



Gone Wrong, Book 1

Infiltration Gone Wrong

With her cover blown, an undercover agent is left in dire peril!

BY KRISTOFFER WOLFF

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A six-part serial novel by Kristoffer Wolff

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, and events are entirely coincidental.

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INFILTRATION GONE WRONG

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Chapter 1.1

“Ugh! What now?” Carla cursed, hearing her doorbell ring. She was getting ready to leave for work and didn’t have time for this.

She opened the front door and saw a petite Asian woman standing outside. She was wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.

“Carla Poole?” the woman asked.

“Yes,” Carla answered. “Can I help you?”

“I’m Agent Kwanjai Antrai of the Transglobal Intelligence and Espionage Directorate,” the woman replied. “I understand you’re the housekeeper for a Ms. Persephone Devonshire. If I could have a moment of your time, I’d like to ask you a few questions.”

Carla froze. “I-I’m afraid my company’s confidentiality agreement prohibits discussing anything about our clients,” she stammered.

“This is a matter of national security,” insisted Kwan, “and your cooperation would be crucial.”

Carla tried not to panic. “I’m not at liberty to say anything. Unless you have a warrant, I really need to be going.”

Kwan sighed, and opened her briefcase.

Carla’s eyes darted around the neighborhood. Seeing no one, she wondered if she could subdue the much-smaller woman without anyone noticing.

Before she could formulate a plan, Kwan darted up next to her, and Carla felt a sharp sting at the base of her neck.

Carla stumbled backward and saw Kwan with an empty syringe in her hand. Her vision became cloudy and her head started spinning.

“What... What did you do to me?” she stuttered.

“It’s a harmless tranquilizer,” explained Kwan. “You’ll have a nice four- to six-hour nap, and when you wake up, it will be all over.”

“B-but,” Carla protested.

It was pointless, though. She was getting dizzy and was having problems keeping her eyes open.

Kwan led her back to the large sofa in her living room, and Carla plopped onto the padded seat.

Moments later, she was out.

Kwan opened her briefcase and took out a roll of duct tape. The sedative should keep Carla out long enough for Kwan to accomplish her task, but she needed to be sure. Carla’s husband would be home in about six hours, so it wasn’t like she would be in any real danger.

Kwan wrapped Carla’s hands behind her back and taped her ankles together. She applied a single strip of tape over Carla’s mouth and decided that was good enough.

In her briefcase, she had a collection of casual clothes. Carla had been wearing shorts and a T-shirt with her company’s logo screen-printed on it. Kwan stripped out of her suit and changed into a tank top and shorts. She

wandered through Carla's house, finding her work T-shirts in a bedroom dresser.

Kwan sighed. Carla was a much larger woman, and the shirts were two sizes bigger than she normally wore. Not a big deal, however. She could just say she liked the airiness of an oversized shirt.

She returned to the living room and gathered her things. Then she left the house, locked the door behind her, and went to her car. She put the briefcase in the trunk and got in the driver's seat.

Things had gone smoothly so far. She hoped Persephone would be equally fooled by her ruse.

Chapter 1.2

As Kwan drove toward Persephone's home, she went over the details of her mission.

Persephone Devonshire was a notorious cyber-criminal, usually operating under the handle of "P3RS3PH1". Somehow, she managed to gain access to a top-secret database of undercover agents operating around the world. It was unknown if she was going to sell the data to anyone willing to pay her hefty fee, or if it would be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Kwan's job was to infiltrate Persephone's home and either secure or destroy the data. If Persephone could be apprehended in the process, it'd be a bonus.

However, Persephone had eluded capture so far, so a direct approach wasn't viable. If she got desperate, Persephone might be willing to send the data out into the wild free of charge, so an indirect approach seemed the best option.

The house sat a fair distance off the road, at a significant distance from neighboring homes. Persephone probably wanted a bit more seclusion in order to conduct her business at all times of day. Kwan pulled into the two-lane driveway, next to the front walk.

