

Stunt Junkie

July 12th 2006

"I can't bear the thought of you with another man again, Donna," Charles Barton II said angrily to his soon-to-be wife in a heated fit of rage.

"Nothing ever happened between Robert and me. I swear nothing ever happened," She cried, desperately trying to gain his trust back once more.

"That's what you said the first time I found you with that guy from the Flamingo Club on Baker street, bent over like a dead mackerel in his lap, and in my car, no doubt!" Charles remembered the pain from a year ago.

"The look on his face as you pleased him made me sick to even think I would ever take you back, but here I am once again, knee deep in your treachery and unfaithfulness." A smile almost started to form on Charles' face as he turned around to face his tied up lover. His mind was slipping fast as thoughts of jealousy stormed inside his soul.

Donna's eyes began to flood with tears of remorse as the past was so painful and she really did love this raging maniac in front of her. Deep down she could not tell him the truth that she and Robert did in fact have the opportunity to know each other one late night in a sleazy little motel room off of the Hollywood strip. Charles was now in no mood to contemplate anything rationally and proceeded to make his way out the door of the house and out to the garage. Five minutes later, Donna could hear the car start, a beautiful gloss black 1962 Chevrolet. Charles stammered back into the house with an almost empty gin bottle that Donna knew was nearly new yesterday. That wasn't what made her shiver like a nude bather swimming in the Pacific Ocean in the month of January. In Charles's other hand was a ten-gallon can of gasoline, which he kept stored in the garage for the various lawn maintenance machines.

"So you want to leave me for another man, do you honey?" Charles' wide-eyed stare was now sickly unnerving to her. "Why don't we go for a little ride up the coast and you can show me how a real mackerel can swim!" He lurched for her and started to untie her bindings.

Charles threw Donna into the car, the gas can into the trunk, and tore out of the driveway. He made his way to the interstate and followed the beautiful scenic drive up the California coast. Donna was pleading for her life and begging Charles to let her go, but to no avail. She tried desperately to reach her fallen lover's heart by pouring out apologies and remembrances from long ago, hoping to find any ounce of compassion the man may have left inside. He sat there with a blank look on his face, as in his mind he knew she was lying about the affair...and the private detective he hired to follow her on that fateful adulterate night didn't hurt either. Donna knew now that this was not going to be a return trip back home to bake some cookies for the 4H club. She, inch by inch, started to advance closer and closer to Charles as his brooding was becoming very obvious now due to the increased speed of the vehicle on the hairpin turns of the scenic byway.

The sign read, slow 45 MPH, and the broad dashboard speedometer was dangerously hovering between 65 and 70 MPH. Tires screeched as the car was abused into trying to navigate the sharp blacktop. The waves down below them were crashing on the jagged rocks of the 60-foot cliffs that the highway was constructed on. This stretch of road was supposed to be one of the most beautiful and relaxing drives north of Hollywood, but now had become a vehicle of ultimately awaiting disaster and carnage as gravel from the car's wheels were ever inching closer and closer to the road's shoulder. Up ahead was one of the most daunting pieces of asphalt on the entire byway. It banked sharply to the left around a piece of rock called "Jester's Paradise," Named for it's intended warning to anyone navigating around it too fast.

Continued on next page...

Stunt Junkie

Charles knew this was the time to finish it all. He would personally make sure that this adulteress would not play any more tricks or bewitch any man ever again. No one should have to bear a blackened heart like his. The accelerator hit the car's floor so hard it almost sounded like a gun went off in the compartment. Donna's eyes widened like saucers as she let out a scream of horror as the car was heading for the hairpin turn at a speed that would certainly prove to be the end of them both. The car lurched forward as it was about to enter the bend and....

"CUT!!"

"Bring in the stunt car," the director shouted in his megaphone.



Stunt Junkie

Agent Greyhound gathered his gear, zipped up his flame-retardant suit and strolled out of the trailer carrying his crash helmet. He knew it would come in handy today. He was on his way to makeup and wardrobe where the wizards of magic would transform him into Charles Barton II. The skilled wheelman always made it a point to read the entire script before doing any stunt. He thought it helped him get into character more, even when he was flailing away fully engulfed in flames and wearing his fire-retardant suit.

Today was like any other day as the semi-famed stuntman tried to remember whom he was impersonating today. Charles Barton II was the henchman of an evil mastermind. The two together were looking for the fabled lost fountain of youth in Costa Rica. The hero of the film, which Agent Greyhound was also to portray, was none other than Robert Dobbs, a famed archeologist and/or a collector of antiquities. In earlier scenes Robert was following Charles' car, which is where he met Charles' fiancée Donna, and where their little escapade on the Hollywood strip began. Charles was furious when he found out about the affair and vowed he would kill Robert Dobbs along with the black widow of a woman, the lovely and beautiful Donna Reeves.

