

SURVIVORS

Sharyl Bales



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(The Countess Comes A Calling Affair)

Historical Novel

The Phoenix

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CHAPTER 1

Tuesday, December 16, 1980—Buckingham, Scottsdale AZ

“May all the saints preserve us,” groaned Signe, theatrically.

Upon hearing this highly unusual comment, Mick looked up from the report he was reading and saw Signe was trying her best to suppress a huge grin. She was sitting at her writing desk in the large, multi-functional library where she was in the process of opening the just delivered mail. She was holding an obviously expensive cream-colored envelope in one hand and several pages of matching stationery in the other.

“For what reason are you invoking the Catholic pantheon, sweetheart?” he asked, mildly.

A delighted smile lit up her face and caused her emerald green eyes to sparkle as she shook the pages in his direction. “It’s from my Aunt Anna, The Countess of Larsborg. She’s coming to spend the holidays with us.”

“You’ve told me a great deal about your aunt, Sig, and I know you manage a visit to her as often as you can when you’re in Europe on business or on a book tour but I honestly do not recall your mentioning you’re related to Swedish royalty.”

“I’m not,” she laughed, as she jumped up, leaping the few feet between them and throwing herself into his lap. “I mean, she is Swedish and she is my aunt but she’s only royal by marriage. Her husband, Seigbert or Bert as he’s called, is a Russian count.

“Sweden’s rules of royalty are quite a bit different from those in Russia; however, Bertie is a somewhat distant but well-liked cousin of the King of Sweden, So, when he married Anna, who insisted on living in Sweden rather than in Russia, the King granted him 2,000 acres of land and allowed him to keep the unofficial title of Count. Hence, the province of Larsborg was created.

“Just wait until you meet her, Mick, I swear if a whirlwind could take on human form, it would be Anna. She’s an absolutely authentic, dynamic dumpling. The King and Queen adore her. Oh god, Mick, she’s coming for a visit. She hasn’t been here in years.”

Mick’s eyes widened in momentary surprise then he, too, broke into a big grin. Like a child at Christmas who’d been given the present of their dreams, Signe had actually squealed; not to mention she was almost stuttering with delight. This was a side of her he had never experienced in all the years he had known her. Still, it was an undeniably adorable reaction from this normally poised lady who was the love of his life.

His mind flashed back for a few moments to those days during World War II when she had been under his command on one of the OSS teams operating in France. She had been a tigress and every bit as good as the men in his outfit. Now, thirty-five years after the war ended and ten years after they had decided to merge their lives and become a couple, he had discovered a number of other sides to this enigmatic chameleon but this was definitely another new and unique persona. *Will I ever plumb the limits of all her hidden depths?* He thought not.

“So,” asked Mick, casually, “when can we expect your amazing aunt’s arrival?”

“Britt, Rafe and the children are coming to spend the holidays on Sunday, December 21st and Anna arrives the very next day. On the 22nd,” she added for emphasis, as she jumped up from his lap and headed back to her desk.

Mick grinned. *Did she think I couldn’t figure out what date followed the 21st? No, he thought, she’s too excited to think at all right now.* Unfortunately, he had two pieces of news for Signe he hated to bring up when she was so happy about her aunt’s forthcoming visit but he knew she would be more upset if he didn’t tell her before she began making plans.

“The timing couldn’t be better, my love,” he said lightly. “You’ll have plenty of company for the holidays.”

Signe whirled around before she reached her desk. “Why is that, Mick? Has something come up? You are going to be here for Christmas, aren’t you?”

“I will definitely be here for Christmas, Sig. I’ve missed too many opportunities to meet your Aunt Anna over the last ten years. I wouldn’t dream of missing this one, too,” he smiled. “Not to mention, I’m finally being allowed by you, Lia and Britt to give Alexandra and Kelsey their special presents this year; but,” he said as his smile faded into a frown, “I do need to leave the day after Christmas.”

Signe was suddenly serious because she knew it would have to be something very important to take Mick away over the holidays. “What’s come up, Mick?”

“I just received confirmation this morning,” he said, as he held up the folder of papers he had been reading. “I’ve been given a DCA and I really have no choice, Sig. Connor Holden called me yesterday and sent the dossier by overnight delivery. It’s a special commission straight from the top.”

A sudden chill ran down Signe’s spine. Connor Holden was CIA and had been Mick’s commander during the war. Connor had remained a good friend to both of them over the years. “So,” she replied, with a valiant effort to keep

her voice level, “you’ve been given a Deep Cover Assignment which means it’s not only extremely important but dangerous, as well.”

