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Escapades of an Erotic Spy - Part Two The Mission

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“Lieutenant?”

“And another thing!” He shot up straight, a stern tone in his voice. “Stop calling me ‘Lieutenant.’ On this mission, I’m a Swiss businessman, and you’re a single woman from Africa. That’s what our papers say. So let’s not contradict them. Don’t breathe a word about my rank to anyone. They find out I’m in the U.S. Army, and— Well, I think you know what that means.”

“So what should I call you?”

“Why don’t you try calling me ‘Faust.’”

I laughed. It struck me funny. Leaning in with clandestine mischief, I smirked, “Is that your code name?”

“No!” He furrowed his brow. “That’s my real name—Faust Ricci.”

“Oh,” I gulped with embarrassment. “Sorry.”

“At least, it’s an actual name,” he snapped. “Where’d you pull ‘Dexeter Foxe’ out of ‘Grimm’s Fairy Tales?’”

“I said I was sorry.”

“Sure, you’re always sorry about something,” he grumbled.

He pursed his lips. I could tell he was annoyed with me again. It seemed like I was forever disappointing him. Finally, he huffed, “So what were you going to ask me?...before?”

Oh, those piercing eyes.

“Nothing,” I exhaled.

While my companion settled back into his bench, ready to resume slumber, I looked out the window. Anything to get out from under the glare of those eyes. It was a lovely alpine landscape beyond the compartment window. Snowcapped mountains, trees, rivers, the occasional chalet. However, I wasn’t enjoying any of it. I felt like crying.

My companion must have snuck a peek and detected my mood.

“What is it?” He straightened up in his seat.

“Nothing important.” I kept my focus on the passing countryside.

“Come on,” he insisted. “You look like you’re about to pass out. So tell me.”

“Well, I’m sorry I’m not as savvy as you are,” I blurted. “I’m really out of my element here and just a little nervous. More than a little. You can understand that, can’t you?”

“Yes, I can understand it.” He squinted at me. “Now there’s something you need to understand. Once we enter Germany, we’re in enemy territory. And what we’re doing’s called espionage. You know what the penalty is for that. I’ll do my best to keep you as safe as I can. But there are no guarantees. So, if you don’t have the intestinal fortitude, no, let me rephrase that, Miss Foxx. If you don’t have the guts to do this, then say so now, before a whole lot of people put their lives on the line.”

I went rigid. Even he had never spoken to me in that tone before.

“Well,” he continued, “what about it? Are you in or out?”

I swallowed hard. “I’m in.”

“All right,” he said. “Try to have a little confidence in yourself. If I didn’t think you could do it, I wouldn’t be here with you. It’s risking my life, as well. And my life’s kind of important to me, Miss Foxxe.”

Just hearing him say that, I felt a little better. In fact, I felt a lot better. He had confidence in me. Up till then, I didn’t think he did.

“Maybe you could call me by my first name, too,” I said, suddenly feeling more amiable. “I mean, as long as I’m calling you by yours. You could call me Dexter if you want.”

“Dexter,” he repeated as though trying it on for size. “It’s a bit long. Would it be all right if I called you Dex?”

“If you like.”

“All right,” he said. “From now on, it’s Dex and Faust. Pleased to meet ya.”

“My pleasure.”

“Do me a favor, Dex. Wake me when we get to Bern station.” He turned sideways and tried to find a comfortable position in which to rest. “Is that my code name?” he sneered under his breath, shaking his head as he went back to sleep.

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