"Are you ready to get all made up, Mr. Penzinni?" the makeup artist asked as Agent Greyhound entered the trailer.

"Ready as I'll ever be, Sally. Could you make sure not to put too much foundation on my face this time?" he laughed, knowing he would be wearing a fully enclosed crash helmet for the shot.

"Keep it up, crash dummy, and I'll permanently glue some warts on your face. I bet all the girls would love you then, big boy, wouldn't they?" she responded.

It took about ten minutes to get Greyhound into Charles Barton's clothes and final touchups applied. As he walked out of the trailer his cell phone began to ring. Pulling the sleek black flip-top phone from his pocket, he saw that the ringing was due in fact to a newly-acquired text message. As he peered down and brought up the message, he glanced over and saw from whom the message was sent from and knew that this stunt had to be done quickly. His presence was needed elsewhere. The message only contained 7 letters and numbers, which could only be an Agency Communication Code, which would outline his next assignment.

HJ9TT21

"I've got to get this shot done fast," he thought to himself as he hurried over to where the stunt car was idling.

"Chuck, everything set with the explosives on the road and in the trunk?" he asked, as he was about to climb into the vehicle. It already had almost 1000 more pounds of extra camera equipment attached to every nook and cranny that could get a clean view without ruining the shot.

"Well, you know when you said you only wanted about 50 pounds of explosives on the road and 20 in the car? Well, Mr. Big-shot director over there decided that wasn't enough and added a little more," he said warily.

Agent Greyhound had enough things to worry about and didn't need some ass-hole prick killing people on his big show. He jumped out of the car and made his way over to the director's set and launched an attempt at reducing the amount of plastic explosives to be used in the fiery car crash. The director wouldn't budge as the pissed-off wheelman trotted off back to his car muttering all sorts of profanity under his breath and the occasional, "Fire me if I don't do the gag" retort.

"I'll give that fucker a ball of hell he won't ever forget," he shouted as he started up the 1962 black Chevrolet. "Strap me in, Chuck, I'm ready to do this thing."

Stunt Junkie

The vehicle roared with a new sense of importance as the agent throttled the gas-injected, steel frame, roll barred vehicle to life. As he sat at the start line, marked off on the road with red spray paint, words from the director's mouth kept repeating in his head.

"I want a big explosion, so hit the ramp a little to the left so the car will roll over as it tries to make the turn and fall down the cliff where it will burst into flames."

Funny how just yesterday it was exactly what Agent Greyhound told the director how the stunt should go down in the first place. I guess copying is the first sign of flattery, he thought as he gripped the steering wheel tightly, ready to launch off the mark when the director yelled action.

"ACTION!!!"

The accelerator hit the steel frame with a force of a titan as billows of smoke came pouring out of the souped-up stunt vehicle. "He wan's a big ball of fir,e does he," Greyhound thought as he raced towards "Jester's Paradise" and the waiting tubular roll-over ramp. "Stay to the left...stay to the left...stay to the left," he kept repeating over and over in his mind.

"AH FUCK IT!" the enraged stuntman shouted as he veered to the right and pounded the gas pedal down. The car jumped and gained an extra 20 MPH before hitting the ramp on the opposite side. The vehicle followed the ramp perfectly up as it launched into the air higher than expected and on the opposite side of the cliff, hitting "Jester's Paradise" square on the rock face and erupting into a massive orb of C4 and gasoline-induced flames. The impact was so hard that almost the entire front end of the car was crushed in as it amazingly generated enough force to push the steel monster end over end in an acrobatic frenzy of twists.

As gravity started to throw its weight around and pulled down on the tangled mass suspended in the air, it began to fall fast towards the road. Metal flew everywhere as it collided with the newly-asphalted surface with a purpose in mind: total and absolute destruction. Greyhound was holding his breath and trying to hang on during the sky-high antic and almost blacked out from the sheer force of horizontal G's that were forced on him. As he tried to look through the flames at the moment of impact, he knew for sure that this little ride would be over very soon. The problem was, it wasn't soon enough.

As the car pounded into the road, it hit on an awkward side of the car and started to roll in a somewhat barrel-type roll over the road and in Greyhounds frightened mind...over the cliff!!! Once again the stuntman found himself crashing and now rolling in a ball of fire down the cliff side of the byway. He lost count after 20 revolutions when it finally stopped and exploded in another spectacular display of crimson heat. He knew that he needed to get out fast or he would be a goner, and he definitely wanted to see the face of that asshole director after this gag. He made his way out of the flaming coffin just in time as he peered around the crash site. Everything was on fire within a 50-foot radius due to the extra explosives used. Greyhound watched in horror as cameramen and boom sticks were all ablaze all around him.

