

## The O’Leary Entanglement

**Monday afternoon, 23 October:** Simon called and left the following message: “My guy is ecstatic. He told me, ‘She’s all I expected and more.’ Tell, Kirsten that she did a great job.”

I sarcastically thought, *Great, I’m simultaneously destroying a marriage and facilitating a crime.*

That evening, Charlene unexpectedly arrived at my place. Sitting at my kitchen table, she explained, “I wanted you to know what’s happening. Because Simon paid you the \$2,000, Roth has convinced a federal judge to allow a wiretap on Simon’s communicators. We’ve already learned Simon wants to spice up his ANCS demo.”

“Spice up? How?”

“Yes, it seems Simon is so pleased by Lemaire’s reaction to Kirsten that he wants to do more. Specifically, he wants women like Kirsten to be included in his ANCS simulator upgrade demo.”

“And you’re telling me this because...?”

“We need you to play the madam angle to the hilt. We want you to supply Simon with all the women he wants.”

“Charlene, this is a lot more involvement than I had ever planned.”

“I know, but without your help, we aren’t going to have anything more than a complaint and suspicions.”

My Simon-related undercover work was becoming ever more complex and involving. Yes, I still wanted to stop Simon, but I didn’t want the effort to turn into my full-time job. I told Charlene, “This one time I’ll play the madam, but this can’t be a forever thing.”

Probably relieved that I hadn’t outright refused and turned her request into a hassle, Charlene tentatively agreed to my condition of future non-involvement. After discussing how I would approach Simon, probably fearing that I would change my mind, she didn’t linger, but rather, said her goodbyes and left.

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**Tuesday, 24 October:** I left a message for Simon, and he called me back four hours later. Before I could tell why I had called, he said, “I’ve been thinking about you.”

Trash talking, I replied, “I hope they were pleasant thoughts?”

“Yes, I want us to get together. We can talk about your role in an event that I’m planning.”

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Already alerted by Charlene, I expressed interest, and Simon said, “Instead of my taking you out to dinner, this Thursday night, why don’t we go to the Texans football game? I’ll send my limo to pick you up at your place. We can meet at the stadium.”

That fall the Houston Texans football team was outstanding; many thought they would advance to the Super Bowl. Consequently, Thursday night’s game against the Tennessee Titans was a popular topic of conversation. NRG Stadium had sold out; for even the cheap seats, scalpers were getting many hundreds of dollars.

“I didn’t know you were a football fan.”

“I’m not. You can teach me about the sport; that will be my perk.”

When I said, “Deal,” Simon beamed; happy, I suppose, that I had so readily acquiesced.

When I told Charlene and Roth of Simon’s invitation, they too were ecstatic and insisted that I wear a ‘wire.’ Thinking of Lydia and the inevitable body search, I objected, to which Roth replied, “Don’t worry; you’ll put the device on *after* Simon’s bitch has searched you.”

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**Thursday night, 26 October:** Skipping my after-class workout, doing a quick shower and change, I was just ready by five PM when Simon’s limo arrived. As I had expected, Lydia had come along to make sure I wasn’t wearing a recording device. We had hardly left my place when she began her most thorough search of my body.

It was already dark when we approached NRG Stadium, which was ablaze with lights. The limo drove up to the VIP entrance. As I got out of the vehicle, I realized a small crowd had gathered, hoping to get a glimpse of a celebrity. While not a celebrity—at least not then—I noticed that the male fans carefully observed my dark blue pantsuit and white sweater, the Houston Texans’ team colors, and my tall, well-endowed figure. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw one wife elbow her husband for looking too hard.

As I walked toward the VIP entrance, a uniformed usher approach and asked, “Miss O’Leary?” When I answered in the affirmative, she said, “Follow me.”

Together, we rode the elevator to the level that housed the luxury suites. My guide led me past many doors to one numbered 328. Opening it, she said, “I hope you enjoy the game.”

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After thanking the usher, I stepped inside, and Simon greeted me into a room full of well-dressed and prosperous-looking people. He immediately began introducing me, and I met two Congressmen, three business executives, an Air Force general, and a retired admiral. Fearing the introductions would never stop, I told Simon, “I’ve got it; you’re well-connected.”

His point made, he smiled and then suggested, “Let’s get something to eat.”

After Simon had eaten heartily and I nibbled from the excellent buffet, I excused myself and went to the ladies’ room. There, in a stall, I took out the listening device from my bag. Still called a ‘wire,’ the patch—2 inches in diameter and roughly 1/8 of an inch thick—had adhesive on its backside. After pasting the ‘wire’ to my right inner thigh, before leaving the ladies’ room, I called the number that Charlene had given me. Ostensibly checking my messages, I was actually giving an NCIS technician the okay to activate the listening device. With my ‘wire’ operational, feeling quite clever that I had outfoxed him, I walked back to where Simon was waiting for me.

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The luxury box, which protruded from the upper reaches of the stadium, seemed surprisingly close to the playing field. Taking advantage of the view, a big-time lawyer’s wife, a retired admiral, Simon, and I sat in the first row to be even closer to the action on the field. The Retired Admiral—that is how I identified the man—was a student of the game. The lawyer’s wife—I ‘named’ her the Gossipy Woman—was a font of Houston Texans info. Occasionally, I made observations about what might happen on the field. Luckily, I was prescient. In the third period, the Retired Admiral commented, “Young lady, you know your football,” and Simon beamed.

