

Sven : A Cabe Gallo Story
by Kate Simon

Kate hung Cabe's dry cleaning in his closet and saw the custom tuxedo. Rubbing her hand over the soft material she was practically purring when he caught her.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Just reliving a moment." She turned and slipped her hands around his neck and kissed him. "You have to have that tailor make all your suits."

"That was for a special occasion. He's pretty pricey."

"He's worth every penny." To emphasis her point she pulled him into a deeply passionate kiss.

He looked a bit flushed when he smiled. Brushing her cheek he said, "Custom it is." He swatted her bottom as if to break the spell. "Ok, get your ass in gear, Gallo. Cooper wants us in the garage in an hour.

Cabe watched as Kate got into agent mode. Black slacks and jacket, white shirt accessorized with a 9 mm in a shoulder holster. He thought his wife strapping on a weapon shouldn't turn him on, but it did. He didn't understand it but then again so much of what was between them defied explanation.

They greeted everyone at the garage like it was a normal Monday morning. Of course, it wasn't. He was going to need a hell of a lot of coffee to make it through today. A weekend alone with Katie, naked. He may need a week to recover. He smiled when he thought about the pictures on his phone. He'd looked at them more than once today. She really was amazing. He reached for the coffee pot and found it empty. "What the hell? Who drank it all?"

Toby walk toward him with a fresh can. "Down, boy. I was just starting another pot."

"Oh, sorry," said Cabe. Toby looked at him in that way he hated. Like he was about to be diagnosed.

"Apologizing, needs extra caffeine. Someone had a good weekend," Toby smiled. He couldn't stop his blush. "Shut up and make the coffee."

Cooper walked into the office in her 'I'm your boss, cut the crap' persona. "Okay, everyone. Let's get started." She handed Walter a flash drive and he sent the images to the large monitor. A blurry picture appeared on the screen. A tall man, six feet tall with a trim build and ash blonde hair. No facial features where discernible. "This is Sven Larsen, Swedish importer. We think he's using his business as a cover for drug trafficking."

"If this is drugs why does Homeland have jurisdiction? Why not DEA?" asked Walter.

"Because his pipeline starts in Afghanistan. Drug trafficking has been on the rise since 9/11. It's a primary source of terrorist funding and Homeland has been tasked with stopping this particular pipeline by any means necessary." Cooper switched slides and displayed a picture of a tall, dark haired man in a hand tailored suit. Cabe knew the difference. This is James Comforti, art dealer to the rich and famous of Hollywood, drug supplier to the rest of the country. Comforti is supposed to meet with Larsen tomorrow night to accept delivery of a shipment of heroin."

"Why are they doing this in person? Don't people like that have other people do their dirty work?" asked Sly.

"Normally, yes. But this shipment is worth twenty million dollars. Comforti won't transfer the funds until the shipment is confirmed. Larsen is the only one with the codes

to his off shore accounts. Hence the face to face."

"What does he import?" asked Walter.

"Excuse me?" asked Walter.

"Other than drugs, what does Larsen import?"

Cooper took a breath. "Lutefisk"

"Say what now?" asked Toby.

"What the hell is Lutefisk?" asked Kate.

"It's a Swedish delicacy. Cod soaked in lye."

"Oh, God that sounds horrible," said Paige. Sly looked like he was going to hurl.

"It is, unless of course you're Swedish It also smells horrible."

"Larsen uses the smell to confuse the drug sniffing dogs," said Walter.

"Exactly."

"Where are you getting the intel?" asked Cabe.

"We've had an agent on the inside of Larsen's operation for the last six months. Our agent was going to accompany Larsen on the trip and once the shipment was received, take them down."

"Sounds efficient. Why do you need us?" asked Walter.

"There's been a hitch in the plan. Larsen and the agent arrived in Los Angeles last night. He sampled some of the local hospitality but it proved too much for him. The agent found him this morning. His wallet and jewelry were gone."

"Bad lutefisk?" asked Toby.

"Heart attack."

"So you don't have Larsen for the meet," said Happy. "That sucks for your agent but I don't see where Scorpion comes in."

"This is how." Cooper flipped slides and revealed an autopsy photo of a dead Sven Larsen. The square jaw, cleft chin, everyone turned and looked at Cabe.

Toby smiled. "Dead ringer."

Cabe sighed. "Ah, crap."

