

Paul Katsitis

Spy



Mikonos Crime 5

Original Title in German/Greek: “Spione”

So far in this series appeared:

Mikonos Crime 1 Abducted

Mikonos Crime 2 Confusion

Mikonos Crime 3 The Prince

Mikonos Crime 4 The beast

Mikonos Crime 5 Spy

Mikonos Crime 6 Ambassador (Apr 20)

Published in German and Greek:

**Mykonos Crime 1 Die Bestie von Mykonos**

**Mykonos Crime 2 Rache**

**Mykonos Crime 4 Der Drei-Sterne-Mord**

**Mykonos Crime 5 Tattoo**

**Mykonos Crime 6 Skalpell**

**Mykonos Crime 7 Hass**

**Mykonos Crime 8 Sturm über Mykonos**

**Mykonos Crime 9 Die Maske**

**Mykonos Crime 10 Abseits**

**Mykonos Crime 11 Glut**

**Mykonos Crime 12 Putsch**

**Mykonos Crime 13 Royals**

**Mykonos Crime 14 Traumata**

**Mykonos Crime 15 Khaled**

**Mykonos Crime 16 Spione**

**Mykonos Crime 17 Botschafter (Apr 20)**

English and German/Greek volumes have different numbers!

Unfortunately, many gay books remain unpublished because translation costs are high, and publishing is therefore unprofitable.

So, I asked a Greek friend who was born in London to translate the series. He is not a professional translator.

So, come across mistakes: smile and read on. And remember: His English is certainly better than your Greek :)

Thanks, Antonis!

Each volume deals with a completed case, so the volumes do not need to be read in order.

All the books of the series were set in Greece.

Since Greek typesetters cannot detect any mistakes in English, there are certainly more mistakes in the book than in a normal book.

But so at least a few euros remain in Greece.



**Angelos Nikakis, 30,** was chief commissioner in Thessaloniki. During a vacation in Mikonos he met

**Alexandros Nikakis (formerly Galis), 36,** the chief commissioner on Mikonos.

One week after getting to know each other, they got married.

A year later, Angelos Nikakis was elected mayor. The first gay mayor in Greece.

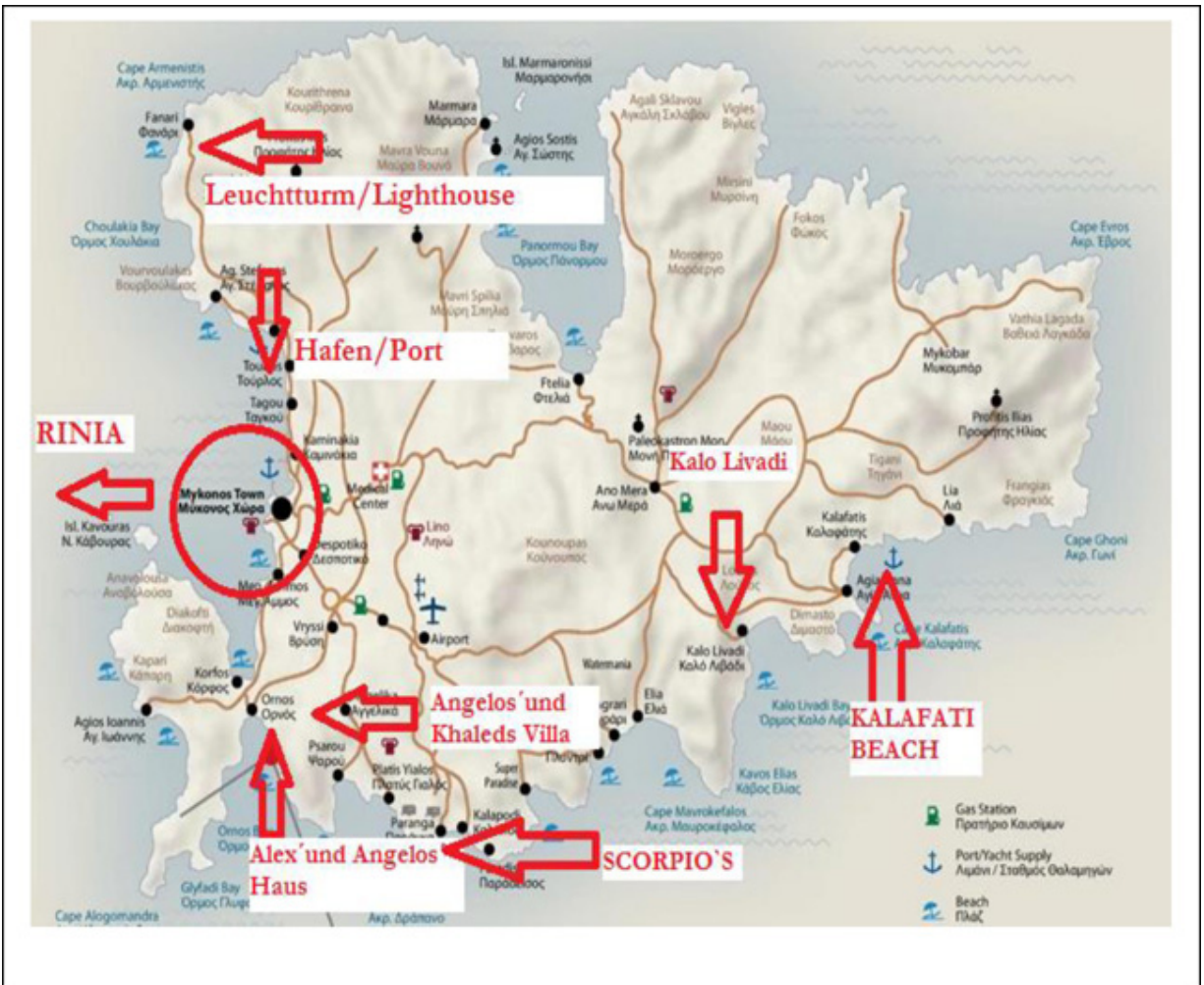
Everything went perfect – until ...



