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...very good."

*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

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MURDER IN THE  
CIA

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# **MURDER IN THE CIA**

**Washington, D.C.**

**Murder.**

**MARGARET  
TRUMAN.**

*National bestsellers*

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*Is there one you've missed? . . .*

# MURDER AT THE FBI

Special agent George Pritchard was no one's favorite at the FBI. But when his dead body is found hanging behind the target at the Bureau's own firing range, with hundreds of astonished tourists looking on, a special investigation is ordered. The FBI does not like to be embarrassed.

Heading up the search for Pritchard's killer are Ross Lizenby, a handsome, enigmatic loner, and his lover Christine Saksis, a beautiful half-Passamaquoddy Indian. But the upper echelons of the Bureau want questions kept to a minimum.

Saksis persists, because she's already got too much information to ignore—information that a certain muck-raking writer would love to get his hands on, information that would be devastating to the FBI.

Should her loyalties lie with the Bureau? Or with the truth?

## MURDER IN GEORGETOWN

Valerie Frolich, the beautiful, 20-year-old daughter of New Jersey senator John Frolich, was among the youngest guests at the elegant Georgetown party. Her provocative dancing raised a few eyebrows—but could someone have found it distasteful enough to kill her?

Assigned to report on her murder is Joe Potamos, of the *Washington Post's* police beat. What he finds out about Valerie—a top-notch journalism student as well as a heartbreaker of men young and old—leads into a number of startling questions about Georgetown's most powerful men and women.

Someone from above does not like Potamos' particular brand of reporting, and he is pulled off the case. But Potamos is in too deep to stop investigating. And as the smell of corruption in high places becomes stronger, he realizes that it's not just his job that's at stake. It's his life.

## **MURDER IN THE SMITHSONIAN**

**Dr. Lewis Tunney, a brilliant historian, had stumbled onto an international art scandal and was then brutally murdered in front of 200 guests during a black-tie affair at the Smithsonian. His fiancée, Heather McBean, had come from Scotland to find out who murdered him.**

**Captain Mike Hanrahan, who was in charge of the case, developed a special fondness for Heather. He knew she was in danger and, above all, wanted to keep her safe.**

**When suddenly there were two more murders, Hanrahan was decidedly worried. But Heather was very stubborn and insisted on going her own way—right into the arms of a killer.**

# **MURDER IN THE SUPREME COURT**

**When the young clerk, Clarence Sutherland, was discovered sitting in the chief justice's chair with a hole in his head, the question of course was, why? Who would want to kill such a bright and handsome man, the chief clerk to the chief justice? The answer: practically everybody.**



## **MURDER ON EMBASSY ROW**

**Before becoming British Ambassador to the United States, Geoffrey James had held the same position in Iran, which explained his rather extravagant taste for caviar. But what can account for his mysterious murder on the night of a gala party at the Embassy? Captain Sal Morizio, of Washington's Metropolitan Police Department, is told to handle the case—with kid gloves. Because the death occurred at the British Embassy, it's technically British business. And they don't want anyone meddling in it.**

**By the time Morizio is told to curtail his investigation, he and his lady love, fellow officer Connie Lake, are caught in a dangerous search for missing clues that takes them to London and Copenhagen, where there is much to learn about smuggling, corruption in very high places, and the effects of caviar on otherwise rational people.**

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# 1

## THE BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS, NOVEMBER 1985

Her name was Bernadette, eighteen, tall, a classic island "smooth skin," as they say there—very dark and with a velvety texture—hair the color of ink and falling to her shoulder blades, a full, rounded body defined beneath a clinging maroon jersey dress, a true *mantwana*, the island word for voluptuous woman.

They'd been teasing her since the launch left Anguilla Point on Virgin Gorda for its morning run to Drake's Anchorage on Mosquito Island. She'd started seeing a popular young man from Virgin Gorda, which prompted the gentle ribbing. Although she protested, she enjoyed it. She was proud of her new boyfriend and knew the other girls were jealous. "Gwan tease me, marrow deh," she said, a defiant smile on her lips. Tease all you want; tomorrow will be my day.

