyed the government. **American Mole: The Cartel** is the second novel in a trilogy following Jason Forsythe in service to the US. Jason vacations to Central America only to be caught in the web of the evil ES 17 cartel lord, Iggy Sanchez, who wants to go straight by putting his sons in the presidency. Jason's dilemma is how to prevent the evil plan from happening... See also- **American Mole: The Vespers** by Ronald W. Hull

# American Mole

## The Cartel

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**American Mole**

**The Cartel**

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## Chapter 1

### Escape to Paradise

#### **In the eighth year of his service**

Jason Forsythe, a.k.a., JJ Olson, had just left a beautiful woman, Lexis, a.k.a., Amber Handley, behind on another airplane, while he took this stupid flight to Cancún. Why? Jason didn't really know. He only knew that he had to get away and take some time off after what he had been through. It's at times like this that young men make stupid mistakes like the one he was making. There was absolutely no reason why he was going to Cancún, or to Costa Rica, for that matter. Jason was tired, and that was probably why he was on this plane going to nowhere in particular. Denying his service to his country. No longer on assignment. Breaking the code.

Jason had treated himself to first class. He ordered a filet mignon and a pair of dry martinis, straight up, with olives. While he ate, Jason thought of where he'd been these last seven years. How the bombing of Washington DC had changed his life from that naive high school student with aspirations for college into someone who had willingly gone underground in service to his country, hardened by events. Jason thought of his parents, both killed in the blast and his sister, Gayle, also dead. Why had Jason followed his Uncle Jim into the service of his country instead of staying behind and protecting his grandmother, Gail, by now 89 and maybe frail and in need of his help or, maybe, already dead, before he would get to see her again? Jason longed to pick up the plane phone and give her a call, but he couldn't. Such was the nature of his cover—an anonymous American named JJ Olson with a bogus passport and access to everywhere and nowhere in particular to go except to seek out and destroy any entity bent on terrorism and destruction. *What was it like back at his high school home in Reston? Was it still there? Was Shauna still there? Why was he thinking*

*of her now?* Jason didn't know. Perhaps it was the way she felt, the way it felt to have sex with so much emotion, his first and her first. Guess he would always remember that for its intensity.

In spite of these thoughts spinning through his head, Jason soon grew groggy and fell asleep. The next thing he heard was the phony electronic bell and “Please fasten your seatbelts, we are approaching Cancún. Please put your seat in an upright position and lock the tray in place on the back of the seat in front of you.” That loudspeaker would wake the dead.

The plane landed in Cancún without incident. That couldn't be said for planes around the world. Since the blast had destabilized the most powerful country in the world, there had been much turmoil over the succeeding years as the United States of America tried to heal. Phyllis Knox, the surviving vice president at the time of the blast, had valiantly brought the country back together and initiated elections so that the Congress and Supreme Court could be reestablished. However, fear over the potential for the same kind of thing to happen again in other places in the United States caused people to go into a kind of survival mentality that made it difficult for commerce to continue as it always had, freely guaranteed by the Constitution and law. These same freedoms enabled people to spin off cults like The Vespers that became rampant throughout the country and the world. Without the stability of the United States to intervene, many countries had troubles of their own and anarchy grew plentifully in the vacuum. Planes were hijacked or shot down all the time. People still traveled by air. Life had to go on.

Security had become so tight everywhere that retinal eye scans became the norm and everyone had to have papers in order (a good passport) when boarding any form of public transportation and at routine traffic stops conducted all over most countries. The United States of America had become like one of the Cold War Soviet satellites, checkpoints everywhere. Somehow, Jason as his alter ego, JJ Olson, passed through these checks with almost no resistance, courtesy his service to Uncle Sam. Such was the case now, as Jason, his carry-on bag, and his checked suitcase, breezed through customs and immigration on his way to the inviting beach beyond.

“Your passport please,” the uniformed Mexican official asked. Jason pulled his passport from his carry-on bag and handed it to the official. “How long are you planning to spend in Mexico, Señor Olson?”

“I don't know?”

“Yes, I see. According to your clearance, you can stay as long as you like—and I hope you do stay long. Welcome to Mexico.”

“Thank you. I'm looking forward to my stay here.” Jason smiled politely.

Jason shouldered his suitcase on his right and his carry-on bag on the left and walked out of the airport into warm humid air he hadn't felt since Cutaway Key, and a line of cabs waiting to give him a ride to one of the beach hotels. Jason hadn't planned ahead so he followed the airport cab monitor's direction to the lead cab where he found a smiling mustached miniature man with a dark complexion and perfect teeth with a name tag that read, “José,” eagerly opening the trunk before he got there.

His bags loaded, Jason jumped in the front seat, and José drove off. “Where to?” José asked with a thick Mexican accent.

“I was thinking of one of the beach hotels—the Intercontinental?” Jason didn't have a clue what hotel to go to but he didn't want to appear like he was a novice in the hands of an experienced cab driver. After all, except for his training in Canada, this was the first time he'd ever been to a foreign country.

“First time in Cancún?”

Jason should've seen it coming. José had him over a barrel. He had to confess. “Okay, José, you're right. This is my first time here and I would like it to be a memorable experience. What do you suggest?”

“I suggest the Playa Del Cancún, the best hotel in all of Cancún—survives hurricanes very well. There, you will find everything your heart desires, good food, music, gambling, fine ladies from all over the world, and, I might add, some of the best little Mexican honeys that money can buy. You single? I guarantee you a good time.”

“Okay. If you've got all afternoon, I'd like you to give me a tour of this place before you take me to the hotel. I'd like to get the lay of the land and I know you know that much better than I do. What do you say?”

