

The Treachery In Turtle Bay Collection is the inaugural set of G. Hugh Bodell's Anna & Hugh Masterson International Mystery Series.

Anna & Hugh Masterson, the techno-sleuthing couple that 'star' in the series, were launched into the roles of a non-traditional Robin Hood like couple in book one of the series by circumstances growing out of Hugh's black and white view of right and wrong.

Treachery In Turtle Bay II ~ Oil ~ Dollars ~ Diplomacy & The Sinister Three is the second novel in both the Treachery In Turtle Bay Collection and the Anna & Hugh Masterson International Mystery Series.

The sleuthing couple have evolved from their first accidental venture of 'recovery and retribution' into a far more cynical duo who are perfecting not only the recovering of stolen loot but equally as intriguing the netting out of unique justice. At the opening of this number two in the series, they are very different people than the consultant and actress that opened book one.

A billion dollars a month is being diverted from the Iraqi oil revenues, thus far over \$10 Billion has disappeared. The mega-scam deeply involves the United Nations, the United States President and his National Security Advisor.

The Mastersons find their resolve sorely tested as they pursue the objectives and find themselves personally the target of ruthless and vicious violence.

TREACHERY IN TURTLE BAY II

OIL ~ DOLLARS ~ DIPLOMACY
&
THE SINISTER THREE

By
G. Hugh Bodell

***AN ANNA & HUGH MASTERSON INTERNATIONAL
MYSTERY***

A NOVEL

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TURTLE BAY

Turtle Bay is a neighborhood in New York City, on the east side of Midtown Manhattan. It extends between 42nd and 53rd Streets and eastward from Lexington Avenue to the East River, across from Roosevelt Island. It was named after an actual bay that was filled in and is now the site of the United Nations Headquarters.

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

“Can you see that boat approaching the island?” I said to my wife Anna as we relaxed on the private beach of our villa on Cayman Brac. “It’s got to be ten miles off shore and even with the binoculars it is too far to make out what it is, a yacht, a fishing boat or a cargo ship, but if it is a cargo ship it is probably a lot more than ten miles off.”

“No Hugh, I can’t see it, so what?” Anna replied sitting up from her lounge chair and straining to see the boat, “twenty vessels a day pass by, so what is the big deal about this one?”

“It’s not passing by, it’s heading towards this little island paradise and that’s unusual. Heading towards Grand Cayman I could understand, but not towards this tiny mass of sand and limestone. Hell there’s no place for it to dock and depending on how much depth it needs, it probably can’t get closer than a half to a mile off shore.”

“Well darling, you just keep watching it and wake me if it is about to run up on the beach and disturb our tranquility,” she said as she turned over and started what appeared to be an afternoon siesta.

I kept watching, every now and then using the binoculars to confirm that the vessel was coming at the island.

I’m Hugh Masterson, my wife Anna and I spend about half the year in our home on the North Shore of Long Island, New York, overlooking the Long Island Sound. We spend

the colder months, November through April, at Villa Serenity, our Caribbean getaway home on Cayman Brac, Cayman Islands. Our getaway is nestled on oceanfront property with a private sand beach on the southern coast of the island overlooking Hawksbill Bay.

This rather enviable lifestyle began for us less than a year and a half ago, in June 2006. At that time, I was nearing the conclusion of a six-year long consulting contract to the United Nations and Anna was deeply involved in her career as an actress and model. Suddenly a series of unexpected events thrust us into an odyssey of intrigue, technology laced sleuthing and murder involving the highest levels of the United Nations to the highest levels of the United States Government.

At the end of the saga, we decided we had enjoyed all the elements of the venture, including the danger and we were good at it. In fact, we were so good that we earned a spectacular fee, more than a lifetime of consulting would bring.

After a well deserved rest here on Cayman Brac, we decided to reinvent ourselves, form a new company to operate through, Cayman Covert Cyber Reclamation, Ltd. and market ourselves as high priced...very high priced, investigators of international crimes involving large amounts of missing funds. Because our fees are based on a percentage of the funds recovered our only interest is the stolen funds, we do not trouble ourselves with catching or prosecuting the villains.

Anna and I are particularly well suited for this new career, since up until six years ago, we had been partners in a consulting firm specializing in technology-based solutions to processing and security issues in the financial services

industry. Numbered amongst our clients were the largest financial organizations in the world.

We know how money and information moves around the world and how the governments and financial institutions move that money and data and how they keep track of it.

Many of the systems in use today we either built or were part of the teams that built them.

Anna, who up until the time six years ago, when she left the business to become an actress and model, was world renowned for her cutting edge software development for the financial industry using artificial intelligence.

Even though she enjoys her new career in front of cameras, fortunately she has never lost touch with the advances in the field of computer science. Her knowledge and ability is the most valuable weapon in our arsenal.