“Important, yes,” said Mick, smiling. “Dangerous, no.”

Signe rolled her eyes. “Right,” she acknowledged, without necessarily agreeing. “So, I can’t ask where you’re going or how long you’ll be gone. Will you be here for any part of the day after Christmas?”

“I’m not going to slip away in the night,” he laughed. “As things stand now, I need to be ready for a driver to pick me up in the morning at 11 o’clock on the 26th.” He paused to gather his thoughts. When dealing with Signe, he knew, if he wasn’t careful, he could end up giving her enough information so she would likely guess where he was going and what he was going to do. “Connor has agreed to set-up a special contact phone that will ring directly to him if there’s an emergency but only Zack will be given the secure number. I can’t even give it to you, Sig, but because you know Connor pretty well, I expect you could track him down if you really wanted to get in touch with him.”

“If it came to that, Mick, I’d just get in touch with Jenna or Zack,” she replied.

“There’s one more trip I’m making before Christmas,” he said quietly. “Sig, I’m flying to headquarters in San Francisco tomorrow morning and I’ll be bringing Jenna back with me the following day.” Mick sighed. “I hate to do it, sweetheart, but I’m putting her on administrative leave. With pay, of course,” he added.

“That’s probably for the best,” Signe admitted, reluctantly.

“It’s not that she isn’t doing her job,” replied Mick. “She’s so damned efficient she’s almost scary. Both Zack and Audrey are really worried about her.”

“I know. It’s just...” Her voice trailed off.

“It’s just that Jared catching a stray sniper’s bullet in Northern Ireland three months ago has hit her hard,” said Mick with a catch in his voice. “You know he wasn’t even on assignment. It was just a place he wanted to see. He was on leave, for god’s sake.”

“I know, darling,” replied Signe, quietly. “And you know as well as I do Jenna has survivor’s guilt. She was supposed to meet him there the following week when she finished up her assignment in Puerto Rico. That and the fact she loved him,” she finished, in a whisper.

“I’d do the same thing to any of my agents, Sig,” he said. “I’m not doing it just because it’s Jenna.”

Signe swallowed hard. “I know that, Mick, and I’m worried about her, too,” she admitted. “Maybe being here for a while and, especially with Anna coming, she might begin to put this behind her.” She gave Mick a sorrowful smile. “Besides, it’s just as hard on you and Zack,” she acknowledged. “Both of you knew Jared even longer than Jenna did.”

“I admit it’s been rough, Sig, but, I had you to see me through the worst of it,” he smiled; gratitude written large on his handsome face. “It’s hard to lose any of my operatives but Jared’s been with me for so long. He’s family.” Mick cleared his throat, noisily.

“But, he and Jenna have had a much more intimate relationship. I really thought they were getting serious about marriage. I just wish Jared hadn’t joked so often that his motto was *‘Live fast, live free, die young’*. We all knew it was just his joke; and Jenna certainly knew it, too. Lately, she seems to have taken it up as some kind of personal mantra and I think she half believes Jared really did mean what he said.”

“Jenna took it hard on behalf of Lia when Justin died in that car accident, too,” said Signe. “She doesn’t often show it, Mick, but under that rock-hard agent of yours, somewhere there lurks a soft underbelly. Jared is actually the first person with whom she’s had a real and lasting relationship. Then he not only died but he was murdered,” sighed Signe. “Not to mention he left everything to her, including his life insurance policy. She’s suddenly a very wealthy young woman in her own right, which adds to her distress.”

“Yes, that’s another thing, Sig,” continued Mick. “I’ve been trying to delay payment on his life insurance benefits because she says she’s giving it all to charity. While she could certainly afford to give a great deal to charity and probably will, I don’t want her to make any rash decisions until she comes to terms with this.”

“I didn’t know that, Mick.” Signe sighed, again. “Lately, when I call her, she doesn’t pick up. Then, I get a text message that she’s in the middle of something and she’ll call later but she never does. I’ve been wrestling with whether or not to do the motherly thing and interfere but I just couldn’t decide if that was for the best. Jenna is one of those people who needs to work things out her own way.”

“This time, my love,” replied Mick, gently, “I think she does need some motherly interference to help her work things out; whether she thinks so or not.”

CHAPTER 2

Wednesday, December 17, 1980

Shortly after breakfast the next morning, Mick prepared to leave for Sky Harbor Airport. Signe walked him to the door, kissed him soundly and wished him a safe flight. Then, the imp took over. “Did you pack a chair and a whip?” she asked. “An unhappy Jenna is not a thing to be taken lightly.”