“It will cost you many pesos, Señor. Or, I will take US dollars. \$150. Is that too much?”

“That will be fine. I'm looking forward to the tour.”

José drove Jason from one end of Cancún and the Mexican Riviera to the other and described every important building and tourist attraction along the way. Jason committed all to memory so that if he ever came by any of these places he'd know where he was. The most interesting part of their drive was to the nearby Mayan ruins that Jason had heard so much about when he was in school and not heard much about since.

It was getting dark when they arrived at the hotel. Jason thanked José for his tour and information. He got José's card just in case he might take him up on the Mexican lady offer.

Jason didn't have a reservation, but a little cash got him a suite on the top floor. When he arrived at Room 1720 Jason was very pleased with José's choice and spent some time on the balcony just looking out at all the lights down the Mexican Riviera and the Caribbean Sea lapping at the shore below. Lights followed the shoreline as far as he could see, and he could see the shimmering lights of Cozumel in the distance. There was a lot of activity going on below with the sounds of music, laughing people, and honking horns floating up. All beckoning him to join in the fun. Jason took a shower and looked for some casual clothes to wear. He had none, so settled for jeans and a polo shirt. Tomorrow, he would shop for appropriate clothes for the tropics. Jason dressed and headed downstairs.

At the Cancún Club in the hotel, Jason ordered stuffed shrimp and the waiter suggested frozen margarita while he surveyed the scene—mostly young couples and singles looking for a good time like he was. Jason saw a thirtyish redhead eating alone over in the corner and decided that he would introduce himself.

Jason didn't give her time to react as he moved in swiftly while she was looking the other way. "Hi, I noticed that you are eating alone. I'm alone here, too, and would like to buy you desert... if I may."

The woman turned her gaze from the fish she had been eating to flash long, long false eyelashes at Jason. "Why yes, that would be lovely. Please, please join me." Her voice was rather deep and throaty, like she smoked too much.

There was something strange about this woman that Jason couldn't put his finger on just yet. She had a very pleasant face with a bit too much makeup and hair too red to be real. Jason sat down next to her and waved his hand to attract attention of a waiter.

"What's your name?"

"Queenie."

Jason's suspicions continue to rise. "That's a strange name, almost archaic. I'm John Jacob, but I go by JJ. Where did you get that name?"

"Oh, it's a nickname. I always wanted to be a queen since I was a little girl and the name just stuck."

Noticing that Queenie had almost finished her fish and was nursing a drink, Jason offered, "What would you like for dessert? I think I'm going to try some of that chocolate mousse."

“No, I think I'll skip dessert. I would take another drink, though.” She reached into her purse and pulled out a silver cigarette case decorated with turquoise and a matching lighter. Queenie opened the case, and lifted a cigarette to her lips. “And I would also like a light, if you wouldn't mind.”

The last thing that JJ wanted to be around was a smoking broad. But, trying to be polite, he obliged her. There was no flair in the way he flipped the wheel three times to get the wick lit, or, as he watched her drawing deeply on the cigarette with him holding the flame to its tip. As if sucking on a cigarette with volumes of smoke coming out of nostrils and cheeks was somehow sexy. Finally, the agony was over and he put the lighter down. The waiter was coming to the table, so he had no choice but to order. Jason ordered a chocolate mousse for himself and another frozen margarita as well as another one of, “Whatever she's drinking.”

After the waiter left, Queenie leaned back in her padded booth seat in her padded bra, savoring her cigarette and showing off her cleavage in a subtle, seductive way as her too short skirt inched up her thighs covered in archaic mesh stockings.

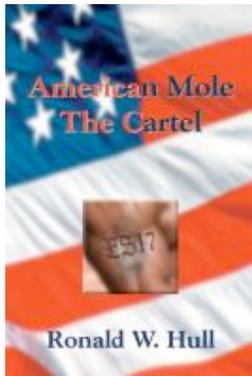
Jason got Queenie's point, all too well. By way of conversation, he said. “Excuse me, but I have to visit the men's room. I'll be right back.”

Jason reached the men's room and entered. Trying to think of a way out. He quickly took a leak and then snuck out of the room making sure that Queenie couldn't see him from where she was sitting. At the bar, he saw his waiter and approached him. “Excuse me. I have to leave. I'm sorry, but I can't go back to the table. How much do I owe you in US dollars?” Jason pulled out his billfold.

The waiter's eyes lit up. “Oh, you don't like Queenie, *do you?* It takes a special kind of *guy*. His name is really Jimenez, but he's a shemale, so you know how that goes...”

Suddenly, Jason understood why he didn't feel right around Queenie. He paid for his dinner, the drinks and dessert, and tipped the waiter mightily for his discrete information. Jason slipped out the door and headed upstairs, glad that he had not given that guy/girl any more information. There was no use in leaving the room after that, because Jason didn't want to run into Queenie and have to explain his sudden disappearance. Instead, he ordered a bottle from the bar and spent the evening on the balcony. For reasons he didn't quite understand, Jason had bought a cheap digital camera at the airport like any other tourist. On the balcony, he was surprised at the zooming ability of the cheap little device and its ability to pick up images even in the nightlight. Becoming

somewhat of a voyeur, he spent the evening dropping in, unawares, on beachgoers along the Riviera. Some were lovers and some were ladies. The night was warm and they were all dressed skimpily, or, in the case of the ladies, in the current fashion—topless. Jason took few pictures. It would do him little good to carry a record of his travels if anyone ever wanted to know where he had been. Still, for now, he was just a tourist.



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