



AMERICA'S GALACTIC FOREIGN LEGIONS

**RANDAL TELK
AND THE 396 STEPS
TO SEXUAL BLISS**

BOOK 17



**WALTER KNIGHT
AND
JAMES BOEDEKER**

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RANDAL TELK AND THE 396 STEPS TO SEXUAL BLISS



by

Walter Knight and James Boedeker

In a galaxy far, far away, the seventeenth installment of this perpetually preposterous military science fiction series continues Private Randal Telk's travails as his psychosis hits full bloom. The Galactic Foreign Legion, stationed at planet New Colorado's New Gobi Desert, goes on a manhunt to find and rescue the fair Elena, Telk's legionnaire bride, after she is taken hostage by the Fist & Claw rebel alliance. The rebels continue to evade capture, to the consternation of the battalion commander, Colonel Joey R. Czerinski, and the rest of the Legion.

Meanwhile, Private Telk falls deeper into the alternate reality of his psychotic delusions involving the super-hot Yolanda and his amazing 396 Steps to Sexual Bliss, providing world-famous science-fiction writer Private Knight with more fantasy fodder for his books. Time traveler and tank commander Captain Patton gives some sage advice about adapting and surviving, and Telk does his best to take it to heart as he tries to stay focused on finding his wife. However, it is an old Legion foe who provides the last bit of help Telk needs to push forward and rescue Elena. The question is, can Telk remain lucid long enough to get the job done before the terrorists kill Elena?

America's Galactic Foreign Legion has really gone off the reservation this time as the way-out wackiness continues to get even weirder.

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Book 17: Randal Telk and the
396 Steps to Sexual Bliss

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~BOOKS BY THE AUTHORS~

Books by Walter Knight:

America's Galactic Foreign Legion series

Book 1: Feeling Lucky

Book 2: Reenlistment

Book 3: Silent Invasion

Book 4: Demilitarized Zone

Book 5: Insurgency

Book 6: Culture War

Book 7: Enemies

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AGFL Book 16: Galactic Disney

AGFL Book 17: Randal Telk

Books by James Boedeker:

Death Spiral series:

Death Spiral

Death Spiral Book 2: Jai Dee

(Book 3 coming soon!)



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I dedicate ***America's Galactic Foreign Legion*** – ***Book 17: Randal Telk*** to American hero Norman Schwarzkopf.

A special thank you goes out to Penumbra Publishing editor Patricia Morrison. Also I thank my loving family – Barb, Leslie, Kathy, and Michael. They are everything.

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BOOK 17

*RANDAL TELK
AND THE 396 STEPS
TO SEXUAL BLISS*



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CHAPTER 1

I am Colonel Joey R. Czerinski, commander of United States Galactic Federation Foreign Legion garrison at New Gobi City, planet of New Colorado. To the north are the spiders of the Arthropodan Empire, our tenuous allies in the war on terrorism against the Fist and Claw, a separatist terrorist organization of both humans and aliens operating on both sides of the Demilitarized Zone. Terrorist attacks are becoming more frequent. Today, General Daly, Governor of the American half of New Colorado, called me to outline a new strategy in the war on terrorism.

“Jimmy the Neck and his associates will be contacting you shortly to discuss a truce and an amnesty,” announced General Daly. “We are now allied with the Mafia in the war on terrorism. You will work out the details and utilize Jimmy’s vast contacts to rout out the Fist and Claw.”

“Sir, dealing with the Mafia is a mistake,” I argued. “The Mafia should have never been allowed past Mars. You are only giving them credibility and power by making deals.”

“After we wipe out the Fist and Claw, you can wipe out the Mafia, too,” explained General Daly, annoyed. “I understand you know Jimmy the Neck from your deployment at Caldera Lake. Jimmy owns a casino there that competes with your casinos. Do not let your many conflicts of interest interfere with your duty to protect the citizenry of New Colorado.”

“Sir, I resent that implication.”

“The Fist and Claw is growing. Today they are

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contained to the DMZ. Tomorrow their attacks may spread to all of New Colorado, and even Old Earth. We need to marshal all of humanity's resources to win the war on terrorism. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

* * * * *

"I made General Daly an offer he couldn't refuse," bragged Jimmy the Neck, seated in my office, flanked by his associates Johnny the Gut, Tony the Knuckle, and Big Al Alfredo. "Now that New Gobi City is part of my territory, I want five percent – no, make that ten percent – of your revenue from the Blind Tiger Casino."