**Khaled Al-Massawi, 25**, arrived for a short break on Mikonos. Khaled is crown prince of a small Emirate and fell madly in love with Angelos, who suddenly did not know anymore to whom he belongs.

Finally, Angelos and Alex separated and now Angelos and Khaled live together.





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1

Emre Ayhan stood on the roof terrace of the "Café Orient" in Istanbul's district of Galata and looked after the man he had just been talking to for half an hour.

The man ran close to the wall of the house and Ayhan had to lean over the parapet to follow him.

Ayhan smiled inwardly. Trained behavior of an agent which can never be switched off.

"I don't understand what he wanted here", asked Ayhan's deputy Burak Demiral.

"Nothing that he presented to us was something new. We are aware of the American plans to massively arm the Kurds if we cross the current border of the corridor to the south. And even if not, he could have given us the information through the normal channels. He could have spared the trip!"

Emre Ayhan, head of the Turkish secret service MIR, had to agree with him.

In addition, Victor Blochin looked more than nervous. The information really didn't justify the state of excitement he showed. There had to be something else. But I have no idea what it could be. The relationship with the Russians was ambivalent. On the one hand, they helped to drive the Kurds out of northern Syria, and in return Ankara acquired dozens of missile systems. Still, one had to keep in mind that Russia had wanted to control access to the Black Sea for 300 years, and in the past few years, submarine incidents in the Marmara Sea have increased.

And the great sultan in Ankara has already passed his spiritual zenith. After a meeting, you never knew if his opinion would be the same the next day. So Ayhan had

made it a habit to record the conversations. The detectors in the ridiculously oversized palace were installed by us and Ayhan had given instructions to modify them somewhat.

Not that the sultan gets the idea of getting rid of me, Ayhan thought.

What the hell did Blochin want here?

All the way from Moscow to Istanbul because of some ordinary papers? It was not unusual for people to meet in these circles to build up a certain kind of trust, if this is possible in the world of spies. However, it does not fit the SWR \*, the Russian foreign intelligence service. High-ranked Officers travelling was more than unusual.

Ayhan turned and said to Demiral:

"I find it much stranger that he comes on foot.

Can the Russian intelligence service \* no longer afford a car?"

Except they don't know about the visit. And you better avoid a taxi, because most of them have cameras inside. At least in Istanbul, only taxis upgraded this way receive a license.

But Blochin came and left on foot, showing the typical behavior of a person who believes it is being persecuted. And he had sweated a little too much during the meeting. Well, Russians sweat everywhere, but at 13 degrees?

"What are we going to do, boss?", Demiral asked.

"What do you think? Shadow him. And woe, you will mess it up!"

## 2

And Victor Blochin was actually sweating. Anything else would not be normal, because an agent on duty has to sharpen all his senses, make an effort not to move too quickly or to move at arrow's speed. Today Blochin had to force himself to walk as normal as possible.

Because surely this bastard Ayhan looked after him. That's why he chose the café with a terrace to the street.

Blochin, like most Russians, despised everything Turkish. They were and they are the real, main enemy and had been for 300 years. In addition, their behavior was grotesquely contrary to the size of their country. A mini-state compared to Russia! But Blochin does not allow himself to make further intellectual excursions. He had to make sure that he could leave this dirty juggernaut Istanbul unnoticed. Everything was planned carefully and had been for over a year. At first, Blochin - like almost every member of the SWR and FSB secret services - was happy about the takeover by the "new Tsar" because he wanted to restore Russia's old size. But it soon became clear that the new rule really resembled that of the old tsarist empire. Only a small clique benefited - the rest starved. The beautiful boutiques and skyscrapers couldn't hide that either. Blochin recognized the conquest of the Crimea for what it was: a patch of propaganda to distract ordinary people from their misery.

And when Blochin was ignored over during the annual promotions, this was the last straw.

He, one of the most capable hackers in the country, now had to follow orders of a young man who was already

overstrained by simple source codes, but whose father was one of the Tsar's friends.

I would have deserved the post, no one else.

The office for digitization in the SWR. And they were successful. Much more than the Americans or the Chinese. While they were still surfing in the Internet, we Russians were already hacked their computers, Blochin thought with a smile. The gentlemen in Washington and Langley thought that the concentrated expertise is gathered in Silicon Valley and the rest of the world is still working with Commodore computers.