There were fifteen of them on board; waiters and waitresses, the bartender, kitchen help, chambermaids, and gardeners. Most of the help lived on Virgin Gorda and were brought in by launch. Drake's Anchorage was the only resort on Mosquito Island (named for a Colombian Indian

tribe, not the dipterous insect), and there was only one house for staff, which was occupied by two engineers.

Bernadette was the assistant manager. Her English was excellent; so were her number skills. Her father, a bone fisherman, waded out into the shallow flats of Murdering Hole at dawn each morning in search of the indigenous fish, the so-called ladyfish. Her parents had a hard life, one they hoped she wouldn't inherit. She was their only child.

She turned her face into the wind and thought of last night with her new love. Spray from the intensely blue water stung her face. Life was good now. Last week she'd been depressed, wondered whether she would have to spend the rest of her life in this one place, as beautiful as it might be. Now, *he* was there and the glass was half full again.

The resort had been booked exclusively for two days by a Canadian businessman who'd done the same thing three months earlier, to hold seminars for key people, his assistant had said. The top echelon stayed in two magnificent villas overlooking Lime Tree Beach. Lesser managers occupied ten white-clapboard oceanfront cottages built on stilts and facing Gorda Sound. They all ate together in the thatch-roofed, open-air restaurant where the chef served up vol-au-vent stuffed with escargots, dolphin baked with bananas, West Indian grouper done with spices, herbs, and white wine, and deeply serious chocolate mousse from a guarded recipe.

Bernadette remembered the rules that had been laid down by the Canadian the last time he'd been there. The two villas were to be off-limits to everyone except his people, and resort workers were to come to them only when specifically invited. The villas were to be cleaned while their occupants were breakfasting. Always, the younger men who occupied the smaller cottages would be present in the villas when the chambermaids cleaned, or when busboys delivered food and whiskey.

Although secrecy had been the byword during the Canadians' first visit on Mosquito Island, there were those inevitable, human moments when the shroud was lifted, like the day on the beach when Bernadette saw one of the younger men sitting in a brightly striped canvas chair while cleaning a handgun. When he realized she was watching, he returned

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the weapon to its holster and quickly entered his cottage.

After that, Bernadette's friends noticed that others in the party carried revolvers in armpit holsters, although they took pains to conceal them. "Businessmen," the chef had said to her. "Serious business, I would say."

While the Canadian and his three senior colleagues had met in the villas, the younger men, always dressed in suits, sat on terraces surrounding the villas, saying nothing, their eyes taking in everything. They seemed pleasant enough men but kept to themselves. One had been a little more open and Bernadette had had a few friendly conversations with him. He was handsome and had a nice smile. Bernadette assumed he was in charge of communications because he frequently talked into a small portable radio to two yachts anchored offshore. Three of the four older men had arrived on those yachts. A float plane had delivered the fourth.

The radioman seemed to enjoy talking to Bernadette and she'd openly flirted with him. Once, she'd asked why there was so much secrecy surrounding a business meeting. She'd asked it lightly, giggled actually, and touched his arm. He'd smiled and said quietly, matter-of-factly, "We're about to launch a new product that our competitors would love to learn more about. That's all. Just taking precautions."

Bernadette didn't ask about the guns because it was none of her business, but she and other staff gossiped about them, speculated, eventually came to the conclusion that big mucky-mucks from up north attached more importance to themselves and to what they did than was necessary. "Silly boys," they said. One thing was certain: The silly boys tipped big. Everyone from Drake's Anchorage was happy to see them return.

On this day, a single yacht carrying three of the group's leaders arrived a few minutes past two. The float plane touched down a half hour later and slowly taxied toward the long, thin dock.

Bernadette had greeted those who'd disembarked from the yacht, and had been disappointed when the handsome young radioman wasn't among them.

