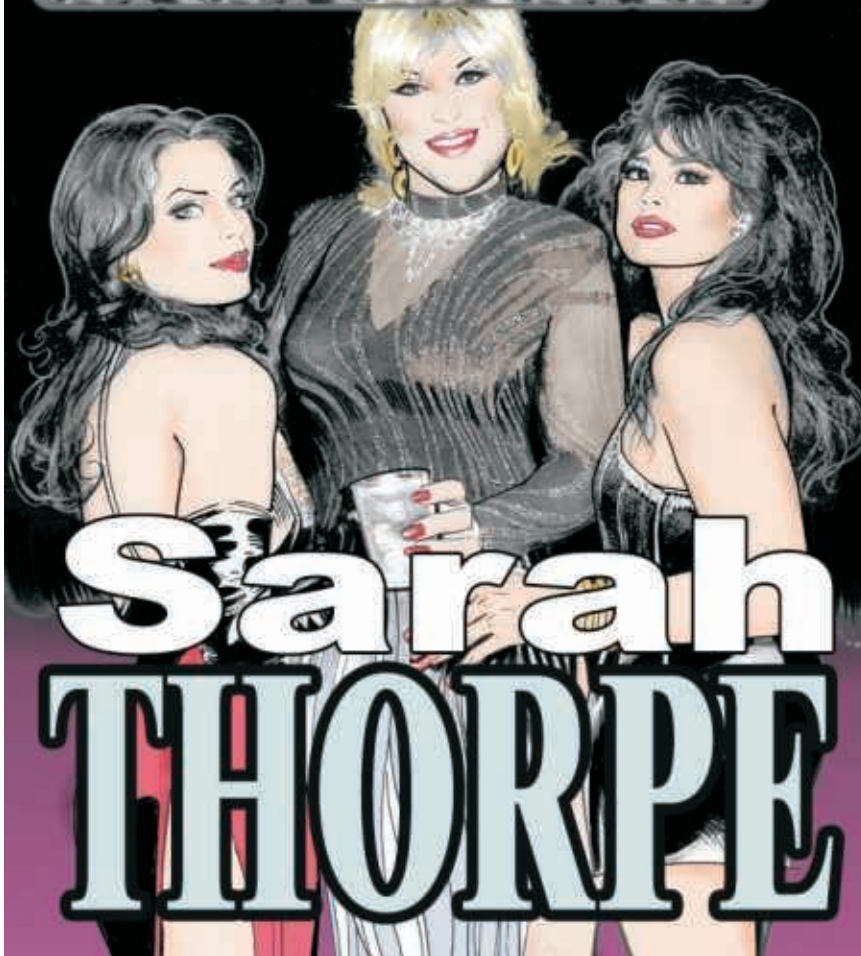


A Cry For HELP



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Foreword

Dear Reader!

In this book you will meet several transgendered characters that I have written about earlier. They come from two different sides of the US, so I took the liberty to link them together here. The characters are:

Annie Wolfe – You can read all about her in:

The Elusive Strangler,
The Ultimate Decision,
The Case of the Living Dead,
Got you at last,
Finally Justice, and
The Mob Connection

Eva Fjeld – you can read about her in:

The Elusive Strangler,
Finally Justice, and
The Mob Connection

Teri Harris & J. P. Hawthorne – you can read about them in:

The Single Parent Society, and
The Heir

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S.T.

A Cry for Help

By Sarah Thorpe

Chapter 1 – The Bordello Visit

Brad Muratow looked around. He had just been registered at a conference dealing with the problems of insurance fraud. Brad was an investigator in a large insurance company and his specialty was such frauds. The conference took place in a hotel in downtown LA, the town where he lived. The hotel was very familiar to him, so his main reason for looking around was to see if he could spot someone he knew. At first glance he didn't see any, so he just continued through the lobby and into the main conference hall. He had just passed through the doors when he heard a loud voice yelling at him: "Brad, old friend. How are you doing?"

It was Frank Quigley, a dear friend and colleague, and just the man he was looking for. Frank was a long time friend, somewhat ambitious in nature and 100% trustworthy. He was about 35 years old and had been through a very ugly divorce six years earlier. His two kids lived with their mother in Texas.

Brad's mood was somewhat down at the moment, his wife for more than 20 years had just left him so he needed someone to get drunk with. Frank was the perfect man for that.

Frank walked up to Brad, looked at him and said; "Brad, you look so sour. What's eating you?"

"Margaret left me last week."

"Shit! What about the kids?"

"They're both in college and live on campus."

"Do you still live in your old house?"

"Yes, I do. Margaret moved to her folks in Spokane. I have a feeling this is only temporary. We had a heated quarrel and she just took off. I have no idea what she said to her boss. This also happened five years ago and she came back after three weeks. I'm pretty sure this will happen again."

"Are you ready for some action this week then?"

"Maybe. I'll see how the week comes along. Just in case I've taken a room here at the hotel. If you're thinking of a night on the down, I've decided to stay low until Wednesday. I will give a lecture before lunch that day. After that I'm might be ready for some action."

"OK, I'll stay in touch. Have to check out a few things. See you later. Bye."

"Bye." Brad walked further into the conference center. He knew Frank as a good friend and colleague and trusted him 100%. They worked in the same company, but Frank worked for the Chicago office. Frank was a self-taught investigator, and he was very good. He, on the other hand, had worked several years as a Police Detective until he left the force ten years earlier to have a more stable life. He still remained in close contact with his old friends in the force. His old friend David Miller was here, and he looked forward to meet him. David would, by the way, deliver the first speech, or lesson at the conference.

The conference went on as planned. Brad spoke with Frank every day and they decided to have lunch together on Wednesday. Brad finished his speech at noon that day and didn't have to return for the Q&A period at three. They went to a Mexican restaurant and had an excellent lunch. When the meal was over Frank said: "Brad, I have a suggestion. Do you want to come with me to a place nearby? I normally go there every time I'm in town. It's a massage parlor where they give top massage with something extra on top if you want that. No strings attached. Don't worry about the cost; it's all on me. You will love it."

Brad hesitated. It sounded tempting. He knew this was not considered cheating. Besides, he was separated so no extramarital affairs were considered cheating. That's how it was five years ago, and that's how it will be now. After a short while he said: "It's OK, I'll join you."

"Good! Let's get going. It's only a short walk from here." They left the restaurant and headed down the road. Ten minutes later they walked through the doors of the massage parlor. Inside Frank presented himself and said he had an appointment for two massages special. The clerk checked her book and took Frank and Brad to two different rooms down the hall. Brad stepped through the door and was welcome by a raven black beauty in her mid-twenties. She said her name was Elena and told him to undress and lay down on his stomach on the coach. Brad did as he was told. A towel was placed over his buttocks.

Elena went to work straight away. It didn't take long before he understood that Elena was good. She knew her work and he felt wonderful. After a while he was told to turn over and lie on his back. Brad did as he was told. The towel now covered his groin.

Once again Elena started to massage him. When she came to his upper thighs Brad felt a slight tickling in his groin. This tickling grew better and better and soon his penis started to respond. Elena saw it, of course. For Brad this became better and better and he just closed his eyes and squirmed in pleasure. He didn't notice that Elena removed the towel and lowered her mouth over his now erect penis and started sucking. This came as a big surprise. Brad realized right away that this was the 'extra' that Frank had mentioned. He

decided there and then that he should enjoy it. Elena was an excellent cocksucker and it didn't take long before Brad sprouted his load into Elena's mouth. She swallowed it all.

At this point the session was over. Brad stood up, took a quick shower and dressed. He went back to the lobby to wait for Frank. He arrived ten minutes later. "What do you thin?" he asked.

"I liked it. Elena was a very good masseuse and the dessert was excellent."

"I thought you would say so. Let's get back to the hotel so I can listen to you answering stupid questions. I promise I will not ask any questions that will make it difficult for you."

Brad and Frank met again in the evening for dinner. They went to a steakhouse and had a juicy beef each. After the meal Frank took Brad to a bar not far away. Brad saw right away that the bar was just around the corner from the massage parlor and wondered if they were part of the same establishment. He asked Frank what kind of place it was and he replied: "This is a place where you can have a good time together with a beautiful girl, She will be yours for the evening and night, and you can do whatever you wish with her. Don't worry about the cost for the service; it's all on me. Drinks, however, you must pay for yourself."

"So this is in fact a bordello."

"I wouldn't call it that. It's more like a place where a gentleman can be treated in a way he should be treated all the time. And here there are no strings attached. In addition everything is according to the highest hygiene standards, in other words, if you go all the



way with the ladies, you won't catch any venereal diseases here."

"OK. I'll play along and see what happens. Don't blame me if I chicken out early."

"I won't. It's your decision and I won't hold it against you later. I respect you too much for that. I just want you to have a good time. Just follow me."

As soon as he stepped through the doors Brad got the feeling that something was wrong. He couldn't put his finger to it, but his policeman's instincts told him different. This made him switch on a recording device he always carried in his pocket. It was very sensitive and would record every sound in the room. It was just a question of filtering it afterwards. It could record for many hours, so it wouldn't run out of space.

Brad noticed that there were several people in the bar lobby, both men and women. He didn't care what they were talking about; the recorder would take care of that. He saw Frank step up to a woman in her forties and said something to her. They talked for about one minute before Frank gave her his credit card. Obviously he paid for the evening and night. He beckoned to Brad and they went into the bar together.

At the bar they ordered a drink and went to a table. After a few minutes two tall women approached them. Brad saw right away that one of them was Elena the masseuse. She was dressed in a light blue dress that only reached halfway down her thighs. Her breasts were almost out in the open. On her feet she had shoes with 3" heels. . Elena sat down next to Brad.

The other woman was a tall beautiful blonde. She was dressed in the same way as Elena; the only difference was that her dress was red. She sat down next to Frank. It was obvious that they knew each other from before. Frank introduced her girlfriend to Brad and Brad to her. The woman's name was Nina. As they sat down, a waitress came over and served drinks to the ladies. Brad and Frank paid for the drinks.

After the initial toast the conversation around the table started up. The talks were very general, none of them wanted to say anything that might be too political or controversial. Brad noticed a slight accent in Nina's voice, but he couldn't place it. After about twenty minutes Frank asked Nina if she wanted to dance and she accepted. Brad followed course and asked Elena the same question.

Soon the two couples were on the dance floor. It was clear to everybody around that they were all good dancers. In a break between two dances Elena and Brad stopped near a table where two men were sitting talking. Brad heard right away that they didn't speak English so he tried to pay a little attention to their conversation. They spoke Russian, or a language closely related to it! Brad reached into his pocket and made sure the recording device was on.

When the clock approached midnight the two couples decided to go and finished their business elsewhere. They had to pass the lobby, and once again Brad saw the two men who spoke Russian together. This time the conversation was more heated, more argumentative. Brad and Elena just went to her room to finish off the night there.

They started with undressing each other. It was all a game, a game they both knew well. Brad was horny and soon his dick was hard as a rock. Elena took it in her hand and guided Brad over to the bed. She laid herself gently down; making sure she was in the

proper position. She stroke Brad's penis a few times before she was ready for it. Brad entered her gently. It was his style, not something he did because Elena was a new woman to him. As soon as he was fully inside her he started pumping in and out. Elena followed his rhythm and soon they both explode in mutual orgasms.

With Brad relaxing on his back, Elena started licking him clean. It was enough for Brad to get a hard-on again. He couldn't hold back, and he maneuvered himself into position and penetrated her again. This time he just pushed on. Elena was a little surprised, but followed his rhythm. Once more they exploded in mutual orgasms. They made love two times more before they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Brad left the bordello early in the morning and headed for his hotel. He just had time to go to his room, take a shower and put on new clothes before it was time for breakfast.

Later that day Brad and Frank met again and Frank wanted to know how it was. "It was all right," Brad said, "not my style actually, but OK as a one night stand. To be honest, I prefer to do things like that with my wife."

Frank laughed. "Dear old Brad, always the faithful guy. I like that. In fact I have more respect for a man who sticks to his wife than one who screws every woman he sees. For me Nina has become very special. Since my divorce I haven't dated many women, I got some kind of burned. So I went to places like we went to yesterday instead. On my first visit here I met Nina. She was very special, and she started to mean something. Now I'm trying to find a way to get her out of there. I think I'm in love again."

Brad smiled and congratulated Frank. He knew that Frank had had a rough time since the divorce, and he wished him the very best of luck. The next day the two friends left for their own homes.

Chapter 2 – A Cry for Help

Brad relaxed most of the weekend. It wasn't until Sunday afternoon that he took out his recording device in order to listen to it. He was a little surprised when he found a note in the same pocket. He took a look at it and saw right away that it was written with Cyrillic letters. Although he spoke and understood Russian, he had no experience in reading and writing it. This had to be left to someone who knew how to read such letters.

Instead he started listening to what he had recorded. Very much was impossible to understand without filtering, but much of the conversation between the two Russian speaking men was loud and clear. What he heard scared the shit out of him. It was obvious that these two men were involved in white slavery. Young boys and girls were kidnapped and later sold and used in bordellos all over the U.S. He didn't get any details, but the message was loud and clear anyway. In addition it seemed that the place he had been to on Wednesday was heavily involved! He knew he had to report this, but to whom? He couldn't go to someone at random, it had to be someone he trusted. And that left him with only one choice, his old friend David Miller.

He looked up David's phone number and called him right away. It was David himself that answered. "David Miller speaking," he said.

"Hi David, it's Brad."

"Hi Brad, what's up?"

"I need to talk to you. I've come across, something that I want you to know about. It's very alarming."

"Please go ahead."

Brad gave him the basics. This was enough for David to understand the gravity of the situation. He asked if Brad could come to his office at ten the next day in order to give him the details. "And Brad, in this case I will involve my best detective. Her name is Annie Wolfe and she also has status as an FBI-agent."

"I've heard about her, and from what I've heard she must be the best in the country. If she's also affiliated with the Feds, it's even better. See you at ten tomorrow."

The next day at ten Brad entered David's office. Annie was already there and David introduced them to each other. Brad looked at Annie. What he saw was a beautiful medium blonde tall woman in her around 30 years old. She was dress in a red pantsuit with a white sleeveless blouse underneath. On her feet she had pumps with 2" heels. If he hadn't known better, he would have taken her for a businesswoman, not the shrewd detective that she was.

David served coffee and Brad began his story. He didn't leave anything out; he gave every detail from Frank's first proposal until he left the bordello. He played the recording for them and showed them the note from Elena. Neither Annie nor David got very much from the tape, it had to be filtered and interpreted by someone who knew Russian. Brad concluded his story with the following words: "I have also thought a lot about Elena since I left her. It was something that wasn't quite right with her. Initially I couldn't point my finger to it, but now I know what it was. I noticed that it was a little hard to penetrate her. Not very significant, but enough for me to notice. In addition, when I licked her pussy it was a distinct absence of bodily fluids. What this meant didn't dawn upon me until now when I was telling my story; Elena must be a transsexual. A man who has changed his gender and become a woman. If this is not voluntarily, I consider the case even more serious."

David looked at Annie when Brad said these last words, but she didn't flick an eye. To Brad he said: "I agree with you, if the latter is true, it's even more serious. But unfortunately, this is outside police jurisdiction. The whole case belongs to FBI. Since Annie here is also an FBI agent, they are more or less in the loop already. Isn't that so Annie?"

"Yes it is," she replied, "but we still have to involve them more. Only me is not enough. I want you to call Harry Brown and set up a meeting at their premises. They also have the right equipment to filter out everything that's on that recording. In addition we need Eva. She will understand most of what's on the tape and she will be able to read the note."

"Who's Eva?" Brad asked.

"Eva is Russian by birth and works for the FBI. Her Russian is absolutely perfect. She can also handle the equipment that can filter the recording."

At this point David placed the call to Harry Brown. He put Harry on the speaker and let Annie do the talking. After a few minutes it was agreed that Annie and Brad should

show up in the lobby around nine the next morning. Brad was also urged to make contact with Frank and give him the rundown of the situation without telling him too much. Harry promised to make contact with the Chicago office and inform them. They had to talk with Frank Quigley and invite him to participate in next day's meeting. It would be a telephone meeting with the aid of secure communications lines.

"I might also tell you," David said, "that we've made some investigations into the facilities Brad visited on Wednesday. What we've found so far is that everything is in order at that place. We know it's a bordello, but as long as it works according to sound economic principles and we have received no complaints, we have decide to let it operate as before. We have found nothing wrong with any papers shown to us by the staff. This tells me that the people behind this place are extremely clever."

It was now lunchtime, and David wanted to take Brad for lunch to talk about old days. Annie returned to her office. Before she left she agreed to meet Brad at the Bureau building the next morning.