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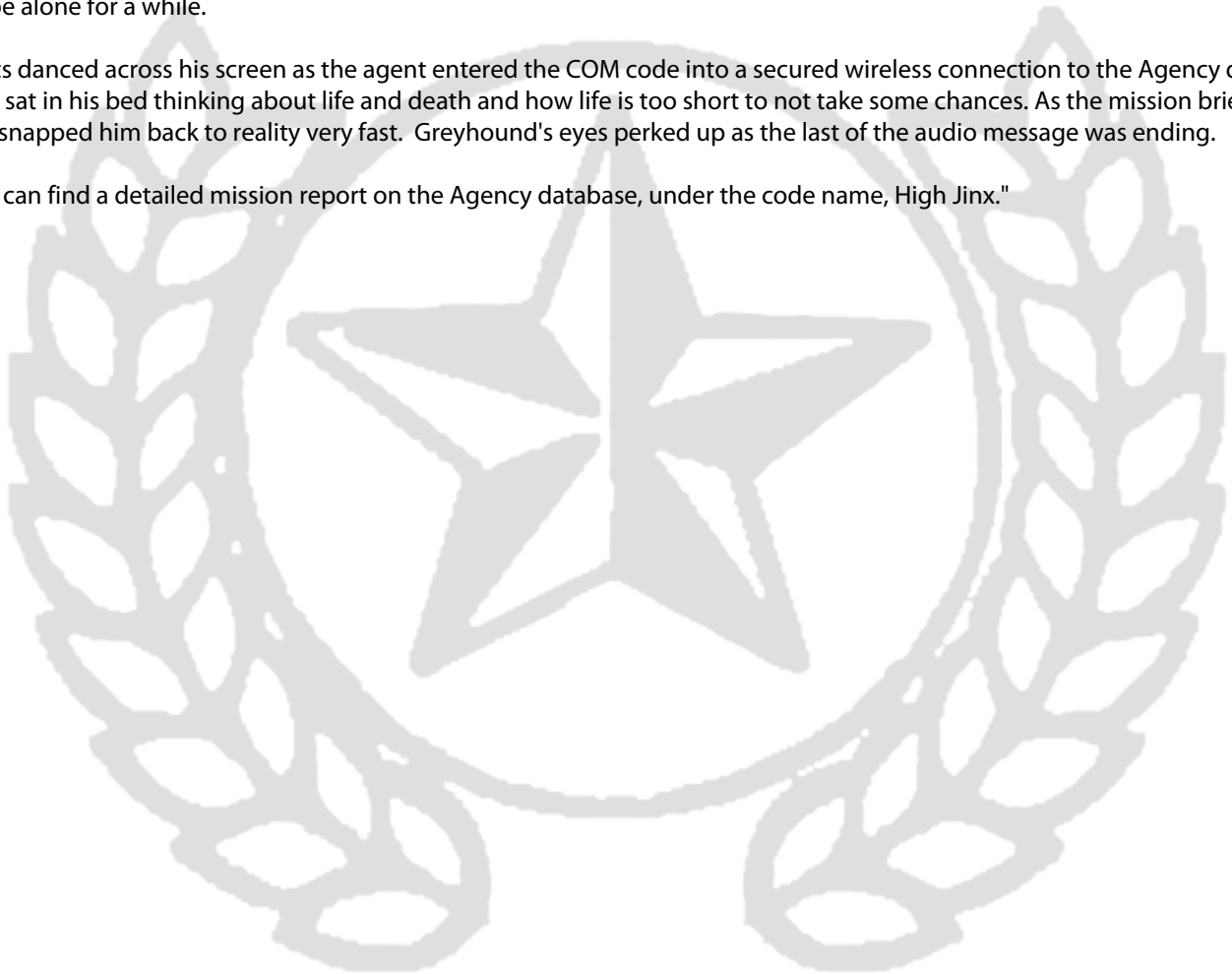
Stunt Junkie

2 hours later

Greyhound sat in the hospital with oxygen racing through his system from a tank near his bed. He was lucky to have survived the stunt and wondered to himself if he in fact was the reason for four of his friends' fiery deaths and over a dozen others badly injured. Chuck entered the room with Greyhound's personal laptop and tried to console his friend as he told him that it was the added explosives, ordered by the director, that was the culprit and not his driving. He relayed to the agent that the director, along with the entire crew, thought the stunt was incredible to say the least. The added inspiration didn't help in lifting his spirits as he asked to be alone for a while.