She got out of the car, grabbed a mop and bucket from her back seat and walked up to the front door. With any luck, Persephone would buy her story and let her in. Kwan rang the doorbell.

Moments later, the door opened, but it wasn't Persephone who answered. It was a middle-aged man in slacks and a white button-up shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his

elbows. His close-cropped hair was brown and greying on the sides. He didn't look very happy.

"Can I help you?" he sneered.

Not wanting to prolong the bluff, she affected a broken accent in the hopes he wouldn't want to ask many questions.

"Hi! I Kwan," she said, bowing her head. "Carla sick, and agency send me to fill in today for you."

The man raised an eyebrow. "I see," he replied. Then he stepped back and waved his arm. "Please come in."

Kwan entered the foyer, and the man directed her to a sitting room on her left.

"Wait here," he instructed. "Ms. Devonshire prefers to meet new people before they get started."

Kwan nodded, and the man left the room. So far, so good. If Persephone also bought her act, then she might be able to accomplish at least the first part of her assignment. Apprehending Persephone was less likely, due to the presence of this new guy.

She heard footsteps approaching and changed her expression to one of extreme eagerness.

"So you're Carla's substitute?" asked the tall brunette as she entered the room with the man in tow.

Kwan was taken aback at how attractive Persephone actually was. All she'd seen in the dossier was a headshot and biographical data. Nevertheless, she had to keep up appearances.

“Yes, ma’am,” Kwan nodded enthusiastically. “I clean house very good!”

“Very well,” Persephone smirked. “I am quite busy, though, so I’ll let Crawford take care of you.”

The man walked over to Kwan. “Maybe you should start over there,” he said, pointing to a far corner of the room.

Kwan turned to see where Crawford was pointing. Then she felt a sharp blow to the back of her head seconds before the room went black.

Chapter 1.3

Kwan groaned as she awoke. She blinked several times trying to figure out why she was sitting on a couch in a strange room. Instinctively, she went to wipe her eyes only to find out she had a problem.

Her hands were tied behind her back, and worse, there was more rope knotted around her waist and between her legs, pinning them to the base of her spine. Her legs were also bound at the knees and ankles.

“What the hell?!” she exclaimed.

Kwan heard footsteps approaching the room. Crawford and Persephone entered.

“Good, you’re awake,” said Persephone, taking a seat in a nearby chair.

Crawford walked behind the couch and grabbed Kwan’s shoulders, keeping her still.

“Before you start the ‘no speak English good’ act,” said Persephone, “I already know who you are and who you work for.”

Kwan was taken aback. “How did you...?”

“Know you were lying?” Persephone interrupted. “Carla isn’t actually my maid. I met her a while back and needed her to handle some administration work. The maid angle provided her with a W-2 and taxable income, while I supplemented with cash on the side. If she were truly sick, she would have contacted me directly.”

Persephone lifted her legs on top of the coffee table between them and crossed her ankles. “As to who you are,” she continued. “Facial recognition software has come a long way in recent years. Although I had to use a few restricted-access systems, eventually it came back with your info, Ms. Kwanjai Antrai, agent of T.I.E.D.”

Kwan wasn’t sure how to respond. It seemed like Persephone already knew everything, so why the questioning?

Persephone lowered her legs to the floor and stood up. “At this point, you’re probably wondering why we’re having this conversation. It’s apparent T.I.E.D. is after the agent data I recently acquired. So, I don’t suppose you’d care to fill me in on how much they know, or what their next steps are when you don’t return with it?”

“Truth be told,” Kwan replied, “I have no idea.”

That wasn’t a lie, either. T.I.E.D. deliberately kept its agents unaware of higher-level details in order to prevent them divulging sensitive material under questioning or duress.

“Then you’re useless to me,” said Persephone, nodding at Crawford.

Crawford’s hands lifted from Kwan’s shoulders. Seconds later, she saw a white cloth drop in front of her face.