Back in his own office Brad placed a call to Frank. He told him the nitty gritty of what he had discovered. Frank turned pale in the other end. He was lost for word and didn't know what to say. When he finally was able to speak he said that he would cooperate fully with the FBI. Brad also told him that he would receive a call from FBI's Chicago office the next morning and be asked to show up at their premises at eleven Chicago time. Frank promised to be there.

Next morning at nine Harry met Annie and Brad on the lobby of the FBI building. He took them straight to a meeting room near the lab. Eva was already there waiting for them. Annie introduced Brad to Eva and Harry before they sat down for a cup of coffee. Harry called up the Chicago office and Frank and a local agent came on the line. It was set up as a video teleconference so they could see each other as well.

Once again Brad told his story in great detail. In Chicago Frank sometimes butted in and gave some additional information. One of the things Frank told them was that he also had seen East Asian girls at the premises. If that was the case, it added a new dimension to the whole issue. Harry asked Frank if he had used his recorder as well and Frank replied: "I did so last Wednesday and have done so before as well. I have kept them all; they might come in handy one day. I will be more than happy to turn them over to the Feds. I visit this place every time I'm in L.A., and have also been to one in New York. I think there even is one here in town."

Harry told the Chicago agent to look into it, and he also promised to inform the people in New York and other major U.S. cities.

Now it was time for Brad to take out the handwritten note again. He gave it to Eva and she started reading it. The more she read the bigger her eyes became. The others saw her reaction and understood that this was serious stuff. She said something in Russian to Brad and he replied back in the same language. Nobody else became privy to what they had said.

Eva put the paper in the scanner and scanned it into the computer. On her screen came a copy of the paper. She made sure that the guys in Chicago could see it as well. "This is a

computer copy of the note Elena gave to Brad," she said, "It's handwritten with Cyrillic letters. If we change it into the printed variety it will look like this." A new picture came up on the screen. It looked like something from a Russian newspaper.

Eva now went a step further and changed the image again. "This is how it would look if the Cyrillic letters were transcribed into our Latin alphabet." Now Brad could read it. He was shocked. This was far beyond his belief. If this was true it had to be stopped. He now moved over to Eva's side and they started translating it together. In English it read as follows:

Dear Sir!

This is a cry for help. We are kept here as slaves and have to work 24 hours a day with no pay. We are only allowed to go out in order to shop for food, and clothes, and even then we are under supervision. I was abducted more than ten years ago from a town in Ukraine and taken to America in a dark box with almost no food. I was then a young boy, 13 years of age and was trained and transformed into a girl at a ranch I don't know where is. We were 12 students in our class; four of them were real girls. There was also another class at the school with what looked like Chinese children. The teachers were very hard and we were punished every day. I'd rather be a street kid in Ukraine than live the life I live now. I wish I could be a free citizen here in America.

Elena

PS. This note is actually written by a girl named Katrina. She is the brain behind it and the only girl here who can write English. My dear friend Nina and all the other girls stand behind this note.

Everybody was shocked. This was absolutely outrageous. They all agreed that this must be stopped as soon as possible. Everybody wanted to say something and for a moment everything was just chaos. The Harry asked for silence. "Let's take it one step at a time," he said, "I don't think it's wise to raid the places right away. We need solid evidence. Let's first analyze Brad and Frank's recordings and see what we have. Then we should try to get hold of one of the girls, preferably Elena because we know who she is. Katrina might have been better, but since we don't know her, she will have to wait. We must get as much out of Elena as possible. We might even have to go to Ukraine and Russia to get more evidence. I will start with offering Brad Muratow a position as special FBI agent for the duration of this task. Brad, do you accept?"

Brad was perplexed. This came as a total surprise to him, but he accepted right away. Harry would also urge the Chicago office to do the same with Frank. The videoconference was now closed.

After a short break Eva started with Brad's recording. She managed to separate more than twenty different sources and copied them separately to a digital tape. They listened to

them in silence. Many of them were of no significance, of course, but at least five might be of very high importance. They would be transcribed later

The next day the same routine started in the Chicago office. After two weeks so much evidence had been gathered that it was time for step two in the plan.

Chapter 3 – How it Began

Several years earlier in a town in Eastern Europe....

In a dark corner in a musky café sat two men talking silently together. "Boris," one of them said, "I understand you have something for me."

"Yes I have, Jurij. Someone with a lot of money has asked me to find twelve children, four girls and eight boys for him. They should be around 12-13 years old and the boys must not have reached puberty. I need you to take care of them for me until they are picked up. I will pick them up one by one and give them to you. When they are picked up from your place they must be clean and healthy. Otherwise no pay. If they are in good condition we will get lots of money. If the first delivery is successful, we might be contacted again."

"What can I do with them?"

"You must feed them well and keep them, in good health. I hope you can teach them some discipline. And no bruises. Apart from that you can do what you want."

"Sounds all tight with me. When is the first delivery? And where will you find kids?"

"I will pick up street kids wherever I find them. They're doomed anyway."

"You're right; and no one will miss them. I'll take good care of them while they wait for transportation. Do you know where they're going?"

"I have no idea, and I don't care either. The less we know, the better."

It took three days before Boris picked up the first kids. It was a girl and a boy and they huddled together in a shack. Boris tempted them with a warm room and warm food and they followed him. They were too desperate to do anything else. During the meal he drugged them and put them to sleep. After that it was easy transport to Jurij's place. Two weeks later Boris reported that he had the merchandise ready.

One week later man came to pick them up. He had a large truck where the kids were stowed away. It was relatively comfortable inside so the kids had an easy ride. Where they were going they had no idea. All they knew was that they were transported by truck, train and boat. All the time they were fed well, but kept in a state of coma. This to keep them from arguing and fighting amongst each other.

When they finally saw daylight again they were on a huge ranch somewhere. It was surrounded by high mountains and no road was in sight. They were installed two in each room, given some food and put to sleep. The next morning they were introduced to the staff at the place. They all spoke Russian or a closely related language. The kids were told that they would spend the next three to four years in this place, learning to become regular and loyal citizens in the country they now were in. They were put under strict discipline and had to obey the staff at all times.

After a few days the boys discovered one morning that all the clothes in the closets were girls' clothing. Some started to protest, but to no avail. Everybody had to dress as girls. From that same moment they were also trained as girls. The boys were given testosterone inhibitors and doses of estrogen. It didn't take long before they started to develop a feminine shape. Four of the boys were even given a full sex change operation at the age of 15. The other four boys were left with their penis in full working order.

Other activities at the ranch included learning to speak and understand English (not read and write), learning how to please a man in all ways imaginable, and learning to do body massage.

New classes arrived every year, but the classes were kept separate from each other, No contact between classes was allowed.

After four years they graduated as 12 beautiful young women ready to please all kinds of male customers. It was absolutely impossible to see that eight of these students had been born as boys. They were the epitome of elegance and femininity. After the graduation ceremony was over, they were transported to Los Angeles and installed in a large house downtown. This house should from then on be the place where the worked and lived. Leaving the



house could only be done when accompanied by one of the regular staff. They would receive no pay. In fact they were slaves and prisoners.

This was the place Bras visited six years later. And where one of the girls finally had managed to get the courage to cry out for help.

Boris and Jurij continued to supply kids at least twice a year and made very good money. They had managed to climb the social ladder in their hometown without anybody knowing how. They picked up kids in several countries and they were never short of supply.

Chapter 4 – First Rescue

When the recordings had been properly interpreted Annie, Eva, Brad and Harry met again. They also had a transcript of the recordings from Frank. All in all this made it clear to them that they dealt with a large organization that had been operational for many years already. It was now a question on how to apprehend the gang. "We now have enough to raid the place and release the girls," Harry said, "but that doesn't help us much. We will only get the small fish anyway. We need more, and we need one of the girls to tell us her story. For me Elena is an obvious source of information. The same should be true for Nina. But how can we get hold of them since they rarely move outside the house, and when they do; they are escorted by heavy bodyguards. Let's hear what Chicago has to say."

Eva set up the Chicago connection and the face of Frank Quigley was on the screen. With him was Special Agent Jim Riley. It was Brad that opened the conversation. "Hi Frank," he said, "Do you know a way to get Elena and Nina safe out from the claws of the gang?"

"I do," came the reply, "at least for Nina. Since she has been my girl on all my visits to the place, I have been given an offer to buy her out. I have been considering it, but I have to come up with 120 grand to get her free. Then I will also receive papers that prove that she is a legitimate refugee. From what I've heard from conversations with her, this is rather common. She didn't know anything about what happened to those girls afterwards, however.

"For Elena this scheme won't work. She has had no steady customers and she is also considered rebellious and not trustworthy. The only way I can see is abduction. That can be done when she's out shopping for the bordello. This happen every two weeks and Elena has her scheduled shopping trip the day after tomorrow and then again two weeks later and so on. If you just abduct her you will create havoc and security will tighten. If you can fake her death, it will be better. It has happened before that one of the girls were run over by a car and killed, and that calmed down relatively quick. It seemed that the authorities accepted that girl's fake ID.

"And if you wonder how I know all this, I can tell you that I was in LA a few days ago and had another meeting with Nina. She is the one behind all this information."

"In addition Frank will go back to LA next week and buy out Nina," Jim Riley added, "the Chicago office has raised the money required, When she is safely in Frank's hands, you can go on with Elena."

"Frank, Jim, this was great news," Annie said, "I've been tasked to coordinate everything from here and night come to Chicago when Nina is out. I want to meet her and Frank in person. In the meantime we will give Elena a heads-up in two days and tell her to be prepared. It will be a few weeks in the future though. By the way Frank, do you know how tall Nina and Elena are?"

"In fact I do. Nina is 5'10", while Elena is 5'10½". How come?"

"I might need a stand-in one day. When is Nina's next shopping trip?"

"Tomorrow. They always leave the bordello at 10 AM and are driven to a mall not too far away. They're allowed to buy a few things for personal use, a CD, clothes or something. There's a grocery store near one of the entrances and there is where they buy some of the food for the bordello."

"Thanks. We will observe Nina's routines tomorrow and give Elena a heads-up the following day."

They talked for one more hour before the connection was closed.

Next morning Annie and Eva were waiting in a car outside the bordello. Shortly after ten a man and a woman came out from the building and stepped into a car. The woman fitted Nina's description to the letter. They followed the car at a safe distance. The car parked near an entrance to a nearby mall. The man and the woman stepped out. Annie and Eva did the same. Annie concentrated on the man while Eva followed Nina.

Nina went straight to a dress shop. It seemed that she might buy a new dress to honor of her upcoming release. Eva followed Nina into the store and watched everything she did. She ended up buying an ankle long strapless gown, fit for a gala evening.

Annie had all the time watched the man. He didn't enter the shop, but sent frequent glances inside to see that everything was in order. When Nina left the store he followed at a distance. Nina also went to buy two CDs before she went to the grocery store to buy food. When she left the store the man joined up with her and they went to the car together. "This is the place the man needs to be distracted," Annie said to herself.

Next day the same thing happened again. Only this time it was Elena they followed. In the mall Elena entered the same shop as Nina had done the day before, and she too was looking for an evening gown. When she was behind one of the racks and unseen by the man outside, Eva walked up close to and said, in Russian: "Hello Elena, my name is Eva and I'm here to help you. Don't turn around and look at me, just go on as if I'm not here. I have read the note you put in Brad's pocket a few weeks back. I represent the authorities in this country and we plan to get you free and later break up the organization behind it all."

"When will this happen and how?"

"Most probably in four weeks from today. You will know more in two weeks. We will have a longer conversation then while a colleague distracts the goon that follows you."

"The problem is that there is one more and she is working her in the shop. This is the only place we can shop for clothes and she controls us almost all the way. You can see her at the counter."

Eva looked over to the counter and saw a middle-aged lady leaving her place and headed for Elena. Eva moved to the next rack. She made herself invisible. The woman came up to Elena and asked: "Did you talk to the woman that was standing next to you?"

"What woman?"

"The blonde woman that was checking out some gowns a few seconds ago."

"I saw her, but didn't notice her. How come?"

"You know you're not allowed to speak to strangers. You can be punished for that."

"I know. The only thing she said was that she thought this gown would look good one me."

"I agree. Pick up the gown and go on with your errands."

Elena had the gown wrapped and left the store. Eva picked out a blouse and went up to the counter to pay. She measured the woman while the blouse was packed. She saw Annie at the entrance and gave her a sign. Annie understood and followed Elena to the CD-store. Annie maneuvered herself up next to her and said without looking, from the corner of her mouth: "I'm Annie and I'm with Eva. Next time you're here, buy Madonna's latest CD and you will find instructions about what will happen four weeks from now hidden inside."

"I will do what you say. This place is safe; no one special overlooks us here or at the grocery store. The goon and the woman at the dress store are the only ones monitoring us as far as I know. I really look forward to be free." Elena also spoke from the corner of her mouth and hadn't moved her head at all. When she left the shop she saw Eva with another woman. The two women gave Elena the thumbs up. Elena knew then that her ordeal would soon be over.

Annie and Eva also took a look at what went on in the grocery store. They saw a place in a corner with a door where the switch with a look-alike could take place, Even if someone followed her to this store, the switch could be done unnoticed.

Elena left the grocery store in high spirits. Her cry for help had been heard and she would soon be free. She had been at the bordello for six years already and could endure four weeks more without any problems.

The following days agents monitored the girls from the bordello to see if they could spot more observers. They even tried to provoke an incident to see if there were any suspicious moves to be noticed. But the found none, it was only the goon and the woman in the dress shop.

Annie worked hard on the getaway plan. First she had to arrange with the CD-shop to make sure Elena received the correct CD. She also talked with the grocery store manager

to get some help in arranging the switch. In both places they were more than willing to help.

On her next trip Elena received the Madonna CD with the message. She was not told where the message was hidden; she had to find out by herself. Back in her own room she put the CD in the CD-player in order to listen to the music. She started immediately to search the CD-box for any messages and found it almost at once. It was hidden as an extra insert in the booklet that followed the CD. It was written in Russian with Cyrillic letters. She started to read it right away. It gave her instructions on what to wear and where the switch would take place. The goon would be distracted and the woman in the shop would be kept occupied behind her counter.

Once the message was read, Elena decided to destroy it. She found the best way of doing that would be swallow it, and she did. It was now only two weeks left.

The following week the sale of Nina was finalized. Frank paid the money and took Nina home to Chicago. There her papers were made 100% legal and she was granted permanent stay in the US. In the papers she was listed as female. This meant that she legally marry any man she wanted. She and Frank decided to get married a few months later.

Back in L.A. preparations were on its way to get Elena out. Lots of things had to be prepared. First they had to find an agent that looked like Elena. She must be an exact match in height and dress size and to be able to mimic Elena's moves. The selected candidate was Liz. With a wig and some sophisticated make-up, she would look exactly like Elena. Since they were going to arrange a fake accident, they also needed back-up crew. That included a driver to do the 'dirty' work, police officers to arrive at the scene, and ambulance personnel. David put his folks at disposal as police officers and made Jeff, Annie's husband, responsible for that part. The ambulance would come from a nearby hospital and would follow every instruction to the letter.

Finally the day arrived. Everybody was in position when Elena arrived at the mall with the usual goon. One police officer in civilian clothes was assigned to take care of him. The police car was less than two minutes away, and the ambulance would arrive within five to six minutes. Everything was set and ready.

Elena arrives as normal. She did her errands as she normally did. Finally in the corner of the grocery store, Annie took her through the door and replaced her with Liz. All Elena's papers were in her handbag. Everything was transferred to Liz so when she entered the grocery store less than a half minute later, she was Elena. She went up and paid for her goods and left the store. The goon saw her come out and started walking out of the mall and to the car. Liz, as Elena, stopped just outside the entrance and looked around. She saw the sign from one of her colleagues and started walking across the street. Suddenly a car came speeding down the road. People fled in all directions. But Elena didn't move, she stood transfixed and looked at the speeding car. Suddenly it hit her and she was thrown to the side. Her body hit the asphalt and her head seemed to hit the curb. The car just sped away.

People were screaming. Someone, an agent, called 911. Less than two minutes later a police car came to the scene. They secured the area and called for back up. A man gives a description of the car and a partial license number. The officer took it down and put out an APB on the car. Soon another police car was searching for runaway car. A few minutes later an ambulance arrived. The medical people rushed to the woman lying there and could do nothing but declare her dead. The body was covered in a blanket. After another 15 minutes a CSI team arrived and started to gather evidence. The body's ID was quickly established, she was Elena Murchison, born Nov 28, 1982 in Madison, WI. As soon as the CSI team had finished with her, the body was transported to an autopsy room.

The runaway car was found after 20 minutes. It was parked on the other side of the mall and showed all the signs of having hit someone. A check of the registration plates told the police that the car had been stolen the day before. A check on the owner told the police that he had a solid alibi; he was the residing judge in a criminal case at the time of the accident. He lived with his wife who worked as a real estate agent and was on the other side of town when the accident occurred. The car was taken in for further examination.