By the way, once we decided to go into the business of stealing back from the crooks, we did develop an arsenal, but more about that later.

I brought the binoculars up to my eyes again and it was clear that the approaching vessel was about 5 miles off shore and it appeared to be a large dark blue or black yacht, probably around 200 foot, and it was still approaching the island.

I turned towards Anna and seeing from her breathing pattern that she was not sleeping, said, "Just thought I'd let you know, unless the approaching vessel starts to change course it appears that a two hundred foot yacht is about to disrupt our tranquil afternoon."

Anna sat up quickly, took the binoculars, looked at the

yacht and said, “Shit, you may be right!”

We had no idea how disrupted our tranquility was about to become, and not only for the afternoon.

CHAPTER FIVE

...Not one to be distracted, Anna sat and immediately got down to business. Addressing the two of them, since they were sitting next to each other at the table, she said, without expression, “So what brings you to our beach, boys?” This brought a smile to her face and I anticipated her bursting into laughter at her own word play, but she didn’t, which meant she was all business. Heaven help Parnell and his buddy Egan.

Brian was ready and launched into background information. “Are you two familiar with our government’s efforts to revitalize the Iraqi Oil business?”

“Not really,” I responded, hoping somehow to head off Anna announcing gleefully “I told ya, I told ya.” But I did not have to. Although she was sporting an ‘I ate the canary’ grin she simply said, “Not really, but is that what this concerns, Iraqi Oil?”

“Well actually, it concerns Iraqi Oil revenues, but I think it would be best if I gave you some background on how the business is now carried out in Iraq and the United States’ involvement”

“We seemed to be destined to be involved in Iraqi oil money.” She said, continuing, “Francis, you may remember it was the United Nations Oil for Food Program that prompted us to originally contact you and ultimately to wind up in the stolen funds reclamation business, Iraq then Iraq now. “Tell me, is the UN involved in this event also?”

Jesus, my Anna was going to make this asshole pay dearly for not heeding our warnings back in 2006. She was going to stick it to him but good.

Brian knew the whole story and also knew Anna very well. He didn't give Egan a chance to respond. "Absolutely Anna, we both remember that incident clearly, and it's Hugh's and your success in that saga, plus your expertise, that brings us to your beach.

"Rather than answer your questions one at a time let me walk you through the Iraqi oil business as it stands today, the US and UN involvement and the problem as we see it. Then you can ask all the questions you want for as long as you want.

"I will be a very poor negotiator and tell you before hand, Foster Cranebrook, you remember Foster...?"

Shit, I'm surrounded by game players, he knew full well that Anna remembered Cranebrook he also remembered that although she respected his intelligence and abilities, she didn't like him any more than she did Egan and didn't trust him at all.

"...Foster and therefore the President want...no correct that, need your help on this one. They would give anything to have the kind of home run you delivered for them the last time.

"So what do you say, I'll give you a narrative over the next hour or so. If there is a possibility of your helping us out, you can ask all your questions over dinner, OK?"

Anna looked at me, and I nodded. She turned to Brian directly and said, "OK, it's your show, but we are going to deal with the two of you as clients, and as difficult as it is for us with you Brian, we will have to set aside our friendship with you and deal with the issue without the baggage of personal feelings, OK?"

CHAPTER SIX

The Sinister Three is a name we have given to three very powerful men who manipulate and manage international events from behind the scenes. Although they are among the globe's super-rich and therefore quite visible, we have never been able to identify who they are.

They first came to our attention in the course of our pursuing an investigation of certain corrupt activities in the United Nations. We were developing background on a scam by some high-ranking UN officials, carried out from 1977 to 1987.

Amongst the research, we came across an article by one, Peter Berliavskii, published by the University of Craco in 1993. The article very clearly condemned the villains within the UN but offered the suggestion that the UN officials involved were simply the on-scene puppets of three industry or political big wigs, one each in Germany, France and the Soviet Union.

The continuing efforts in our investigation left very little doubt that these three shadow villains existed and that in all probability Berliavskii was right with the nationalities. What Peter Berliavskii could not have known in 1993, when he wrote the article, was that these three had found the easily corruptible United Nations to be fertile ground indeed for creative theft and during the thirty years of their planting corruption and reaping rewards in and through the UN, their take would amount to billions.

As I said, we had not been able to identify the three, but we had very solid proof of their existence. Further, we had no doubts that they continued to make fortunes from the greed

and moral weakness of the many who find themselves in the world of international politics and diplomacy and entrusted with large sums of other people's money.

Brian Parnell had been involved with us in the investigation, and like so much with Brian, he had mentally catalogued what we had found out about them and their techniques. Apparently, whatever was going on with the theft of Iraqi oil revenues struck a chord with him and he felt sure enough of the link, to come to see us.