"Arrest them all," I ordered. "Throw these wise guys in the dungeon forever!"

"What about General Daly?" asked Jimmy the Neck, struggling with Master Sergeant Green and a squad of legionnaires. "We had a deal!"

"The deal was that you would assist in the war on terrorism because it is in our mutual interest to stop bombings," I replied. "Daly agreed to nothing about you muscling in on my action."

"Fine, Czerinski!" shouted Jimmy the Neck. "Perhaps I was hasty in assuming the extent of General Daly's goodwill. I don't need your action. I was just joking. Let's work out another deal."

"Shoot them at dawn!"

"There's no reason to shoot all of us," pleaded Johnny the Gut. "Just shoot Jimmy. He's the one getting uppity. I have always had nothing but deep respect for you, and a desire for good relations with all our brothers in the Legion."

"Too late. You've been replaced. Shoot them all!"

“You are disobeying General Daly’s orders,” advised Major Lopez, my XO, watching the wise guys dragged away. “Is that smart?”

“Daly told me to work with the Mafia to fight the Fist and Claw. He did not say which Mafia. I’ll make an offer that can’t be refused to someone else. No one muscled in on my casino action. It would set a bad precedent.”

“Czerinski, you know nothing about fighting terrorism!” shouted Jimmy the Neck defiantly as he was dragged away. “Did you hear the one about the Polish terrorist they sent out to blow up a car? He burned his lips on a tail pipe! You’re a punk, Czerinski!”

“Shoot him at dawn!”

* * * * *

Corporal Elena Ceausescu entered spider territory to shop in the newly established tax-free zone. Elena reveled in her newlywed status to Private Randal Telk. Shopping and domestic bliss suited her to a tee. Carefree, Elena crossed the street to Walmart, VISA card in hand.

“Halt, human pestilence!” ordered a spider traffic cop. “Did you not see the sign when you entered the Empire? You will obey all laws!”

“What laws?” asked Elena. “I’ve done nothing wrong. Bug off, bug boy!”

“You jaywalked!”

“I’m a legionnaire. The Legion goes where it pleases!”

“Not in the Empire,” insisted the spider cop, already calling for back-up. More spider cops gathered. “You are under arrest, human pestilence.”

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Elena reached for her sidearm, but faced a dozen spider cops, assault rifles drawn. She raised her hands.

“You will be locked up for one hour,” advised the spider cop, pointing to a cage by the sidewalk. “Let that be a lesson to your evil unsafe jaywalking ways!”

Elena stooped to enter the cage, and sat. Passersby pointed and gossiped about the human pestilence jaywalking legionnaire. She was rumored to be a serial jaywalker, but this was her first time in custody. Kids threw candy, feeling sorry for the human pestilence. Elena watched a digital timer marking her sentence to the second. For this humiliation, she swore revenge on that bug cop when she got out.

As Elena's sentence expired, a van pulled up alongside the cage. Hooded spiders exited, binding Elena, and tossed her in the van. “Elena Ceausescu,” one of them announced, “you are now a hostage of the Fist and Claw.”

“You will be sorry!” threatened Elena, still struggling in the van. “The Legion will not tolerate this atrocity. My husband will hunt you down to the ends of the galaxy, and kill you all slow and painful!”

* * * * *

I met with the spider commander of North New Gobi City, as was my custom whenever there was a border incident. He seemed to express genuine concern about the alien abduction of Corporal Ceausescu.

“I hold you personally responsible,” I accused. “Corporal Ceausescu was locked up in one of your portable jails when abducted.”

“I assure you, I am just as concerned about Elena’s welfare as you,” replied the spider commander defensively. “Elena is one of the few human pestilence I care about, even if she did turn into a serial jaywalker. We were intimate once, you know.”

“Until Elena sobered up and almost killed you with a frying pan,” interrupted Master Sergeant Green. “Your death would be no big loss.”

“Jealousy rears its ugly head,” scoffed the spider commander. “Elena dropped you for me. I am not surprised your inadequacies surface in the presence of a superior male of the species, such as myself.”

“Ceausescu was a *puta*,” commented Major Lopez. “That explains her poor taste.”

“Corporal Ceausescu is a fine legionnaire, and our only medic,” I advised. “The abduction of a legionnaire is a serious matter, and the press is already turning it into an intergalactic incident. How could you be so negligent to not have jailers watching your portable jails?”