The goon that followed Elena just left the scene quietly. He drove back to his employers and reported what had happened. For them Elena was just another commodity and could be replaced. For them it was only a question of the validity of her ID. If the police approved it, it was a proof that they had done a good job.

Back in the autopsy room Liz stood up from the dead. She smiled to the people around her. She was totally unhurt. Not only was she an agent, she was also a stuntwoman and knew how to fall to avoid injury. Her head hadn't hit the curb at all, it only looked that way. She also knew very well how to play dead.

The police traced Elena to the bordello and told the owners about the accident. A representative volunteered to come to the station to identify the body. When he arrived Liz was back on the stretcher with her cleaned up bruises. The man from the bordello verified her identity. It was also stated that she had no living relatives. The bordello owner opted for a cremation and said he would pay for the funeral. The funeral took place four days later with several of Elena's colleagues present.

Investigations on the car gave no clues to who had driven it. No prints except from the owner and his wife's were found. The hit and run would go down in history as a mystery.

The real Elena was taken care of by Eva. In the backroom she was given a blonde wig and some new clothes. They exited through a backdoor and drove to a safe house. There Brad waited for her. After the initial welcome Brad started talking about what he had done since he saw the note in his pocket. Elena was forever thankful and promised to make it up to him. "The best thing you can do now," he said, "is that you first of all start to learn to read and write English. Then get an education and start doing something you really want to do. You will get all the support you need from the Bureau. Think about what you want to get out of your life and we will help you. You have a full life ahead of you. If we try to

make you a man again, it might be successful on the outside, but deep inside you it won't work. You won't be able to make proper love as a man, and your mindset is now almost all woman. It just won't work. The fact that you now are a woman and not the man you were supposed to be doesn't matter at all. In this country we are all equal, and can do whatever we like. Think about it, being a woman is not as bad as you might think. I know the last ten years have been an ordeal for you, I know that men have treated you as dirt, but you still have a full life ahead of you so try to get something out of it."

"I understand, and I have some ideas of what I want to do. I know I'm stuck as a woman for the rest of my life, and that's OK. I just hope I can find a gentle person to live with. I don't want to spend the rest of my life alone. But what will happen now? And what has happened to Nina?"

"Nina is safe in Chicago with a man who loves her. They will marry in a few months time. What we want from you is your full story, everything you have been through since you were kidnapped. We are going to ask Nina the same questions, but we will start with you since you seem to be the stronger. We will keep you hidden at least until you are officially buried. Then we will give you a new identity. Then we will, with the information we get from you and Nina, try to break up the whole gang. We know it has international connections, so we have to cooperate on an international scale. You rest here for a while. In a few minutes you will meet two persons that will take care of you the coming days. They will amongst other things start teaching you to read and write English. This house is safe; none of your enemies will find you here. Besides, after the funeral you will be forgotten by the people who run the bordello anyway."

"Thank you Brad, you have been so kind to me. I really appreciate what've you done so far. It's so nice to speak openly with someone who speaks my own language, or a language very close to it. At the bordello we were only allowed to speak English. Everything we said and did was recorded. Only rarely did we get a chance to speak Russian with each other. I have learned, however a lot from the girls who came after me. I can assure you that I have a lot of information."

At this time two persons came into the room. Brad presented them to Elena as Leo Peters and Maria McMannon. They were both fluent in Russian. At this point Brad left Elena. They would again later anyway.

Chapter 5 – Debrief and an Important Note

The debriefing started two weeks later. Elena had rested for a while and calmed down quite a bit. She had been a good student and had already a good grip on how to read and write English. Most of the problems here came from the inconsistency between pronunciation and spelling.

The debriefing was mainly conducted by Eva and Brad and everything was done in Russian. It was Eva that started out. "Elena," she opened, "I was born in Russia, or the Soviet Union, as it was called then. I was born in Sverdlovsk, but I moved with my family to

Moscow when I was five. I went to the university and studied computer technology. At the age of 21 I came in contact with a con man and we did some cons in Europe. I learned after a while that he also was a professional assassin. At that time I was so involved with what he did that it was impossible to get out. When he got a task here in L.A. we managed to travel here on stolen passports. The name in that passport is what I'm using today.

"While we were preparing for the hit, I was approached by the FBI. They had come on to me, and my partner, and wanted to know what we were up to. I took the chance and told them what I knew. They believed me and since I hadn't done anything wrong yet and they needed my talent, they granted me U.S. citizenship and a job in their computer lab. I will tell you more about myself later. Now let's here your story."

"I was born in Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine on Nov. 28, 1982. My name at the time was Sergej Baranov. At that time Ukraine was, as you know, part of the Soviet Union. My parents lived high on black market trading. By the time the USSR broke up in 1990 they moved to Kiev in hope for even better business there. It worked for a while, but by the time I was eleven they were both killed by rivaling gangs. I had no relatives and was left on the street. The house were I had lived was looted and put on fire. I fell in with a gang my age and we lived from what people gave us or from what we could steal.

"After about one year we were I and a friend of mine was approached by a man who called himself Boris. We were given some food and fell asleep. We woke up in a room with some other kids. Soon more kids arrived. In total we were 12 kids, eight boys and four girls. The man who kept us in custody was named Jurij. Generally he treated us well, but abused some of us from time to time, especially the girls. We stayed there for about two weeks before a big car came and picked us up.

"I had no idea were Jurij's place was located. We couldn't look outside. The windows were opaque to keep us from looking out. However, one girl who came to the bordello a few years after me told me that she knew where Jurij's place was located. It's north of town. If you want to find out more you have to contact her. Her day out was one week after mine. That should be tomorrow if the schedule is still valid. The best way to find out us to go through Nina. She will know how to contact her. You see, even if we were monitored all the time, we still had ways of communicating with each other without anybody knowing. It even works long distance."

"Can you give me the girl's name and a description on how she looks?"

"Of course. Her name is Katrina. She is a girl like me. Last time I saw her she had red hair. She is about the same height as me and always wears a mini dress."

Eva made a quick call to Brad. She gave him the basics and handed the phone to Elena. She told Brad what to say to Nina and she would do the rest. It was agreed that Eva should do the contact the next day.

When that was taken care of Elena went on with her story. "We were picked up at night. Just before we left we had been given a large meal. It must have been drugged because we all fell asleep just a few minutes after the car was on its way. When we finally woke up we were in a harbor somewhere. We were transferred to a ship and I still remember the name of it. The ship was called 'Leonid'. We were many days at sea before we fi-

nally arrived at a remote harbor. Once again we were transferred to a big car and was on the road for a long time.

“When we finally saw daylight again we were on a huge ranch in a remote valley. It was surrounded by high mountains. Only one dirt road led up to the ranch. The ranch had a small airstrip and people were coming and going all the time in small planes. In winter they sometimes used helicopters.” Elena went on telling about the place and how her four years there. How she was forced to changed into a girl and taught how to serve men. When she finally was finished she was exhausted. Eva understood it was enough for the day and decided to call it a day. She said so to Elena and left the girl alone. Next day Brad would come and hear her talk about her life in the bordello.

Brad called Nina and Frank right away. Nina was more than willing to help and contacted Katrina right away.

She understood what they were after and suggested that she should hand over the information in the dress shop. It was only to keep the clerk occupied while it was going on.

Eva showed up in the shop the next day as scheduled. It didn't take long before Katrina entered the shop. Right behind her came a female agent whose sole purpose was to distract the clerk while Eva contacted Katrina.

Katrina moved into the back of the shop and started looking at some dresses. Eva maneuvered herself in the same direction. Soon she was next to Katrina and said in a low voice from the corner of her mouth in Russian: “Hi, I'm Eva. I'm here to pick up some information.”

A hand came out from behind Katrina's back and she said: “Here it is. You need Nina to read this.”

Eva took the paper that was in Katrina's hand, folded it and put in her handbag. “Thank you,” she said, “you will not regret this. We're working on setting you free for good.”

“That I understand. I'll be patient. Can I inform the others?”

“At this stage please don't. The fewer that knows, the better. You will receive more information later, either from me here, or from Nina.”

“I respect your view and await further information.” Katrina walked over to another rack, found a blouse, paid and left the shop. Eva stayed a few more minutes. She had found a skirt that she liked, took it to the counter, paid and left the mall.

Back in the safe house Brad continued to debrief Elena. This time they concentrated on her years at the ranch. They had arrived as 12 scared kids from Ukraine and forced into a role that was totally strange to them. It was worst for the boys. They were forced to become girls and were fed with estrogen from day one. They saw the development of female curves on their own body; they felt how their mind changed from thinking like a boy to think more and more like a girl. And then came the day when four of the boys were put on the operation table and operated to look like a girl in the groin as well. This had been a ter-

rible blow for Elena. She had deep inside her dreamt of one day to return to a normal life as a boy.

The last two years at the ranch they were trained in ways to please a man. Both men and women acted as teachers, and if the students didn't pay attention or misbehaved, they were severely punished. They learned how to receive a man in all holes, front, back and mouth. The boys who were allowed to retain their penis, also had to learn how to use it on other men. It was many men out there that preferred girls with a penis.

Elena also tried to describe, as best she could the area were the ranch was located. It didn't mean much to Brad, but the Bureau had other experts that could help with that. Therefore this part of the debrief was conducted in English. Initially the description could fit to many places in the Western United States. The experts concentrated on five different locations and had satellite pictures taken of them all. The candidates were also surveyed from the ground and finally they found the right one. It was located in Northern California and totally isolated. In winter it had a lot of snow, just like Elena said, and lots of wild game roamed in the forests. A small dirt road led up to the ranch. In winter the ranch was isolated and had to be supplied by helicopter. In summer a small aircraft could be used as well.

Old photographs of the place showed only a small ranch house and a barn. Now the ranch had a large ranch house and several other buildings. Checks made to the local county showed that they didn't know anything about an increased activity up there. All they knew was that an eccentric man had bought the place 12 years ago with the purpose of using it as a hunting house. No reports had been given of any expansions. Now the place consisted of a large ranch house, four large bunkhouses and something that looked like a garage or hangar. This was probably where the vehicles were hidden.

FBI decided to put the valley under special surveillance. Special cameras that also could see in the dark were mounted and hidden in the mountainsides and surveillance satellites that passed over were programmed to take pictures with very high resolution every time they passed.

It didn't take long before the first results cam in. Various vehicles were seen driving around in the valley, but none of them was ever seen leaving the valley. A small helicopter was also spotted. The strange thing was that neither the vehicles nor the helicopter had any registration. That was odd. It wasn't any problem as long as they didn't leave the valley, but how could they get supplies and people in and out? And fuel for the helicopter and the vehicles?

One day a large cabin close to a mountain wall was spotted on one of the pictures. A dirt road was leading up to that cabin. What was the significance of that? One agent got the idea that it might conceal a tunnel, and a search for an opening on the other side of the mountain was started. Initially nothing could be seen, but a tourist resort was located approximately where a tunnel would end. This resort also had a large cabin located close to the mountain wall. A check on the resort showed that it was a normal resort with lots of visitors both summer and winter. The owners were an American couple that had taken over the place 12 years earlier and built it up to what it was now. A check of the couple showed nothing suspicious.

Just in case, monitoring of the resort was activated as well. It didn't take long before something weird was discovered. The resort ordered far more supplies than could be considered normal for a place like that! The extra supplies had to go somewhere and the most likely place was through a tunnel to the ranch in the valley. And the tunnel had to be more than four miles long! It required lots of time and dynamite to blast a tunnel like that! In addition the resort had a helicopter at their disposal. It was of the same type that had been spotted in the valley. This was just another link between the two places. The owners at the resort must be in on the scheme that took place in the valley. Two agents were immediately assigned to follow up on the activities at the resort and see if they could find any link to what happened at the other side of the mountain.

In the meantime Eva and Brad had started studying the paper Eva had received from Katrina. In fact it was more than one paper. Several thin papers were almost stuck together. Eva had great problems separating them. But she made it, and soon seven pages with a lot of information lay on the table before them. Everything was written with Cyrillic letters and the language was Ukrainian. It was not very different from Russian so Eva had no problems reading it. Before they started studying the contents they scanned all the pages to make an electronic copy. Then they used a program to convert the Cyrillic letters to Latin letters so Brad could read it as well. A copy of each was printed out, one for Eva and one for Brad.

The first page started with a map. It gave a detailed description of how to find the place where the children had been kept while waiting for transport to the U.S. By studying the map they could see that Katrina must be very familiar with the Kiev area. It was a few years since she was there last, but the map was still good enough to find the place. Just in case Eva phoned the map department and asked for a recent over Kiev and surroundings.

"We can do better than that," came the reply, "we have a map database for the whole world you can use. I'll mail you the link and you can check from there. The map is updated every time a certain satellite passes over. You can't have it better than that."

"Thanks a lot. That sounds a whole lot better. Appreciate your help."

15 seconds later Eva received an e-mail with the link. She clicked on the link and the map Home Page came to her screen. From there on it was just a piece of cake to find what she was looking for. She found the streets and roads mentioned on Katrina's map and found the place almost right away. It didn't seem that much had happened in the area since Katrina had left more than six years ago. Eva had the map of the area printed out. It might come in handy some day.

With the papers in front of them Eva and Brad started reading what Katrina had written. The more they read the more surprised they became. First of all the details Katrina had been able to remember, but also about how large this operation must be. It had branches all over the world and included smuggling of narcotics as well. No wonder they could afford all this.

When they finished reading Eva and Brad decided that they had to translate it all into English and let the other know what was going on.

The translation was ready the next day. Eva gave copies to Annie and Harry and told them to read it right away. They were just as shocked as Eva and Brad had been. "We

must act on this as soon as possible," Harry said, "I suggest that Eva and Brad go to Kiev and start out from there. I'll arrange for the necessary contacts over there. This is no problem; we have very good relations with Ukraine at the moment. With a little luck you might be there while a new load of kids are sent away. If that is the case, see if you can put some kind of tracking device on some of them. We are very interested in finding the routes they use. In the meantime I'll have someone check if Katrina's disappearance in 1999 really caught the headlines that year."

The other three nodded and looked at each other. It was for Eva and Brad to prepare for a trip to Kiev without knowing how long they would be gone.

The essence of what Katrina wrote goes as follows:

I was born in Kiev, Ukraine on February 2nd, 1987. I was the youngest (if three) child of Ludmilla and Peter Rysjkov. I have a sister two years older than me and a brother four years older.. I was born a boy and given the name Sergeij. I grew up after the break-up of the Soviet Union and don't remember anything from that time. The only thing I know is when Ukraine was declared an independent country my father seized the opportunity and managed to climb on the social ladder. How he did it I don't know.

My family soon made contact with people from the various embassies that were established. One that became a special friend was the U.S Ambassador and his staff. One of the men working at the embassy had a son named Jerry and we became very good friends. We met the first time when I was eight and we stuck together as much as we could. We didn't understand each other in the beginning, but he started teaching me English while I taught him Ukrainian. So by the time I was abducted I could speak and understand English very well. I miss Jerry very much and wonder where he is today.

The day I was abducted I was out on late visit and decide to take a shortcut through a dark alley. I wasn't afraid; I had after all passed through there many times before. Then suddenly a man came up from behind and grabbed me. He put a gag in my mouth and dragged me into a car. The driver sped off into the countryside. I was awake all the time and could follow the route they took even if it was dark outside. When the car finally stopped I knew exactly where I was. Neither of the men had bothered blindfolding me; they must have been very sure that I never got the chance to tell anybody where I was and where they took me. The map gives the location of the place. I knew the village since I had been there several times before.

I was thrown into a dark room where seven other kids were present. By the way they were dressed it was clear that they were street kids with no place they could call home. I started talking to them and soon learned that they had been abducted the same way I had been. Two of them had been there for two weeks already.

I started to check if there were some ways I could escape, but the place was sealed tight. I still wasn't worried, as I knew a search would be set out for me very soon.

The men that had abducted us were in a room next door all the time. We could all hear them talking, but in order for none of us to understand anything, they spoke English. Their first names were Boris and Jurij respectively. They had no idea that I understood every

word they said. I soon learned that they were waiting for a truck that would transport us further away.

The truck arrived a little after four in the morning. At that time the men had almost panicked. We were told to enter the truck. Inside was a room that could easily hold the eight of us in reasonable comfort. While we were transferred from the house to the car I heard the men in the house and the driver talk about some news they had heard on the radio. They had heard that a 12-year old boy had gone missing in Kiev and people were now looking for him. I understood right away it was me they were looking for and my hopes of being rescued were high. But as soon as the truck took off I understood that my hopes were gone. They couldn't let me go since I already knew too much. One thing, however, I took note of the registration of the truck and I remember it still. It was Russian.