Kate smiled. "You'll have to dye your hair."

"What?" asked Cabe.

"He's a blonde, a little salt and pepper, but definitely blonde."

"And glasses," said Katherine. "We're having a duplicate pair made."

"One minor detail, I don't speak Swedish"

"You won't have to. Larsen was educated in the States so his English was perfect, however.." Cooper hesitated.

"I'm going to hate this."

"He had a pretty heavy accent."

Kate burst out laughing. Cabe glared. "I'm sorry, Cabe. You with a Swedish accent? Come on that's funny."

Cabe stood and point at the screen. "Katherine, this is nuts. How am I supposed to pull this off in twenty four hours?"

"Agent Sorenson will be here shortly. She'll brief you and coach you on the accent. She was born here but her parents immigrated from Sweden. She's fluent and can help you cover any rough spots during the meet."

Cabe ran his hand through his still-brown hair and said, "Non posso credere che questa merda." The team was startled. They had never heard Cabe say more than the occasional Italian curse word.

Katherine smiled. "Peccato, Gallo. "Questa e la vostra assegnazione."

The team's attention moved back and forth between Cooper and Cabe like they were watching a tennis match.

"Two years in the Rome office," said Cooper

"Childhood in Bensonhurst," said Cabe.

Happy leaned close to Kate and whispered, "He speaks Italian? That's hot."

Kate nodded and smiled.

Cooper pulled out her car keys. "Okay, Elsa will be here soon and I have a meeting in thirty minutes."

Kate had given Cabe a few minutes to calm down while she made a call. They didn't have much time before the agent arrived so, still pissed or not, it was time for him to get it together.

"Hey," she said as she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Hey."

"I'm sorry I laughed."

"Don't be." He shook his head. "Sven Larson," he said in a dreadful Swedish accent. "It's funny."

"I'm sure the agent will help you out." She gave him a quick kiss. "I've made you an appointment for noon."

"For what?"

"Your hair. You need to look the part, babe. Lyndsey will transform you from an Italian stallion to a believable Swedish stud."

"How can you be so sure?"

She smiled. "She does my hair when I need a change for an assignment. She talented and doesn't ask too many questions."

"Dio Mio, how do I get into these things?"

"First step, no Italian for the next thirty six hours," said Kate. She rubbed his shoulders and smiled. "Cabe, I want you to calm down. You are a first class agent. You've handled a lot tougher undercover operations. You can do this."

"But as a blonde?" he asked.

She stroked his salt and pepper gray hair. "I have to admit I really like your gray hair."

"You do?" he smiled.

"Yeah, very distinguished." She leaned in to whisper. "And hot, but then so is the rest of you. I've made her promise to put you back the way she found you when we're done." She gave him another quick kiss. "More coffee?"

"God, yes," he said.

As she freshened Cabe's coffee she heard high heels hitting the concrete floor of the garage. She turned to see a woman in her early thirties wearing a pale beige suit walking towards them. She was close to six feet tall, without the heels, five feet of which were legs. Her pale clothing emphasized her porcelain complexion. Her hair was platinum blonde, natural platinum. Kate murmured, "Well..fuck."

Every male in the garage, even Walter were struck dumb. When Cabe saw Agent Sorenson even he was startled. Paige moved to cover the awkward silence, reaching for

Sorenson hand.

"Agent Sorenson, I'm Paige Dineen, Scorpion project manager." Happy approached and looked her up and down. "Happy Quinn, engineer."

"Guys," Paige called.

Toby jumped to his feet and gave the woman a two handed shake. "Doctor Tobias M. Curtis." When he turned away he saw a look on Happy's face that said he would pay for this later.

Sly stumbled over his introduction and finally Walter stood. "Agent Sorenson, I'm Walter O'Brien, head of Scorpion."

The woman turned on a thousand watt smile. "Yes, Mr. O'Brien, I'm very familiar with your team's work. I'm glad to have this opportunity to work with you."

Sorenson saw Kate approach and extended her hand. "You must be Agent Riley. You're reputation precedes you." She turned her attention and thousand watt smile to Cabe. "And you must be Agent Gallo." She held Cabe's hand a lot longer than a handshake. "Gode Gud, the resemblance to Sven is amazing." She touched Cabe's hair and smiled. "We'll have to do something about your hair of course."

