

# Shadow Ops:

THE SECRET EXPLOITS OF PRISCILLA ROLETTI

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By Mike DeClemete



## Chapter 1

At night, even the clearest sea water looked as dark as space, as creatures of all shapes and sizes from the depths of the sea scurried about searching for food, while others tried not to be the meal for the larger hunters. One such fish, a small, odd looking creature, with blue and yellow color to it, was at the bottom of the ocean floor poking around. All of a sudden a cleverly concealed fish, looking like the seabed below it, came to life, and snatched the fish into its gaping maw. Before the hunter could enjoy its meal, though, something moved past it, startling it. It was a mini-sub made of steel as black coal. This beast had two small propellers that moved it with hardly any sound at all, leaving small bubbles in its wake. Within the mini-sub was its occupant who could be seen from the neck up, encased in a glass cover. Inside the sub there were two monitors with read-outs, one was the sonar, the other radar, with a control yoke just in the middle.

The black clad person was observing them, checking and re-checking making sure the course was correct. The water was slowly getting shallow, and the bright light of the moon could be seen up above through the calm clear surface. At about twenty feet, the sub stopped, and the figure released the airlocks. Bubbles filled the area, rapidly popping as they hit the surface. The figure then swam toward the surface, stopping just two feet from penetrating the flat calm sea. Floating now, powerful legs going back and forth like scissors, kept the figure in place. Looking around from a fast count, there were about eight hulls sporadically scattered on the surface. The boats above were no doubt patrol boats watching the seas with sharp eyes.

The figure swam to each of the hulls. In the darkness, it would fiddle about at each and every one for a few moments. Finally done, the figure made its way to the dock. It could see the thick wooden legs in the water going down into the seabed below.

Sitting by the dock was another boat, and the figure went to it as well doing whatever it did to the other hulls before. The figure then swam to a ladder connected to the dock. It grabbed the slimy rung, pulled up, and poked its head out. You could not see who it was. The person's head was covered, as well as the eyes, with thick looking goggles. Staying there for a moment longer, conversations could be heard coming from the boats but not knowing which boat exactly. It didn't matter really, as long as no one aboard saw the figure. The figure pulled itself out of the water slowly without so much as a splash, then quickly climbed up the ladder and went for the shadows of the speedboat that was docked there. Once there, the figure crouched motionless like a tiger. The dock area was clear, and the beach looked clear of anyone as well. There seemed to be no one nearby other than a speedboat and some other boats out in the bay area. The figure stood up slowly. In a skin-tight wetsuit, the body of a woman was revealed; a very fit-looking, shapely, yet curvy well-proportioned woman. She had the firmness of an athlete. She ran for the beach not making a sound. As she ran, there were no lights illuminating the beach, only the bright light of the moon. Further down the beach there were trees. She made her way there, hiding near the trees shadows, watching for the sudden surprise that might lie in wait of unwanted trespassers.

Crouching down again, she tapped her goggles. Before her eyes was a computer-generated map of a mansion that was right above her head on a small mountaintop overlooking the Caribbean Sea. She looked over the map, memorizing where she needed

to go and how to get there. Satisfied, she tapped her goggles again to see in night vision. Wrapped around her was a pouch that she tightened so it would not bounce around at her hip. Concealed behind the pouch was a Berretta 9mm that was holstered. She grabbed a silencer tucked in her wet suit, screwed it on and went on her way. The sandy road that went up to the mansion had wooded areas on both sides that were made up of palm trees and thick bushes. She made her way to the target, still cautious as she trekked through the woods, checking for any type of booby traps, trip wires, or motion sensors.

