

The Enigma Source  
By Charles V Breakfield and Roxanne E Burkey

© Copyright 2018 ICABOD Press

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

With certain exceptions, no part of this book may be reproduced in any written, electronic, recording, or photocopying form without written permission of the publisher or author. The exceptions would be in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews and pages where permission is specifically granted in writing by the author or publisher and where authorship/source is acknowledged in the quoted materials.

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the authors' imaginations or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or people living or dead is coincidental.

Published by



**ICABOD Press**

ISBN: 978-1-946858-36-8 (softcopy)

ISBN: 978-1-946858-37-5 (e-book)

ISBN: 978-1-946858-38-2 (audio-book)

ISBN: 978-1-946858-39-9 (hardback)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2018948921

**First Edition**

**Printed in the United States**

**Other novels by Breakfield and Burkey**

**Enigma Series:**

**The Enigma Factor**

**The Enigma Ignite**

**The Enigma Stolen**

**The Enigma Gamers – A CATS Tale**

**The Enigma Dragon – A CATS Tale**

**The Enigma Rising**

**The Enigma Wraith**

**The Enigma Always**

**The Enigma Broker**

# The Enigma Source

---

## Prologue – Greed, Power, and Corruption-What's New ...The Enigma Chronicles Poland, 80 years ago

*Military troops all had their favorite places to blow off steam. This one was large, with areas for local musicians, reasonable food, a range of alcoholic beverages and a few private rooms available for a price to indulge in other refreshment fare. Only those from money or with high rank could afford them. In this case, the man waiting for someone had both.*

*Kondrat Mickelowski was of the older, more honorable, wealthy families that struggled with the constant regional conflicts that had been brewing for almost 20 years. His commanding presence was complimented by his height, speech, and impeccable grooming, all of which spoke to his status. His jacket was of the finest wool, cut in line with the fashionably rich of the times. Though his family indeed had position, money, and property, the values of education, human kindness, and a logical view of cause and effect had been instilled from birth. These are the values he imparted to his only son.*

*Life in this place in any position, he believed, was short lived while the maniac in Germany gained ground. That lunatic, in the opinion of many across Europe, surrounded himself with cruel and greedy men without conscience. Reflecting on the various recent conflicts, negotiations, treaties, and shifts in political power, he realized things were coming to a head. Hence the request for this meeting with his son, the Lieutenant.*

*Lively noise and revelry from the soldiers coming in for a start to the weekend spilled into the private dining area. Dark beers were flowing, in line with the weekly pay vouchers delivered earlier in the day. Military units from all sides were doing exactly as the strategy planners intended. Here's the target, the reasons are above your pay grade, and when these invaders evacuate this place, all will be well. Warsaw political leaders felt the annexation of the railway junction at the city of Bohumin was the only stop gap to German invasion.*

*Noise levels increased in the private room as the door opened and his son entered. He cut a fine figure in his uniform and had earned the rank of Lieutenant, even at his very young age. With his education and training, he had entered service at a very early age. Tall and commanding like his father, he strode to the table, and as his father rose they*

*embraced. They sat in adjacent chairs and the barmaid brought in steaming plates of food and two brimming steins.*

*Kondrat looked up graciously after she had set the provisions down and said, “Madam, thank you. That’s all for now.”*

*The barmaid was taken aback, as she’d expected his customary scowl, rather than a kind word.*

*The Lieutenant, who added a small smile and a twinkle in his blue eyes, also voiced, “Yes, thank you, madam.”*

*Uncertain but pleased, she grinned, curtseyed and left without a word.*

*“My son, how was your travel? Any issues?”*

*“No, Father, though the rumors swirling about the New Order and what they plan are everywhere. It seems to be inevitable, regardless of the negotiations by our leaders.”*

*“Agreed. It seems that the mandate is for a total Germanisation of Europe, one territory at a time. Without the intervention of the west, it is only a matter of time. The various delay tactics are just that. Our families, languages, traditions, religions, and associations will be wiped out if the lunatic is not stopped.”*

*“How can I help, Father? What can I do? I am rising in the ranks and gaining ground from those currently in power, though I sense some reluctance to share information. Officers are having sidebar correspondence with those outside of Poland. With the latest border change negotiation, it seems we are being painted as a German annexation. Is that how you view it?”*

*“Exactly, and it will only get worse. I have a unit I would like you to request transfer into, though it will appear to be a demotion. Meanwhile, I am going to try to liquidate some of our assets and place them outside of our country. I will let you know where and the details for access. It won’t be as much as I would like, because I want to make certain that our staff and the surrounding community have a share to help overcome what I feel certain is going to be devastating to everything you know and how you were raised.*

*“Men who get addicted to power, especially over other people and land, stop at nothing to gain what they want. This is one of mankind’s biggest failings. There always seems to be some narcissistic psychopath who quietly rises up with the right message to*