"That's already been arranged," said Cabe. "Let's get to it. Brief me on the meet and then we'll work on the accent."

Sorenson put her hand on Cabe's arm. "I'm so grateful to the Director for giving you to me to finish this assignment."

Kate growled. "Marcia indietro cagna."

Cabe gave Kate a startled look. Kate had just told Sorenson to "Back off bitch" in Italian.

Kate caught his gaze. "Sei mio," she said.

"Calmati," he replied, hoping she understood. She huffed and turned on her heels heading for the office. "Excuse me for a minute," he said to Sorenson and followed Kate.

He closed the office door behind him. Before he could get a word out she poked him in the chest.

"Calm down?! That bitch is on you like a cheap suit."

"First, I'm aware she's handsy. Even I could see it. After being under for six months she may have had a relationship with Larson and it's carried over to me. Second, where

the hell did you learn to curse in Italian?"

"I downloaded an Italian course." She gave him a small smile. "I wanted to know what you were saying to me."

Cabe shook his head in amazement. He shouldn't be surprised that his bonafide genius wife had picked up a great deal of Italian in a very short amount of time. He decided to table this conversation for another time. "I'm going back out there and learn enough so I can complete this mission and not make you a widow. Capisce?"

She nodded. "Sorry," she sighed.

"One more thing." He pulled her in for a deep, forceful kiss. "Sono tuo," he whispered. He saw her smile as he walked back out to Sorenson. She'd understood what he said. Sono tuo, I'm yours.

Cabe rejoined Sorenson and started reviewing the case. It was fairly straightforward. Meet Comforti, put him with the drugs and the money and arrest him. Easy. Now if he could get the accent down.

"It's not too difficult a dialect. Sven was born in the south of Sweden. It's not quite as sharp as the accents to the north. I've prepared a disc for you. Sven's conversations with Comforti. They're all in English. It will help you with the his cadence."

Cabe and Sorenson worked for three hours on the details of the assignment and the accent wasn't quite as hard as he'd imagined. He'd picked up Italian pretty quickly as a kid and seemed not to have lost the knack. He'd learned a few common phrases and Sorenson seemed pleased. A little too pleased, but nothing he couldn't handle.

Kate approached them carrying a flash drive she handed to Cabe. "Here are all of Larson's accounts and passwords."

"What?" asked Sorenson. "We couldn't crack his codes without him. The Director was going to have some dummy accounts set up for the transfer so we could at least get Comforti and the drugs."

Kate smiled. "Yeah well that's before we had a crack at it. Now we get Comforti, all Larson's assets and his suppliers."

"Kate, Walter and Sylvester are the three greatest computer geniuses on the

planet," said Cabe.

Sorenson looked properly flummoxed. "You did it that fast?"

"Oh, we finished this two hours ago. I just came over to get Cabe. "Your hair appointment is in thirty minutes."

Sorenson brushed her fingers on Cabe's hair. "You know I have someone who could take care of that of you."

"I've got it covered, tik," Kate said through clenched teeth. "Cabe, I'll be in the car."

Sorenson put her hands on her hips. "She just called me a bitch in Swedish"

Cabe laughed. "She must have spent sometime googling after she finished the decryption."

"What is her problem?"

"She has a problem with women flirting with her husband."

Sorenson looked shocked for only a moment before she recovered. She rested her hand on Cabe's chest. "Married?" She made a pouting face. "How disappointing."

"Dial it down, Elsa. It's never gonna happen." He shook his head in amusement and made his way out to their car. He was going to have a conversation with his wife about playing nice with others.

Cabe got out his keys and got in behind the wheel. Kate was pretending to read something on her tablet.

"You really shouldn't call a fellow agent a bitch," said Cabe.

"She had it coming," said Kate.

Cabe decided to let it go for now. "Do you have pictures for the hairdresser?"

"Yes. Unfortunately they're all morgue shots."

"Is this going to be a problem?"

"No. She knows I'm an agent. She's been vetted by the department and she'll be well compensated."

Cabe had never been to the spa before. Kate came twice a month for her nails and hair. She kept pushing him for a couples massage but he'd avoided the place, until now. It resembled any boutique on Rodeo, with well trimmed palm trees and tropical flowers around the entrance. The lobby had a fragrance of lavender that was pleasant without being overwhelming. The subdued background music reminded him of the islands. Maybe he would take her up on that massage.