Considering whom the place belonged to, you would think that security was going to be much tighter than it was. About a half hour later, she was there. She took it slow through the woods, the real time to the target from the beach would have only taken about ten minutes by foot but she was worried about making noise or being seen. Once there, she came across a wall that looked as if it spun around the entire property. She stood by a tree in the darkness looking around for something, anything that might be hiding. Satisfied, she climbed the tree she was standing by going only half way up. Now, with a better view, she once again tapped the side of her goggles to scan the area with infrared. There were a few sentries of all shapes and sizes. From what she could tell at her vantage point, there were a half dozen men on the mansion's balcony walking as if strolling in a mall with automatic weapons slung over their shoulders. There was a check point at the main gate leading into the property, manned by two guards and an unknown number of other guards walking the area most likely. She could not see the whole area from where she was, but she did find two cameras from what she could see so far. The guardsmen were going back and forth slowly, watching the grounds, but their range was limited. They were not going to be a problem though, since their point of view was not near where she

was planning to enter. Therefore, they wouldn't be able to spot her. She reached inside the bag she had around her shoulder, grabbing two items. Jumping down, she crawled to the front of the gate making no sound, slowing her breath for fear of being heard in the stillness of the night. The two guards were less than six feet from her now. One was in the booth, the other pacing back and forth behind the closed gate. She placed the two items near the gate itself, flipping their switches. She then proceeded to make her way back further along the wall. When she was far enough, she got back up on her feet and started to hasten her speed all the while remaining as quiet as a mouse. When she was about thirty feet from the front gate, she stopped, looking once again at the wall and the surrounding area.

The wall itself looked very un-climbable; there was no place to grip. The surface was too smooth. It was made of a plaster-like material, beige in color. There was a nearby tree she climbed feeling defenseless, but only for the moment. She pulled herself up onto a strong looking limb that was close enough to the wall she thought. She walked on it, testing it as she went along. She stopped around the middle checking the surrounding area where she planned to go. Satisfied, she bounced in place a few times, hoping the tree limb would serve its purpose, then finally she took to the wall. Using her strong legs she pushed off. She cleared the wall flipping forward over it, coming down into a crouch on the soft green grass that covered almost the entire area. With her sidearm ready, she sprinted closer to the house going from shadow to shadow.

The courtyard had neatly cut bushes and trees that held the shadows well. The bushes were thick enough to hide in. She came to a hedge, staying concealed inside it for a few seconds then moving on, she heard voices, but they were too far off in the distance to bother her. She ran and dove into a group of bushes in one smooth motion, hiding

underneath. Tapping again at her goggles, a three-dimensional map appeared on the left side. The most likely least guarded entry point would be the servant's quarters.

The mansion appeared to be very nice. It had elegance to it. There were two large marble columns in the front, and at a quick count, five on the side of the house. The place was completely white with beige shingles on the roof. The mansion had two floors, and the square footage was huge according to the three-dimensional map on her goggles.

She looked back to her left where the front of the mansion was located and saw a fountain pool sprinkling water from what looked to be two naked women made of stone. They were holding water jugs over their heads back-to-back. Beyond the fountain was a stone walkway that led to the marble steps of the main entrance. The servants' quarters were to the right of the walkway. She could see the way from where she was, mindful of staying concealed for a few seconds longer. Cautiously she finally took off. Coming off the grass onto the cold hard stone, she came up to the servant's quarters and proceeded down to the door. Standing in front of it, she stood still listening for anyone that might have come nearby. No guards had seen her as she crept around thus far. She tried the doorknob...locked. She reached inside her bag and pulled out a lock pick that typically worked on ninety-eight percent of the world's locks. She hoped this wasn't one of the two percent. Fiddling with it, she heard the faint click of the cylinders unlocking. She cracked the door open and realized the lights were out. Flipping back to night vision, she opened the door some more, sidearm ready for the unexpected. And crept inside.

The place looked closed down for the night. Closing and relocking the door, she walked further into the kitchen. At first sight the mansion's interior looked expensive as

she noticed the black and white marble tiles and a slew of expensive culinary pots and pans that hung over the middle island.