*gain his or her agenda. With education or the right influential circle, they often further their power addiction by military means. But you should know that our threat from the Nationalists in Germany is not the only consideration. The Soviets to the East are uncommonly quiet in this theater of aggression, and that is just as troubling.”*

*The young Lieutenant nodded and stated, “Father, how do you stop someone like Hitler, or is it even possible? The old wounds from the Great War have left many feeling guilty and ready to acquiesce to calls for repatriating lost territories, regardless of new national identities. Poland finally pulled away from the Kingdom of Prussia after the Treaty of Versailles set the stage for our independence. Now here we are again, being looked at as another territory to be annexed by Germany.”*

*“Honestly, my son, I sadly think that a bullet to the head would be the most effective. However, it is morally wrong, period! The best way to stay ahead of the interlopers is to stay ahead of them and not let them get a foothold. Vigilance, coupled with better information and methods to apply the information, is the right solution, though it is the most elusive. As an example, if you can watch all the pieces on the chessboard during the entire game, you can know the traps in advance to know what to avoid. It is a skill that few possess.”*

*The Lieutenant was lost in thought about the commentary as he finished his food. This logic flow was not a new concept to him. However the current world situation was much closer to home. “I will make arrangements for the transfer, Father, when I return to Command. Do you think it will be enough to make a difference?”*

*Kondrat emphatically stated, “It always makes a difference to do the right thing, especially against tyrannical maniacs. Thank you, my son. You are the hope of the future. Stay safe. God speed.”*

## Chapter 1 – Did You Really Need A Different Introduction?

### Present Day

In his cheeriest voice, Otto greeted, “Bruno! How are you, friend? It’s been ages since we’ve spoken! I was beginning to think that our last round of business was the end of our interactions, but I am delighted to see I was mistaken. How can I help you and your associate? It is not often that I am approached by one of Interpol’s finest cyber detectives and one of the governors of the Global Bank. May I assume that this has something to do with the latest developments in the crypto-currency markets and the ensuing theft that occurred?”

Bruno sat dumbfounded for a moment, unable to respond. In his Instant Message window on his PC, he was alerted to a new message.

How does this man know that I'm on the call?

Bruno, somewhat dazed, responded:

You said you wanted the best...no one sneaks up on these people...

Otto puzzled a moment, then asked, “Bruno, are you still there? Are you okay? Can you hear me?”

Finally Bruno cleared his throat and responded, “Otto, this is my anonymous calling line that goes through a bank of anonymizing servers just so I can have a completely cloaked conversation with people demanding extreme security. How did you know it was me? And, furthermore, how could you possibly have guessed who was on the call with me? Finally, why do you suspect we are calling about crypto-currency matters?”

Otto suppressed a smile and innocently replied, “Oh, pardon me, Bruno. Have I made some misstatements to your distinguished guest?”

Bruno clucked his tongue in annoyance and continued, “On second thought, I don’t really want to know all the tricks of the magician. Allow me to introduce Tonya Van Den Berghe from the Global Bank.

“Otto, I was asked to make introductions, but as you can see, Tonya, these are the people we call on when we need that which cannot be done. I’ll leave you two to talk in private. I assume that the voice tunnel is encrypted, Otto, after my initial but naïve outreach to you. Good day to you both.”

Otto didn’t have time to reply to Bruno’s hasty departure, so he offered, “Tonya, apologies if your call didn’t catch me unawares. We work very hard at being informed. That way when we are called upon to help we can take up the assignment quickly. How may I be of service to you and your organization?”

Tonya, relatively young but well-educated and informed about the world stage, quickly moved past her initial surprise, almost smiled, and acknowledged, “Otto, I believe your demonstration clearly proved your point about your organization’s effectiveness. You are correct, I am calling with regards to crypto-currency matters and some very high-profile thefts that lead us to believe the Global Bank has been compromised.

“To that end, I would like to meet and discuss the contents of a package I need to provide you. It will give you all the details we have so far, but there are some things that I cannot discuss over the phone, even though I rather believe that the line is certainly encrypted. Would that be possible?”

Otto nodded and answered, “Understood. In a chat window that I’m opening up on your computer, I will place the location of a cyber-Drop Vault. We use this with special customers for

secure document and data sharing. It will help us to begin work immediately with current information. When and where would you like to meet? I presume that time is of the essence.”

Tonya smirked as she replied, “You know it, Mr. Magician!

“I will upload the information within the hour. I would like to meet with you or possibly your right hand designate the day after tomorrow in Paris. I would prefer that we keep discussions on this topic out of our headquarters in Washington D.C., though I assure you I have the support of our Managing Director in this matter. I can, of course, provide credentials.”