"Hi Janie," Kate said to the young receptionist dressed in a black t-shirt and jeans. "I have an appointment with Lyndsey."

The girl smiled broadly and picked up her phone. "Lyndsey, Mrs. Gallo is here." She nodded and hung up. "You can go right back."

Kate led Cabe down a long hallway with multiple doors.

"This doesn't look like a beauty shop," he said.

"These are all private rooms. They perform miracles here, and miracles sometimes require privacy."

Cabe shook his head. This morning he was on his deck enjoying an ocean breeze while looking at the pictures from this weekend. Now he was in a salon about to be turned into a blonde. How the hell did this happen?

Kate knocked on the door and a young woman with a sunny smile and purple hair opened the door. Cabe recognized her as someone he'd seen briefly among the crowd of help before their wedding. That time her hair had been blue. She pulled Kate into a hug. "Sweetie! So good to see you." She gave Cabe an appraising look. "This is your husband? Damn. Good for you."

Cabe looked back and forth between Kate and the girl.

Kate laughed. "Don't worry sweetheart. She'd rather sleep with me than you."

"Your wife has been breaking my heart twice a month for five years."

"Lyn, you know I've promised if I ever switch teams, you'll be the first girl I call."

"I'll hold you to it," she smiled and took Cabe by the arm. "But with this guy at home I doubt my phone will ever ring." She sat Cabe in her chair and turned all business. "Do you have a photos for me?"

Kate pulled the file from her bag and handed it to her.

"Damn. Dead guy?"

Kate nodded. "Can you make it work?"

Lyndsey looked at the pictures and then moved Cabe's head from side to side. He was beginning to feel like he had lost total control and he hated it.

"Ok, I got this," Lyndsey announced. She pointed at Kate. "Go get a massage while I work my magic as I tell your husband all your secrets."

Kate's eyes got wide. "Ah..Lynds..."

Lyndsey pushed her toward the door. "Karen's waiting for you, lucky girl. Now shoo."

Cabe admired the girl's authority as she closed the door in Kate's face. "Exactly who was the lucky girl in that scenario?"

"Karen, of course. Your wife is hot."

Cabe laughed. "I think I like you Lyndsey."

Cabe struggled to sit patiently as Lyndsey used foils and brushes and fowl smelling chemicals on his hair.

"Don't worry, Cabe. I'll put you back the way I found you when you're ready."

"Good to know." he smiled. "How did you get started doing this?"

"Hair in general or transforming spies?"

Cabe was startled at her blunt response. "The last part."

"Kate came in one day and asked me to make her a brunette. I tried to refuse. Who in their right mind would do anything to that magnificent head of red hair other than touch up her gray?"

"Her what?"

She rubbed his shoulder. "Oh, you're adorable. Do you really think a woman gets to her age without a few grays making an appearance? Anyway, I'd known she was a government agent and she explained about an undercover job." She checked her watch. "Time to rinse you out."

Cabe closed his eyes as Lyndsey rinsed and then shampooed his hair. As she massaged his scalp he thought he'd never gotten this kind of treatment from his barber.

"She's an amazing woman, your wife," Lyndsey said in a quiet voice. "Last year Janie, the receptionist, her mother got really sick. It wasn't looking good and then they got a letter from Mercy General saying that said her mom had qualified for a special program. Her entire treatment and follow up would be covered. Janie's mom made a full recovery." Lyndsey turned off the water and covered his hair with a towel. "I know that was her." She led Cabe back to her chair. "I'd been to her house a few times before the wedding to do her hair for special occasions. I knew she came from money, but she didn't flaunt it."

Cabe smiled. "You never said anything, did you?"

She shook her head. "She's not like most of the clients here. She doesn't boast. Who couldn't love someone like her?"

He looked up at Lyndsey to see her bright smile had faded. She really did care for Kate. She pulled out her hair dryer and conversation ended. He couldn't believe what he was looking at. He looked like he had been born with dark blonde hair with some streaks of brighter blonde. She'd done it. He was Sven Larson.

"Holy crap," he said.

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"As you should."

Lyndsey hit a button on a wall speaker. "Karen, tell Mrs. Gallo her husband is ready."

In less than a minute the door opened and Kate froze. "Holy crap."

Lyndsey laughed. "Call me when you're ready to reverse it."

"Will do," Cabe said. "Thank you." As he shook her hand he slipped a one hundred dollar bill in her hand.