Mick grinned. “I didn’t want to check them as luggage so I called Zack and asked him to have the necessary equipment available.”

Signe laughed lightly then became serious. “You know Jen is not going to like this, Mick. Just get her home safely and I’ll take it from there.”

“That’s my plan, sweetheart. Swoop in, do the job and get out of the line of fire,” he replied. “In fact, I’m hoping I won’t have too much ‘Jenna interaction’ for a while when I deliver her to your door.”

“Our door,” Signe corrected. She reached out and pretended to straighten his perfectly straight tie. “Just be patient, darling. This too shall pass.”

“So, I’m told,” smirked Mick, “will a gallstone.”

Signe gave him a light smack on his shoulder with the back of her hand. “Off you go, smart ass,” she smiled. As she watched him go down the drive, his handsome head of black hair glinted with almost blue highlights in the sun but, nonetheless, her smile faded into nothingness.

She knew Jenna would not go quietly or even admit to the demons undoubtedly haunting her nights and, possibly, her days, as well. *Still, she will be coming home then it would be my turn to find a way to get through to that sometimes very stubborn will of Jenna’s. I wonder where she gets such stubbornness,* she asked herself. Then, of course, the smile returned. She knew very well Jenna was way too much like her and a battle of wills would be fought before this was over; subtly, perhaps, but a battle of wills, nonetheless.

Signe spent the next several hours with James and Ellen Carstairs, respectively butler and housekeeper. Although in Signe’s business mind they were, for all intents and purposes, General Managers of the household.

Fortunately, a telegram had arrived from Anna early in the morning to advise them she was bringing her maid as well as a footman and a driver. In addition to deciding which suites or rooms to assign to Anna and her entourage, they were also discussing menus and, of course, planning various holiday functions, which had to be adjusted now that Mick would be leaving the day after Christmas.

The original plan had been for Alexandra and Kelsey to each get their present from Mick on Christmas Day and Signe had put together a special event for that evening. Now, though, she decided Mick should give the girls their presents on Christmas Eve day and have the event that evening. This was going to be a huge surprise for the girls and she wanted Mick to enjoy more time with them before he took off to who knew where.

When the family was all at Buckingham, Signe's whimsical name for her large home on the south slope of Camelback Mountain, Lia, Britt and Jenna took up the entire western wing of the house. Jenna had the bottom floor, which certainly had extra rooms she didn't use; but Signe hesitated to put anyone else in close proximity to her until she knew how Jenna was going to react about her administrative leave.

Giving her the opportunity for solitude when she needed it seemed to be the best choice. Lia and her daughters had the second floor and Britt and her family had the top floor. With several additions to the family over the last few years, the western wing was pretty much filled to capacity.

Finally, Signe put down her pen and closed her notebook. "*By George, I think we've got it,*" she joked, in a parody of Rex Harrison's British accent in *My Fair Lady*. "Anna and her maid, Ingrid, will have the southern suite on the second floor of the east wing at the other end of the corridor from mine and Mick's rooms. Her manservant, Rickard, and her driver, Mats, will be accommodated on the second floor of the staff wing, on the north side."

All of the staff rooms were more than comfortable and each had its own private bathroom. Signe was a generous employer. She believed if you treated your employees with respect and, if they were comfortable in their employment, they, in turn, would be long time and loyal workers. The Carstairs', or the C's as the family referred to them when speaking of both husband and wife, had a double suite on the ground floor of the servant's quarters, which was identical to the suites occupied by Signe and Mick on the second floor. Signe had never regretted and often blessed the day she had hired the C's. They were far more like family than employees.

"I'll start on the invitations today for the New Year's Eve party," she said. Signe had finally decided, with Anna's visit and Jen's potential mood, they would keep the Christmas celebrations strictly for the family.

The most difficult decision had been whether or not to invite Zack and possibly Audrey—the two agents closest to Jenna at McKenna International. One reason for the dilemma was it had always been both Zack and Jared who came for the holidays. Signe worried how Jenna would take Jared's absence

and the reminder, until now, she and Zack had shared equal responsibility for the day-to-day operations of McKenna International.

Finally, she decided she would not exclude Zack from what had become an annual tradition. Jenna would have to learn to deal with the reality of Jared's death sooner or later. In addition, she wanted to include Audrey; partly because she deserved it but, also, because she and Jenna had become close friends after the fiasco in 1976 that had begun on the high seas and ended in a corporate boardroom in Austin, Texas. That event had now been dubbed 'The Pirate Affair' by Mick's employees who always came up with some odd name for any adventures, involving Signe.