Therefore, Victor Blochin despised the Americans, yet he had realized that he had reached the end of the career ladder in Moscow. His age, 45, was already above the age limit in the field of computer science. It would be different in America. There he would be needed, respected and paid well.

As much as he despised the new fuss of the Moscow upper class, the reason for this was that he couldn't afford such a life. The first quality that God endowed man with: envy.

He finally reached the parking lot of the Lidl supermarket in the southern outskirts of Istanbul. He acted as if he would have to tie his shoelaces and was able to look inconspicuously for a possible Semtex gift, even if it could not be, because he was not yet considered "deserted".

He started the engine.

Victor, now the most important journey of your life starts!

He had chosen the parking lot because it was only 300 meters away from the next motorway exit. He turned right and onto the O-5.

Then he passed the sign: Izmir 480 kilometers.

### 3

**T**he chase vehicle had been waiting for him 50 km south of Istanbul. Ayhan had rightly suspected that someone who runs south would go south. And Izmir as the destination seemed logical. From there it was only a few kilometers to the Western countries, because the closest Greek islands were only a few hundred meters off the Turkish coast. A constant annoyance which exists since 1923. In the Treaty of Lausanne, it was decided: the mainland comes to Turkey (previously it was Greek), but Greece receives all the islands. \* So Blochin could swim across whatever his actual goal might be. Of course, he could also have planned a rendez-vous with a Russian ship, although this wouldn't make sense.

Another goal: unknown. Is he on a mission or is he fleeing? It was this question that made Ayhan hesitate to invite Mr. Blochin to a brief interruption in his trip. In the worst case, Moscow could become upset and the Sultan would get one of his dreaded tantrums.

Ayhan had a brilliant idea. He ordered his deputy to appear in his office.

"Burak, good of you to come. I don't think that Blochin does anything of interest. Let us set our sights a little lower! The agents should stay with him, but not intervene. You take over and report to me. That's it! " Burak Demiral knew the old man only too well. If the mysterious process end in a disaster, it sticks to me and the fine gentlemen would be out of the fire, Demiral thought.

## 4

Victor Blochin had planned everything very carefully and therefore had an advantage over his pursuers, who did not even know why they were following the car. And they were for sure from a subdivision or even freelancer. It would have taken some time to prepare a professional observation, but the message came too shortly to send a professional team onto the O-5.

And so it didn't take a long time before Blochin noticed the unobtrusive Ford. The gentlemen made the ultimate mistake. They overtook first to see if the target was in the car and then dropped back. Which normal motorway user does this? If you are faster and outdated, you are gone. Basta. Blochin smiled. Turkish idiots.

It had to be the Turks, the SWR would never be so amateurish. Well, he would have a surprise for the gentlemen.

There was a parking lot just behind Soma.

Blochin stayed behind a truck, suddenly swerved to the left, went full throttle, passed the truck, and then not only swerved to the right again, but changed to the entrance lane of the parking lot.

The truck driver had to brake so the chase team had to react quickly not to end up in the rear of the truck. The Ford now also swerved and not only passed the truck, but the parking lot too - without even noticing Blochin.

The astonishment was great when there was only a Volkswagen in front of the truck. It took a while for the two pursuers to realize that something must have happened.

"Turn around!", Emre roared.

"What????! On the highway??", Mehmet roared back.

"Then on the hard shoulder and backwards!"

But they were out of luck.

A highway police car approached, and when they saw a car driving backwards, the officers felt the need to ask the driver if he is out of his senses.

When Emre and Mehmet had to get out, a black motorcycle drove past them.

And Emre felt had the impression that the driver had waved to them.

Blochin laughed when he saw the stricken faces. But be careful, from now on it would no longer be amateurs who would chase him, but experts who would transport him to Moscow or – more realistic – to the afterlife.

Hell would be going on in Moscow within twelve hours if the MRI wouldn't raise the alarm beforehand. But since they had nothing concrete in hand, Blochin thought, this was unlikely.

Adhering to the speed limit meticulously, he approached Izmir, the former Greek city of Smyrna. He had memorized the city's plan for hours. Old-fashioned, but without traces.

Because nothing should be found neither on the computer nor on his cell phone.

Protection from people like me, Blochin thought, grinning inwardly.

Fortunately, the port of Izmir is in the north of the city, where the O5 ends. He drove along Liman Road to the port entrance and then to Pier twelve.

He stopped in front of a shed in the second row. Bodrum exports. He didn't honk but waited. After only a few seconds the gate opened and Blochin drove into the hall.

"Shalom", a wiry man in the thirties said.

Blochin didn't like Jews, but they had to be given one thing: their secret service, which is referred to everyone as



Mossad, but in reality only bore the name "the service", was mercilessly effective. And not infiltrated, which could not be said of the other secret services.

Blochin had insisted that the Israelis lead the mission, otherwise he would have canceled the Americans. And so far, everything was working like clockwork. The service should also be in charge of the further stages.

Blochin got out of the car.

He smiled and said:

"A one-way ticket to Mikonos, please!"