Houston, trailing by three points, scored a go-ahead touchdown with 2:53 left to play. The crowd and our box were ecstatic. After Houston successfully kicked the extra point, I cautioned, “The Tennessee quarterback has an arm, and Houston’s pass defense is vulnerable.”

Sure enough, when Houston only rushed four men, Tennessee, using short passes, marched down the field. Eventually, they had a first down on the Houston seven yard line with eleven seconds to play. The Retired Admiral asked, “Okay, Lieutenant, what would you do?”

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“Rush six men, and hope we sack the quarterback before he can find an open receiver.”

The Retired Admiral, a fervent Houston fan, observed, “Good advice; let’s hope the coach sees it your way.”

The Houston coach took the opposite approach. With the Titans’ line holding off the Texans’ four-man rush, the Tennessee quarterback found his tight end open in the end zone. Realizing that the Titans had likely scored the winning touchdown, the crowd let out a groan.

I said, “The left guard was holding. Don’t throw in the towel just yet; the refs might call it.”

As the refs marched off the 10-yard penalty, the clock showed five seconds remaining in the game.

The Retired Admiral growled, “Blitz, damn it.”

Apparently, the Houston coach and the Retired Admiral were telepathically communicating. On the next play, Houston blitzed, rushing six men. Under pressure, the Titans’ quarterback had to scramble. Consequently, he threw his pass a little too far in front of his receiver, who was still bobbling the ball as he stepped out of the end zone.

Time had expired; Houston had won.

The crowd roared; the Retired Admiral jumped to his feet, cheering; and Simon beamed. When things calmed down, the Gossipy Woman said, “Simon, you should bring the Lieutenant more often. We need her if we’re going to win the Super Bowl.”

Simon replied, “Excellent idea,” as he gave my shoulders an unwanted hug.

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Simon’s limo rolled up to NRG Stadium’s VIP entrance, and the driver got out. As he opened the door to the passenger compartment, Simon motioned for me to enter the vehicle. With trepidation, I did as asked and discovered that Lydia wasn’t around to do her overly thorough pat-down. After Simon had joined me, the limousine pulled away from NRG Stadium and out into traffic.

Simon went to the limo’s bar and poured glasses of champagne for the both of us. As he handed me my drink, he said, “To a wonderful partnership.”

After clinking our glasses, while we were sipping the champagne, Simon declared, “Business first,” and I nodded. He then told me, “I’m

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very pleased with how Kirsten is handling Captain Lemaire. Remember, it doesn’t necessarily have to be all sex; often older men just want a young, beautiful woman’s attention. What’s important is that the guy is happy.”

After I had nodded my understanding, Simon asked, “Do you have any more women like Kirsten? I may need them for the Supreme Software demonstration.” When I mentioned Darby and Carol Jane, Simon exclaimed, “You have quite the stable.” After a pause, he added, “I was thinking about them. If I need more women of their caliber, can you supply them?”

Not knowing how I would achieve what Simon was asking, but trying to sound like the confident madam that I wasn’t, hoping that my words wouldn’t come back to haunt me, I answered, “Difficult but doable. You’ll have to let me know in time.”

Simon smiled broadly and said, “That’s what I like about you. You don’t hem and haw, and then make excuses. You just make things happen.”

Taking the initiative, trying to get Simon to incriminate himself, I said, “Let’s be specific, so there is no confusion. If my women are expected to provide *sexual* favors at your demo, I’ll have to charge accordingly.”

“Don’t sweat the money; I’m prepared to pay top dollar *if* you can deliver what I want.”

“Which is?”

“I want to establish friendships between the people who work for the ANCS and the Supreme Software employees. After the demo, I want a guy who works for the ANCS to feel he can call his friend at Supreme and talk about a technical problem.”

“Where do my women fit in?”

“To establish the relationships that I’m looking for, the first step is to socialize, to have a fun time, to talk about things that aren’t work-related. After the attendees are comfortable with one another, only then will they feel ready to discuss the important, work-related stuff.”

Disappointed by the reasonableness of his approach, I nonetheless tried again, still hoping that Simon might implicate himself. “In your process of everybody getting to know one another, you see my women as the ... facilitators?”

“Well put, O’Leary. I want classy, interesting women, like Kirsten and her friends, who can hold up their end of a conversation, who are

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sophisticated and entertaining. What I don't want is a bunch of street whores, asking my clients, 'Do you want a fuck?'"

Frustrated, I tried yet again. "So, if the guy wants sex, what should my women say?"

"It's all up to the guy and the gal. I don't care if the sex is involved as long as it's discreet. If my clients are having an enjoyable time at my event and we establish contacts, I'll be happy."

"You're asking a lot."

"Of course, I am, but remember, I'm willing to pay top dollar."

Remembering something Kirsten had told me, I asked, "Are you looking to arrange something like a hospitality suite, only much more ... comprehensive?"

Simon replied, "Now we're communicating," and, after some fussing around with a briefcase, he handed me two pieces of paper stapled together. "This is the event's preliminary schedule. The parts outlined in yellow are where your people fit in."

Figuring that Simon wasn't going to ask me outright for prostitution services, I shifted the conversation to making specific arrangements. When we had finished, I had negotiated a generous \$7,000 package for each of the three women.