The New Year's Eve party would also include all of the family's local friends whom they would otherwise have hosted at least once over the Christmas season as well as special friends, such as General and Betsy Graves.

"If you don't mind, madam," said Ellen Carstairs, "may I excuse myself to check on the preparations for lunch?"

Signe smiled. Although she had asked them repeatedly to call her Signe, not once in all the years she had employed the C's had either of them called her anything other than Mrs. Carlson or, more usually, miss or madam. "Of course, Mrs. C," she replied, apologetically. "I'm afraid this took rather longer than I had expected."

Carstairs was already on his feet and pulled Signe's chair away from the table. "Would you prefer to eat in the dining room, madam, or on the patio?"

"Since Lia and the children are lunching with Caroline Appleby and Mick's on his way to San Francisco, I think I prefer the patio," she answered. Eating alone in the dining room held no appeal to her and Carstairs was very well aware of her preferences.

Still, he always asked and she never replied with anything less than a polite answer. Signe occasionally reflected on her relationship with the C's. She would have preferred it to be, at least, a bit more casual but she knew it wasn't in either of their genes. The fact they cared a great deal about both her and her family was more than enough, so she always ended up at the same place: *Status quo*.

"Very good, madam," smiled Carstairs. "Lunch will be served shortly. May I bring you a glass of Chardonnay and an appetizer to start?"

"That sounds very good, right now," replied Signe. "Thanks, Carstairs. I'm just going to freshen up and then I'll be right out."

“Of course, madam.” Carstairs was already on his way to the kitchen to see what Mrs. Abernathy had prepared as a first course.

Signe smiled to herself as she headed for her downstairs bedroom and, in particular, the attached bathroom. She wondered what Carstairs reaction would be if she just said ‘I need to pee first’ rather than using the generally accepted euphemism. Then her smile broadened to a grin. She knew, without any doubt, he would simply say exactly what he always said: ‘*Of course, madam*’, without even blinking an eye.

After she had relieved her bursting bladder, Signe went out the side door and walked toward the patio. She kept her first-floor bedroom for those times when Mick was away. It just didn’t feel right sleeping in the double suite without him. She saw a chilled glass of white wine and a glass of Perrier together with a placemat and silverware already on the table, which had the best view of the yard. Carstairs knew Signe liked to watch whatever activity might be going on in the desert outside the property. She had installed six-foot sections of wrought iron bars at intervals in the otherwise solid brick fence years ago for just that reason.

Today, she was enjoying watching a long-eared jackrabbit munching on some sort of desert plant it seemed to find quite tasty. At the same time, she was, once again, contemplating her relationship with the Carstairs. When she was still fairly young, her parents, before the accident that claimed their lives, had been solidly middle class. Grant Carlson, her second husband and the father of her three daughters, had also provided a comfortable but not excessive lifestyle.

Grant’s early death left Signe with three daughters to raise. Though she mourned the loss of her husband, she forced herself into high gear. She had taken Grant’s company public and it had been an immediate success. Her business acumen together with the success of her novels had propelled her and her family into the upper stratosphere of wealth. When she found herself in this position, Signe had fought hard to maintain both her own and her daughters’ appreciation of people rather than possessions. Public duty rather than self-indulgence. She attributed it to her rather keen sense of humor as well as an acute perception of the absurd.

Even her middle daughter, Brittany, surrounded by all the glamour that goes along with being an international movie star, hadn’t succumbed to the almost overwhelming bowing and scraping that accompanied her well-deserved success nor to the constant adulation of her fans. Well, not much anyway. Signe knew Britt’s feet were as firmly planted on the ground as were those of her sisters, Lia and Jenna. Britt had expressed her views on what she called ‘the fickle fortune of fame’ often enough.

She broke off her reverie when she heard the patio door open and the familiar steps of Carstairs' brisk walk crossing the terra cotta-colored flagstone bricks of the patio. The original patio had been terra cotta tiles but Signe felt they were too slippery so she had the patio floor re-done for safer footing.

"I trust this will be to your liking, madam?" said Carstairs, as he set a plate in front of her.

Signe looked at the bowl of spinach dip surrounded by fresh, crispy tortilla chips and small wedges of pumpernickel bread. Then she looked up at Carstairs with a big grin. "As if you and Mrs. Abernathy didn't both know this is one of my very favorite secret pleasures."

A ghost of a smile played across Carstairs' face. "It is quite a healthy dish, madam."