“This from the Butcher of New Colorado?” bristled the spider commander. “How many innocents have died in your custody?”

“None! I just get bad press, like what you’re going to get if the Fist and Claw harms Corporal Ceausescu. Do you have any suggestions about how we get her back?”

“There is a cave and tunnel system in the heights north of town. I propose a joint operation between Arthropoda and the United States Galactic Federation. We’ll form a task force to rout out the Fist and Claw terrorists.”

“The Legion doesn’t need your help,” argued Master Sergeant Green. “Stay away from Elena.”

“No matter, you are getting my assistance

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anyway,” insisted the spider commander. “I will not allow the Legion to trespass and run amuck without an official Arthropodan military escort.”

“Corporal Ceausescu has moved on from both of you and is happily married,” I commented. “Get over your personal differences and work together. Our enemy is the Fist and Claw.”

“Yes, I heard Elena married a lowly speck of human pestilence, a Private Randal Telk of your Legion,” replied the spider commander, checking the database on his communications pad. The spider commander frowned, focusing many of his eight eyes on his pad as he mumbled, “Military Intelligence has compiled a dossier on Private Telk and his rumored three-hundred-ninety-six steps to sexual bliss. And what is the Big Bang Theory? That’s impossible!” The spider commander shook his head. “As Lopez noted, there is no accounting for bad taste.”

* * * * *

With spider approval, a company of legionnaires was deployed at North New Gobi City Heights, along with gas-pumping equipment to flush the terrorists out of their tunnels. One of the anxious legionnaires was Private Randal Telk. Private Telk was alarmed as he read the instructions for the concoction they were brewing to pour down the spider holes. “Walmart anti-mole remover,” read Private Telk aloud. “Guaranteed to eliminate moles, or your money back. What if this stuff eliminates Elena?”

“Collateral damage is always a possibility,” answered Master Sergeant Green. “Don’t worry, Corporal Ceausescu will tough it out.”

“Maybe we should go down the tunnel

ourselves,” suggested Private Telk. “I’ll go down.”

“The tunnel system is too extensive, and it’s too dangerous,” Green replied dismissively. “This is the best way.”

There has to be a better way, thought Private Telk, as he drifted off into another daydream. For Telk, reality was often blurred. A Legion psychiatrist and recruiter promised to fix his psychosis. However, even a lucid Private Telk knew there had to be a better way to get Elena back. Under duress from his worry about Elena’s safety, Telk fell into fantasy mode...

* * * * *

Randal Telk’s job was to clear tunnels. Someone had to do it, so it might as well be the baddest, meanest, deadliest commando in the world. Telk loved his job, delivering death to an enemy who felt safe and invincible underground. Many times Telk turned down promotions to the officer corps, not wanting to give up his one-man subterranean carnage upon the enemy.

Telk’s job was simple. Crawl into the enemy’s lair, look for booby traps and weapons, and kill anyone inside. The enemy labeled Telk ‘The Devil’s Dick.’ Telk always found his prey, making it seem he was in league with the Devil. The enemy knew if they encountered Telk, they were fucked, their time alive measured in seconds. Telk was amused by the notoriety among the enemy, so on his chest he tattooed a Grim Reaper sporting an erection. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

Telk studied the dark hole he was about to enter, always mindful of traps. The entrance was just

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big enough to squeeze through. Last week Telk had almost been killed by trip-wired explosives. Telk found a large cache of munitions, and four terrorists playing poker. Now they played poker in Hell. It was a good week.

Telk's commander was a typical officer, a pussy to the core. The man had never entered a tunnel in his life, but demanded others risk their lives. Beady-eyed with impossibly small fingers, chopped off in a paper shredder accident at Headquarters, the Army grafted cadaver pinky toes on the fool's hands, saving money on disability pay. It amused Telk to watch his incompetent boss struggle to pick his nose with stinky hammer-toe nubs.

Today Captain Hammer Toe demanded the tunnel be cleared, but it was rumored to be full of snakes. Telk had already found one viper, biting its head off and spitting it on the captain's boots. Telk once bit off one of the ears of Mike Tyson XXIV on a dare, so the snake was no big deal. Telk hated his commanding officer and planned worse for the fool. It was only a matter of time before Telk was pushed too far.

"Care to lead the way, sir?" he taunted. "Show me how it's done. I heard you hate snakes."

"Get your ass down that hole. I'm through screwing with you!"