We went on a long drive. I think it must have taken almost three days. During the journey we were treated well and had lots of food, so we suffered no damage. When we came to our destination my watch showed that it was passed midnight. I could smell the sea, which meant that we had to be by the coast. We were let out and I got another surprise. The sun was shining! I thought for a moment and realized that we were far above the Arctic Circle. A rather large ship lay by a remote quay. We were rushed on board and taken below deck. There we were given a large room with comfortable beds, a television set, a video player and several videos. I also noticed four other kids there. So now we were twelve, four girls and eight boys.

The sea voyage took many days. Finally one night we anchored up outside a remote coast. A small boat came up to the ship and we were moved over to that boat. Some large packages were also loaded into the smaller boat. I had no idea at the time what they contained. In a few minutes we were ashore and stowed into a truck once more. Once again I noticed the plates. They were American! This meant that we now were in the U.S.A.!

What plans did they have with us here? We could only guess.

The drive took several hours and it was still dark when the truck stopped. We were told to get out and step into a building close by. In the building were four smaller cars. We were told to get into the cars, four of us in each. The last car was loaded with the packages from the boat. It was at this time I heard one of the guys say something that indicated that the packages contained large quantities of narcotics.

The cars took off and we drove through a tunnel for several minutes. We exited through another house and came to a remote valley. It was beginning to get light so I could see that it was beautiful outside. After about 30 minutes we came to a large ranch and were installed in separate rooms in a large bunkhouse.

From here on Katrina's story was very like the one Elena had told earlier. Katrina had some details that Elena had missed, but apart from that the stories were very parallel. Sergeij, or Katrina, had been pumped full of estrogen from the moment he arrived at the ranch and soon developed a very feminine body. At the age of 14 he was operated and turned into a full time girl. At 16 Katrina was transferred to the bordello in Los Angeles, and had now been there for 3½ years.

Due to her knowledge of English from the time before arriving at the ranch, Katrina had heard a few other things as well. One was that it was another ranch like this in a remote valley in Rumania, supplying the European market with girls like her. They had also contacts in Eastern Russia where kids from China, Japan and Southeast Asia were treated the same way. Some of these kids finally ended up in U.S.A. In fact there was one at the bordello in LA. In the shipment that had brought Katrina were kids from Russia, Belarus, Moldova and Ukraine. Some kids didn't even make it to the bordello, but was sold to harems in the Middle East.

Katrina's notes created much activity at the FBI headquarters. Agents were given the tasks of finding the owners of the two vehicles and to find Jerry. The US registered truck proved easy. The plates were still active and the car belonged to the resort that already was under investigation. The Russian truck was more difficult, however, but after some help from a person in the Russian Vehicle Registration Agency they found it. It was no longer active, but that person now had three trucks registered in his name. He lived in St. Petersburg. His name and address could be picked up at the police station in St. Petersburg. The police there promised to be cooperative.

Jerry was easy to find. His full name was Gerald Malcolm Donaldson and he was a freshman at Yale, studying Foreign Policy. He obviously had plans to follow in his father's footsteps. His father had been the US Ambassador in Bratislava, Slovakia for a while, but had left the State Department. He now worked for J. P. Hawthorne as a political analyst. It was decided to wait with contacting Jerry until Katrina was free.

Chapter 6 – The Trip to Russia and Ukraine

One week later Brad and Eva left for St. Petersburg. It was decided that they start there to see if the man with the truck was still active. Before he left Brad called his wife and told her the basics of what was going on, and that he wouldn't be home for a couple of weeks. He couldn't give her all the details of course, but he gave her enough so she could understand the gravity of the situation.

Eva and Brad landed in St. Petersburg in the afternoon. It was December and snow was on the ground. It had been a long flight and they had to change planes in London. They had been given special status and had no problems going through immigration and customs. At the airport a representative from the police met them. He took them to their hotel and told them get a good night's sleep. He would come back in the morning and pick them up.

The talks the next day were very fruitful. The police in St. Petersburg was very cooperative. After Eva had told them the purpose of their visit, an officer took them to location of the truck owner. They saw the three trucks right away. It was obvious they hadn't been used for a while since they were covered in snow. Instead a series of small vans were coming and going all the time. "You see," the police officer said, "the man runs a legitimate company delivering merchandise all over town. I have never seen his trucks in use for that."

"Do you object if we place a tracker on each of the trucks?" Brad asked.

"Why should I care? I don't even know if you do it. It's none of my business. Be careful though and don't leave tracks in the snow."

"I'll take care of that," Eva said. She took the devices and walked slowly up to the trucks from the side not seen from the company building. She placed the one device on each truck. She had found a place on the forward side of what looked like some kind of living quarters. She walked slowly back to the other two, wiping snow over her tracks as she moves backwards. What was left would soon be hidden by the falling snow. Brad and the officer were standing on a public road waiting for her. They left the area without being noticed by anyone.

Back at the police station Brad checked if the devices worked. They did. He handed a monitoring device to the police and showed them how the trucks could be tracked. As they were about to leave for the hotel, the police officer asked if he could invite Eva and Brad for dinner. They thought it was a good idea and agreed to meet at the hotel restaurant at eight. The police officer would bring his wife as company.

The dinner was very good. The chef had presented the best from a traditional Russian cuisine and lots of wine and vodka to go with it. After dinner they sat down for a drink. After a few minutes the police officer asked: "I have noticed that both of you speak very good Russian. I can't even detect an accent in either of you. I know that you Brad, have a Russian family name so that might explain some of it."

"It sure does," Brad replied, "My grandparents fled Russia in 1918 and managed to come to the US via Finland. They were 18 years old and natives of this town. They settled in a Russian community, learned English, got jobs, married and had three children. The youngest was my father. He was born in 1929.

"Russian was in daily use in the family so my father learned it from his parents. My father also married a Russian girl. Her family had, however, come to the US many years before mine. They were married in 1956 and had two children, my older sister and me. We also used Russian at home and both us kids learned to speak and understand the language. But we never learned to read and write it so Cyrillic letters mean almost nothing to me."

"It figures. I though I heard a touch of the local dialect in you. But Eva, your dialect is different. It sounds like Moscow to me."

"That's correct. I was born in Sverdlovsk, but moved to Moscow when I was a little kid. After High School I went to University to study computer science. When I had about one year left I got bored with Russian life. I wanted to get out. I met a man 15 years older than me and I decided to run away with him. We went all over Europe and made a lot of money. How he made all that money I didn't know at the time. We ended up in the US. We arrived on stolen and modified passports.

"In the US I discovered what he was up to, he was a professional assassin and had an assignment to kill a high official in Los Angeles. While waiting he did some stupid stunts and was arrested. So was I, but I decided to cooperative 100% in order to avoid punishment. It was at this time the FBI discovered my computer skills and found out they could use my services. I was granted clemency in exchange for telling everything I knew about

my partner since the day we met. They also valued my skills with the computer. Later I met a police officer and married him. And here I am."

"Quite a story. No wonder your Russian is so good." Brad knew that Eva had told the sanitized version of her story. He had been told her real story and it was quite different on many accounts. But Eva's version could be verified, in all official Russian papers her real name Leo had been changed to Eva and her gender from male to female.

Eva and Brad spent one more day in St. Petersburg before they left for Kiev. They were received in the same way there as in St. Petersburg. They were met by police officer Victor Bubka who would be their point of contact in this case. After having settled in at the hotel, they were picked up the next morning and taken directly to the farm that Katrina had drawn on the map. It was located near the river Dnepr a few miles out of town. Nothing seemed to be going on at the moment. The police in Kiev promised to keep the farm under surveillance and report if something was happening. They also verified that the owner's first name was Jurij. The farm looked very modern so the owner must have spent lots of money on it. Far more than a Ukrainian farmer normally would make.

The police had also found his friend Boris. He lived a very affluent life in the better part of town and it was clear that he also had got hold of more money than his profession as a journalist might give him. Eva and Brad were given a copy of the dossier of them both, including recent photos. Brad asked if they could arrange for placing a tracking device on one of the kids after they had been abducted so they could follow their trail all the way to their destination.

Victor promised to do the best he could. "If I use a decoy, can you assure me that the boy won't be harmed and can be returned home before anything happens to him?"

"We think we can. We plan to bust the operation as soon as the next shipment comes to the US. To make things safer, you could give the tracking device to a real girl."

"That could be done. I have a girl in the right age and she is bright and intelligent enough to go through with such a job. But are you sure she won't be searched when they are abducted?"

"From the information we have so far, no one has. They are left to themselves almost all the time. Katrina told us that she never saw the faces of any of the men that had anything to do with them during the journey to the ranch in the US."

"Can we talk to your daughter?" Eva added.

"Of course. I'll make sure she gets here straight from school."

The girl arrived at 2:45. Her name was Julia. She was pretty and seemed very confident. She was asked if she wanted to take part in a dangerous assignment. She volunteered right away. Eva gave her all the instructions she needed and made sure she understood the danger of the assignment. She was told that nothing probably would happen before early summer and that her dad would tell her when to start. She was given the tracking device and shown how it worked. She was also given a small radio transmitter so she

could stay in touch with her father and Eva. The radio signals could be picked up by satellite and monitored on the ground.

Victor promised to monitor Boris' movements and send a message when he was active again. It was also decided that no matter what happened in the meantime, Julia should wait until early summer.

The police had also tracked down the Rysjkov family and next day Eva and Brad would have a meeting with Ludmilla and Peter Rysjkov. The meeting took place at the Rysjkov residence at 1 PM. Katrina's two older siblings were also present.

After the formal introduction they sat down in the living room with some refreshments. It was Peter that opened the conversation. "I understand you have news about our missing son Sergej," he said.

"Yes we have," Brad replied.

"Are they good or bad?"

"Depends on how you look at it. He is alive and living in Los Angeles, U.S.A. He has lived there all the time since he was abducted. He looks very good, but he is a completely different person than when he left. I doubt that you would be able to recognize him if you saw him today."

"Of course he has changed. He was twelve when he was abducted and he is almost 19 today; 6½ years does a lot o a boy growing up."

"The change goes beyond that," Eva continued, "Sergej is no longer the son you once had. Today he's living as a woman and has taken the name Katrina. Here's a picture of how she looks today. It is not very good, but it tells the story. In case you wonder, she has been through a full sex change operation." Eva handed the picture to Ludmilla.

The Rysjkov family was awed. This was beyond their wildest thoughts. Their lost son had now become their daughter. And he/she was gorgeous. "How did this happen?" Ludmilla asked.

"I will let Katrina tell her story herself. Here's a copy to each of you of what she gave to me some weeks ago. This is also the basis for why Brad and I are here today." She handed out the papers and let them read in peace.

When they had read the papers it was Peter that once again took the lead. "These people who are behind all this must be arrested. Have you talked to the police in town? Have they already arrested the men responsible? Have they closed down the bordello? Are our Sergej free to walk around the streets of Los Angeles?"

"To be honest, none of this has happened yet. The problem is that this is a worldwide organization and we want to take down everybody involved. That includes the leaders at the top. To do this we need a coordinated action and strike at the same time everywhere. In addition we still need more evidence that will hold in court. We're not even sure who the top men are. So please don't do anything stupid that will jeopardize the whole operation."

"I understand. But when can we get results? And when can we meet Katrina? Even if she is not the Sergej we once knew, she is still our child and we will love her. This is obviously not anything she has done voluntarily."

"That 's correct. And if our timeline holds, we will strike sometime in early summer. We just have to wait for a new group of kids are under way. We will strike soon after they enter American soil. Then all the girls at bordellos in the US will be set free. They will gain a US citizenship and granted permanent stay in our country if they wish. The same will happen to girls in various countries in Europe. Since Katrina has been so valuable to us in coming up with all this information, we will grant all four of you a trip to Loa Angeles to greet your new daughter."

"That sounds wonderful. But something must have happened before she gave these papers to Eva. She couldn't just have done that without knowing who she was."

"Correct again," Brad said, "in fact it started the day I visited that bordello and came in contact with a girl named Elena who also happens to be from this town." Brad went on and told the story of how it all had started.

They sat and talked for another two hours before they finally broke up. Peter promised he would give them all the help they needed, and that he would do nothing that would jeopardize the investigation. They parted with a promise to meet again in the not so distant future.

Next day it was back to the farm with Victor. He had also brought Julia with him so she could see the place where she hopefully would end up in five to six months time. Victor assured them that the owner and his wife were in Kiev and wouldn't be back for some time. Just in case he had a police officer follow their every move and report back if they headed for the farm.

The barn was rather large, much larger than normally would be used on a farm this size. They walked around the building to see if there was some place they could enter. They soon found a door that wasn't too difficult to pick open. They went in and looked around. It did take some time before they found out where the room for the kids was. They searched for a door, but it was hard to find. It was Julia that found a clue to an opening. It was in a corner and hidden behind some haystacks. They were removed and a door became visible. This was just as easy to open as the other door. Once inside they looked around. It had twelve beds, the same number of chairs, three tables, a television set with a video/DVD player and a refrigerator. All in all it seemed to be a comfortable place to stay, even if it had no windows.

Brad took out a small camera and with some help from Victor they manage to mount it on the wall close to the door. It was hidden behind a picture with only the lens showing. And the lens couldn't be seen if you didn't know where it was. The camera would start when people entered the room, and would stay active as long as there was some activity going on. The camera would send live pictures to Victor and to FBI in LA via satellite.

They left the barn making sure they left no traces. Outside it had started snowing so any tracks they might have made there would soon be hidden under the snow.

On their way back to town Victor started talking. "After the split-up of the Soviet Union Ukraine became the second largest country in Europe. Only Russia is larger. A major

part of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet was stationed in Ukraine so after long deliberations we finally agreed on sharing the fleet between us. We have a problem in winter, though, since most of the northern part of the Black Sea freezes during that period. Kiev, our capital has around 2.4 million people. It started out as a trading post by the river Dnepr in the 5th century AD. Its location is exactly where the North-South and the East-West trading routes crossed each other. Later, in 864 it was conquered by Swedish Vikings and became an important city for the Vikings for centuries to come. In fact it was the Vikings who gave the whole area and its people their name. Rus was the name they called the people, hence Russia and Russian. The name Ukraine came later. The Swedish Vikings were just as dominant here on the Russian-Ukrainian plains as the Norwegian and Danish Vikings were in Western Europe and in the North Atlantic." Victor continued to talk about his country and his town all the way back to the hotel.

Eva and Brad spent one more day in Kiev. They had another talk with the Rysjkov family and made sure there was good contact between them and Victor. They were also told about the role Victor's daughter Julia would play in this plot to bring the culprits down. They returned to LA via Frankfurt.

Chapter 7 – The Plot Thickens

Brad came home to find that his wife had moved back in. She was sorry for what had happened and wanted to know what Brad had been up to. He told her as much as he thought he could at this moment. There were certain things that had to be kept inside the Bureau's walls. He told her that, and she understood. She was very proud when she heard that her husband had been appointed special FBI agent and the affair with Elena didn't bother her at all.

Back at work Eva had one day to get settled back in. The following morning a status meeting would be held and Eva and Brad had to give detailed information on what they had achieved in St. Petersburg and Kiev.

The meeting started with status from the home base. Nothing of importance had been found so far. They heard that Jerry had been found, but not contacted. The computer guys reported progress, however. They had been able to enter the computer at the local Boredello and found lots of interesting information. They had also found links to other computers, but had made no connections. One thing, however, they had clear indications that the organization's headquarters was located in New York.

Then it was Eva and Brad's turn. They laid out all the details of their visit. They didn't leave out anything. The plan to use Julia as a decoy was heavily debated, but Brad's assurance that she did it on a 100% volunteer basis convinced the others that it might be a good idea. It was not Bureau policy to use such young kids on such a dangerous assignment. "Do you trust the people you were in contact with?" asked Harry when they had finished.

"First of all we trust the Rysjkov family," Eva replied, "they won't do anything that would put Katrina in danger. They love their child no matter what has happened and

would like to see her safe and sound. We also trust Victor and his daughter; at least 99,99%. Victor seems very trustworthy and we have a firm belief that he would like to have the case solved. That such an operation had been going on in his city for more than ten years was more than he could bear. Such a case gives a bad name to his beloved Kiev, he said.

“When it comes to the police in St. Petersburg we are not so sure. They gave a very good impression, but there was something in the air that told us different. It felt like we were stepping on their toes and tried to do their job. We don’t think they will hinder our case, but I’m not sure how much help we will get. We can make it without them, the only thing we are afraid of is that they remove the trackers from the trucks and maybe put them on other vehicles. If they do we still will know when one of them comes to Kiev and then we have Julia as back-up.”

“I’ll check with some of my Russian colleagues and see what they can find out,” Harry said, “they will be able to keep these guys on track.”