"Right," said Signe, "and I suppose the chips and bread provide adequate carbs for the day?"

"Quite so, madam. Will there be anything else before I bring the main course?"

Signe sighed with pleasure. "After eating this, I may not need a main course."

"I will serve it in twenty minutes, madam. Whether you eat it is, of course, up to you, but I should tell you, Mrs. Abernathy is preparing a lovely looking lamb chop."

Signe groaned. "Two of my very favorite things in the same meal, Carstairs?"

"Purely coincidence, I'm sure, madam." With that, Carstairs did his patented disappearing trick and was gone.

The man should have been a magician grinned Signe, as she loaded one of the tortilla chips with spinach dip and popped it into her mouth.

She indulged herself with a few more chips then several of the small pieces of bread she also slathered with dip. She didn't have a clue who had come up with this recipe but she hoped they had won some sort of culinary prize for it. Then, she resolutely pushed the plate away.

With the holidays almost upon them, it was going to be hard enough to resist all the temptations, coming out of the kitchen. Also, with all the hustle and bustle of Britt and her family's arrival as well as Aunt Anna and her retinue, her normal exercise routine would likely suffer. Ah, well, she thought. That's why New Year's resolutions were invented.

She lit a cigarette, took a sip of wine and leaned back in the chair. With a new year only a few weeks away, she couldn't help but reflect on all that had happened in the last few years.

There had been no big adventures since 'The Pirate Affair' in the spring of 1976. If there hadn't been all the additions and changes within the family, life would have been a bit dull. She tried to think of everything in the order it had happened.

In a quiet ceremony attended only by the family, Lia had married Greg Fritz in November of 1976. It had been years since her first husband and Alexandra's father had been killed in a car accident and, while I had always hoped Lia would marry again, she had never particularly warmed to Greg. Still, he was welcomed into the family, considering he was Lia's choice for a husband.

In 1977, first Britt then Lia announced each was expecting another baby. In August, Britt and Rafe had become parents a second time. They named the beautiful baby girl, Korynn, though everyone called her Kory.

Lia and her husband, Greg, had welcomed a second beautiful baby girl into the world just six weeks later. Samantha Fritz was born in September and, of course, she was Sammy to the family. Kory was blonde with blue eyes like her sister Kelsey and Sammy had golden brown hair with lovely chocolate brown eyes. She really didn't resemble her older sister, Alexandra, but then they had different fathers so it wasn't particularly expected.

Signe's own children were quite different even though they did have the same father. Lia was about 5'7" with a willowy build, blonde hair and light blue eyes while Britt was a little taller at 5'8" with dark brown hair and hazel eyes and Jenna was the shortest at about 5'5". Jenna's hair was the darkest and, of course, she had those fascinating wolf's eyes that were a darker blue than Lia's, but with a ring of very deep blue around the irises and flecks of gold scattered here and there.

Unfortunately, Lia's second marriage hadn't worked out and she and Greg divorced in 1978. Lia had moved back into Buckingham with Alex and Sammy and, at least for the present, she didn't seem intent on seeking a third husband.

That same year, Luis Díaz had finally married Juana whom most of them had met during 'The Managua Affair'. Signe, Mick, Lia, Jenna, Jared and Zack had flown to Managua for the ceremony and festivities. Although they both felt bad about it, Britt and Rafe hadn't been able to interrupt their production schedule to attend but Jared and Zack had videotaped the wedding

and all of the parties that occurred afterward so they could, at least, share in the fun afterwards.

Invitations to the New Year's Eve party would be sent to them as well as to Maria Díaz, Luis' mother and to her brother, Tomas and his wife, Isabel. Because Juana was already in her ninth month and expecting their child any time now, Signe was quite sure none of the Díaz family would travel all the way to Phoenix. This would be Maria's first grandchild and Signe knew she was waiting anxiously for the little bundle to arrive.

Then, last year, in July 1979, Britt had her third and, as she claimed, last child. She and Rafe had named her Havana in honor of his parent's place of birth and she was a dark-eyed little beauty who was now just about eighteen months old.

Signe sighed as she came up to the present. No one could have predicted the horror of Jared's untimely death and its resultant effect on Jenna. She knew they would get through this as they had gotten through so many other tragedies but it never got any easier.

Still, Anna's visit was an unexpected bright spot and her aunt's exuberant personality just might help to give Jenna some kind of new perspective. Anna's life had not always been easy, either.

The sound of Carstairs footsteps brought Signe back to the present and the smell of the lamb chop caused her mouth to water. Perhaps, she could force it down, after all.

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