There was a window that pointed toward the courtyard with the shades closed, and to her right was a brick oven. She looked around some more and found a conventional oven. Before going to it, she went down the hall where she saw the dumbwaiter to her right and a laundry room situated right before the two servants rooms. The three doors were closed with no sound coming from any of them. Satisfied with her surroundings, she went over to the oven and placed her gun down on the counter, but at close reach in case she needed it. She examined the stove more, hoping to find what she was looking for and she did. She moved the stove out only far enough to get her hand behind it and began to drag it outward. As she did, the oven made a slight sound. She stopped to listen if anyone could have heard the noise.

After she dragged the oven far enough, she went for her knife that she had strapped to her ankle. She needed to cut the gas line leading to the stove. The moment she sliced the line, the smell of gas immediately struck her. She reached into her bag and grabbed another needed item, sticking it to the back of the metal stove and flipping the switch on. Grabbing her sidearm again, she made her way to the dumbwaiter, quietly she opened the doors and looked inside. Eyeballing the space, she thought she would probably fit. Hitting the button to go up, she quickly hopped in, and closed the doors continuing on her way. It was actually pretty fast for a dumbwaiter. Reaching its destination, the dumbwaiter came to a stop with a loud thump. Afraid she made too much noise she held her breath to listen if anybody had heard it. When she was finally convinced nobody had,

she opened the door and crawled out. According to the map, her target's office was around the corner, first door on the left actually.

The hallway was huge. There were three different ways to go; she saw a hallway in front and two more to the left and right of her. She peeked down the hallway she had to go through and saw more marble flooring with a red carpet down the middle. She then spotted the two white double doors with gold handles. Just as she was going to go down toward them, they opened. Two scantily clad woman came walking out going the opposite direction giggling and talking.

Fucking whores, she thought. Why women degrade themselves, hanging out with low lives just because they have money was something she would never understand. She started to turn the corner, but suddenly stopped when she heard more voices coming from the other way. It was two male voices talking in Spanish. She cursed to herself, holstering her firearm. She waited. Damn, she said. She was hoping to make a clean getaway tonight, but that didn't look like it was going to happen. As they came closer, she cursed their slowness. Finally, they turned the corner. She immediately grabbed the guard on the right and jabbed him in the throat. He gagged. Eyes bulging, taking in gasps of air, he went down holding his neck as his face turned red then purple. The other guard then grabbed her by the shoulder. The moment he was about to shout for backup, she turned around shoving his hand off her and kicked him off his feet. He hit the floor with a loud thud, head hitting the unforgiving marble. As he lie there in a daze, she mounted him and snapped his neck. She turned to the other guard that was still trying to gasp for air and quickly snapped his neck, too.

She picked up the bodies, but struggled a bit. She was strong, but picking up dead weight and moving them was not easy. They must have weighed 200 pounds each, she thought. Taking longer than she liked, she finally stuffed them inside the dumbwaiter. With all the noise she was making now, it was a wonder no one came to investigate. Before barely closing the door, she threw in something and closed it as best she could. Hesitating no more, she went to the double doors. She didn't have much time before the two dead guards went missing. "Damn it," she whispered. The double doors were locked. She quickly picked them and cracked the doors open just enough to see her target at his large oak desk with his back to the door, fiddling around on a computer.

She opened the doors a bit more and went inside. She couldn't tell if it was an office or a bedroom. It was probably both with its white wall-to-wall carpeting, an unmade bed, two couches, a coffee table, a big screen TV and an unused fireplace. He had statues of naked woman in seductive poses, one large painting of himself above the fireplace and a few other expensive pieces of art. She walked toward his desk in quick, quiet steps. Reaching it, she pointed her gun at the back of his head. Without saying a word, she fired. Blood shot out from the front of his forehead, splattering on the white wall and the computer screen. She walked to him, turned him around and placed two more rounds in his chest then kicked him off his chair. He fell to the floor with a thud.