Telk lit a cigarette, in no hurry. After finishing the smoke, he entered with bare essentials – flashlight, large jagged combat knife, and sidearm. He was a natural underground, moving fast like a groundhog on a mission. There was no light, and the air was foul. Telk's fart added to the unbearable stench. He sensed he would meet the Grim Reaper today for sure.

Telk daydreamed in his daydream, sometimes living vicariously through himself, worrying of his beautiful wife Yolanda, kidnapped by terrorists, and still missing. How she must have suffered from withdrawal symptoms, cut off cold turkey from Telk's three-hundred-ninety-six steps to sexual bliss. Those bastards would pay!

Randal Telk's vendetta against the terrorists was legendary. The CIA often called upon Telk to rout out terrorists from their caves and other nefarious dens. Once the President himself called upon Telk to eradicate a rogue mouse that terrified the White House staff. Telk unmercifully tracked down Willard and his family of mutant rodents. Telk was decorated for that one.

* * * * *

"Fire in the hole!" shouted Master Sergeant Green. "Telk! Get your head out of your ass and duck! Fire in the hole!"

Yellow gas was pumped down the spider hole. Puffs of smoke rose from other entrances. Soon a lone spider climbed out, coughing and gasping for air. It wasn't a terrorist, though. It was only Private Seven-Legs, a spider legionnaire deserter and homeless bum extraordinaire. "Anyone got some spare change?" he asked.

"No!" Master Sergeant Green shot Seven-Legs, closing his final chapter.



CHAPTER 2

Corporal Ceausescu struggled with her restraints. Fist and Claw terrorist leader Invisible-Claw lorded over her in triumph. He motioned to his subordinates to roll Ceausescu onto her stomach.

“What are you doing to me?” asked Ceausescu. “Is that my fate, to be probed by pervert aliens?”

“You have a Legion tracking device hidden in your ample birthing thighs,” explained Invisible-Claw, examining butt tissue under a magnifying glass. “No longer is there a need for surgery. One burst of micro-electromagnetic pulse will melt the chip.”

“I’m not being probed?” asked Ceausescu, almost disappointed. *Almost. Maybe a little.* “Hey! Did you just call me fat? What do you mean by ‘ample birthing thighs?’ How dare you!”

“Hold still, human pestilence female,” ordered Invisible-Claw, touching a glowing wand to Ceausescu’s buttocks. A sizzle and puff of smoke from burnt flesh, and it was done. Invisible-Claw smacked her with his claw. “Now the Legion cannot track you. Resistance is futile!”

“Ouch!” cried Ceausescu. “I wasn’t being naughty. How dare you slap me. Don’t ever do that again! I mean it. Don’t do it again. Not ever! I’m warning you!”

“The Fist and Claw does not torture prisoners, unlike your human pestilence Legion.”

“What kind of wimpy terrorists are you?” asked Ceausescu, disappointed again. “Not even one more slap? It didn’t even hurt. Punk!”

“Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me,” retorted Invisible-Claw. “I cannot be provoked.”

“I’ll bet you’ve got a puny dick, too!”

“Do not.”

“Do too!”

The other terrorists nodded in agreement. Furious, Invisible-Claw swatted Ceausescu again on her ample buttocks. Delighted, Ceausescu drifted into the same daydreaming psychosis as her husband Randal Telk, the world’s greatest lover and perfecter of the three-hundred-ninety-six steps to sexual bliss. *They say, in time couples grow more alike. Or is that is just pets and their owners? Which one am I?*

* * * * *

I am Randal Telk’s mistress, Yolanda, and I demand submission. Now! I wear black leather because it goes well with my whips. I have a flock of male slaves who beg to serve my every need. Those who behave, I allow to lick my boots. I am also a secret agent. If not for me, humanity would have been extinct long ago. My control over inferior males allows me to save the world from their stupidity. Women are jealous of my beauty and talent, but that’s their problem. Get over it!

I was meeting with the President. The man always wanted me to ride him like a horse, make him feel even more small and worthless. Odd duck. Being a former lawyer and ambulance chaser, the fool should already have felt worthless enough. *What’s a women to do?* He was the President, so I had to do what he said. Always, no matter what.

The Secret Service knew better than to ask

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stupid questions about weapons, or to search me. *They never search me, damn it!* I walked into the Oval Office like I owned the dump. Same old carpet, same old crappy paintings of dead guys. The President sat behind his desk, trying to look all presidential, but I knew he was just a scared little boy in my presence. That naughty boy who stole my panties last time was going to get spanked.