Lights danced across his screen as the agent entered the COM code into a secured wireless connection to the Agency database. The agent sat in his bed thinking about life and death and how life is too short to not take some chances. As the mission briefing started, it snapped him back to reality very fast. Greyhound's eyes perked up as the last of the audio message was ending.

"You can find a detailed mission report on the Agency database, under the code name, High Jinx."



Stunt Junkie

"Switzerland?" Agent Greyhound thought, as he had never been to that part of the world before. He started to gather his belongings as he went over his assignment. He thought about the equipment and possible assistance he may need to acquire later on. Just then a rough, dark haired man walked into the stuntman's room as the agent was about to get dressed.

"Хорошо не делайте Вы выглядите симпатичными " the Russian sniper snickered as he entered, eyeing the awkward situation.

"I'm usually only told I look pretty from the ladies, bud," Greyhound said as he quickly turned to face his unknown intruder. "Who the hell are you and what are you doing here?"

"Agent Kremlin at your service. I was commissioned to help in your little ski trip to Switzerland for some...let us just say added support," he finally stammered out, as English was apparently not his strong point. "I have a chopper standing by on the hospitals helipad. You want to drive, or do you want me to give it a whirl?" the Russian muttered as he threw the keys to Greyhound, knowing full well he didn't know a damn thing about getting the whirlybird up in the air. After some security protocols and quick introductions were established, the two agents sat down and went over their mission.

"Do you know anything about this guy, Dr. Peter Wailen?" Greyhound asked the Russian mercenary.

"Only what I read in his bio from the Agency database. Some Swiss molecular particle energy scientist or something. He was working on some experiments using lithium to initiate some particle reactions in inert gasses to produce some new energy source up in a hidden experimental laboratory in the Swiss Alps. I guess the guy's a super brain or something and apparently has gone missing, which is why you and I are here," he continued, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, we best be off then, there, Commie. We don't want the good doctor to be waiting on us, now do we?" he snickered as he walked out the door.

Kremlin knew this was going to be one of those missions where he hoped he would be perched somewhere far, far away from his fellow agent. It only fueled his decisive belief in Americans having the biggest egos in the world. He walked out the door after his newfound friend thinking, *I could always say it was an accident. The bullet just slipped sir...*

6 hours later

Soon the two agents were on their way over to Mother Russia for refueling after stopping in one of their newer Agency base of operations in Unalaska, Alaska. Agent Greyhound almost heaved every last bit of food in his stomach from the god-awful smell of fish as he boarded the plane on the Agency's private airstrip.

Kremlin stared at him, took in a deep breath, and exhaled out. "Kind of brings back memories of home," he said, pounding his chest, criticizing Greyhound as a wimp.

"Let's just get the hell out of here and over to your land of flowing vodka falls and Russian hotties, shall we?" he muttered, sidestepping his own bile to jump into the waiting plane. It would be awhile before they reached the old Iron Curtain for some needed fuel and then a quick jaunt over to Switzerland, where their mission's destination awaits.

Stunt Junkie

The jet roared like a lion as it lifted off the runway. The agents knew it would be several hours before they would meet their refueling station outside of Moscow. Moscow, Kremlin thought to himself. He hadn't been that close to home in quite a while. As the plane began to level out and quiet down, a sudden sleep-induced coma imposed itself over both agents as their eyelids began to sink lower and lower. The sound of a band saw seemed to be bellowing out of the mouth of the would-be stuntman as a river of spit trailed down the sniper's chin in a display of over-exhaustion.

"Mother! Father! I can't find you! Where are you?" The sound of the fire was deafening as I raced through the smoke infested room. The cloud of blackened death was all around me as I fought feverishly through the demon air. The smoke billowed in and out of the hallway like it was breathing now. I started to hear voices from deep within the black mass. In and out it churned, all around me as if it was beckoning me to follow. Its shape was ever changing and contorting at every corner as the hellish heat suddenly unleashed its fury upon me. My skin was as hot as crimson ash as I looked down, seeing it almost melt away like wax to a flame.

The face. That evil face finally appeared before me like the villainous demon that has haunted me all this time. It laughed and taunted me to come closer, despite the pain of a thousand pins driving into my body at the same time it over-took my emotions, endless screams of agony thrust upon the ears of anyone within distance.

