The End of the Cold

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

She knew what it was. The drug had that effect. One minute you are walking down the street and the next minute a sharp pain in the neck, you feel woozy, and then blackness. And then the recovery is like this was – just fuzzy images and slight dizziness and then you can focus.

It was the living room of the apartment she had rented right in the middle of the small French town. But she had been brought here – up from the street perhaps.

She recognized him immediately. It was Krumins, sitting across from her in the large antique armchair, smiling. But she could not let on. She opened her eyes wide as if in panic. She felt the restraints on her arms and she wrestled with them a little, as if she believed she could escape somehow.

“Please don’t struggle. You will hurt yourself.” Krumins seemed genuinely concerned. “I am sorry that this was necessary, but the trail seems to end with you. So you see, I must ask you some questions, and I must get honest answers in return.”

“Who are you?” she said, perhaps a little too shrilly.

“No, the question is, who are you?” Krumins was suddenly serious and she recognized the coldness in his eye. It was the coldness of a killer. But he leaned back to continue. “I can see some family likeness so my guess is that you might be his sister. I never knew that he had a family but it would not surprise me that they would be hidden away. Families are a weakness. Sadly for us in this business, families can never be allowed.”

“I don’t understand what you are saying. You must have made a mistake. I don’t know you.”

“Of course you don’t. So maybe it is your brother I am looking for – or is he a cousin? Just a little older than you I would think?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“That would be unfortunate,” said Krumins with an evil look. “That would make you a loose end. How do they say it now … collateral damage. You would need to be disposed of. But if you had answers then you might have a chance to live.”

She thought that now would be a good time to summon tears, but none came. She could cry nowadays and she did, but not in this moment.

“What do you want with my brother?” she said.

“Ah! At last. We have something to talk about, you and I. About your brother, and his work for the CIA.”

“My brother works for the State Department. It is not a senior position … or it wasn’t when I last heard from him.”

“So you have no contact with him – why is that? I have been watching him for years - or I had been until the Gorky Affair suddenly forced him to ground. But why did I not know about you? Because you are being kept safe, that’s why. You know it and I know it. Forbidden contact with your own brother because you might be held as a hostage, just as you are now.”

“You’re Russian then?”

“Actually, I am Latvian. But Latvia is one of the Soviet Socialist Republics. But I answer to Moscow, yes. And I am looking for your brother. So, if you can help me find him, you have a chance at life. I am sorry that I can put it no higher that. I have a policy of honesty that might seem strange for someone of my profession.”

“So could you explain to me why you are looking for my brother, assuming you have the right man.”

Krumins smiled and leaned back again. “Your brother and I have been – can I say – professional rivals over the last decade. His recent disappearance has denied me the opportunity to … resolve things between us.”

“That does not sound like you wish him well,” she said. “But I can tell you that I cannot help you. He disappeared from me long ago. I have learned to accept that we will never meet.”

“I understand,” said Krumins, suddenly philosophical. “But I still want to meet him. This has been a long cold war and here we are in 1985 with no end in sight. Yet suddenly he has really disappeared. I do not know where his is and what he is doing. For me this is a difficult thing. I need to know. That is my role. I just need to know.”

“If you are not out to kill him, then why am I tied up like this?” She showed him her discomfort.

Krumins stood up. He said – “Of course you are right. I just wanted to ensure that I had your attention. It is rude of me to continue to have you in this position. Allow me to remove the restraints.”

She rubbed her wrists. She had not struggled so they were unblemished, still with a trace of scent.

“I must look a mess. You must allow me to freshen up,” she said.

“Of course. But you must allow me to watch. Ingrained precautions you understand.”

“I am not a spy. It is just that you think that I am sister to a spy,” she said. “What could I possibly do to you?”

“I’ll watch anyway,” he said. “In fact, if you would like to get changed then perhaps we might go out? Just an indication of my goodwill. It will give you the protection of being in public, and allow us to speak more freely.”

“I don’t know what you want me to do,” she said, standing up. It was the dress that she had worn last night, but after her bath. She had slipped out to get something. Krumins was a clever operator. Out of the shadows and then you are in a drug induced trance while he walks you home.

“Perhaps try to reach him for me? I am sure that he would have left some means, even through the Agency. You could even use my name if you like. Krumins.”

She reached into her closet and found a dress. She asked – “Would you at least turn your head while I change.”

“I am afraid not,” he said.

She shrugged. She could argue for the sake of modesty but she had been unconscious in this man’s power even in the last hour. To hell with it. She slipped off the dress. She had only panties underneath, but new ones were required. She had something nice, in apricot, with a matching bra. She nestled her breasts into it, so pert and youthful on her more mature body. Her panties hugged her smooth front and trimmed pubis.

The new dress was colorful – suitable for a summer lunch, and there were open toed sandals to match.

She sat down at her dressing table and brushed her shoulder length hair. With some skill she pull her hair into a ponytail and fastened it with a band and then a floral tie. She applied mascara and lipstick. The skin of her face required nothing more. It was smooth and without blemish.

Krumins watched, initially with the dispassionate disdain with which he watched everything, but which had slowly been broken down by other feelings, as her hairbrush went where his fingers longed to be.

