

# Extension of Evil

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*A Novel*

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Infusion of Evil*

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## **Extension of Evil**

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*For the Veterans and military personnel  
Whose sacrifice and service preserve and protect  
The United States and its citizens*



# *Chapter 1*

**Wednesday, October 24, 2007, 12:17 AM, Maplecrest, New Jersey**

Maplecrest Yardmaster, Frank Wiggins, silenced the security panel alarm. He immediately keyed the portable radio for the security guard, Tyrone Sharpe, who was investigating the sudden loss of lighting near the train yard's east entrance.

"Tyrone, I just got an intrusion alarm. Someone broke into the locomotive maintenance shop. Watch your ass, man."

"Copy, Frank. Thanks," Tyrone answered with his smooth baritone voice. "It's probably another Newark crack-head trying to steal something to sell for more drugs."

"Copy, that. I know you're a tough guy, but don't take any chances. Besides, I can't afford to lose the best bowler on the team," Frank chided.

"I hear ya, man." Tyrone laughed. "Hey, it looks like someone's been using our yard lights for target practice."

"Back away, Tyrone. I'm calling the police and my supervisor." Wiggins scrambled for the list of emergency numbers recorded in the front of the Maplecrest Train Yard Operations Manual. He suddenly realized that Tyrone failed to acknowledge his last instruction. He keyed the radio again. "Tyrone, did you copy my last about backing away?" Ominous seconds ticked by without a response. "Tyrone—can you hear me?"

When the guard failed to answer, Wiggins grabbed the binoculars and stepped onto the narrow catwalk platform outside his third floor office. He adjusted the focus on the binoculars and scanned the eastern end of the yard and the repair shop that was partially obscured by two huge engines that received extensive maintenance and were ready for service. With the yard lighting out of service and the moon still blocked by the Bayonne skyline, Wiggins realized there was little hope of seeing anything in the dim light and deep shadows.

He checked the main line that ran through the yard, then the receiving tracks where tank cars and large freight cars carrying entire truck-trailers stacked two-high waited for switching to the outbound tracks. He saw nothing, but realized anyone could ambush Tyrone by waiting between the cars. He turned toward the

office door but stopped when he heard the familiar roar of a diesel engine cranking and starting. He looked toward the locomotive shop and saw the cab light in one of the engines. “Shit—someone’s stealing our engines!” Wiggins stepped toward his office door to call for help but fell backwards over the railing when a forty-five caliber bullet penetrated his skull.

### **Wednesday, October 24, 2007, 12:25 AM, Newington, Virginia**

A loud crack from a burning fireplace log startled Jocelyn and woke her from ethereal slumber induced by intense lovemaking with her husband. She reached inside his open robe and twirled the sparse but lengthy hair on Don’s chest. Although he was thirty seven years old, persistent workouts kept his chest muscles taut. She marveled that a man nearly twice her weight and whose work at the Bureau occasionally required him to resort to violence to subdue a criminal, could be so gentle and caring.

Their six months of married life seemed like heaven. While there were a few spats along the way, she attributed those events as misunderstandings or miscommunication. While she discovered his hot temper and short fuse, in all cases he cooled quickly and usually responded with an apology when his male logic and infamous common sense returned. “It looks like we dozed off,” Jocelyn whispered in her husband’s ear as she struggled to free herself from the tightly wrapped arm around her waist. “How about opening those baby-blues so you can see how much I love you.”

He stirred, as she broke free. “Did you put drugs in the wine?” Donald Corbitt asked, as he raked his hand through his disheveled brown hair and lunged to recapture the beautiful woman who was attempting to escape.

“Oh, no you don’t, mister. It’s time to go to bed.”

“If we can find it,” Don chided. “Your idea of a combined indoor picnic and underwear party was great, but I’m hardly in the mood to move the packing boxes around at this hour of the night.”

“Come on, big boy—besides, I have to do most of the unpacking while you’re in Quantico tomorrow playing professor to the new batch of fledgling FBI agents.”

“I’d rather stay home tomorrow and play house with you.”

She struggled to her feet and reached for his hand to help him up from the floor. “There won’t be much playtime here tomorrow. It’s not every day you move into a four-bedroom home and just hanging the curtains here will be an all day job. This place is like a mansion compared to my small apartment in Bethesda.”

“I know how you feel. Remember the dump in Hoboken, where I lived?” Don said, as he carried his share of their picnic debris into the kitchen and rinsed several dishes. “I’m glad your parents are driving down from Syracuse to lend a hand. I hope they understand that I won’t be here and that I didn’t bail out on you.”

“I think they know better. Besides, it’s a labor of love for them to see that their thirty-five year old little girl finally did get a real home of her own,” Jocelyn said, climbing the stairs to the master bedroom.

“Wait,” Don requested when she reached the fifth stair.

“I’m pretty sleepy and now that I’m away from the fire I’m cold. Can’t it wait until morning?”

“Absolutely not! We’ve shared a kiss in every room in this house and it won’t be our home until we kiss on the staircase.”

Jocelyn smiled. “Okay, Pucker Man, lay one on me. Just do it quick before I drop in my tracks.”

He stood on the fourth stair and looked up to his wife’s beautiful but sleepy face. “May each day here be happier than the day before,” Don whispered and then kissed her softly.

“I love you, Don. It will take a while to get this place in shape, but we’ve done the right thing to have a home of our own.”

He followed her up the rest of the stairs to the master bedroom. It took them twenty minutes to build the bed and find the pillows and bed linen before they could settle down for the first night in their new home. Once under the covers, he watched her heavy eyelids close slowly over her big brown eyes. She preferred snuggling her back against him and he loosened his grip to allow her to turn. He buried his face in her fragrant honey-colored hair and rocked her gently. “Good night, Jocelyn,” he whispered. When he heard only her slow rhythmic breathing, he knew she had fallen asleep in his arms.

### **Wednesday, October 24, 2007, 12:25 AM, Lexington, Kentucky**

“I’ll see your three hundred dollars, and raise one thousand,” Gordon Noble said without hesitation to Frank Chandler, the remaining challenger in the weekly Texas Hold ’Em poker game.

The ever-cautious Chandler, a corporate lawyer, studied the eight and nine of clubs he held as hole cards for the fourth time to verify the strength of his ace high club flush. He pushed aside a lock of drooping snow-white hair while he studied Gordon Noble, who stole more than one pot with his aggressive betting.

“Come on, Frank—grandma is slow but she’s old. What’s your excuse?”