She detested men like him. She holstered her weapon, threw her bag on his desk and reached inside pulling out four small cubes of c-4 with detonators and a zip drive stick. However; it wasn't a necessity to use the zip drive. She brought it along only if the opportunity presented itself and it did. She installed it into the tower and an option popped up on the computer screen. With a gloved hand, she wiped away the blood mixed with

fragments of bone and brain tissue to see what she had to click. She hit yes and the zip started to download the whole hard drive while at the same time burning out the computer. She went back to the double doors she came in through, locked them, and placed the two c-4 cubes on each of the metal hinges. The bottom of the cubes had a magnetic strip. She flipped the switches, and a tiny red light came on indicating they were both armed. The detonators were motion sensors, so when the door opened even an inch they would go off.

Now there were two ways out of here, the double doors she came through and the double glass doors leading outside to the balcony that wrapped around almost the whole house. She placed the other two c-4 cubes on the metal hinges of the doors leading outside, but didn't set them. She looked at the computer. "Fuck, still not done yet," she whispered to herself. It was at that moment, the very thing she knew would happen, did. There was a knock at the door. The thud from kicking him off the chair or from the noise she made lugging the guards in the dumbwaiter probably alerted someone.

"Oh, fuck," she said to herself. "Come on you piece of shit, finish!"

The knocks got louder and harder. Angered voices could be heard outside the doors, she looked at the c-4, waiting for them to go off from the vibration. Finally, to her delight, the sound of a faint bell was heard. There was the message of Download Complete. She took the data stick out, placing it inside her wetsuit and soon after the tower started to smoke. She walked to the double glass doors leading out to the cool night breeze; reaching inside her wetsuit again, she pulled out a cell phone, which like the data stick was waterproof. She went to a menu screen and armed not only the two c-4 cubes she just placed at the glass doors, but also the ones she set up around the servants' quarters before entering the house earlier. Everything was just awaiting the touch of a single button. As she ran the

length of the balcony, she could see inside other rooms through the white-laced curtains that were down over the occupant's door.

She was running too fast to see what was exactly going on. She was at a good pace when she heard the first explosion. That was her cue to set off the other c-4 cubes she placed on the dead guards in the dumbwaiter. Another boom went off, but the sound was more muffled as she made her way to the front of the house. She could see her exit. She was going to leave the same way she came, but she saw that obstructing her exit was a gathering of guards in two Jeeps with an automatic rifle mounted on each. From what she could hear, the officer in charge was barking orders. She knew some Spanish, but this fucking guy was talking a mile a minute. Phone in hand, she looked to the servants' quarters, pressing a button once again. That area went up in a ball of fire. The guards' faces lit up with the light of the flames as they got into their Jeeps and sped off. Some raced to the scene, which split the group in half.

Orders were given to the rest who then bolted inside while three stayed outside. She knew she could handle three guards and started to climb over the balcony going in closer. But she never made it over. She was grabbed from behind, and thrown down hard to her side. Her attacker was a guard. He gave her no time to recover as he was already coming for her. She swept him off his feet as he approached her bringing her leg up and forcefully bringing it back down like an ax into his groin. He sat up in pain, grabbing his crotch then was smashed in the face by a strong kick. She was now back on her feet. She had lost her weapon and had no time to look for it. She jumped down to the roof below, and ran across to where the three guards were, who were looking the other way. There was too much noise for them to hear her running across to them. Looking over, she still saw the

other guards by the destroyed part of the mansion trying to contain the fire. She was almost at the edge of the roof when gunfire buzzed past her from behind barely missing her. Chunks of the roof were hitting her. She was at the edge and the three guards looked up and saw her.

They all leveled their weapons. They fired, but a split second before they opened up on her she moved. She jumped off diving head first toward the ground, hands out to take the impact. Springing to her feet, she was right next to the nearest guard snapping his elbow and grabbing his rifle in yet another smooth motion. The other two guards were fast but not fast enough. When they turned to fire, they spread out. She grabbed the fallen guard she had just disarmed, and put him close to her like a human shield, taking out the guard on her left while the other one opened up killing his comrade. With the slight hope that his bullets, would go through the man and into her. With a well aimed bullet in the head, he fell over still firing rounds into the air. She bolted toward the gate, gunfire still coming from the balcony. She now saw the guards were increased from two to four. From a distance, they saw her running toward them and opened the gate. They ran at her firing. During the whole commotion, she caught some of the others' attention as well. One of the Jeeps turned around to chase her from where the fire was still blazing.

