

Lidia Undercover

Emily Sinclair

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Taking a deep breath, Agent Lidia Dayes opened the door and stepped into the office of Director Charles Holbert. "You wanted to see me sir?" she asked as the door swung shut behind her.

"Please take a seat agent Dayes," Holbert replied, motioning towards two high-backed leather chairs opposite his large, neatly maintained desk.

Nervous, unsure why she was being called into the director's office, Lidia walked across the room and sat down in one of the offered chairs – her fingers automatically fidgeting as they tended to do when she was overstressed. "Did I do something wrong, sir?"

"What? Oh no, no, that's not what this is about Agent Dayes. As you well know, I am not one to beat around the bush so I'll just get right to the point. Last night, undercover Agents found your missing friend."

"HOLY SHIT! Are you serious?" Lidia exclaimed upon hearing the amazing news of her friend Diana whom went missing without a trace and presumed dead more than a year. "Where is she, sir? Is she alright? I want to see her!"

"All we know for sure is that she's alive and has been positively identified. There are no doubts in the discovering Agent's minds that the woman they saw is your missing friend. However, getting her back is going to be a little trickier than locating her."

"What do you mean? Where is she dammit!? I'll go get her myself if the other Agents are too chicken shit to do their job!"

"Calm down, Agent, and let me explain. Before you joined the Agency we were investigating one of the biggest trafficking rings this country had ever seen. Are you familiar with the stories of Badass Billy Boyd?"

"I've heard of him, but what does he have...OH GOD! Please tell me this isn't going where I think it is going!"

"I'm afraid it is. And if you are familiar with him, then I don't have to remind you how dangerous he is."

"I don't care how 'badass' he thinks her is! If he had my friend I'll personally put a bullet through his skull to get her back."

"You know what happened when we tried to take him down in Boston. Sixteen people were killed including five agents and three locals. When we tried to take him down again in Chicago, I believe twenty-three died that time. We can't just go in guns blazing like we're in the god damned wild west."

"Then what are you suggesting we do sir? We both know what he does to the women he takes, so I don't even want to think about what Diana has had to endure for the last year. We can't just sit around here twiddling our damn thumbs, Sir. We have to act now!"

"I'm more aware of what he does to his victims than anyone else, Agent Dayes. I was there in Boston and Chicago. I was there when we rescued those poor women from the filthy cages they were forced to eat, sleep and use the bathroom in. I still have nightmares from seeing their malnourished, beaten and broken bodies, so, yeah, I know damn well what that monster is capable of."

"I'm sorry sir, but please, this is my best friend we're talking about here. If there's even a sliver of a chance of getting her back we have to do something."

"Yes, we do. That's why we've come up with a plan. Incredibly dangerous for the Agent involved, but if it works not only might we rescue your friend, but bring Boyd down once and for all."

“What’s the plan, sir, and where do I fit into it?”

“The plan is to infiltrate Boyd’s organization with an undercover agent who would gather as much information as possible and then escape with your friend. Knowing his proclivity for beautiful women, we’ve decided our best chance for success would be to send in a female agent.”

“I want to be that agent sir,” Lidia said quickly. “I want to be the one to rescue my friend and bring that son of a bitch down.”

“I’m glad you volunteered Agent Dayes. Please take no offence, but you are the sexiest agent we have and I’m not the only one who thought of you first. Boyd will have to be crazy not to take you into his harem.”

“Um...thanks, I think. So, how do we go about this? It’s not as if I can just waltz right into his secret hideout and ask for a job.”

“It’s not going to be easy, or quick, but putting everything about him on the table as we could find, we’ve painted a pretty clear picture of what he looks for in his victims. First, we know he goes after beautiful women. You have that covered in spades. Second, he tends towards those that have fallen on hard times. In his twisted mind, he thinks he’s doing them a favor by kidnapping and, well, doing what he does with them.”

“Turn them into sex slaves, you mean? Yeah, I know what he does to them, sir and that’s why we have to get Diana and every other woman he’s holding captive away from him.”

We’ve been surveilling him for some time now and we not only know what he likes, but where he likes to get it. That being said, we’ve devised a plan and cover story to get you in, but you are not going to like it even a little.”

“If it means getting my friend away from that degenerate bastard I’ll do anything it takes.”

“You might want to hear what I have to say first. In short, we have to ruin you.”

“Ruin me sir?” asked Lidia confused. “What do you mean?”

“We are going to ‘catch you’ committing a serious crime. It won’t be enough to through you in prison, but it will be enough that you get fired from the Agency. All of your assets will be frozen and seized leaving you homeless and disgraced. Desperate for a job to make ends meet, you’ll take a job at one of Boyd’s favorite hangouts, Eden’s Pleasures.

“The strip club?” asked Lidia.

“One and the same. Boyd loves taking in strippers and it’ll be hard for him to refuse one as stunning as you. And the idea of a ‘fallen’ FBI agent in his ranks will swell his already inflated head to near bursting as he’ll see it as a giant fuck you to us and every other law enforcement agency that has tried and failed to bring him down. And of course he’ll pump you for information in an attempt to learn what we know about him. Tell him whatever you like, make shit up, do whatever it takes to get on his good side if he has such a thing.”

“What is this serious crime I have to commit?”

“As we speak agents are pouring over your house where they will find information linking you to several scandals including insider trading, drug dealing, and prostitution. Of course everything is fabricated and you will be found innocent after a mock trial, but we have to make a very public ordeal out of your getting fired to make it more believable.”

“They’re already at my house planting evidence sir? You didn’t know I would agree to do this.”

“I had a very good idea you’d want to be the undercover agent,” Holbert smiled. “I’m only speeding things along.”

“So what happens now?”

“Well, in about an hour there will be a news conference where we will link you to the crimes. To make this more convincing you’ll need to pay Anthony Gills a visit. He’s expecting you.”

“You mean the drug dealer, Anthony Gills?”

“He’s also a confidential informant,” Holbert answered. “While there you are to do whatever he asks you to do. And I mean ANYTHING! If he asks you to smoke a joint, do it. If he asks you to strip naked and dance on the pole...well, it’ll be practice for your future job as a stripper. We need this to be believable if you ever want to get your friend back. We only have one chance at this so make it good.”

“Yes sir,” Lidia replied. *There’s no way in hell I’m stripping naked for that nasty fucker*, she thought as she got up and left the office – feeling a ray of hope for the first time in over a year.