I need to find them, I said as I tried to battle this demon from below. Flesh dripped and peeled away from my now soot-stained body. Blood almost boiled over inside my brain. The pain subsided due to the searing heat as my nervous system cauterized. "Mother!!! Father!!! Where are you?" I kept yelling with no hope in sight. The sound was deafening as it always is every time they fall before me. Their bodies hung like rag dolls from the demon's grip. Almost unrecognizable are they, my adolescent caretakers of life, burned to a blackness so venomous and gripping that a black hole would seem brilliantly lighted compared to their lifeless bodies. The pain inside now came to a head and changed, ever changing to an uncontrollable RAGE!!! My eyes burned straight through but I could still see the demon before me, laughing and mocking my tragedy. As I mustered up all my strength for a last stand of righteous retribution upon my foe, I let out a scream so loud...so uncontrollably animalistic...so deeply embedded with the love for my parents, it would shatter the very foundation of the earth itself.

"AAAARRRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!"

"Holy Shit Man!!!" Greyhound shouted to the sleep-induced agent. Kremlin's fist found its mark on the stuntman's chin, sending him reeling to the aisle. Kremlin finally came to, his heart racing like a runaway locomotive. His entire head and chest appeared to have been hosed down from a garden hose for the amount of sweat that covered him. His eyes opened in an instant as his awareness of the present came pouring back to him like a lightning bolt. Sensing something was wrong, and seeing Greyhound holding his jaw with a trickle of blood streaming down his face, he knew what had just happened. "*Not again,*" he thought to himself, "I better get my medication out and pop a couple relaxers." After some very sincere apologies were made, the rest of the flight became very uneventful.

7 hours later

The plane touched down in an undisclosed location outside the main Sheremetyevo airport outside of Moscow. As the plane came to a stop an airport technician began to fuel the juggernaut of a jet as the agents stepped off to stretch their legs.

"That's funny. Where did that sickle wielding shooter run off to this time? Probably left me for some naked unshaven hairy Russian tart or something," Greyhound huffed as he started to make his way back to the plane. As he boarded the plane once again, he saw his little Russian sniper fast asleep in his chair. "*Figures he'd be sleeping on the job again,*" he thought to himself.

On Greyhound's chair was a pristine bottle of one of the finest top shelf lines of vodka to ever be produced in Russia. This wasn't your daddy's liquor, boy. No, this stuff was the real deal as it sat there waiting to be cracked open. A peace offering from one comrade to another during their next puddle jump across Europe was accepted. It more than made up for the bruised chin.

Stunt Junkie

The plane soared high above the clouds once more. The turbulence was very trifling as the plane made its way to Zurich airport where the agents would disembark in the night and make their way to Dr. Willen's last known address. The taxi ride over was somewhat peaceful as both agents savored the silence for a short time. It most certainly would not last. After arriving and paying the fee, the Russian sniper embarked on establishing a defensive position around the corner on a makeshift balcony as the Stuntman swaggered towards the front door.

Ring.....Ring..Ring. The doorbell rang, but no one seemed to be home. Just then the agent noticed the front door was indeed not locked but was forcefully opened from most likely the doctor's assailants. Weapon drawn and a head nod to his comrade that he was going in, Greyhound proceeded cautiously inside. The place was a complete disaster, with every piece of furniture turned upside down.

Outside, the perspiration began to build as the massive eye through the long-range scope blinked ever so slightly, trying to stay on target in case anyone decided to pay his newfound friend a visit through the front door. After an all-clear signal was communicated, the rock-steady sniper began to relinquish his perch of death and make his way to the dwelling to rendezvous with Agent Greyhound inside. He felt more comfortable from a distance and disliked close quarters, but business was business.

"Looks like they did quite a number here," Greyhound mumbled.

"Sure did. By the looks of it, they were defiantly looking for something, but seems like they didn't find it due to the amount of damage inflicted. This mirrors what the KGB would do when turning a place out," Kremlin replied.

The two Agents searched in vain for any possible trace of where the good doctor could have been whisked away to. Then, with what seemed like a miraculous change of fortune, the nimble stuntman eyed a crumbled up piece of orange paper lying almost out of sight behind the bedroom door. After further investigation, the two would-be agents darted out of the dwelling. They hailed a cab as fast as they could and made their way up to the infamous Swiss Alps. The now unfolded paper read:

Beckenried Ski Resort
Valet Parking Ticket
July 12th 2006
#H722145GHJY

Arriving about an hour later, they decided to play it cool and register at the front desk for a room while trying to stake out the place for any would-be kidnapper types lurking around. Paying a substantial fee for a room on the spur of the moment with no reservation, the two agents set up a base of operations where they decided what their plan of action was going to be. The sniper unassembled his weapons in near record time, cleaning and calibrating to an exact degree only matched by laser optical precision as the stuntman warmed up for a brief cardio workout on the treadmill graciously provided by the hotel in their room. The night would go uneventfully as they hunkered down for some well-needed sleep. At least Greyhound hoped it would be, if his comrade didn't get up and kill him in the night.