When the meeting was over it was back to the computers for Eva. She had to pinpoint all the other connected computers in the US and hopefully in the whole world as well. Fortunately they were relatively easy to find and access, not like the ones she had to work with when she helped braking up the mob. In mid-February she had confirmation that the main headquarters was located in New York. She even knew where.

For Brad it was all paperwork from now on. He was given responsibility for holding contact with Kiev and St. Petersburg. Nothing much was happening until early March. Then suddenly all the trucks were on the move. One of them headed south and was followed into Serbia. There it made a short stop before it continued into Northern Romania. There it stopped for a while before returning to St. Petersburg. This told Brad two things, the organization had another pick-up point in Northern Serbia and a training camp in Romania. The latter was just a confirmation of what they already knew, but now they had the location as well.

The other two cars headed South East. They crossed the border to Kazakhstan and later to Turkmenistan and stopped near the border to Afghanistan. There they stayed for three days before they headed back for St. Petersburg. This must be the pick-up of the narcotics, Brad thought.

Another thing Eva did when she came back was to see Katrina again. The meeting took place like last time, in the dress shop while the guardians were distracted. “Hello, Katrina,” Eva said as she stood by the same rack as Katrina, “it’s me Eva again.”

“Hi Eva. What’s up?”

“I’ve been to Kiev and seen your folks. They’re very happy that you are alive and well. They are really looking forward to see you again.”

“Do they know what had happened to me?”

“They know everything. I couldn’t hide it. I even gave them a copy of what you gave me.”

“And they still want to see me?”

"More than ever. Your mother gave me something she wanted me to give to you." She handed Katrina a package through the clothing rack. Katrina took it and hid it in her bag. "And we have also located Jerry," Eva added.

"Where is he? Have you contacted him?"

"He's a freshman at Yale, "planning to follow in his father's footsteps. We have not made contact with him so he knows nothing about you. We thought we should wait with that until you are free."

"That's OK. I have to go now."

"OK. I'll drop by another time."

By early March Eva had everything clear. She had pinpointed every bordello the organization had in the whole world. It was also clear that the organization was run from New York. The office was not big, just enough for executive meetings and holding control of all the different branches. From what Eva had found out, the organization was also involved in illegal weapons sales, slave labor camps in the third world and many other things. She also found links to people high up in the federal hierarchy as well as some very influential judges. This made Harry ask the question: "Do any of you know anybody we can trust in New York?"

"I think I know one," Annie said, "His name is Phil Restivo. I worked with him during the break-up of the mob last year. He seemed 100% honest to me. I also learned that he had connections into the Hawthorne family. Nobody gets involved with them unless they are honest. I happen to know that the person to speak with there is a woman named Teri Harris. She used to work for a law firm named Bosworth & Co."

"I know that law firm," Harry said, "they are very respected and do a very good job for the less fortunate in the society. They always take case where some poor person has to go up against the big guys, and they normally win. I've also heard that this activity is financed by the Hawthorne family. If this guy of yours is linked to them, he's OK. Can you get him here?"

"I can at least try. I'll give him a call right away."

"If he's coming let's meet at your precinct, preferably in David's office."

"I think that can be arranged."

Ten minutes later everything was settled. Phil Restivo would arrive the coming Monday and stay for a few days. He was not given any reason why he should come; just that Annie wanted him over and have some talks with him about a very serious and sensitive issue.

Phil was picked up by Annie and they drove straight to the precinct. Eva, Brad and Harry were already there when they stepped into David's office. Annie took care of the introducing Phil to the others while Eva poured the coffee. Harry went straight to the point and gave a broad outline of the situation. He didn't mention any names and direct locations, however. When he was finished he asked straight out: "What is your relation with the Hawthorne family?"

Phil was a little surprised when he heard the question, but answered without hesitation. "My wife's great-grandmother is the sister of John Paul Hawthorne III," he replied.

"Do you still have contact with the family."

"On regular basis. It's a very tight knit family with very high ethics and morale standards."

"So we've heard. This is quite unique in today's world of business. Have you ever met or talked to the present head of the family, John Paul Hawthorne IV?"

"I haven't seen him on various occasions, last time was at a family dinner at Christmas. He is very reclusive, you know. He runs his company by remote control. A woman named Cynthia Larson is running the show on a daily basis. She is now assisted by a woman named Teri Harris. She just moved in from the law firm Bosworth & Co. Her main job is to prepare John Paul IV's grandchild in taking over the company in due time." Phil knew a lot more about the Hawthorne family, of course, but this was as far as he was authorized to go when telling the family story.

"You see, the reason we're calling you here is that we need someone in New York we can trust when we plan to make a bust on the organization," Harry continued, "and Annie thought you might be the right person to be our man there. I know this is mainly an FBI job, but we need help from NYPD. I know most of our men over there and I know whom to trust. Are you willing to help us break up the organization?"

"I am. I can even draw on some Hawthorne financial resources if that is required."

"That might come in handy. We might need cars that don't belong to either the police or the Bureau. We have indications that the organization has all our cars on file. Do you know an honest judge that can help us with the warrants?"

"My wife's uncle William is a Hawthorne by blood. He's the brother of my wife's mother."

"Excellent. I will now give you the name of the contact person in our NY office. His name is Brett Simpson, and the only way you two can talk is either person to person, or through a special cell phone. His number is already in the cell phone. In addition to his, you will also have mine and Annie's numbers. They are all reachable through a special code and cannot be seen by either of us." Harry gave Phil a cell phone and told him how to reach the various numbers. Except for the special numbers it was just an ordinary cell phone.

Phil was now given a full brief of what they had so far. When they were finished he was shocked. Never had he imagined that such an organization could exist and run its business. He promised to cooperate fully with the FBI and do his best so the gang could be broken up. He understood that they needed 100% proof to go to any arrest, these guys would have some very clever lawyers to defend them. And for once he appreciated that the anti-terror laws that gave agencies like FBI permission to search for information on other people's computers without prior warrant.

As soon as Phil was back in New York he made contact with Brett Simpson. They had a meeting at a safe place shortly after to discuss further actions. He also contacted his wife's

uncle the judge and gave him an idea of what was going on. Together they talked to John Paul IV and gave him the story as well. He promised full support.

This again launched a meeting between the three and Cynthia Larson, Teri Harris and John Paul VI. That both John Paul IV and John Paul VI showed up as women was a natural thing for Phil and the judge. The oldest preferred it that way, while the younger had already been through sexual reassignment surgery and now lived full time as a woman. The fact that Teri Harris had done the same thing was, however, unknown to them. This was the first time Brett met J. P. Hawthorne so he had to swear not to tell the family secret to anyone.

The meeting ended with a clear recommendation, full support to FBI and the police in their effort to clean the world of such scum. John Paul IV even put all his international connections at work to help whenever needed. A phone call from Phil to either Cynthia or Teri would take care of that. A quick check also proved that Rysjkov's business in Kiev was part of the Hawthorne Company.

By the end of March another person came to Los Angeles. It was Vera, Katrina's sister. Immediately after arrival she contacted Eva and Brad and asked for a meeting.

The meeting took place over dinner at a fancy restaurant. After some normal talks during the meal Vera went straight to the point. "Is it possible that I can see Katrina?" she asked.

Eva had expected this question since she learned that Vera was in town. She had checked the calendar and found out that Katrina's regular visit was eight days away. "Of course we can arrange that," she said, "but you have to wait more than a week. You see, these girls are only allowed out once every two weeks and her next time is Thursday next week. Can you wait that long?"

"I had hoped it could be sooner, but I can manage. I just have to arrange with the hotels and rebook my airline ticket."

"No problem," Brad said, "we can take care of the ticket. Don't bother with a hotel; you can stay at my house. My wife is more than happy to take you in. You will also get a chance to meet my son. He is your age and comes in for a few days during Easter."

Vera reddened. This was not exactly what she had in mind, but it was tempting. She accepted the offer. A chance to meet an American boy her age was also tempting. She checked out from the hotel the next morning and moved in with Brad and his wife. She met Brad's son Sam later that day. When they saw each other something happened. It was as if these two people had been waiting for each other all their lives. It was magic between them from the very first moment. They hit off immediately and were inseparable the rest of Vera's stay.

On that Thursday Eva took Vera to the mall. She had given her firm instructions on how and where to meet Katrina and Vera had promised to obey. The first time they saw her was when Katrina entered the mall with the goon behind her. Vera had to restrain herself for not running straight at her.

She got her chance later in the dress shop. Eva moved up to her normal position and made contact with Katrina. "Hello," she said, "How's life?"

"As good as can be under the circumstances."

"Fine. I have brought someone that would like to see you. Please keep your voice down and stay in position. I will distract the sales lady for at least ten minutes. The goon only watches the entrance, so he is no problem. If he turns out to be, someone will take care of that. Just give me one minute." Eva had talked to Katrina a couple of times since her visit to Kiev, so Katrina knew that her family knew.

One minute after Eva left the rack, Vera walked up and said in Ukrainian: "Hi Katrina, do you remember me?"

Katrina looked up. She had no problems recognizing her sister. She wanted to yell out, but managed to hold back and said in a low, but happy voice: "Vera, is that really you? You look wonderful! What are you doing here?"

"Yes, it's me. I came to see you and bring all my regards to you from your friends and family in Kiev. And I must say that you look fantastic. You really have turned into a beautiful woman. Are you happy?"

"I'm happy as a woman and will never go back. I can't do it either. But I resent the lifestyle I'm forced to live and I'm looking forward to the day I'm free. Hopefully it's only two months left."

"Your whole family will be here when that happens and you will be welcomed as the lost child you've been. Nobody is blaming you for anything and we love you just as much as we did when you were a young boy in Kiev."

In the meantime Eva had managed to maneuver the sales lady to the back of the store, out of sight from Vera and Katrina. The two sisters got almost fifteen minutes together before they had to part again. Before they parted Vera gave Eva a small present. It was a pendant; just like the one every female member of the Rysjkov family wore. They even managed to give each other a hug before they had to part.

With Vera safe in the background, Katrina took down a dress and went to pay. The sales lady hadn't noticed anything.

It was two very happy sisters that left the mall in different directions that day. Vera was instructed to not say anything over the phone when she called home. She could say that the meeting had taken place, but must leave all the details until she came home.

Chapter 8 – More Kids on the Move

Then in mid-May things started to happen. Jurij was back on the farm outside Kiev and Boris was out searching for kids. The camera in that special room on the farm was activated as soon as Jurij stepped into the room to make everything ready. Boris was out to another city and nobody knew where. He came back in the last week of May with three

kids, one girl and two boys. He soon went out on another trip and came back one week later. This time he came back with three boys.

Now it was time for him to search around Kiev. He looked at the normal places, but didn't find any. It was time for Julia to step in. She was well prepared. Her father had given her lots of instructions, almost all relayed over from Eva and Brad. Eva had decided to take a trip to Kiev as soon as the activities started so when Julia was ready she was there. Before she was placed out in the streets they checked if the tracking device worked. It did.

Julia entered the same back street where Sergej had been abducted seven years earlier. It didn't take long before Boris took the bait and Julia was on her way to the farm. A boy was already in the car when they headed out.

At the farm the two were placed with the other kids. Now they were six boys and two girls at the farm. Eight had been a normal number lately so it was just to wait for the truck.

In the meantime the kids made themselves comfortable. Everything they did and said was monitored both in Kiev and in the FBI HQ in LA. So far so good.

One truck started moving the same day Julia arrived at the farm. It was followed every step of the way. When arriving at the farm the kids were moved to the truck. This happened after dark so the kids couldn't recognize anything from the surroundings. For Julia this didn't matter, she knew exactly where she was.

The truck took off the next morning. Julia felt it right away. She made sure the tracking device was activated. She also took out a small radio. This picked up everything that was said during the journey, and it was monitored both in Kiev and LA.

Eva and Victor decided to follow the truck at a good distance. They were curious to see where the land journey ended. They took off five hours after the truck and kept the distance all the time. By the time the truck pulled into St. Petersburg they were not far behind them.

The day the truck from Kiev arrived; the other two trucks took off. They took the same course, almost straight North. The Kiev truck followed the next day in the same direction. "I think we're headed for Murmansk," Victor said, "there's a large naval base there. I was stationed on an airbase in the area a few years before the Soviet Union broke up. I know the area. Murmansk is a rather large town so I don't think they will board the ship there. It will probably be on a remote quay further out in the fjord just like Katrina said. The only problem they have is that everything will be done in full daylight. The sun is up 24 hours a day up here this time of the year. In winter it's gone completely."

They drove through endless pine forests. It seemed to be no end to them. But the further north they came the number of trees diminished. One truck drove into Murmansk and stopped for about 15 minutes. Then it drove on again. They most probably picked up the last four kids," Eva said.

The trucks continued north before they turned east again. Down to the western shores of the Murmansk fjord it went with Eva and Brad not too far behind. They had to stop a good distance away in order not to be seen. They sneaked up on a small hill and hid behind a large stone. From that point they had clear view to the trucks and the boat there. It

seemed that the cargo was already on board. Julia's tracker indicated that as well. They took several pictures of the boat and the trucks before they decided it was time to leave.

"Let's take another route home," Victor suggested. "We go west and cross the border into Norway and sleep out in the town of Kirkenes. It's a mining town. They take out iron ore. Previously the dug normal shafts, but now they're into open pit mining. The ore is shipped from there to places all over the world."

Eva thought it was a good idea. Her name was Norwegian, but she had never set foot in the country before. Passing the border was no problem. From the border it was only a few kilometers to the town. They found a hotel and settled in. The hotel had a fast Internet connection so they hooked up their laptops and sent the pictures to the FBI HQ. They also exchanged pictures so they both had copies of everything.

It was still early in the day so they took a walk around to see if they could find something to buy. Eva also placed a call to Brad and told him where they were and a few words of what they had seen so far. They found some souvenirs, had a nice dinner and went early to bed. They had a long and boring journey ahead of them and Victor wanted to cover as much distance as possible.

They were up early for breakfast. The breakfast was rich and heavy. Lots of bread, egg, bacon and numerous things to put on the bread. And the best of all, it was included in the room price. They got the understanding that such a breakfast was normal on Norwegian hotels and always included in the room price.

They filled up the tank and headed west. First along a wide fjord, over an isthmus until they met a wide river. They turned right for a few kilometers before they crossed the river on a long bridge and turned south. The road took them along the river for many miles until they came to a place called Utsjok. There it was a border crossing to Finland. They crossed the river once more and headed south through Finland.

While they were driving along the river Victor decided to tell Eva a little about this special river. "You see Eva," he said, "this river runs for its main part along the border between Norway and Finland. It's the second longest river in Norway and the best salmon river in the whole world. They catch more salmon in this river than they do in the next ten Norwegian rivers combined. The river also has the world record for Atlantic salmon caught on rod. The size of the salmon was 35,6 kg. That is about 78 pounds."

"Remember I'm more familiar with kilos than with pounds," Eva butted in.

"Oops I forgot. Anyway, if you want to fish for salmon, this is the river. Another story of the area we've been through comes from the Second World War. The Germans retreated from the Kirkenes area in the fall of 1944. They burned everything in their way. Kirkenes was just ruins and people had to live in mine shafts the following winter. The Red Army was chasing the Germans, but they stopped at this river. They didn't follow the Germans any further. But they stayed in Norway until the spring of 1945 and then retreated. I have never learned why they did this; it was so atypical for the Soviets at that time. In all other areas they liberated in 1944-45 they stayed. Just look at my country and other East European nations. The borders between Norway and the Soviet Union remained the same after the war as they had been before."

The drive through Finland went fast. The roads were good and there were almost only pine trees to be seen. Late in the evening they found a hotel in a small town and decided to spend the night there. They came to St. Petersburg in the early afternoon the next day. Eva decided to check in on the police officer she and Brad had met there some months earlier. Next day it was on the road again. They took the shortest possible route to Kiev. This included driving through Belarus.

When she came to her hotel that night Eva was dead tired. It had been a long trip, but it had been worth it. She met with Victor again the next day. They had also invited Peter Rysjkov to join them.

While coffee was served Victor went through his e-mail. He found one that was very interesting. "Hi guys," said, "it seems that my little girl is more clever than I had expected. Before she left the farm she took down the camera and brought it with her. It is now in their room on the boat and the guys can monitor everything. It's good thing she took it down, that leaves no traces of us being there. She has also managed to get some video footage of the drivers and of some of the crew on-board. Good girl."

Eva and Peter had to admit this was a smart thing to do.

Next thing Victor checked was the position of the ship. It was a slow ship and hadn't come further than the same latitude as the northern tip of Scotland. It still had a long way to go.

Eva, Victor and Peter discussed the next steps. Eva would leave for home the next day. Peter and his family would leave three days later. Unfortunately Victor had to stay in Kiev and take care of the operation from there. He would, however, send his wife on the same flight as the Rysjkov family so she could be there and meet Julia when it was all over. Victor would come as soon as everything was clear in his end.