"You're quite welcome, Cabe," she smiled.

He watched Kate sign the bill for the five hundred dollar service and add a one hundred dollar tip. Lyndsey began to correct her when Cabe shook his head.

"We'll see you again soon," she said.

"Give it at least two weeks. Any sooner than that would be too damaging to his hair."

Kate looked at him and smiled. "That'll work."

They were walking toward the car when Cabe tossed her his keys.

"What are you doing? You always drive."

He got into the passenger side and buckled up. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the pair of glasses Sorenson had brought with her to the garage. They were a dark black frame, thicker on top, thin wire on the bottom. "Halla, I am Sven Larson. Thank you for giving me a ride."

Kate stared open mouthed. His accent had gone from laughable to hot as hell in three hours. "Hello Mr. Larson. I'm Agent Riley," she smiled. "Welcome to America."

Kate couldn't believe what she was looking at. Cabe was sitting in the passenger side of the car with looking out at the scenery like he'd never seen it before.

He looked over at her and smiled. "I always enjoy coming to California. It's so...beautiful."

Her heart skipped. "Ahh..what time is your meeting tomorrow, Mr. Larson."

Cabe placed a hand on her leg and smiled. "Please, Sven."

"Sven," she smiled.

"My assistant and I meet with Comforti at four in the afternoon at the Pier 14. Port of Los Angeles."

Kate gripped the wheel a little tighter. "I don't care for her."

"Ahh Elsa. Lovely girl. Smart." He gave Kate an evil grin. "She made herself indispensable to me."

She gasped. Cabe had transformed into the smarmy criminal "Do you always mix business and pleasure, Sven?"

He took her hand from the wheel and kissed it. "Ya. Every chance I get."

Cabe leaned back and put his earbuds in. Before he'd left the garage he'd had Walter transfer Sorenson's disc of Larson's conversations to his phone. From listening to this guy's conversations he'd concluded two things. First, he was a bad guy the world would not miss. Two, Sorenson was definitely screwing him.

He smiled at the thought of how he'd put Kate of balance...again. Not an easy thing to do. It could be bruising to his old school ego being married to a genius. Kate was as squared away professionally as any agent he'd ever worked with. She was almost always one step ahead of him. Almost.

Cabe had decided to maintain his Sven persona until after the meet. It would simultaneously help him maintain the difficult accent and make his wife crazy. A win win.

Kate pulled into the garage of their home and closed the door. She knew he was messing with her but the hell of it was it was working...again. Damn him. "Pay back is a bitch," she thought. "Or in my case, witch."

"Is this a safe house?" he asked.

"It's my house, Mr. Larson. She gave him a smile as she opened the door into the kitchen.

"Underbar. Ah, English. Sorry sometimes I forget myself." Cabe followed her into the kitchen. She set her purse on the counter and turned around to find Cabe right behind her. He put his hands on either side of her pinning her where she stood. He leaned in close and whispered "Wonderful."

"You're very bold, Mr. Larson."

"Sven, please," he said.

"Sven," she whispered.

"Do you live here all alone?"

"I have a husband," she said.

"Where is he?"

"On assignment." Her heart was pounding. This was her husband and she felt like she was flirting with a stranger. She would get him back for this. Later.

Cabe was loving this. Kate was flushed and her breathing was rapid. He leaned in close, nearly touching her lips.

"Ve are alone, Ya?"

She nodded.

"Underbar." He closed the gap and kissed her. Soft and quick. "Shall I continue?" he asked.

"Ya."

He pulled her tight to him and kissed her. She slipped her hands into his now blonde hair and returned his passion. He stopped long enough to see her eyes had turned dark. "I want you to take you to bed."

She took him by the hand and led him to their bedroom.

Cabe pulled her close and kissed her. His hands moved down her body, caressing her curves. She would feel how much he wanted her, again. His witch.

He slowly undid her blouse, smiling and stroking her skin. "So beautiful," he whispered. He sat her on the bed and slipped her slacks off, admiring the lingerie color of the day, pure white. He looked at her with hungry eyes, grateful no other man would see her like this. Or hairdresser.

Cabe contemplated his next move. He'd pushed boundaries all weekend and she'd met the challenge. He decided to cross one more line. "You must be aware, agent, that a man like me didn't get to where I am by allowing disrespect. I deal with such matters quickly."