Stunt Junkie

8:00 am the next day

"Yes, two orders of ham and eggs, toast and a pot of coffee, please. Yes, right away, please. Thank you." Greyhound placed the phone down on the receiver, severing the connection to room service.

After tipping the bellhop, the agents began devouring their breakfast before instigating their plan to find where Dr. Wailen was being kept. All great plans can come unraveled in an instant due that little force known as Murphy's Law. The plan was simple and precise. The only lead the two super sleuths had was the valet ticket found at Dr. Wailen's ransacked home. The first step was to approach the front desk and make contact with the young naïve girl who was working there in the morning. After some routine banter with the staff member, a request for the parked vehicle to be brought around to the front would be relayed and validated with the little orange valet parking ticket. After possibly signing for the release of the vehicle, the name of the owner would be established. With the name, the two agents could then gather information pertaining to the destination or residence of the owner through one simple call to the resort's courtesy phone line, asking for a second key be brought to their residence since it had been mysteriously lost. A rather snoop-like attempt would then be underway as they would follow the golden key to the evil mastermind's quarters. There they would attempt to recapture the incarcerated doctor from their wicked grasp. It all seemed perfect and foolproof, up until those five unforeseen little words came spilling out.

"Can I see some ID?" the young lady asked to the dumbfounded stuntman.

"You don't look like a Mr. Takahoshi, sir," she shot back, taking a rather racial profiling look. Agency training kicked in as the quick-thinking wheelman started to turn on the charm.

"Well no, ma'am, I only wish I could be Mr. Takahoshi. That guy is worth...I don't know...a couple trillion dollars I'm sure. My name is Sergio. Sergio De Luca at your service." He raised a very seductive eyebrow her way.

"I am only the driver of Mr. Takahoshi. He has instructed me to retrieve his vehicle from the valet parking for a trip up the Alps. He was very adamant on me not being late or he said he would terminate my employment," Greyhound pleaded, "You don't want me to be fired do you?" He showed his Italian sad cow eyes, almost ready to water.

"Well, I guess not sir. Your car will be here in a moment. How does Mr. Takahoshi like the Krasaus Villa? I see his car was down here for maintenance." she replied back somewhat shyly, ultimately taken in by the stuntman's act. Meanwhile, Agent Kremlin shrugged his shoulders in disgust and bewilderment.

"He loves it very much. He even commented on how the staff at the resort here were especially nice. You know the last time he said that, he left a couple thousand-dollar tips for each and every hotel employee. What a high-roller huh?" He smiled and turned towards the front entrance.

Moments later a valet in a green vest pulled the Mercedes Benz around to the front door, waiting for a tip. The agents casually walked over and sped away in the beautifully refined gloss black Mercedes. They turned towards the mountain pass around the resort and up into the Swiss Alps. After diverting almost certain disaster, the two agents had finally caught a break for once, now knowing the exact location of this Mr. Takahoshi and hopefully Dr. Wailen.

The wheelman rocketed around the sharp corners of the mountain, reflecting upon a day earlier in the almost exact same circumstances, except this time he was not in a movie and if he lost control and went over the cliff, there was no second take. The sheer momentum and harsh angles almost made Kremlin sick to his stomach on more than one occasion. As the black beauty made its way up the massive slope and slowly turned the last corner, the view out of the windshield revealed a magnificently restored ski chalet with an engraved stone sign reading Krasaus Villa.

Stunt Junkie

Pulling up close enough but still out of sight, the two Agents scoured the area for any possibly hints as to what and who may be holding up residence. The snow was quite heavy this far up in the mountains as the Mercedes was loosing traction here and there.

"Well, I see smoke coming out of the villa, so someone must be home," the sniper huffed as he panned the grounds.

"Ya, and if you look real close up there on that ridge behind there, almost covered up by the rocks, is more smoke coming out of some building," Greyhound replied back.

"I'll bet you a whole dozen Russian mail-order brides that these guys kidnapped the good doctor and brought him here to this Villa for some secret laboratory work, which my guess is located over there buried in the cliff over there, just in case something should go wrong."

"Should we give Mr. Takahoshi a warm reception or a cold shower?" the sniper grinned, knowing the stuntman would never go for a stealthy quiet approach.

As they talked over their strategies of position and flanking rights, they decided the best approach would be one Agent to cause a diversion while the other smash in the laboratory first, since it was being occupied, and rescue Dr. Wailen. Once out of the building, a great getaway down the slippery roads in the Mercedes with probable bullets flying every which way would start and hopefully end with the safe passage of three white-knuckled men. Kremlin hated Greyhound's plan. Too many uncertainties and risks that cannot be accounted for, for his taste. He was used to very well laid out plans of a more stealthy approach. The wait, linger and pounce approach was what he was used to. All this American flair was going to kill him...*LITERALLY!*

"Ready comrade?" the wide-eyed stuntman asked.