Once we had resolved the investigation in which we came across the references to these three super crooks, we made no further efforts to identify who they were. They were irrelevant to the achieving of our objective. However, because of the huge archive of global financial data we had assembled during that saga, I always felt that we could pinpoint their identities, should we have to or want to. Granted it would take a great deal of effort and some complex analysis, but I would bet we could do it.

If Brian really felt that they were behind the Iraqi oil revenue thefts, then it was eminently clear why he was at our beach. We had developed the huge archive of global financial data I refer to and we had shared it with no one.

This data would absolutely be the key to the first step, locking down the identity of the Sinister Three.

It could very well be the key to the next step, locating them.

I believed it would also be the key to the recovery of the funds and neutralizing them.

**THE LATEST
ANNA & HUGH MASTERSON MYSTERY**

By
G. Hugh Beddell

NIKITA

Ponder for a moment the following scenario:

👉 *The Deal*

Iran is negotiating to purchase 4,000 nuclear warheads compatible with the Iranian Shahab-3 ballistic missile. (*An estimated 7,000 actually exist.*)

👉 *The Seller*

A former soviet general now the head of the Russian federation technological and nuclear oversight bureau

👉 *The Cover*

Provided by the United Nations Secretary General and the President of the United States

👉 *The Price*

\$100 Billion

👉 *The Middleman*

A Russian villain who has accumulated \$40 Billion by corrupting United Nations Officials for over 40 years and now has the President of the United States in his pocket

👉 *Waiting In The Wings For A Supply Of Nukes*

North Korea, Syria, Bangladesh and Venezuela

This work of fiction is drawing passionate comments about the plot from around the world. About 60% of the readers feel it is an excellent and entertaining way to alert a generally disconnected public to the very real threat of nuclear proliferation. The other 40% are in denial as to the level of greed, corruption and general incompetence in government that would make the horrendous scenario possible.

You decide for yourself, here are some excerpts:

Excerpts

In a private conference room, in the Iranian Presidential Palace, Vladislav Dubnikov (aka Nikita) sat across a beautifully inlaid conference table from Heydar Vahdani, the President of The Islamic Republic of Iran.

“Mr. President, you have been manufacturing Shahab-3 ballistic missiles for almost three years now and have stockpiled over one thousand of those efficient little rockets.

“Now as you are aware, your Shahab-3 is a modified version of North Korea's Nodong missile which itself is based on the Soviet-made Scud. There are, sitting in underground warehouses in my mother country, Russia, over four thousand nuclear warheads for the Scud missiles.

“My colleagues and I think that they are wasted sitting there since our mother country has over twenty thousand warheads for other missiles stockpiled.

“President Vahdani, we would like to see those four thousand Scud warheads put to better use.”

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“Mr. President, I told you that Pham Dac Kien, Secretary General of the United Nations, is my employee. Well, my group and I are about to hire another influential figure.”

“And who would that be?”

“The next president of the United States has been, is currently and will remain on our payroll, hopefully for eight years.”

~~~~~

Conversation between Nikita and Sorosh Saji, 44th President of the United States, January 20, 2009.

“When you get back to the White House tonight there will be a video in the DVD player in your bedroom. Make sure to watch it with Mrs. Saji, it will make it quite clear to both of you how devastating is the information we could provide to the media. It is a kind of retrospective on your rise in less than fifteen years from a law school graduate to the role of the most powerful leader in the world. Once you and Mrs. Saji see it, try to imagine just how quickly will be your fall from that role.

“Congratulations on your new and prestigious position. Enjoy it. Tomorrow I will talk to you, and we will start the process of shaping the United States to fit mine and my colleagues needs...no correct that, desires.”

~~~~~

By the time the First Lady got to the master bedroom Sorosh Saji, the President of the United States, was lying face down diagonally across the king sized bed, his tuxedo still on.

“Are you sobbing Sorosh?” asked Lucile Saji, the President's wife, not really surprised.

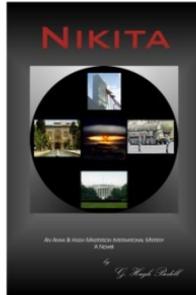
“That party was a disaster,” shouted the sobbing President kicking his feet. “I don't want to have any more of them. Those people are all ungrateful and worse than that, they are all disrespectful.”

“Well,” said the First Lady, “the food was great, the wine even better and the entertainment was absolutely out of this world. As

TREACHERY IN TURTLE BAY II

for the guests, fortunately, being First Lady doesn't stop boozed up actors, musicians and millionaires from flirting.”

**“A THRILLER  
AN INTERNATIONAL MYSTERY  
AN ACTION ADVENTURE  
A SATIRE  
...AND A LOVE STORY.”**





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