Otto reviewed the background information on Tonya, including several photos provided by ICABOD, the team’s Artificial Intelligence Supercomputer. The young woman had graduated in the top of her class from Harvard Business with a focus in International Finance, with no extraordinarily high financial portfolio and her remaining two years of education debt being paid monthly. The photographs provided included professional headshots of her even smile, her heart-shaped face framed by shiny chestnut colored waves that just reached her shoulders. The photo date was three months ago and included her physical attributes of height at almost 1.8 meters and a lean 59 kilograms. It struck Otto that her facial lines were very sophisticated, yet she seemed approachable.

He commented, “Based on the nature of the discussion, credentials will be necessary. I will have you meet with Wolfgang Mickelowski, our Financial Director in Paris, at noon on Wednesday. Unless you have an objection, we will arrange for the meeting to take place in a secure conference room at Regal Financial in La Défense, just west of the Paris city limits. I have an associate on the Board of Directors of the main branch of the institution’s headquarters in Zürich.”

Tonya replied, “That is very agreeable. Thank you, Otto, I look forward to meeting with Mr. Mickelowski.”

The call was disconnected and Otto called Wolfgang. They chatted for a few moments and decided the best course of action was to assemble the team. They agreed to a time, and Otto waited for the package upload from Tonya to read en route.

01010101001100

Tonya Van Den Berghe studied the desk phone, then reached for her personal cell phone that was still capable of making an encrypted call, and dialed a familiar number from her contact list identified by only an icon. Once the encrypted call was launched, she steeled herself for the pending conversation.

It seemed like an eternity before the call connected, and a pleasant voice answered, “How did the call go with Bruno’s recommendation? Do we have the services of this unbiased group in Switzerland?”

Tonya replied, “Yes, Madam Director, we have their services, but, boy, what a creepy call! I mean, the man Bruno connected us to, Otto, knew right away who we were and almost to the letter of what we wanted. It was almost like he knew the work to be done and we would only need to verify the terms and conditions. Bruno seemed uncomfortable and bailed from the call. I finished the negotiations.

“Madam Director, I am not completely comfortable with this type of contact, no matter how highly your Interpol contact, Bruno, recommended them.”

The smirking voice on the other end of the call asked, “Do you feel we are on the right trajectory?”

Tonya had some trouble reeling in her irked state of mind but offered all the professionalism she could muster.

“Yes, Madam Director, we are on the right trajectory with these people. Not only did they know exactly who was calling over a supposedly anonymized voice channel, but they picked up on my presence, while correctly surmising the nature of the call. I’ve not witnessed this kind of digital sleight-of-hand before, and, well, it made me feel like I was right out of the University again.

“Since I took this job with your organization, I’ve only been embarrassed and humiliated twice during my tenure. The time you first pulled me aside and suggested that I not dress like a low class/no class call girl, and now this time with Otto the Magician.”

The Director chuckled and gently reminded, “Oh, so not the time I stumbled into your office after hours and almost interrupted you with, what’s his name? Though we were peers at our previous job, you do work for me now. Well, never mind. What are our next steps with the Magician? I assume they took the project, but what fee did you settle on?”

Tonya swallowed hard and admitted, “I...we didn’t discuss a fee, only a meeting place and where to ship the advance materials so his team could begin work.”

The Director sighed like someone ready to chastise an underling and then commented, “I’m glad your taste in men has improved over the years, but remember that even a low class/no class call girl discusses price before putting the goods on the table. This is most unlike you. You need to take charge and not get rattled when you are in charge of an assignment.”

Now mortified, Tonya stammered, “I didn’t get rattled. Okay, I did get a little rattled, but when we meet in Paris I can...”

Thoroughly enjoying the teasing she was delivering to her associate, the Director soothed, “Tonya, it is a part of working in this field.

“I can tell you that because he did the same thing to me many years ago. I was an up-and-coming professional who thought she could hold her own in a male dominated world of high finance. My ego had to be ambulanced off the premises the first time I encountered him. I thought he might help you adapt more readily.”

Tonya was stunned at the admission. But before she could say anything the Director responded, “That encounter helped me to get to this position. I’m hoping that someday it will help you get here too.”

Tonya, somewhat chastened, quietly offered, “Thank you, Ingrid. I will try and be that person you believe I am.”

Ingrid stepped back into her hard-edged Director role as she sharply reminded, “Understand, we need all the resources we can muster to intercept these disruptive cryptocurrency Johnnies and their cottage industry before one of these products catches on. We need time to get ours to market before we lose control of global finance. We don’t want to be caught making buggy whips while the internal combustion automobile is being rolled off mass-production lines. Time is not on our side in this matter, so whatever Mr. Magician wants to charge is fine. If he and his organization can help us hold our position until we are ready, then his price is chump change compared to what our next position will be. If he doesn’t, then he will be paid with useless currency, and none of it will matter anyway.”

Tonya swallowed hard and stated, “Yes, Madam Director. I understand.”