“Wha-?” she managed to exclaim before Crawford wedged the rag between her teeth and knotted it tightly behind her head.

“Make sure she can’t go anywhere, then help me get our stuff together,” Persephone said before leaving the room.

“Yes, ma’am,” Crawford replied as he walked around the couch to face Kwan.

The helpless agent whined as he pulled several coils of rope from his pockets.

Chapter 1.4

Kwan kicked at Crawford with her bound legs, but he easily caught the awkward blow.

“Nice try,” he sneered, lifting Kwan’s legs upward and pulling her down on the couch.

Then he turned Kwan so she was lying on her stomach. He propped a knee on her buttocks to hold her in place as he unfurled one of the rope coils.

Crawford doubled the rope and reached under Kwan’s waist to pull the loop around. He passed the rope through the loop and tightened it around her waist and arms. He circled her wrists with the rope and tied a quick knot.

He split the two ends, then took them around Kwan’s waist again in opposite directions. Taking them in one hand, he used the other to roll Kwan on her back. He tied another knot around the ropes already binding her waist. Then he threw one of the ends over the back of the couch and dropped to one knee to tie the other to the couch’s front leg. When he finished, he walked behind the couch and pulled the other taut and tied it to the back leg.

“I’ll bet you can guess what’s coming next,” he gloated as he returned to the coffee table and picked up the other rope.

Kwan had a good idea. She debated kicking at him again, but decided he might make it worse if she did so.

Again, Crawford doubled the rope, but this time wrapped it around her ankles, cinching it to the ropes already there. Like before, he tied an end to the front and back legs of the couch.

“That should hold you,” he said. “Just lie there and be good until we come back.”

Kwan growled as Crawford left the room. She tugged against the rope binding her hands, but they wouldn't budge. Although she had some movement, it wasn't anywhere near enough to free herself.

Why did they have to gag her? The house was far enough back that even if she yelled at the top of her lungs, no one would hear her. It seemed like an unnecessary indignity, but that was likely the point.

Kwan relaxed as much as she could and tried to think. They'd kept her alive, so at least she had that going for her. T.I.E.D. would likely send more agents when she didn't check in, but Kwan had no idea what that timetable looked like.

Still, Persephone said they were “getting their stuff together.” That meant the two of them were likely getting ready to flee. If that was the case, then where did she figure into their plans?

Chapter 1.5

About twenty minutes later, Kwan had her suspicions confirmed. Persephone and Crawford walked through the hallway carrying some luggage and a pair of laptop cases. They walked outside, and Kwan thought she heard car doors opening and closing.

Kwan twisted her arms some more, but the ropes still held fast.

The pair returned to the house and walked toward the back of the house again.

The suspense was driving Kwan crazy. She hated not knowing what was going on, and even more since she was helpless to prevent it.

She heard footsteps in the hallway again, only this time they stopped at the room's entrance.

“Get this stuff loaded in the car,” said Persephone. “I’ll say good-bye to our guest and join you in a moment.”

Persephone strolled into the room with her hands behind her back. “Agent Antrai, I’d like to say this has been a pleasure, but only one of us lying to the other is enough for one day. Crawford and I will be relocating, and as they say in the business world, your services are no longer required.”

Kwan gasped as Persephone brought her hands around, revealing a large brick of C-4 explosive with an attached timer.

“Good, you know what this is, so that will save us some time,” Persephone said, sitting the device on the table in front of Kwan. She pressed a button, and the one-hour display began counting down.

“It’s a shame,” mused Persephone. “I really liked this house. So long!” Persephone waved as she left the room and walked out the front door.

Kwan’s muffled screams went ignored as she heard a car start up and drive off. As the seconds ticked away on the timer, Kwan wondered if she’d be able to escape in time.

TO BE CONTINUED

Up Next

Gone Wrong, Book 2



Rescue Gone Wrong

**She thought the danger was over, but
she couldn't have been more wrong!**

BY KRISTOFFER WOLFF

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