Chapter 9 – The Raids

Eva was back on work the day after she came home. In the FBI HQ they had established an operations room with monitors all over the place. One monitor showed the ship's position. It was in the middle of the Atlantic, heading for the Caribbean. The staff had identified the ship. Its name was 'Olga', registered in Panama, but was owned by a Russian who lived in Switzerland. The Swiss police had already been notified and were ready to strike at short notice.

At the daily meeting at nine Eva had to tell about her trip to Ukraine and Russia. She told them what she had seen and heard. She also mentioned that the Rysjkov family and Victor's wife would arrive in three days and that Victor would come as soon as things were OK in his end. Eva was briefed on what would happen next. All over the world police were waiting to strike. The ship would be followed by satellite and as soon as it made shore agents would take pictures of the activity at the quay. The main strike would be when the trucks arrived at the resort. At that same time helicopters would land on the ranch in the valley and take care of the people there. Katrina had also given them a good

estimate for the number of people they might expect to meet there. That included the abductees and the ones training them.

As expected, a few days later the ship entered the Panama Canal. Once on the Pacific side it turned north along the coast. This might normally have been a little unusual since the ship's papers said it had cargo that should be delivered in a town on the Pacific coast of Russia. It would have been much easier to cross straight over. This implied that it might have some uncharted errands along the west coast of America. When the ship was outside San Francisco something happened. A small boat left the coast a little further north and headed for the ship. It was clear they had a rendezvous point in international waters.

When the boats met they started transferring goods from the large to the smaller boat. A Coast Guard submarine had been following the ship for a while and they now lifted their periscope and took still and moving pictures of what was going on. The kids were transferred last. They had to walk down a narrow gangway before they could enter the smaller boat. Harry and his colleagues now only hoped that Julia still had a working tracking device and that she took the camera with her.

They needn't fear, Julia had done exactly what was expected of her and even more so. She also managed to calm down the kids that was frightened and told them that all would soon be well.

The small boat reached shore in less than an hour. The ship stayed in position for a while, just in case something went wrong. By the time the ship was ready to leave they found out they had trouble. The rudder was locked in a fixed position and the propeller wouldn't run. They had to try and fix the problems. The ship was of course sabotaged by Coast Guard divers.

While trying to fix their problems, the ship drifted towards the shore. As soon as it was inside US waters a Coast Guard ship showed up and said they wanted to inspect the ship. The crew almost panicked, but they had to comply. They tried to send out messages to their accomplices on shore and other places around the world, but the communications system didn't work. The Coast Guard had with great effect jammed all their communications.

Soon the Coast Guard was on board. They started to search the ship and initially didn't find much. But soon they found the room where the kids had been living during the voyage. When the crew was asked what that was for they didn't know what to say. A Coast Guard officer soon found kids' clothing scattered around the room. They also found a DV tape and confiscated it. This, along with the pictures taken were more than enough to take the ship under arrest and take it to San Francisco.

This event was reported live to Harry and his people. When the ship was on its way alongside the Coast Guard ship, Harry drew a sigh and said: "That was the first step and all went according to plan. That Julia is really clever; she deserves a big reward when she is safe. Let's get ready for the next step."

The praise Julia received was of course relayed to her parents as well. They both became very proud of their little daughter. Julia's mother was now in LA while her father was still in Kiev.

As soon as the small boat reached the coast it headed up a small river. About a mile up it stopped by something that must be a small quay. It was soon confirmed since Julia had the small TV camera running all the time. The picture also showed an area with dense forest. A small dirt road led up to the quay. Soon a small truck backed down towards the quay and stopped on safe ground. One of the packages that probably contained narcotics was loaded on the truck. Once again Julia showed her wits, she managed to get the truck's license plate in the picture.

After the first truck left, a similar one backed down and the procedure was repeated. Once again Julia got the license plate in the picture. With that truck gone a small bus backed down to the quay. The kids were ordered to enter the bus right away. Also here the plates were registered. Inside the bus Julia took up a seat in the front and let the camera run all the time. And everything the camera saw was reported directly to the FBI HQ in LA.

How could Julia do all this? First she had the nerve to do it and second, she had made a hole in a pocket of her jacket where the lens peeked through. This was a gamble, of course, but she was hoping that no one would search either her or some of the other kids for unauthorized equipment. From all reports they had received so far this had never happened. The kids' privacy and welfare had been respected all the time. Treating them well and kindly would pay off as soon as the training begun.

The information Julia had sent was very valuable for Harry and his crew. Her tracker still worked so they knew exactly where they were. This also gave them an estimate on when they would reach the farm and the operations could begin. The cars still had a few hours to drive, but it was time to get everybody in position.

As the three vehicles drove up to the resort everything was set all over the world. It was early afternoon in California, a little later the other places in the US and around midnight in Central Europe. For Victor in Kiev it was 2AM, but he didn't care. His people were ready to take in Boris and Jurij any time of the day.

At 3:06 PM Harry gave the signal to strike. Coordinated strikes were started in several places all over the globe. At the resort DEA agents broke through the doors at the barn near the mountain wall and stormed in. People were told to lie down on the ground. Agents handcuffed the men and women inside the barn. Two female agents took care of the kids and followed them out to a waiting luxury bus. At the same time Federal agents stormed the resort main building and neutralized the people inside. All the detainees were pushed into two large vans and taken to the Police Station in Sacramento. When the vans left the leader of the operation reported "All clear at the resort!" to the FBI HQ. The whole operation had taken less than ten minutes.

DEA agents started to go through the merchandise. It was soon evident that they had made a major bust. Several hundred kilos of pure cocaine had been found. In addition a major smuggling route had been closed down. Agents were also placed in the tunnel to stop people who might try to escape that way.

In the resort main building agents started confiscating computers, hard drives, DVDs, CDs and numerous printouts. All personnel files were taken and put in a large box. By the time the agents was finished, nothing was left in the house. Everything was loaded onto trucks and taken to Sacramento.

The kids ran straight to the bus. The two women followed them and closed the doors. The driver started the engine and drove off. Both the women spoke Russian and started talking with the kids right away. The kids were told that they were heading for Los Angeles and that it would take several hours to get there. There they would be given nice rooms, they would be cleaned up, given new clothes and get the chance of a new life. Those who wished could go back to where they came from. The kids understood that they were safe now, so many of them fell asleep right away.

When everything had quieted down, one of the women sat down next to Julia and started talking to her. "Julia," she said, "you are the bravest little kid I have ever met. What you have done today and all the other days since you were abducted is absolute fantastic. It went beyond everybody's imagination. Your efforts played a major part in capturing these guys; without you everything would have been far more risky. Now we knew everything on beforehand and only had to strike at the right moment. That moment was also decided by your actions today. Your parents are very proud of you. Your mother is waiting for you in Los Angeles and your father will be here in a few days. I suggest you go to sleep now. We still have many hours driving ahead of us."

At the 'go' signal six helicopters descended on the ranch in the valley. Just before they hit the ground troops jumped out and took control of the area. The kids, aged 13 to 16 were gathered in one of the bunkhouses, while the staff was gathered in the main building. One person was spotted trying to run away, and he was shot in the leg and thereby incapacitated. Three persons who had been in the barn by the mountain wall tried to flee through the tunnel, but were stopped by guards at the other end. They even tried to shoot themselves out, but the guards fired back, killed one and wounded the other two. One guard suffered a minor wound. When the area was secure the leader reported back: "All clear at the ranch." It had taken 21 minutes.

This was also the signal for the cars to come in and take away the prisoners and the students. Several buses came up the dirt road ready to take people to prison or to a safe place to recover. When going through the computers and papers it was found that the graduation class was about to leave. Two were going to Los Angeles, (to replace Elena and Nina), one to Chicago, three to New York, two to Washington DC, two to Atlanta and two to Houston. All the students were taken to a rehabilitation center near San Francisco.

In Los Angeles the bust at the bordello was headed by Annie. This was her turf and she knew the area. Through Katrina, and Elena, she had gotten a pretty good idea of how many people they were up against and how dangerous they were. Elena was there watching from the outside and gave notice if any from the staff tried to run away. Two of them tried, but were caught shortly after. At the round up afterwards Katrina saw that two of

the staff were missing. She told Annie who they were and Annie made a request for an APB on the guys. The whole bust took 17 minutes to finish.

The busts at the bordellos in the other US cities went just as well. No one was injured and most of the staff had been apprehended. The raid at the organization's main HQ in New York was, however, a little trickier. Phil headed the bust. The organization hid themselves behind a legitimate company that dealt with import and export to South America. Once inside there they had to break through the doors to the president of the company. Behind that again was the main office of the organization. The president of the import/export company was heavily involved, but his subordinates knew nothing.

It was only two persons present at the Main Office when the bust took place. The rest was working at their normal workplaces. This had been expected, but since all of them were identified, agents were ready and waiting for them. They were apprehended at the same time as the rest of the gang.

In Kiev Victor had an easy job, He only had to arrest Boris and Jurij and that turned out to be no problem at all. Jurij was clearly scared so he started talking right away. That made some of Victor's men take a closer look at what they had found at the farm. They found proof that there was a Moscow connection as well! Victor called Brad as soon as he found out and a few minutes later he also e-mailed some critical information.

When Brad heard about Moscow he went straight to Harry and told him what had been found. Harry acted immediately. He called up a friend in Moscow in the middle of the night, and asked if he could act on information given to him from FBI in LA. "It depends what it is," the man replied.

"You will see in a minute if you can give me your home e-mail address and if you turn on your computer," Harry said.

The man in Moscow understood the gravity in the situation. He heard it in Harry's voice and Harry would wake him at two o'clock in the morning if it wasn't serious. He went and turned on his home computer and logged in. It didn't take long before he saw the e-mail. He opened it and started reading. After five minutes he was back on the phone with Harry and said: "I see what you mean. I'll print it out and see what I can do. Please send the mail to my work as well. I will need it there. If you have more just call me at my cell phone. I go downtown and take the necessary actions."

Harry thanked him and promised he would be back with more as soon as he had something. Ten minutes later he had the report from St. Petersburg that said that all had worked according to plan. They had also found a Moscow connection. Brad told them to send an e-mail to him and to the man in Moscow. He would take action from there.

The raids in Moscow took place at eight in the morning local time. Six people were arrested. The raid had come completely as a surprise to them. When they were presented for a judge, Moscow had also received copies of papers from the main office in New York as well. The judge had no problems putting the guys behind bars.

As the reports came in from other places in the world Harry and his folks noticed that everything had gone according to plan. There had been a shoot-out in Tokyo, however,

and one gang member had been killed. In addition two agents had received minor wounds.

The ranch/training center in Romania was busted in the same way as in California. They also managed to liberate all the 'students' and arrest the staff. In addition the authorities had ordered the place burned down so it couldn't be used for the same purpose again.

Chapter 10 – After the Raids

Back to California. The twelve kids that had been on a long voyage were sound asleep just a few minutes after the bus had left the resort. The two female agents that had taken care of them when they were released, were also on board the bus. They had been given the task to see to these children for the coming days, maybe weeks, before any decision about what to do with them was made.

It was a long drive through a major part of California and it was almost midnight before they reached their destination. Six rooms in a separate wing in motel had been reserved for them. A nice meal had been prepared for them when they arrived. They were hungry and ate all they could. Julia's mother was at the motel when she arrived, and mother and daughter greeted each other wholeheartedly. Ludmilla was very proud of her daughter; she had done an outstanding job since she left Kiev. They agreed that Julia should sleep with one of her new friends that night.

Next morning the kids were up at eight. They all had a shower and were given a new set of clothes. Ludmilla would take her daughter with her and join the Rysjkov family. The other kids would be debriefed and taken care of by agents skilled in such matters.

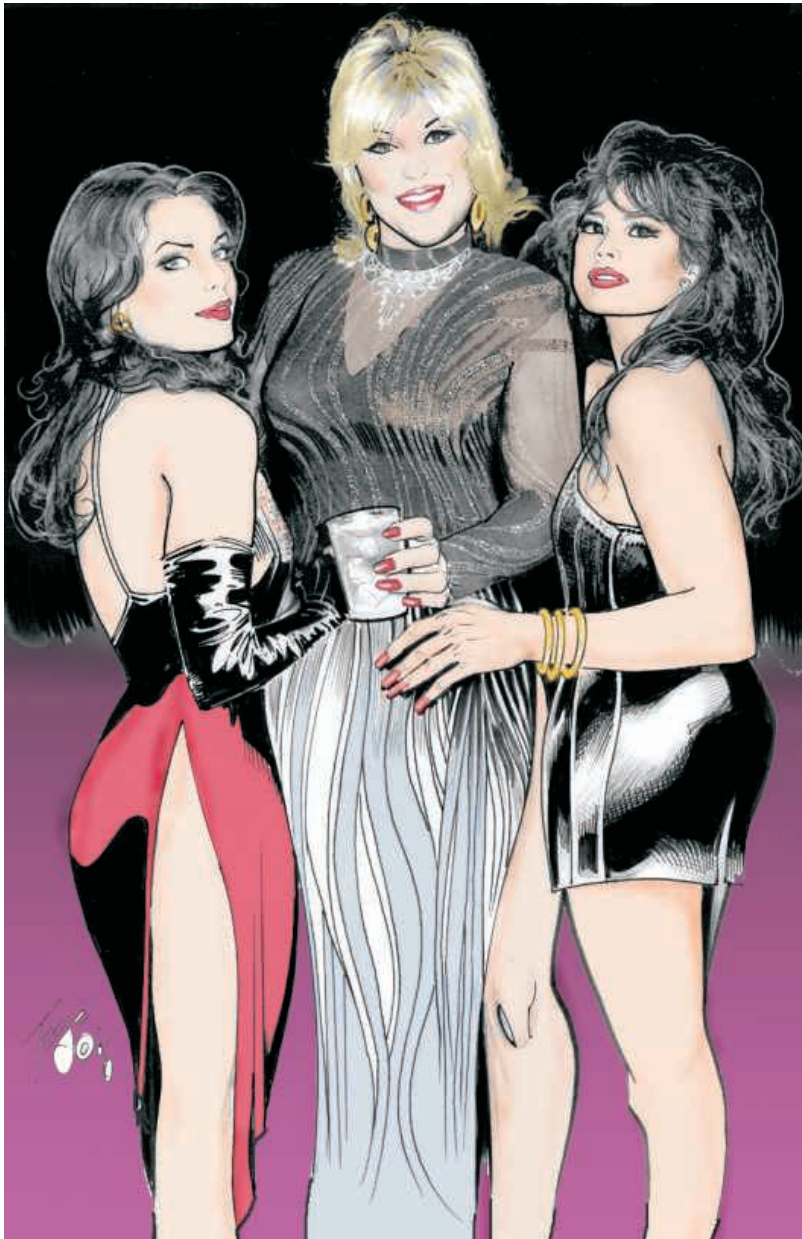
When arriving at the Rysjkov family Julia was properly introduced. It was now the day after the main operation and everybody was invited to a gathering at the FBI HQ. They were taken to an auditorium where status of the case would be presented. When everybody was seated Harry stood up and asked Julia to come forward. She did as she was told. "Ladies and gentlemen," Harry said, "let me present Julia Bubka, without whose effort during the last days and weeks would have made our job more complicated. With her courage and bravery we managed to get information that was vital for a successful operation. She is only 13 years of age, but took great risks when she grabbed the video camera and sent us the information the camera lens could pick up. It also gave us vital evidence in order to close down the organization. As a reward the Bureau has granted you a college or university scholarship at a place of your own choice as soon as you finish high school. I understand that you had to finish your school year a little early this year, but I don't think anybody will kick you out of school for that. Ladies and Gentlemen, Julia Bubka!"

The whole audience stood up and gave Julia a standing ovation. It was hard to even get them to stop. Julia had tears in her eyes. She knew she was expected to say something, but since her English was very limited, the only thing she managed to say was 'Thank you!'

Next to be presented was Katrina. She had provided most of the information required for the initial planning. Her story and detailed descriptions enabled the agents to take the right steps in the planning process that led Eva and Brad to Kiev and St. Petersburg. She had taken great risks in getting this information out the Bureau. She received a standing ovation just like Julia and was given the same offer of a scholarship. The only thing was that she had to get a High School Diploma first. That wasn't considered a great problem considering the level of intelligence she already had shown.

Finally Elena got her praise. She was after all the person who had started the snowball rolling by sticking that note in Brad's pocket. Without that 'Cry for Help' everything would have remained as it was one year ago. Since her faked death more than half a year ago Elena had come a long way. She was now almost fluent in reading and writing English

and her services, as a translator had been highly valued since then. She had been offered a permanent job as a translator at the Bureau. She had accepted under the auspices that she also could have a High School Diploma and go to college afterwards. The diploma she would receive the following week and she would start college in August, studying English and Russian.