"Let me get into position and then I'll give you the signal," as Kremlin turned and braced himself behind a pile of cut wood. He knew that if he expected to see the light of day that it would be up to him to ensure safe passage for his friends.

Kremlin looked over towards Greyhound and gave the go ahead as his body went as ridged as a granite statue. He flipped up the cap of the scope on his RSA Dragunov SVD sniper rifle and took careful aim at the window on the first floor of the Villa. A hail of lead came crashing through the glass pane, which shattered into thousands of pieces. Burst after burst rang out over the mountainside, which sounded like thunderclaps from a severe thunderstorm, since the sniper removed his suppressor with the intent of being heard. That's what a diversion was anyway. It wouldn't make any sense to cause a ruckus and no one be there to witness it.

That was Greyhounds cue as he leaped over snow banks left and right as he traversed the frozen landscape towards the lab. Shortly after the sounds of bullets and glass began raining down, a man armed with a submachine gun came running out from behind the rock face in front of the lab in sheer terror. Greyhound sized up the situation, and incredibly sprang up on top of a small shed at full speed, launching himself like a cannon and directly into the lone assailant with a shoulder block from hell. He could hear the wind come sailing out of the minion's lungs and bones break as they both went tumbling to the ground. As Greyhound's equilibrium kicked into overdrive, he gracefully landed on the snow packed ground without even a scratch. The now gun-less toting guard was not so lucky as a crimson flow of blood from the back of his head began streaming through the white snow and pooled into a rather large red dot. Greyhound thought to himself and almost gave a grimacing laugh after looking at the man's nationality and the picture of the Japanese flag his dead body just painted in the white powder.

Continued on next page...

Stunt Junkie

Meanwhile

The door flew open wildly on the Villa as four armed gunmen stepped out sheepishly through the entrance, trying to gain as much cover as possible. Kremlin knew this was the time to not give away his position as he attached the removable suppressor with lightning speed. Taking aim and slamming in a clip of sabot round, he eyed the nice low-profile armor his adversaries were wearing. A smirk of enjoyment and sheer euphoria encapsulated the sniper as he aimed his barrel of incoming death at the first casualty that should stick his head out to far. A single reflexive twitch of Kremlin's finger and a guided missile of doom hurdled through the crisp morning air as it ripped right through the minion's armor like a hot knife through butter, sending him toppling end over end. Within seconds the sniper had another body-bag in his sights as he sent another messenger of death on a direct path of destruction, exploding all shape and form of the man's head, leaving only a fountain of blood which began gushing from his neck as he went limp and dropped to the ground. Kremlin knew he could keep this up all day if he wanted.

Greyhound jolted through the rock face as he came upon a wooden door attached to what seemed like an entrance down into the rock face itself. Lunging for the handle and drawing his Beretta, he swung the door open and peered into the darkness. As his eyes adjusted to the opposite side of the color spectrum, he advanced down the winding stairs to a small laboratory. All kinds of electronic and chemical equipment lay around the room in such a way that he almost expected to see Dr. Frankenstein in attendance rather than a Dr. Wailen. Over in the far corner of the room was a grey-haired man with a white lab coat and latex gloves in the fetal position.

"Either you're here giving illegal prostate exams, or you must be Dr. Wailen I presume," the smart-ass Agent greeted his contact.

"Yes, I am Dr. Peter Wailen. Who are you? Are you here to get me out of here? What's all the gunfire? Who else..." he was interrupted abruptly as Greyhound grabbed his arm and began routing him towards the front door.

"We got no time for answers doc. Do you have all of your research material that you need?"

"Yes, I have everything here on my portable hard drive."

"Good. Now we just need to make sure that this place isn't here any more," the stuntman sided as he began to look around for something he could use to annihilate the laboratory. As the Agent looked around, Dr. Wailen knew what he was up too and with two hands threw a piece of biological human tissue sample in a test-tube and another vial of some unknown liquid.

"RUN!!!" the doctor yelled as he proceeded to exit the building.

