

THE STUDENT PANOPTICON

The sprawling Intelligence Organisation farm – simply known in the intelligence circles as the Farm - was situated in a hilly area far from the hustles and bustles of city life. It was attractively adorned with healthy acacia trees whose umbrella shapes provided perfect cover for more than a dozen IO trainers. Most of the astute trainers had churned out several diligent operatives, some of whom had carried out courageous covert assignments as part of their mandate to safeguard national security. The rusty and rickety gate rarely squirmed and screamed loudly as it did on this particular day as visitors were rarely seen in this secretive hamlet. The shabby-looking ‘guard’ – who was actually an experienced IO marksman on high alert to shoot intruders – animatedly opened the gate for the car to pass through. In the back seat silently sat a youthful man barely past his puberty who had become a regular ‘visitor’ at the Farm over the past couple of months.

The gate was emblazoned with legible words reading, ‘private property, trespassers will be prosecuted’ in line with inscriptions on the entrances of most farms in the area. Except that this was not just an ordinary farm and no agricultural activities were carried out here. In fact, one would labour to pick up one grain of maize or beans from the place. Trespassers faced the possibility of being shot on sight as this was designated as a high-security area, albeit without any conspicuous warnings to would-be intruders as this would blow the IO cover. The large perimeter of the farm was surrounded by a high-voltage razor fence, which made it practically impossible even for a rabbit to pass through, let alone a creature of the *Homo sapiens* species. On top of one of the hillocks was a makeshift wooden cabin, painted in reflective white, which acted as the watchtower manned 24/7 by two snipers armed with Arctic Warfare Magnums and authorised to shoot first and ask questions later.

The van puffed noisily along the dusty road, which provided the umbilical cord between the gate and the white structure that looked like a tobacco barn yet its womb was pregnant with recently-acquired state-of-the-art gadgets, an armoury oozing with arsenal enough to arm a platoon and training rooms the size of the Apollo Theatre. The road to the barn meandered lazily through the maze of the acacia trees that were all denizen to surveillance cameras whose prying eyes covered the entire perimeter of the Farm without leaving an inch uncovered. No trespasser would make it to the barn without being detected and in the 20-year

history of the farm; no such security breaches had ever been attempted. The team was raucously determined to keep this historic feat intact for the unforeseeable future.

It was the 24th and final weekend in a row and Gift was extremely tired from the rigorous training and drills the IO trainers were taking him through to prepare him for his field agent role as Agent Foxtrot. The routine involved jogging very early in the morning, hitting the gym and doing push-ups to boost his fitness and agility. This was ritually followed by training in weapon handling using sophisticated Glockes and M4s and Gift proved to be a fast learner in that respect. It was mainly due to excitement and high adrenalin levels. Gift also gained in-depth skills in clandestine operations, recruitment of assets, signal techniques, surveillance, dead drops and brush passes, as well as the installation of bugs and wiretaps, among other vital skills. His greatest passion rested in cryptography, electronic surveillance, radio technology, and telecommunications lessons moderated by the vivacious Sofia Zarubina from the Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation. The FSB trainer made espionage sound appetising and her beautiful features acted like magnet to male students. Gift remarkably knew that after the successful completion of the training programme, he would be one of the best IO operatives equipped with James Bond 007 skills and his razor-sharp intelligence. All things being equal, he was destined to carry out his assignments with distinction, stealth and resolute zeal.

Agent Foxtrot was eager to impress the officious man from the IO, who introduced himself simply as 'Mickey'. The man had underscored the essence of discreetness, attention to detail as well as accuracy in order not only to evade detection and suspicion by targets and colleagues alike but also to achieve sterling results as quickly as possible. Such traits were critical for an intelligence officer to avoid glaring human errors that could jeopardise the clandestineness of one's work. Mickey had learnt this fact from practice as his career was littered with a tragic litany of embarrassing and avoidable blunders some of which he did not want to relive. To Gift, being as adept as possible became his overarching goal as he graduated from the Farm to take up his role as the first official member of the Student Infiltration Branch.

Agent Foxtrot was ready for the tasks at hand and he swore that he would "shun sloppy work, blunders and negligence."