Kate looked startled. "What disrespect?"

He leaned in close. "You called my assistant a bitch. Whether or not she is, it's irrelevant. I can not permit it." He sat on the bed and quickly pulled her over his knees. He rubbed his hands over her lace covered ass before slipping the panty down her legs. "Don't fret, darling. I won't be too severe. She really is a bitch."

Smack. She gasped. His hand came down on her ass, open wide making more sound than sting.

Smack. She didn't move. Cabe knew she could have him pinned on the floor in a heartbeat if she'd wanted to. Apparently, she didn't want to.

Smack. He rubbed the red skin and felt the warmth. "I think that will do," he whispered before he pushed her back on the bed.

He shed his clothes quickly and covered her body with his. "Gode Gud, you're magnificent." He didn't just kiss her, he possessed her. "What man would ever leave a woman like you to the likes of me?" He slipped off her bra, caressing her breasts. "What would your husband do if he found me like this?" He slid his hand down and could feel her heat. "Found me with my hand on you like this?"

"He would kill you."

Cabe smiled. "Well, then I will have to make what time I have left on earth worthwhile."

Kate listened to Cabe soft breathing as she stared out at the ocean. It had been an interesting few hours to say the least. Now it was time for a little payback. She nudged him in the chest. "Gallo, wake up."

"Hmmm, who?" he said trying to use the Swedish accent.

"Drop Sven for a minute. I want to talk to my husband."

He pulled her close and nuzzled her neck. "What do you want, Katie girl?"

"Answers, Gallo. What the hell is going on with you?"

He opened his eyes and smiled. "I was keeping up the Sven persona so I could work on the accent. It will help with the assignment." He started nibbling on her neck. "I also thought we could have some fun with it. Win, win."

Kate rubbed her ass. "Yeah, well you were really into it."

He cupped her face in his hand. "Did I go to far, sweetheart?"

She smiled. "Don't fret, Gallo. If I'd wanted to stop you, I could have."

He gave her a soft kiss. "I know you could."

Kate served Cabe his favorite breakfast, ham and cheese omelet with sausages. He always ate big after a particularly eventful night. "Why did you say Sorenson really was a bitch?"

He looked up from his near empty plate and smile. "Because she is. Also, she was screwing Larson."

"What?"

"I listened to hours of recorded calls between him and various contacts, including her. When he talked to her he had a different tone than he had with anyone else."

"Weren't their conversations in Swedish?"

"Yeah. They were but there wasn't room for doubt. Soft tones, a few giggles and a moan or two. She was doing him."

Kate paused and said. "Cabe, Cooper never said anything about setting up dummy accounts in the briefing."

Cabe set his fork on his plate. "Shit."

"That's what I'm thinking."

"I'm going to need most of the team in the van."

"I could hang back in the garage with Sly."

"Can you make that work?"

Kate rolled her eyes. "Did you forget who you're married to?"

He gave her a big smile. "My apologies Agent Riley."

"It's Gallo, buddy. Don't forget that."

"Never."

The team stared in amazement as Kate walked in with the late, not so great, Sven Larson. "Halla, everyone. Are we ready to conduct some business?"

"Holy crap. Boss, is that you?" asked Happy.

Cabe walked toward Happy, took her hand and kissed it and gave her a slightly lurid smile. "Sven Larson. A pleasure."

Happy pulled her hand away like she'd been burned. "Okay, I'm totally creeped out."

"He may be in a dissociative state. It can happen." He pulled out a pen light and flashed it in Cabe's eyes.

Cabe muttered, "Shut it, jackass."

Toby smiled. "It's still him."

Sorenson was standing still, her attention glued to Cabe. "Amazing," she said.

Kate walked over to Sorenson, standing close in front of her. She spoke softly and slowly. "You listen to me very carefully, Agent Sorenson. He may look like Larson but that is Agent Cabe Gallo, my husband. You lay a hand on him that's not in the line of duty and I will kick your ass." Kate turned on her heels as she pulled out her phone checking texts. "Nothing from Cooper."

"She called this morning," said Paige. "She will monitor the mission from Homeland."

"Fine," said Cabe as Cabe. "The tach team will be in place when we get there."

"You don't need all of us in the van. Sylvester and I can hang back here and provide any backup you might need," said Kate.