"What the hell was that stuff? What the hell is going on? What the..." as the doctor shot Greyhound a look of terror at him, insinuating that this was going to be bad...*REAL BAD!*

Stunt Junkie

Just then a flurry of bullets came pouring over the top of the Villa and almost made swiss cheese out of Agent Greyhound and the doctor as they leaped for cover behind the small shed used earlier by the stuntman. Kremlin, spying the flanking assault raised his rifle out of instinct and sent a hoard of lead towards the now visible mercenaries encamped on the Villa deck. Just then Kremlin felt the presence of small projectiles piercing the wood that was his cover. "The left over meat bags at the front door finally got some balls did they," he thought as he reluctantly crouched down for cover. Kremlin knew that if he did not pull fire away from the shed, that his fellow Agent would most certainly be dead.

Then he saw something that shocked the living hell out of the sniper. For, before his eyes, he could see the stuntman snap on a pair of snow skis with Dr. Wailen strapped to a sled in toe behind him, make a break for the mountain pass. He would be in a turkey shoot if he didn't provide some cover. Instinct took over as the KGB influenced sniper stood up, calling out all sorts of profanity in Russian to his foes, as he zeroed in on the first of his targets and let loose all hell. The kidnappers were in total and absolute shock, thinking this guy must either be really stupid or the bravest motherfucker in the world, come to kick their ass back to the orient.

"One...Two...Three," Kremlin muttered under his breath as he found his mark, almost killing at will. One by one the men fell, sending unique blood spatters spraying on all kind of surfaces, which would have made any Rorschach Testing facility proud. After a quick reload of another clip, Kremlin saw that in fact Greyhound with the good doctor finally made it over the ridge and down the steep mountainside. All he knew now was that it was time to get the hell out of here. He backpedaled as fast as he could back towards the parked Mercedes and jumped inside as bullets soared overhead and started to penetrate the gloss black paint job. Kremlin raced down the slippery mountain pass, trying not to over steer the vehicle off the side and plummet to his death.

The engines started in the 4x4 off road vehicles as they bolted out of the Villa gateway like a stampede of horses being let loose at the Kentucky Derby. Kremlin could see the two black hummers barreling down on him from his rear view mirror as he reluctantly pushed the gas pedal further and further to the floorboard.

10 minutes later

From a distance, it looked like a snowmobile on the far right of the mountain. Then it became very apparent to Kremlin what the black little dot that was getting closer and closer really was.

"он должен быть самым сумасшедшим распутником матери, которого я знаю " he thought to himself.

He saw a bridge coming up around a bend where the mountain ridge swooped down almost next to the road. In some way he knew what and where the daring stuntman was headed, all along towing the poor helpless Dr. Wailen behind him like a rag doll on the snow sled. Kremlin sped up once more as bullets ricocheted off his car. He could now see the giant makeshift snow jump that he knew the American would in fact try to use to his advantage.

Stunt Junkie

"Hold on doctor, I have to punch in the detonator. We don't want this stuff going off on us accidentally now do we," he almost laughed as he pulled out a radio detonator and attached it as best he could while trying to hold his route towards the ridge. All of a sudden.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!

A massive explosion from up the mountain erupted like a tidal wave of sound and pressure. The sky was colored black and white as rock and ice were violently cast upward. The ground shook with a fury as the after shock came flooding down the mountainside underneath our would-be heroes almost relinquishing Greyhound from his bindings. As Greyhound continued down the hill, he looked back at Peter Wailen who had a very shit-ass grin on his face.

"I guess they won't be working there any time soon, now will they my young friend," he shouted to Greyhound as they were approaching the daredevil stunt. Greyhound tried to generate as much speed as he could for the jump. He knew he could easily make it. He didn't know if he could do it, pulling an extra 185 lbs. of flesh behind him though.

"Hang on doctor, here we go!!" he shouted.

As the vehicles passed next to the snowy ridge, Kremlin saw his friend almost wink as he launched him and Dr. Wailen high in the sky over the road, dropping what seemed like a full pound of plastic explosives on top of the lead hummer's roof carrier. The skis hit hard on the other side of the road as the sled scraped off the back end of the hummer and onto the road, almost wiping out. Greyhound wished he could have seen the looks on the faces of the driver as his stunt went off without a hitch. Five second later, Greyhound hit a little red button and...

KABLAMM!!!

The hummer burst into flames as the second one collided into the rear of the now smoldering vehicle. After a period of ten seconds, the two vehicles were exploding on cue as if Greyhound himself was conducting an orchestra of explosive proportions, sending all inside to their fiery deaths. After about 30 minutes of slalom dancing through the forest bottom, the two Agents rendezvoused with the doctor at a small motel room where they made preparations for an extraction out of Switzerland to one of the Agency's base of operations in Vienna.

The two Agents came from two totally different worlds, but came together to rise above evil in a mission fit for a movie. The plane ride was rather peaceful. Right up until a roundhouse right from Kremlin landed on Greyhounds chin again,

"Christ man wake up!"

The End