He gripped himself internally. He was a professional. He had a way of dealing with desire – he would imagine taking the woman roughly and slashing her throat with a razor and watching her bloodless and lifeless body fall. But somehow in picturing this woman there was no razor, and no rough treatment, just his soft hands fondling her breasts and his hard cock probing her crevice.

He gulped as he felt his erection.

“I’m ready,” she said. It was just as well that he could start walking.

The street was slightly busy, but the restaurant in the small square had a table. He held her chair. He could be charming – whatever his work required of him. He ordered coffees and menus in perfect French.

“So, what about your new premier Mr. Gorbachev?” she asked. “Will he improve the fortunes of the Soviet Union.”

“I am not concerned with Politics,” said Krumins. “I just follow orders.”

“Everybody knows that life is shit in Moscow,” she said.

“I am in France,” he said. “The sun is shining and I am about to take lunch with the most beautiful woman I have ever met.”

“I thought that you said that you have a policy of honesty.”

He looked at her. He said whatever he needed to say to get what he wanted. He was a liar as all he did his job must be. But not now. Not here.”

“Russians have many policies,” he said. “We call them aspirational. But this time I am being honest. There is something about you that fascinates me.”

“Could it be that you have seen me naked?” she said.

“That too,” he conceded. “I am not immune to physical attraction, but I have to say in your case I find it irresistible.” He stared at her, and she stared back.

The waiter was standing over them. It was unclear as for how long. They both order the goose gizzard salad, a specialty of the house

“I have to say that I am fascinated by you too,” she said. “But perhaps that is because some women are simply drawn to danger, like a moth to a flame.”

“Why do I feel that I am the moth?” he said. He watched her smile and shared it.

“I am not without urges,” she said, as the meals arrived. “Perhaps after lunch we could … see what happens. But I would not like you to think of me as slutty, Mr. Krumins.”

“Yet again I find you something special. I admire a woman who knows what she wants and is not afraid to call for it. Or perhaps you just read my mind?”

“I did.” She said without lifting her head. “It was very easy.” She took a bite. “This is delicious.”

They ate. They remarked on the food and on people walking by, and the age of the town and its medieval buildings.

“We have nothing like this back home,” she said.

“Russia is the same. Grand buildings except 300 years instead of 250 years for America,” he said. “But Latvia has medieval buildings. It has a long history.”

He paid the bill, and she put up only a weak protest. She accepted acts of chivalry these days, and quietly enjoyed them.

“You have not yet agreed to make contact with your brother,” he said as they strolled back towards her apartment.

“I will contact his employer and as the question as you have asked,” she said. She stopped at her door. “Are you going to come up?”

At the top of the stairs they fell into one another’s arms. As she fumbled to get the key into her door he had unzipped her dress and unclipped her bra and was kissing her back.

Their tongues wrestled each others as they bumped their way through the living area in a clinch that neither was prepared to release. But he had to as she fell back on the bed – he had to release the bear in his loins that had been struggling to be free and now stood before them both at maximum height and girth.

“Oh my God,” she giggled playfully, as if she had never seen a penis before – something that could not be further from the truth. “I am going to need lubrication!” She reached for her bedside table.

“Please let me,” he said. He wanted to get his fingers inside her, and to tickle her clitoris and make her twitch. He was not averse to delivering a simple fucking, but this woman deserved so much more.

But she wanted him and It was only minutes before he was inside her and she was gasping for more.

They came together, backs arching in unison like some living sculpture – the Symmetry of Passion.

“Call me Serge,” he said. Her head lay across his chest, her hair in her face, being played with by his fingers, still sensitive to any contact with her.

“Not Sergei?” she asked.

“I am in France,” he said. “Actually my given name is Serge. My mother preferred it, but in Russia they always write and say Sergei.”

“I didn’t know that,” she said, wistfully.

“Why should you?” He stiffened a little.

“I suppose that I should confess that I know more about you that I have let on,” she said. “In fact, quite possibly I know more about you than you know about …. About your adversary. There are some things that you certainly don’t know about him, even though you now know this person in another sense – what we call the Biblical one .”

She felt him relax. He did not understand the reference. He simply said – “So you work for the Agency too?” After all, she was far too clever. He was almost relieved. They were equals.

“No. I never have. He worked for them. Back when I was him.”

She pulled herself up to look in his face. She wanted to see him and his reaction. She saw only confusion, and then she watched as a new realization dawned.

“Oh my God,” said Serge. “You are …, you were …, I have just … “. He suddenly smiled. I have just fucked ..”.

“Now just a minute,” she said. “Who just fucked who?”

They found themselves staring at one another. His cock was still hot and sticky, and so was her pussy. The glow was still fresh. She looked flushed and more attractive than ever. He had he look of a man satisfied, which is a look many women love more than anything.

“Shall we call it making love?” he suggested. “My effort at détente.”

She leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. “Agreed,” she whispered.

“I think that for us the Cold War just ended,” he said.

“I hope so for our sake,” she said. “But it has certainly warmed up.”

The End

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*Erin’s seed: A spy's cover is blown, he really cant be effective and wants to retire but the enemy keeps trying to kill him. The only way to have a peaceful retirement is to take on a new identity. Still an enemy tracks HER down but romance is bigger than any old cold war scorekeeping.*