Sly looked ready to ask why when she gave him a slight shake of her head. He nodded and sat back in his chair. "I don't mind not having to go into a potential gun battle."

"Okay people, let's roll." said Cabe.

Kate gave him a kiss. "Go get him," she smiled. She turned to see Sorenson staring at her, know full well she was making her point.

Cabe was reviewing the case again as he glanced over at Elsa Sorenson. Something had seem off about her from the first. Kate hit on it when he should have. He

hadn't been affected by her looks. She was a beautiful woman, no denying it. He had been so absorbed into becoming Larson, he hadn't noticed. For now all he had to do was shutdown an international drug ring and seize several tons of drugs. Just like any another Tuesday.

Kate pulled out the phone in her pocket and showed it to Sly. "This isn't your phone."

"No, it's a pinch phone. I grabbed all the information off Sorenson's phone. We have to find out what she's up to before four p.m. Load the information from the phone and see what encryption she's got. You will probably need translation software from Swedish to English. While you're doing that, I need to talk to Cooper."

Kate sat down at Sly's desk a few minutes later. "Cooper's on it. She's pissed, but she's on it. She's got people going through Sorenson's hotel room. Tell me you got something."

"You're right. She has an offshore account at the same bank as Larson. She was probably was planning to have all the money go directly into her account."

"Yes, but we threw a wrench in her plans when we cracked Larson's access codes. Has she set the accounts for automatic transfer?"

"Yes. As soon as the twenty million hits his account, it and all the other funds will transfer to her account. Altogether, fifty million dollars."

"She couldn't move Larson's money before the operation because she knew Homeland was monitoring." Kate put in her com and listened to the operation. She had to be careful because Sorenson had a com too. It was three forty five and they were about to head to the pier. "Cabe, it's me. Be careful sweetheart. I need you to come home safe." She smiled at the comfort of his voice.

"Will do, sweetheart. I love you."

"Oh for God's sake. What are you two, twelve? Can we go arrest the international drug dealer now?"

Cabe smiled. Kate and Sly had gotten what they needed. "Let's go."

Kate wouldn't have been this nervous if she'd been on the op. Cabe was doing beautifully. His accent was perfect and neither Comforti or Sorenson knew what was in store for them.

Cabe walked Comforti into the cargo container on the pier. He opened crate after crate showing Comforti his heroin shipment. Comforti tested it, smiled and hit a button on his phone. Kate and Sly watched the money transfer into Larson's account and then immediately jump to Sorenson's. Sly had put a block on her account. Nothing would move out of it until he released it.

"Pleasure doing business with you, Larson," said Comforti.

"You too, Comforti. We're done here," Cabe said in his real voice. The tach team moved in holding automatic weapons on Comforti and his two henchmen. "James Comforti, you're under arrest." Cabe took cuffs offered by one of the team and secured Comforti. "I need another set," Cabe said holding out his hands. He got the second pair and turned. "Elsa Sorenson, you're under arrest."

"What?" screamed Sorenson. "For what?"

"Drug trafficking, money laundering, I imagine Cooper will come up with an impressive list of charges."

She lowered her voice. "I have fifty million dollars, Gallo. Fifty. We could live well in a country without extradition."

Cabe laughed. "You do realize that everyone, including my wife just heard you." He reached up and pulled the com out of her ear. Cabe looked at this stunningly beautiful woman and shook his head.

Sorenson pulled at her cuffs and the soldier leading her away. Cabe heard what he assumed were a string of Swedish curses echoing off the metal container.

He walked out of the container and touched his com. "Katherine, are you on?"

"I'm here," she replied. "We found Larson's wallet and jewelry in Sorenson's room. Kate and Sylvester found the electronic trail and secured the funds. Excellent work everyone."

Cabe opened the van door to see stunned expressions on the team's faces.

"Cabe, what the hell is going on?" said Walter.

"I'll explain on the way home. Let's get out of here."

Cabe walked into the house and tossed his keys on the sideboard. "Well that was a hell of a day."

"Sure was," Kate replied.

He looked into the mirror and ran his hand through his blonde, blown dried hair. He couldn't get over the idea of being blonde and no brylcream. "I guess I have to live with this a little while longer."

"Don't worry, baby. I'll make it worth your while." Kate put her arms around his neck and pulled him close for a passionate kiss.

"Yeah," he thought. "I bet she will. The witch."