“Have you been bad a bad president? Started any wars lately? Budget still unbalanced? Still blaming the last president for your inadequacies? Get on your knees!”

I grabbed the President by those famous huge ears, bringing that bad boy to me...

* * * * *

“Wake up!” shouted Invisible-Claw, shaking Ceausescu. “Are you in pain? You were moaning.”

“Christ, you really can fuck up a wet dream! Of course I was moaning, I was about to get screwed by the President. Can you say that?”

“President Miller?”

“No, you fool. Brother Barack!”

“No big deal. The database news reports your human pestilence president screws everyone.”

“Only at tax time.”

“I see.”

“Don't ever interrupt my dreams again!” admonished Ceausescu, trying to drift off again, but not succeeding in getting it right. She kept finding herself getting screwed by a geriatric Supreme Court – the entire court. Not pleasant. Those flapping black robes were creepy. “Damn it! Are you going to torture me or what?”



CHAPTER 3

We followed Corporal Ceausescu's tracking device along the DMZ canal until it stopped broadcasting. Our small window for rescue closed. Now we needed to negotiate or rely on informants. I ordered Jimmy the Neck and his associates released so they could contact their sources. Goodwill can go a long way.

As we crossed a small bridge back into USGF territory, a roadside bomb exploded, collapsing the bridge and scattering the column. Legionnaires dispersed into a protective perimeter as we took machine gun fire from a nearby hill. Air support was already on its way.

Private Telk slid down the canal for cover, coming to rest in the water. How ironic, up to his waist in water, in the middle of the desert. Telk hugged the steep bank, clawing at the clay. "I hate water!" he lamented. "So much water..." His voice drifted as he floated further from reality, obviously succumbing to another of his incessant psychotic episodes...

* * * * *

Randal Telk loved the ocean and the fresh taste of salt on his lips. A diver all his life, at the tender age of nine Telk shattered the World Free Diving Record at a depth of ninety-six meters. Free diving didn't use any form of stored air, and Telk put his diving skill to good use. Telk grew up in a traditional Romanian

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household of sponge poachers. Their nightly activity was to dive for sponges off the Greek coast. The best sponges were deep in Greek waters.

When Telk was eleven, that Greek cop Kalipetsis arrested his father for sponge poaching, a capital offense in Greek waters. Dad was never seen or heard from again. Too young to go into the other family business, pimping, Telk emigrated to the United States to become a master diver.

At age eighteen, Telk joined the Navy. He noticed Navy scuba divers were trained to always fall backward out of the boat into the water. *Why? Duh, if you fall forward you'll still be in the boat.* Telk soon learned there's the right way, the wrong way, and the Navy way.

Telk's first assignment was to strap bombs to orcas and dolphins, training them to sink enemy gunboats and tangle Russian fish nets. Telk tired of that job, preferring deep water dives with specially trained squids. Squids turned out to be smarter than they looked, although prone to fits of laughter. Telk learned the hard way never to turn his back on a squid. Their favorite joke was to 'accidentally' slip a tentacle up your ass. *Squid humor isn't really funny. Stupid squids.*

On one such accident, Telk lost air pressure and sank to the depths of the sea. His world went dark. However, strong arms pulled him up. Had those dumb-ass squids saved him? Not likely. Yolanda, the most beautiful mermaid in the ocean, her lovely arms cradling Telk, breathed life back into him.

Thankful, Telk rewarded Yolanda in true Navy tradition. Despite the cold water and a serious shrivel factor, Telk taught Yolanda the three-hundred-ninety-six steps to sexual bliss. Afterward, they were

inseparable, swimming the oceans together, their love affair gossiped about by orcas and scandalized by dolphins. Neptune himself was jealous of the mere mortal Randal Telk fooling around with his mermaids, especially because Telk refused to give up the secret of the three-hundred-ninety-six steps to sexual bliss. So profound was Telk's reputation, after he visited the Virgin Islands, they were known merely as 'The Islands.'

* * * * *

"Telk!" shouted Master Sergeant Green, pulling him from the water. "Wake up! Are you trying to drown yourself carrying all that equipment? Snap out of it and get that pack off!"

"I hate the water," groused Private Telk. "My boots slosh with mud."

"Pair off in groups of three!" ordered Sergeant Green. "Move it! Get up that hill!"

Legion jets flew low overhead, bombing the hillside. The battle ended as quickly as it started. The Fist and Claw fled, with no trace of the fair Elena.