Cell phone in hand now, she detonated the c-4 that was by the gate taking out the guards nearby before they were out of range. She ran like a bat out of Hell to the dirt road slipping into the wooded area for cover. The Jeep crashed through the gates seconds later swinging them in the other direction. They shined a light in the woods where she was running taking random shots at whatever they saw moving. Soon, guards started to follow

her into the woods. She slowed her pace as she saw the beach ahead where the sub was waiting for her. She stopped right before the clearing, and saw the Jeep trailing. The sandy road was slowing it down. She could make it, but it would be close. The boats on the water were now alive with activity; they were searching for something. Each one had two spotlights as bright as the sun. Fast chatter could be heard from them. During the commotion someone must have radioed the boats and alerted them of an intruder that had breached the area. She took in a deep breath and ran; she ran with all the strength that her muscles could give. But the sand kept slowing her pace.

“Almost there,” she whispered, practically out of breath. The Jeep came around the twisting road, fishtailing a bit. The bullets came close. Besides the sound of gunfire that whistled in her ears, she heard the boats with their engines idling. In their haste, the gunners on the bow of the boats opened fire, but they were too far and the bouncing of the waves made their aim way off. When she was on the dock, she took off jumping. As she dove for the water, a bullet came out of nowhere and grazed her thigh. Once in, she swam down fast to get to the sub that was waiting there and climbed in, not even resealing the air lock. She powered it up, placing it at maximum speed and was off to the open sea. On the dashboard of the sub there was a life support system just in case you could not air lock it. She grabbed for the mouthpiece and took in a gulp of air.

She started to catch her breath, but her heart still beat fast as she heard bullets hitting the water. Within a few moments she sank to the bottom. She now felt she was in a safe area as she looked up to see the hulls going in all directions at maddening speeds. She took out her cell phone and the zip drive that was wedged against her breasts in the fitted wetsuit, and for one last time pressed a button. Two seconds later, the entire surface above

her came apart in a muffled-out sound of destruction. She could feel the shock waves coming down towards her. As she looked up each and every hull had exploded. Seconds later debris was slowly floating down to the depths of the sea along with men burnt beyond recognition. She followed the homing beacon seven miles out. As she came closer, the beeping got louder until finally it stopped. The sub rose from the depth like a sea creature and sat before a rundown fishing boat that looked as if it could sink at any moment. She looked up at a friendly face, a man in his mid-50s with a white beard, ratty clothes and a captain's hat. His face had grown old from the wear and tear of the sea.

"Ahoy...everything go ok? The old man asked. "That was some explosion I just saw. Looked like a ball of fire reaching for the night sky." She did not answer him, so he thought better not to push the issue. Finally he broke the silence again.

"Here miss. You be needing a hand aboard?"

Still she did not answer him, but held out her hand, answering his question. He took her hand and pulled her on the deck with very little effort. She reached back over the side of the boat toward the sub and removed a small part of the console that revealed a red switch. Pressing it, the sub sank back down to the bottom of the sea. The CPU inside would find the deepest point and enable the self-destruct button. She turned back to the salty sailor staring at her. It almost seemed as if he was checking her out. He then smiled at her with an embarrassed grin. He pointed to her wounded leg that was bleeding.

"Looks like you were hit. I got a first aid kit downstairs with a change of clothes for ya. Should be about a four to six hour trip back to the states, so rest up. There's some food for ya as well, and if you be needing anything, the name's Earl." As he finished, she noticed he was missing a tooth or two, but nonetheless, he was kind.

“Thank you Earl,” she said coldly.