After the raid at the bordello and the bad guys were arrested it was decided that the girls that had worked there were allowed to stay in their small apartments. The ten remaining, including Katrina would use the next days to try to establish a normal life. Katrina was put in charge for that operation. In addition a teacher was assigned to the place in order to teach the girls to read and write English. What would happen to them in the future would be decided later. All of them would get an offer to stay and get at least a High School

Diploma. If somebody wanted to go home, it would be arranged as well. Similar arrangements were made at all the other bordellos in the US as well.

It was only an hour after the raid was over that Katrina got the chance to be reunited with her family. It was a very warm welcome. Katrina had missed her family so much and they had missed her. The fact they lost a son and found a daughter didn't matter to them. She was their child and they loved her no matter. Her brother Peter jr. was amazed to see how she had changed from a rowdy boy to a beautiful young woman very much in tune with herself. It was true that she had sold her body, but from now on she would lead a normal feminine life.

The 48 girls who had been rescued from the ranch in the valley were first taken to a place near Sacramento. A few days later they were taken to a ranch house just outside Los Angeles. There they all were given a room and a new set of clothes. They were free to roam the area, but were told to stay as close to the ranch as possible. They were often taken to the nearest mall in small groups to get a small touch of the real life in America.

As soon as Elena had received her High School Diploma she started working with these kids. They had at this point received a little normality in their life and were ready for some lessons. Elena had been given the task to start them going. Then more and more teachers would come in and take care of the kids' further education.

Elena started with telling her name and background, making it absolutely clear that she was one of them. She also told them how she had started it all. "What I now want," she went on, "is your story. I'm going to hand out a form I want you to fill out. It's in Russian with Cyrillic letters, something I hope most of you understand. If not, I have copies in a few other languages as well. One of them is Rumanian. Anybody want those?"

Five kids raised their hands. She went over to them and gave them a Romanian copy. To the remainder she handed out Russian copies. "If you take a good look at the form you will understand what I want you to write down. On top, the name you were given at the ranch. Next line, your real name, the name that was given to you when you were born. Don't forget your family name. Cross also out the box that says gender. You cross off male if you still have your male sexual organs intact; female if you are a real girl, and neutral if you were born a boy and operated on later. Don't try to cheat; we can easily check if you are telling the truth. Next, your day of birth and where you were born. That means city and country. Then comes the address you had the day you were abducted. If you lived on the street, write down which street and town. Then write down the story of your life from as far back as you can remember and up to today. Finally write down what you want your future to be, whether you want to go home or stay somewhere else. Be very honest, what you write down will to a very large degree determine your fate. How we can make your dreams come true will be clear when we read your essays."

Elena let it be with that. She let the kids work in silence. In between someone wanted to ask a question and Elena was more than willing to answer. After two hours everybody had turned in their papers. Elena assembled them and put them in an envelope. "These papers will now be read by people who know the languages, and in about a week's time

we will come back to what we will do. I must mention that some of you asked me why they were still in skirts since they were boys, and the answer to that is simple; you have all been treated as girls for at least one year, you have been given hormones and we must plan how to neutralize the effects of them. That will unfortunately take some time. In the meantime you stay as you were when you left the ranch. We have also your medical records and know how much hormones each of you have received. It might be that some of you want to stay as girls and we will respect that. The medicines you have received since you were freed are just something that will keep you at your present level. Further steps will be decided within two weeks. You will now be split up in groups of twelve just like on the farm. You will receive the normal American teaching that is right for your age. With a little effort you can be as good as any US kid your age."

Ten days later Elena was back with the verdict. "We have now been through what you've written and have the following to tell you," she opened, "We have found the families to all of you, and to tell you the truth, some of them don't want you back. Simple as that. We have not told any of them what has happened to you, we just told them that you've been found, where you were and that you are safe and sound.

"Next, all you boys you want to go back to be normal boys, the treatment starts today. Give us a day or two and you will have boy's clothes as well. For the eight of you who has been operated already, the situation is somewhat difficult. We can make you boys again, but you will never be like you would have been if this hadn't happened. It's very difficult to construct a good and working penis. We can give you the outwards look of a boy, but we can't guarantee that you can have an erection and thereby function as a man. You can function as a woman, however. In either case you can't have children. It's up to you, we will do as you wish."

Elena received lots of cheers and some sad faces. This was expected; it was just a fact of life.

Come August the kids looked just like a normal mixture of boys and girls. Some went home and some started in an American school. It had been no problems finding parents that would adopt these kids. Annie for starters, took in one of the youngest boys. He was a good boy and could serve as a role model for her twins.

The kids that had come over with Julia were taken care of by skilled personnel. Julia and her parents help along as best they could. All the kids were identified and their parents found. After a six wonderful weeks in the US their parents came over and took the kids home. The rehabilitation of the victims had all the way been sponsored by J. P. Hawthorne. A special committee was set up to see that everything went right and both kids and families got a good life afterwards. These people had suffered enough already. Families that were poor were help to a new home and a job for at least one of the parents, no matter where they decided to settle down.

Due to their new status many of the girls from the bordellos wouldn't have a place to go home to. They were given various options on what to do with the rest of their lives. Some had proven to have special skills and were helped to exploit these skills to the limit.

One from the bordello in Houston, for instance, showed some extreme mathematical skills and was promptly steered into that direction. But no matter what they wanted, learning to read and write English had top priority.

Those from the bordellos who now had a feminine body, but still had their penis in full working order were given the option of returning to malehood, getting full SRS or stay as they were. Strangely enough almost 50% wanted to stay as they were. Amongst the rest one half wanted full SRS while the other half wanted to return to manhood. Everybody was, however, given a proper identity card with Social Security Number identifying them according to their outward appearance.

Chapter 11 – Katrina’s New Life

For Katrina one important thing remained, meeting Jerry. She was very nervous, wondering if he would accept her new look or not. To him she had been a 12-year old boy named Sergej last time they met, now she was a 19-year old beautiful woman with a somewhat dubious past. She knew she had to go through with it, no matter what. Her family stood behind her all the way. They also knew Jerry from the old days, and had on occasions also met his parents.

It was Eva that was given the task of bringing the two together. She traveled to Yale and met Jerry there. They should meet at a restaurant for lunch.

At the moment Jerry came up to her, Eva saw that he was a tall and handsome man. He had the looks that every girl would fall for, and probably had lots of girlfriends already. He came up to the table, stopped in front of Eva and said: “My name is Gerald Malcolm Donaldson, I’m supposed to meet a woman named Eva Fjeld here for lunch. Is that you?”

“Yes, it’s me,” Eva replied, “please sit down.”

Jerry took his seat. “I understand you have new news about Sergej Rysjkov,” he said as soon as he was seated. It was clear that he was eager to hear about his old friend. He knew that he had been abducted in Kiev seven years earlier.

“Yes, I have information about him. He is alive and is in Los Angeles with his family right now. I will go into the details when we’ve eaten.” This was done on purpose by Eva, she wanted to know what kind of attitudes Jerry had towards various subjects in the society. If his attitudes were ‘wrong’, the meeting might just as well be cancelled. Jerry obviously wanted to hear it all right away, but he thought that Eva might have her reasons and settled with that.

During the meal Eva steered the conversation onto many subjects in order to get a good impression as possible of Jerry. It soon became clear that he knew a lot about the world and had no prejudices against people with a different lifestyle. He had no steady girlfriend at the moment, but dated girls on a regular basis. He also had some gay friends at campus, and he thought most of them were very cool. “One of them even dresses up as a girl from time to time,” he said, “and then go on regular dates. He looks very good and

fools everybody. He is living with another man and they plan to live as man and woman after they graduate," he said.

This was good news to Eva. She now felt safe that she could tell the full story of Sergej to Jerry.

When the meal was over and coffee was on the table, Eva started telling Sergej's story. She told it as she had heard it from Katrina and didn't leave out a single detail. At the end she made great emphasis that Katrina was accepted by her family and had been given a very warm welcome by them.

Jerry was stunned. Sergej abducted to become a whore for some scrupulous scoundrels that traded in humans. This was beyond what he had believed was possible. It was good that such a gang had been brought to silence. After he had assembled his thoughts, he said: "This is a most remarkable story. How is she? And what about the others in the same situation as her? Do you have a picture of her?"

"Katrina is a strong woman. She couldn't have done what she did over the last eight months if she wasn't. She is extremely intelligent and has proven herself as a born leader. After she was released she has taken command over several rehabilitation programs. She was for example taking care of the kids that came over a few weeks ago to start on the training program. She is eager to meet you, no matter what you think of her now. The others in her situation are going through a rehabilitation program at the moment. They will be given various options on what to do with their lives. And I do have a picture of her." Eva took out two pictures, one showing Katrina's face only, and one showing her whole body in a bikini. She gave them to Jerry so he could see for himself.

Jerry took a good look at the pictures. The more he looked the bigger his eyes became. This was unbelievable! That scrawny 12-year old boy had turned into this! Jerry couldn't believe what he saw. "Is this how Sergej looks now?" he stuttered.

"It is. And the pictures give her full credit. But remember, no more Sergej, it's Katrina from now on."

"I will remember that. When can I see her?"

"I have a ticket for you to Los Angeles tomorrow morning. Can you make it?"

"Of course I can! I have no exams left and can leave when I want to. I planned to go for a few more weeks to do some extra reading, but this takes priority. When do I leave?"

"The plane leaves at nine. It will take us to Los Angeles before noon. Meet me by the United desk at 7:45. Be prepared to stay for a while if you wish."

"I'll bet there."

Eva and Jerry sat next to each other as the plane took off the next morning. Eva turned to Jerry and asked: "Jerry, where are your parents now, and do you have a home in the US?"

"We left Kiev one year after Sergej was abducted. My father was then appointed the Ambassador to Slovakia and we settled in Bratislava. Shortly after Bush was elected president he wanted another person in that job and we had to go home. My father had to start working in the State Department. He didn't like it there and left just after 9/11. He now

works for J. P. Hawthorne working on analysis on politics in various countries all over the world. My mother works in the same company. They have a house outside Washington DC and works from the company's DC office. That is also where I have my home at the moment. I would very much like to work for the State Department myself, but not under the present administration. My brother does and he says he many times has done and said things he personally doesn't support. But what about Katrina? How can a boy become such a beautiful woman?"

"I have a feeling you think about a boy/man like yourself being changed into a woman?"

Jerry nodded.

"That's almost impossible. We must go further back in Katrina's past to find that out. Let me start with some background information. At the moment we are conceived in our mother's womb we are basically all female. After a short time the testosterone is triggered thanks to the Y-chromosome from the semen. It sets to work and a penis and testes are developed and almost all traces of your femininity are erased. When we are born the only visible difference between boys and girls is the penis. That's the way it is until puberty starts. Compare the bodies of a ten-year-old girl and a ten-year-old boy, and you will see that they are very similar.

"At puberty testosterone starts working again. Boys start getting beard, a deeper voice, wet dreams at night, the testes come out from its hiding place in the body and bigger muscle mass is developed. But Katrina hadn't even started puberty when she came to the ranch here in the US. So she was put on some medicine called puberty inhibitor, which delays puberty as long as you take it. If you do so until you're 18 for example, your body will continue to have the shape, and to a certain degree the size of a 12-year old. If you then stop, your body will go into delayed puberty. This is often used on young kids that at an early stage wish to change sex. They can use this period to be really sure and have an operation when they are around 19.

"For Katrina they also added female hormones to the puberty inhibitor. This is not recommended by experts, but in this case they wanted to do the operation as early as possible. In fact Katrina was operated when she was 14 years old. And it was done against her will. But Katrina accepted her fate and has done the best out of it. She was born a boy, but has none of the side effects that other transsexuals have. She has small hands and feet, a rather feminine voice, no traces of a beard and very soft skin. Her breasts are her own, no silicone there. You can do the same with her as you can with any other woman, except one thing; you can't have a baby. Another asset Katrina has is her brain. She is extremely intelligent and has proven many times over what she is capable of doing. One final thing, she has settled with her body and loves being a woman. Being a man again is for her unthinkable. Treat her as she has been a girl all her life. Her family has started doing that."

"I shall remember that. I also remember Sergej as a very smart boy. His ingenuity was way beyond his age. I'm happy to hear that in that respect Katrina is just the same."

"You can bet she is." Eva went on telling Jerry about what Katrina has done, both while she worked at the bordello, and later after she was free. Jerry continued to ask lots of questions, so when they finally landed. Jerry though he knew everything about her.

Eva picked up her car at the airport and they drove straight to the house where the Rysjkov family stayed. Eva had called from her car and told them that they were on their way.

At the house Jerry was greeted by Katrina parents, Ludmilla and Peter, her brother Peter Jr and her sister Vera. He received a warm welcome; he had after all met them all before back when he was young. They talked and recalled old days for a while before it was time for Katrina to come to the room. When Jerry saw her he was stunned. She looked even better than she had done on the pictures. Her now blonde hair framed a beautifully made up face. She was dressed in a light blue sleeveless dress that reach just above her knees. The neckline was v-shaped and showed off a pair of beautifully shaped breasts. Her waist was narrow and her legs long and inviting. On her feet she had blue sandals with 3" heels. Jerry noticed she was tall, well over 6' in her heels. But that was OK; Jerry was 6'4" himself. She walked up to Jerry and said in a very feminine voice: "Hi Jerry, remember me?"

"To be honest, no. But my friend her and your family have told me who you are, so I must believe them. I only remember a young boyfriend I once had in Kiev and his name was Sergej. We used to run around and have lots of fun. But one day he suddenly disappeared. And now they tell me that that boy has turned into you. It's hard to believe, I can see no traces of Sergej in you."

"But I can prove it. Remember that day I fell down from a fence and hit a nail. I had a nasty scar remember, and it's still there." Katrina lifted her skirt and showed him the scar on the inside of her left thigh. Jerry saw it and was almost convinced.

"Just in case I want to check one more thing," he said, "Sergej had a birthmark in his neck, hidden by all his hair. Can I check that as well?"

"Please go ahead." Katrina turned around and lifted her hair for Jerry to see. He saw it just as he remembered it. Jerry was convinced; Katrina was his boyhood friend Sergej. Jerry took Katrina in his arms and gave her a big kiss. The two of them were already deeply in love.

Eva left the house discreetly. She knew when it was time for her to leave. She was happy to see that the reunion of the two old friends had been so happy.

Katrina and Jerry stuck together like glue the whole evening. He hadn't even thought about finding a place to stay. When he tried to hint about that, they just waved him off. It was clear that they wanted him to stay with them.

When it was time for bed Katrina and Jerry left together. Once inside the room they locked the door. Jerry couldn't wait getting Katrina to bed. As soon as they both were naked he was all over her. His penis was hard as a rock and as soon as it found the opening, the penis went in. Katrina knew what he wanted and did all she could to make it good for him. She was also very hot for Jerry; she had after all waited for this moment for a couple of months already.

Their lovemaking was hard and intense. Katrina had after all worked as a prostitute for three years already and knew how to handle men. But this was different. This was a person she was in love with and wanted to share the rest of her life with, and that made it very different. This time she didn't have to fake an orgasm; she had a real one, the first one

in a very long time, and she had it with the man she loved. It was like coming to heaven. Jerry felt the same way.

While Jerry lay on his back Katrina licked him clean. Jerry had no problems getting another hard-on and soon they were on it again. Once again they experienced simultaneous orgasms. They made love three more times before they finally fell asleep.

Katrina and Jerry slept late the next morning. When they finally got up and had breakfast they only had eyes for each other. The rest of the Rysjkov family just smiled. It was evident that the two old friends finally had found each other again. Not the way it looked to be seven years ago, but on a much deeper level.

After breakfast Katrina and Jerry went for a walk in a park not far away. They both dressed on shorts, t-shirt and sneakers. As they walked along hand in hand they looked like any other young couple in love. While they were walking along Jerry suddenly asked: "Tell me Katrina, what did actually happen that fateful night seven years ago?"

"As you might remember, I had been at your house. I stayed too long and needed to get home quickly or my parents would have been really mad. I knew about a shortcut through some rough parts of town and decided to take that. It would save me at least ten minutes. I had used it before and never experienced problems. As I was in a dark alley about to climb a fence someone came up from behind and grabbed me. He literary tore me down from the fence and pulled me into a car. I was not blindfolded or anything. This I used to pay good attention to where they took me. I was surprised to see that they were so careless.

"After about 30 minutes we came to a farm and I was thrown into a room where seven other kids my age were already waiting. There were two men in the car that took me away. All the time they talked together in English, and thanks to our friendship I understood every word they said.

"We didn't stay long at the farm. Early next morning a truck came along and we were pushed inside. It was obvious that the men were in a hurry. From the conversation between them I understood that my abduction was already on the news and they didn't dare to let me go. It was sink or swim for them.