Now, as she waited for the float plane's three passengers to step onto the dock, she saw his face through a window. He was the last one out of the aircraft, and she gave him her biggest welcome. He simply nodded and got into a motorized cart with the two older men. The native driver pulled away from the dock and proceeded along a narrow path that followed the contour of the sea. Bernadette watched it disappear around the curve of a hill and wondered why he'd been so curt. "Strange people," she told herself, happy that she had her new boyfriend back on the bigger island.

The arrival of the yacht and plane had been witnessed, and generally ignored, by people on yachts in the surrounding waters. Yachts in the British Virgins are as common as yellow cabs on New York City streets. One man, however, watched the comings and goings through a telescope from his 46-foot Morgan. He'd been anchored a mile offshore since early morning and had cooked breakfast on board. He had sandwiches for lunch accompanied by a Thermos of rum punch, and had just put on a pot of coffee. A pad of paper at his side was filled with notes. He wore cut-off jeans, brown deck shoes, a T-shirt that said EDWARDS YACHT CHARTERS, and a white canvas hat with a large, floppy brim on which was sewn a blue, red, and yellow patch—BRITISH NAVY: PUSSER'S RUM

He looked up and checked wind conditions. It'd be slow going back to base on Tortola. No sense raising the sails. It'd be engine all the way. He debated staying longer, decided there was nothing to be gained, hauled in the anchor, took a last look toward Mosquito Island, and headed home on a course that took him past a tiny island on which a single structure stood, an imposing, three-story concrete house surrounded by a tall chain-link fence. Two Doberman pinschers ran on the beach. A float plane and a pair of large, fast powerboats bobbed in a gentle swell against a private dock.

The man on the Morgan with his name on his T-shirt smiled as his boat slowly slid by the island. He poured rum into his coffee, lifted the cup toward the island, and said, "*Za vashe zdarov'ye!*" He laughed, put his cup down, and extended the middle finger of his right hand to the island.

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## 2

WASHINGTON, D.C., OCTOBER 1986

"What's new with the audio rights on Zoltán's new book?" Barrie Mayer asked as she entered her office on Georgetown's Wisconsin Avenue.

Her assistant, David Hubler, looked up at her from a desk piled high with manuscripts and said, "Not to worry, Barrie. We'll have contracts this week."

"I hope so," Mayer said. "You'd think we were negotiating for a million the way they drag their feet drawing papers. A lousy thousand bucks and they treat it like they were buying rights to Ronald Reagan's guide to sex after seventy."

She entered her inner office, tossed her attaché case onto a small couch, and opened the blinds. It was gray outside, threatening. Maybe a storm would clear out the hot, humid Washingtonian weather they'd been having the past few days. Not that it mattered to her. She was on her way to London and Budapest. London was always cool. Well, *almost* always cool. Budapest would be hot, but the Communists had recently invented air conditioning and intro-

duced it to their Eastern bloc countries. With any luck she could spend her entire stay inside the Hilton.

She sat behind her desk and crossed long, slender, nicely molded legs. She wore a favorite traveling outfit: a pearl gray pants suit that had lots of give and barely wrinkled. Sensible burgundy shoes and a shell-pink button-down blouse completed the ensemble. Hubler poked his head through the door and asked if she wanted coffee. She smiled. Not only was he remarkably talented and organized, he didn't mind serving his boss coffee. "Please," she said. He returned a minute later with a large, steaming, blue ceramic mug.

She settled back in her leather chair, swiveled, and took in floor-to-ceiling bookcases that lined one wall. The center section contained copies of many books written by the writers she represented as literary agent. There were twenty writers at the moment; the list swelled and ebbed as their fortunes shifted, but she could count on a hard core of about fifteen, including Zoltán Réti. Réti, the Hungarian novelist, had recently broken through and achieved international acclaim and stunning sales due, in no small part, to Barrie Mayer's faith in him and the extra effort she'd put into his latest book, *Monument*, a multi-generational novel that, according to the *New York Times* review, "touches the deepest aspects of the Hungarian, indeed the human, spirit."