He tipped his hat to her, then went to the ladder climbing it to the fly deck. The ship was fairly large and bulky. The captain started the engines that sounded more like they were on the wrong ship; they had the sound of a speedboat. The ship tipped up a bit. This bulky, slow-looking ship was actually a Hydro foil with speedboat engines roaring as he gunned it. She almost lost her footing at the unexpected burst of speed.

“Where do they dig these guys up?” She was referring to the captain, one of the many local contacts in certain areas of the world, living in their cover even when not having to do so. Finally on their way, she sat down on what looked like a cooler, but it was a little too dark out to tell. She was taking in the sea breeze that should have felt good, but unfortunately for her, she hated it. In fact, she hated boats with a passion. No matter what she did or took she would never feel good while on a boat. She had been in high-speed boat chases before, but when bullets are being shot at you, or when you are trying to control a vehicle you had very little control of to begin with, you would tend to forget the seasickness, well sometimes anyway. It was really a mind over matter type of thing.

She took off her goggles and slid back the headpiece of the wetsuit to reveal shoulder-length, thick, blonde hair and blue eyes that sparkled like sapphires. She stared up at the night sky that was clear except for a few stars poking about here and there that kept the full moon company. Now, as to the identity of this beautiful femme fatal. Her name is Priscilla Roletti, code name: Blondie. She is a field agent for the U.S Government; a special branch of the CIA known to few as Shadow Ops. Shadow Ops was put into effect soon after Ronald Reagan was elected into office. He wanted a safer world for everyone to live in. He felt that to do so one needed people that didn't follow the rules like the

adversaries. There were strict regulations when chosen, mostly psychological; one didn't want their trained weapon to turn on them. Once that was established the individuals were specially trained in hand to hand combat, weapons and espionage. Their number one objective was to snuff out any and all threats foreign or domestic with extreme prejudice. They answered to no one except their one superior and the President if need be. Very few from other agencies knew of them, to many they were whispers in the wind. Agents could and would do whatever they had to do to complete a mission. They faced things that people would never believe or would want to even see. Priscilla has been a field agent for almost twenty years now, risking both life and limb for the free world.

When not on missions, all field agents had normal lives. Some had families with kids and they all had real jobs as well, whether it was working in an office as a stockbroker or to a clerk at Target. They would still get paid a weekly salary from "the company," even when not on a mission. Priscilla studied nursing years ago and used that as her cover story, when she had too. In her spare time or when she felt like it, she would do odd jobs here and there. It was mostly out of boredom; she loved to buy and sell, and from time to time, she would go with a friend that she knew for many years to a local flea market where he worked. She did not need the money by any means. Over the years, she made smart moves investing in stocks and bonds along with some shady gains she picked up along the way. She was not crooked but during a mission if there were large amounts of money to be found lying around, she certainly didn't hesitate taking some. It wasn't like anybody would miss the money anyway.

She kept her business to herself and what she did, to anyone else she was a director of nurses on a board of health committee. It was the best cover for her since she

always had to leave for days at a time. She would simply say she had to go out of town on health-related seminars. It was the easiest cover for the lifestyle she lead, but her first job was being a mom.

She was single, and never married. She had two beautiful kids, a boy and a girl. Her daughter was fourteen, and her son was nine; and these kids, they kept her on her toes that's for sure. It was sort of ironic; she was this cold-blooded killer agent and yet a pushover at times when it came to her kids. When she wasn't working for "the company," she liked to spend time with her children. Nowadays, being a single mom was hard, kids today were always on the go. She came out of her thoughts just as the speeding boat was rocked by a wave; she was not feeling so hot now. She went down below, there was some food on the table. The site of it made her feel worse. She cursed herself for not remembering to take the Dramamine that worked from time to time. Near the table was a small bed, she sat at the edge. What made it bad also was that the boat had the smell of saltwater and fish. She stretched out on the bed stuffing her face in the pillow trying to block the rancid stench of the boat. At least the pillow didn't reek of saltwater. She rolled over and closed her eyes, hopefully when she woke up they would be in port.