"The truck was very comfortable inside. We had a bed each, comfortable chairs and a TV/Video set. We were fed at regular intervals and actually had a really good time. I quickly learned to know the other kids and found out they were all street kids that wouldn't be missed. We were in the truck for a couple of days, I have no ideas how many. We stopped one place on our way to pick up four more kids. Totally we were now eight boys and four girls. When we finally reached our destination we were at a remote quay somewhere. I noticed it was very few trees around. The sun was up. I looked around and realized that the sun was in the north. This told me that we were way above the Artic Circle!

"From the truck we were ushered on to a ship and placed in a large cabin. The cabin was just like the truck, only larger. The cabin had no windows so we couldn't look out. We stayed on the ship for about two weeks. We landed in an area with a hilly terrain and lots of trees. This time we were seated on a comfortable van and could look around. After a couple of hours we came to what looked like a ski resort. The vans drove inside a large building. From that building was a tunnel that went to the other side of a mountain. We

were taken there and placed on a large ranch. We were given rooms in a bunkhouse. A woman came in and gave some initial instructions in Russian. We were taken one by one to be cleaned. Back in our new rooms our old clothes were gone and we were told to pick out new ones in the closet and drawers. To my horror they were all girls' clothes. This was when the nightmare really began.

"After the operation two years later I understood that my fate was sealed and I decided to make the best out of it. I decided to become the best damned girl that they had ever trained and vowed that I one day would do my best to bring the place down. And I think I've done my fair share."

"You sure have. I'm proud of you darling. Anything else you wish to tell me now?"

"One more thing. They taught us English at the ranch. But only so we could speak and understand, never to read or write. But thanks to you and your family I knew both. At the ranch they had a large library that was to our disposal. Many books were in Russian and were very neutral, but they had many books in English as well. I started reading them and soon had learned a lot about many things. I kept this knowledge to myself, however, but it has helped me tremendously in getting a High School Diploma here in the US. I'm not finished yet, but will be in the not too distant future."

"Back in Kiev I remember you as a kid with special interests in engineering and constructions, and that you were capable of fixing almost everything. What were your plans then?"

"I had plans of becoming an engineer constructing things. I still have a dream about that. But lately I have been leaning more towards scientific work, probably chemistry of some kind. The alternative is electronics, but since everybody seems to go that way I think I will stick to chemistry."

They walked along for another 30 minutes before they headed back to the house. There they put on their swimsuits and spent some lazy hours by the pool.

Later that day Vera, Katrina's sister came along with her newfound boyfriend Sam. He and Jerry were introduced to each other and became friends almost instantly. Now both the Rysjkov sisters had an American boyfriend. The brother, Peter Jr, already had a girlfriend in Kiev and they planned a wedding later that year. Both Jerry and Sam were invited to come and stay with the family during that time. For Jerry it would be a wonderful opportunity to see Kiev again. He still had lots of fond memories from that city.

After two weeks Jerry had to return. Before he left he bought Katrina an engagement ring and asked if she could come with him to DC. "I would love to, but I think you should tell your parents about me first. I love you Jerry, and I don't want to lose you again. I really want to marry you, but I think we'll wait at least one year. There's only one thing I'm really sorry for, and that is that I cannot give you a baby."

"I love you too, Katrina. I want to share the rest of my life with you. When it comes to kids we can always adopt. Please visit me in DC as soon as you can. I know my parents will love you just as much as I do. We have talked a lot about what happened seven years ago, and you have always been on our minds." Jerry gave Katrina a deep kiss before he left to catch his plane.

Back in DC Jerry told his family all about Sergej/Katrina and how he had fallen deeply in love with the girl. His parents and brother took the news very well. They were happy to hear that Sergej was alive, although in a completely different body. They also liked the thought of a marriage between the two. Jerry's father called Peter Rysjkov right away and told him that he had heard the story of Katrina and that he blessed the romance between their children. Then the mothers took over and started planning the wedding right away.

The news about Katrina and Jerry also reached J. P. Hawthorne. There they liked what they heard and decided two things. One, as soon as Katrina had graduated from College or University, she would be offered a job in one of the company's laboratories. Two, all necessary means should be taken in order to help Katrina give birth to a baby.



Chapter 12 – The Visit to J. P. Hawthorne

Later that summer a wedding took place in Chicago. It was Frank Quigley that should take his girlfriend Nina to the altar. She was now a legal female citizen of the U.S.A. and could marry any man she liked. The fact that she still had a working penis was known to only a handful, and they wouldn't say a word. The fact was that Frank had found out that he preferred girls like that.

Brad was there as Frank's Best Man, while Elena was Nina's Maid-of-Honor. Katrina was there as well. She was one of the bridesmaids. She had brought Jerry with her. After the wedding they flew to DC to meet Jerry's family.

They were so happy to see Katrina. By now they knew all about her and were so happy that she and Jerry had fallen in love. Plans for the wedding were already under way, Jerry's mother assured.

While they were in DC Katrina and Jerry received an e-mail from Teri Harris. They had met her only briefly and wondered what she wanted. They knew her only as a high executive with J. P. Hawthorne. Teri asked them if they could come to New York and see her in her office. They knew they couldn't refuse and took a plane early next day.

They took a taxi from the airport to downtown Manhattan and the J. P. Hawthorne building. They were expected and guided to a private elevator that ran straight to Teri's office. She greeted them and told them to sit down in a sofa. Katrina noticed that Teri was dressed in a dark blue two-piece business suit and pumps with 3" heels. She had medium blonde hair that reached to her shoulders. She offered them a cup of coffee.

After the first sip she said: "There is a special reason for why I've asked you to come here today. I know all about what has happened to Katrina and are so happy that the two of you have found happiness together. As you know, Jerry's father works for us now. We are very pleased with his work and would very much have Jerry as an employee later. When we have finished our coffee, we will now go to another office and meet J. P. Hawthorne in person. There you will hear the rest. When you come in, be yourself, J. P. is very informal with guests like you."

Teri guided her guests through a second door in her office and into another office just as large as the one they had left. Inside Katrina and Jerry were presented to two women. The oldest was in her late sixties and was dressed in a two-piece gray suit and gray shoes with 2" heels. Her face was beautifully made up, and her slightly gray hair framed a very intelligent face. She presented herself as J. P. Hawthorne IV.

The other woman was much younger, not many years older than Katrina and Jerry. Her business suit was light blue and she wore shoes with 4" heels. Her hair was medium blonde and quite longer than Teri's. She was presented as J. P. Hawthorne VI, the grandchild of J. P. IV.

The older J. P. took the lead right away. "Now that we are formally introduced," she said, "I think it's time for some general information about us all. We know about all about Katrina and Jerry, so it's only fair that they know as much as possible about us. But remember, everything that will be said from now on must remain within these walls. You cannot tell anything to anybody without my consent first.

"For starters I can say that all five of us in this room have XY-chromosomes. That means that we all were born as boys. My transition took place rather late in life, and I have not had an operation. If I have to I can still change into my male image, but I prefer not to. You will learn more details later. And from now on you can call me Joan. My grandchild you can call Joannie. She went through full SRS three years ago. She is married to a real girl and they have two kids together.

"Teri has also been through full SRS. That happened more than ten years ago. Her oldest daughter is actually married to Joannie. Teri is also responsible for 50% of the genes in seven or eight more kids.

"Now let me put the genetics aside for a while. I know that you Katrina have played a major part in the break-up of the organization that so shamelessly traded in human lives. Two other girls, Julia and Elena, also played major roles in this break-up. For this you will be handsomely rewarded. I was personally involved through a police officer from this

town. I'm related to him through his wife. When he told me what was going on I knew I had to be involved. I decided there and then to finance everything that had to do with repatriation of all the abductees. This again made me aware of you and the two other girls. Teri has been my coordinator and source of information here. I'm very pleased that all three of you are from the same country, Ukraine, and that makes me believe that if you are representative for the population there, investments might be worthwhile. Teri has already been in contact with Katrina's father. He will be our man there. In fact he has already worked for us several years already through one of our subsidiaries. Now he will be more closely knit to our organization.

"For you Katrina, I will pay for any education you wish to seek after you've received your High School Diploma. After graduation I will offer you a job in my organization. I know you are a very bright girl and can make it good in almost any branch of science. Just pick your choice. I haven't forgotten Jerry. His father left the State Department and he now works for me. I am very pleased with his work and I offer his son a job with me. I need people who are good in analyzing other countries' politics and thereby give me good advice on what to do next. You don't have to answer now, think about it for a short while and contact Teri and give her your answers.

"I will also fulfill one more wish of yours. Since Katrina is born with the wrong chromosomes she cannot conceive and give birth to a baby the normal way. But there are ways; you just have to have the resources to get started. What we need is an egg donor and a sperm donor. The latter is obvious, it has to be Jerry."

Jerry turned red and tried to hide his face.

"No reason to be ashamed Jerry. This is the way to go for you both. An egg donor is more complicated. In principle we could use any woman, but since we want as many as Katrina's genes as possible, we need a close relative. There are two candidates, Katrina's mother and sister. I understand that Ludmilla is close to fifty and might have entered menopause already. That could make it virtually impossible. Then we have Katrina's sister Vera. Teri has already checked with her and she is willing and ready. In fact I think she will be at the clinic later today to donate her eggs. I hope Jerry can visit my small clinic here in this building later today and do his part.

"When this is done we are ready to fertilized an egg in the laboratory and a little later implant the egg in Katrina's abdomen. The fetus will develop there just as well as it would in a normal womb. After about nine months the baby is born through a caesarean. It has been done many times before already and both Teri and Joannie have been through it."

Katrina and Jerry looked at each other. If this was true it was the best gift they could get. The baby would have 50% of its genes from Jerry and 50% from Vera, Katrina's sister. And her genes could very well have been Katrina's. They didn't hesitate for a second; they accepted the offer there and then.

"Fine," Joan went on, "I will seal this agreement with a handshake. Two reasons for this, first I won't have any records that such a thing has been done and to whom; second, I will keep this as far away from the press as possible. A Hawthorne handshake is considered just as good as any signed contract. I think Teri, the lawyer, can vouch for that."

Teri nodded and said: "You can trust Joan 100% on this. And bringing forward a baby the way she mentioned is 100% safe and very satisfying. After I had given birth the first time I finally felt like a real woman and I couldn't wait to do it one more time. I have two daughters born that way and they are doing good."

"I support every word Teri said," Joannie said, "giving birth was the ultimate thing. I plan to do it again as soon as possible."

With assurances like that Katrina and Jerry had no problems saying yes to both the job offers and the baby offer. Jerry couldn't wait to go down and give his sperm.

"I'm happy you both said yes," Joan said, "even though I knew in my heart you would. You can tell about the baby option to your families and a few close friends that know about Katrina's real background. I will also make sure, with the help of Julia's father, that all records about Sergej are erased and replaced with Katrina's. So after a few months there will be no more records showing that Sergej ever existed. All that can be found refers to the girl Katrina. The papers will also show that it was a twelve year old girl that was abducted that night seven years ago."

This was good news for Katrina. It meant that she could forget all about Sergej and place Katrina into everything she remembered from that time. Jerry would do the same in his memory and he would make sure his family did the same.

At this time it was time for lunch. Food was served in a room next door. It was not very elaborate, just enough to fill an empty stomach in the middle of the day.

After lunch they sat down and talked some more. Most of the talking was done by Katrina, however, as she talked about her life at the ranch and at the bordello. Jerry paid a visit to the clinic one floor below and donated his sperm. Katrina and Jerry were also invited to dinner at the penthouse that evening. "That might be a little difficult," Jerry said, "we only brought one set of clothes and have a ticket back to DC this evening."

"No problem," came the answer from Joan, "I will see to that your tickets are changed so you can go back tomorrow morning instead. You are invited to spend the night in the penthouse guestroom and proper clothes will be provided for you. The dress code for dinner tonight is evening clothes."

At dinner both Katrina and Jerry found themselves dressed to the nines. They were greeted with a cocktail. Katrina wore a light blue strapless evening gown that reached almost to the floor. Her make-up was dramatic and done by an expert. Her hair was set up on the top of her head. Jerry was dressed in an elegant tuxedo. In the cocktail lounge they saw that all the women were dressed in the same style as Katrina. In fact Jerry was the only man present. They were introduced to two more women. One was Catherine, Joan's spouse. She was the same age as Joan and just as elegant. The other was Annette, Joannie's spouse and Teri's daughter. She was a raving beauty just like her 'mother'.

After dinner Katrina and Jerry were the center of attention and they both had to tell more about their lives. Everybody seemed to have a genuine interest in what they were telling.

Katrina and Jerry stayed until lunch the next day. They had more talks with Joan and Teri before they left and then they were told the basics of their stories. They were just as

fascinating as Katrina's. Jerry soon understood that he had lived a dull life in comparison. Before she left Katrina asked Joan what kind of scientist/engineer she needed most.

"My main business is still construction," she said, "and I can always use someone with an innovative mind in that field. I also need someone who can make a real breakthrough in microelectronics. It seems we have hit a wall in that area right now and need to find new ways. Why do you ask?"

"I have so many areas where I would like to focus my attention and I wasn't sure if what I would chose would be of any use for you. I love engineering so I might choose that. In any case I will learn to write computer programs so I can write my own whenever I need them."

"That's a good idea. And engineering is more than good enough for me. I really need good engineers."

"Fine. Then it's settled. I only hope I can find some time to have the baby between all my reading. I would like to have a child as soon as possible."

"I suggest you then concentrate on High School and getting a child in the year to come. We can always find someone who can help you with the baby when you're in college. And please tell me when the wedding will be."

"We haven't even discussed it. Apart from our parents you will be the first to know."

"That's OK. I couldn't ask for more."

Epilogue

Katrina traveled back to Los Angeles to see her parents. She told them about her meeting with J. P. Hawthorne and what had come out of it. Her father told her that on their way back to Kiev, the whole family would stop in New York for a few days to discuss his future work for J. P. Hawthorne. I understand that J. P. will not participate himself, but leave it all to a woman named Teri Harris."

"We met her too. She is actually a lawyer, but knows a lot about everything. She will give you a good deal. And you can trust these people 100%. They are not out to screw you."

At that same flight was also Julia and her parents and Elena. They were allowed a special meeting with Joan herself. Joan gave Julia a few very valuable gifts and made her make a promise to be back when she had finished High School.

Elena also received the gifts she deserved along with a college scholarship. She also had to act as an interpreter since neither Julia nor her parents were very good in English. To help Julia with her English, Joan invited the whole Bubka family back next summer. Then they would be given proper lessons so they could talk without an interpreter afterwards.

After a few extra days in New York, The Rysjkov and the Bubka families returned to Kiev. Elena went back to L.A. to finish High School along with many of the other girls that had been freed from the bordellos. One of the girls who had been like Nina had chosen to become a man again. He turned out to be a very handsome man and he and Elena fell in love. He took his old name back.

Through the coming year lots of work had to be done in order to prepare for a trial. Some of the culprits were out on bail, but those closest to the top had been denied bail. The first trial was planned to start in February with others following closely after. Annie and Harry were sure of the outcome; all of them would be convicted. Eva and Brad, on the other hand, were not so sure; they believed that some of the big ones could get away.

The wedding of Peter Rysjkov Jr took place in September. It was a traditional Russian-Orthodox wedding in the local church. Sam Muratow was there to be with his fiancée Vera, the groom's oldest sister. She planned to move to Los Angeles after graduation the following summer. Katrina and Jerry were also there, of course. They spent their spare time walking around in their old neighborhood and reminiscing. Katrina showed Jerry the place she was abducted. It looked just like it did seven years ago. That came as no surprise since Julia had been taken from the same place only a few months earlier. Katrina also took Jerry to the farm she had been taken to. It looked even more modern now than it did then.

Katrina and Jerry also paid a visit to Julia and her parents. It was so nice to see them again. They had met numerous times in the US, but this was the first time they really got the chance to talk together in private. Katrina and Julia swore eternal friendship, and Julia was invited to stay with Katrina and Jerry when she came back for her college education.

At the wedding party Katrina told Jerry a secret. She was already more than one month pregnant and would give birth in early May. That was the best news Jerry could have. They told the news to Vera and Sam as well. They were just as happy. The two couples decided there and then that they would hold a double wedding next summer. It was only to get the three mothers to agree.

Ludmilla Rysjkov was told about the baby the next day. She was screaming with joy. Her youngest child, who had been through so much, would give her her first grandchild. No woman could have a better gift than that. She took Katrina in her arms and gave her a good hug. Tears of happiness rolled down her cheeks. She stated there and then that she wanted to be present when the baby was born. She also liked the idea of a double wedding. Giving away two daughters at the same day seemed like a big thrill to her. The Bubka family was also invited to the weddings. They only had to fit it in with their stay in the US the coming summer.

The End