Timing had been on the side of Réti and Mayer. The Soviets had recently loosened restrictions on Hungarian writers and artists, including travel. While Réti's manuscript had gone through a review by officials of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party under the leadership of János Kádár, it had emerged relatively unscathed. Réti had skillfully wrapped criticism of Hungary since its "liberation" in 1945 by the Soviet Union into innocuous passages, and reading between the lines said more than his Socialist readers had caught.

*Monument* was snapped up by publishers around the world and sat on best-seller lists for weeks. It was gratifying to Barrie Mayer because she'd put her all into the book. Now the major dilemma was what to do with the large sums of money Réti was earning from its success. That problem was still being addressed, and one of the reasons for Mayer's

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trip to Budapest was to confer with Réti and with a ranking member of the Hungarian Presidium who, according to Réti, "could be persuaded" to bend some rules.

Barrie had to smile when she thought of what "could be persuaded" meant. It translated into graft, pure and simple, money under the table to the right Hungarian officials, New York City style, a capitalist solution to a Socialist problem.

On a previous trip to Budapest, Barrie had been introduced to the Presidium member with whom she would meet again this time. He'd sustained a hard, incorruptible façade throughout most of that initial confab, referring to Réti as "a writer for the Hungarian people, not motivated by commercial success." To which Barrie had responded, "If that's the case, sir, we'll keep his millions in our account until there is a shift in policy."

"We have restrictions on foreign currency entering Hungary," said the official.

"A shame," said Mayer. "We're potentially talking millions of U.S. dollars. That would be good for your economy—*any* economy."

"Yes, a good point, Miss Mayer. Perhaps . . ."

"Perhaps we can pursue this another time." She got up to leave.

"I might be able to think of a way to create an exception in this case."

Barrie smiled. What did he want for himself, one of the new condos going up in the Buda hills that only went to Hungarians with a fistful of hard currency, a new car in months instead of the usual four-year wait, a bank account of his own in Switzerland?

"When will you return to Budapest?" he asked.

"Whenever you've . . . 'created your exception.'"

That meeting had taken place a month ago. The official had informed Réti that he'd "smoothed the way for Réti's funds to reach him in Budapest." He'd added, "But, of course, Mr. Réti, there must be some consideration for the time and effort I have expended in your behalf, to say nothing of the risk in which I place myself."

"Of course," Réti said.



"Of course," Barrie Mayer said to Réti when he relayed the official's message.

"Of course," she said to herself, grinning, as she sipped the hot, black coffee in her Washington office and allowed her eyes to wander to other books on the shelves written by foreign authors. Funny, she thought, how things in life take their own natural course. She'd never intended to become a literary agent specializing in foreign writers, but that's what had happened. First one, then another, and soon a blossoming reputation as an agent especially sensitive to the needs of such artists. She enjoyed the status it gave her within the publishing industry and in Washington, where she'd become a "hot name" on party invitation lists, including foreign embassies. There was the extensive travel, which, at times, was fatiguing but stimulating as well. She seemed to live out of suitcases these days, which displeased people like her mother who made no effort to conceal her disappointment at seeing so little of her only child.

Barrie's mother lived in a town house in Rosslyn, far enough away for Barrie's sanity, but close enough to see each other occasionally. Mayer had stayed at her mother's last night, an accommodation because of the trip she was about to begin that morning. They'd had a pleasant dinner at Le Lion d'Or, then sat up talking at her mother's house until almost 2:00 A.M. Barrie was tired; it would be good to get on the Pan Am flight from New York to London, sink into a first-class seat, and nap.

She pulled a box of scented pink notepaper from her desk and wrote quickly in broad, bold strokes:

I know I shouldn't bother writing because in the frame of mind you've been in lately, the sentiment behind it won't register. But, that's me, always willing to take another shot and lay *me* on the line. You've hurt me again and here I am back for more. The only reason you're able to hurt me is because I love you. I also suspect that the *reason* you hurt me is because you love me. Fascinating creatures, men and women. At any rate, I'm about to leave and I wanted to say that when I get back we should book some private time, just the two of us, go away for a few days and talk. Maybe this time the words