His recruitment into the Club was strangely shrouded in mystery as the grey-haired Mickey did not divulge any information about how he had identified him during their first meeting in the park at the University of the North. The conundrum was compounded by the fact that Gift did not even know how the mysterious note in his room inviting him to the strange meeting found its way there yet the door to his room was securely locked. Stella was the only person who had the spare keys. Out of curiosity, he went to the venue of the meeting where he was lectured on the operations of the Intelligence Organisation before he was offered to work for the organisation. He was told that if he was agreeable to the offer, he would work closely with his controller only known to him as Special Agent Panopticon. In addition, he would be paid handsomely in cash through his handler. No one was to know about his secret job, not even his family, classmates or girlfriends. The offer was too good to resist. He took it.

What Agent Foxtrot didn't know was that Stella knew but she would never let the cat out of the bag.

On that night Stella put on her favourite and sexiest pink nightdress that left nothing to the imagination and would make her man drool. Her erect pale pink nipples pierced the fabric of Victoria's Secret red bra like acacia thorns. She naughtily decided not to put on the matching panty but to let the transparent dress scantily cover her neatly-shaven groin. The curvaceous buttocks danced rhythmically each time she rehearsed her steps to the door and each swing was met with the artistic swirl of her long Brazilian hair. She wore an expensive perfume, which was a gift from Grievance, and a thick lipstick that gave her the perfect look of a Miss World contestant. Stella then covered the bright light bulbs with towels to dim the room and enhance the romantic atmosphere. It had the desired effect.

She knew that this marked Gift's last day in training and she wanted it to be special.

The knock on the door was gentle. Pizza in one hand and a bouquet of aromatic flowers in the other, Gift approached the door to Room 101 in The Queens hostels with the stealth of a lioness about to surprise a herd of gazelles. The new pair of tight jeans he had just bought fit him immaculately and he had complemented this with an exquisite white Nike sweater that closely hugged his newly-found athletic body, thanks to the push-ups and gym at the Farm. The black Jordan sneakers completed the puzzle and made Gift the sassiest and most handsome virgin on campus. But this was about to end, at least not the cute part.

Gift's adrenalin levels were high, having just qualified to join the spy world where he got the opportunity to earn as he learned. His anxiety to kick-start his career was at a fever pitch. He was, however, cognisant of the oath of secrecy he had signed six months earlier that precluded him from divulging any information pertaining to his undercover job to anyone outside the ambit of the Club. So he was not going to let his excitement take precedence of logic and talk to Stella about his job. She was not supposed to know or even suspect that his narrative that he had found a job as a part-time lecturer in the city was bogus and just a cover-up.

The door was gently opened and what Gift saw mesmerised him. He instantly fell into a tumescent state.

Two hours later, Stella's head rested languidly on Gift's muscular chest, completely naked and the scent of their juices saturating the small room. Gift's lithe hands continued to massage her body softly and caress her hair as she slowly slid into a deep slumber, complete with snoring and bellying out. It had been great. He had slowly undressed her with the gentleness of a dove before planting a passionate kiss that made her melt in pleasure. Tongues pillaging, he moved to her nether region with his delicate fingers while she simultaneously dived to his groin and grabbed his family jewels with the pliers' grip. She interchanged her firm grip with the soft massaging of his gonads. It miraculously worked. He gasped for air as his private organ dilated furiously from tumescence but he did not let go of his fingers that continued to dance rhythmically on the vestibules of her wet orifices. Both their bodies arched in pleasure.

When he finally moved his tongue to the swollen breasts as she continued to caress his manhood, she moaned in pleasure and softly asked him to come inside her. "Make love to me now," Stella had said as he, in turn, obliged obediently by plunging into her, albeit after overcoming some impenetrability for some considerable minutes. He went as deep as he could, which felt like diving into the Marianas Trench. He didn't know it tasted so enchanting. She writhed in enjoyment and in unison with his energetic thrusts as they finally found a common rhythm. When they both came synchronously, they realised that neither of them had even thought about using any form of protection or birth control.

The results would come nine months later.

Stella was immensely relieved. Gift's huge endowment had enabled him to reach the breadth and depth that Grievance could not even dream of. Gift was exultantly elated too. Stella had bled. She had kept her chastity and purity intact for this memorable moment. He was prepared for a serious relationship with her, even having kids together or asking for her hand in marriage.

Only time would provide the answers. But for now, Agent Foxtrot had work to do to prove his mettle and worth.