

THE BEIJING BETRAYAL



JOEL C.
ROSENBERG

THE
BEIJING
BETRAYAL

A MARCUS RYKER NOVEL

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The Beijing Betrayal

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Americans

Marcus Ryker—Diplomatic Security Service/Central Intelligence Agency
Peter Hwang—Diplomatic Security Service/Central Intelligence Agency
Geoff Stone—Diplomatic Security Service/Central Intelligence Agency
Kailea Curtis—Diplomatic Security Service
Jennifer Morris—Central Intelligence Agency
Noah Daniels—Central Intelligence Agency
Donny Callaghan—Central Intelligence Agency
Miguel Navarro—Central Intelligence Agency
Martha Dell—Director of the Central Intelligence Agency
Annie Stewart—Deputy Director, Central Intelligence Agency
Carlos Hernandez—President of the United States
Margaret “Meg” Whitney—Vice President of the United States
Robert Dayton—Secretary of State; former Senator from Iowa
Mickey Clawson—Secretary of Energy
Cal Foster—Secretary of Defense
James Meyers—Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff
Bill McDermott—National Security Advisor
Marjorie Ryker—Marcus Ryker’s mother

Kairos

Abu Nakba—Commander of terror group known as *Kairos*
Mohammed Faisal—Senior advisor to Abu Nakba
Omar Nazim—Head of Abu Nakba’s security detail

Chinese

Chen Guanzhong—President of the People’s Republic of China and
General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party
Dai Wangshu—Minister of State Security
Li Bai Xiang—Chief of Operations for the Ministry of State Security
Wei Daoming—Junior Officer, Ministry of National Defense

Taiwanese

Yani Lee—President of Taiwan
Ben We-Ming—Vice President
Henry Wang—Defense Minister

Russians

Mikhail Borisovich Petrovsky—President of the Russian Federation
Nikolay Vladimirovich Kropatkin—Former head of the FSB
Oleg Kraskin—Son-in-law of the late President Aleksandr Luganov

Iranians

Yadollah Afshar—Supreme Leader of the Islamic Republic of Iran
Mahmoud Entezam—Commander of the Iranian Revolutionary
Guard Corps



Taichung

Changhua

Nantou

Taiwan
(Republic of China)

Yulin

Chiayi County

Chiayi

Tainan

Kaohsiung

Keelung

PRELUDE

All warfare is based on deception.

SUN TZU, *THE ART OF WAR*

1

SOMEWHERE IN THE HINDU KUSH MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN—6 JUNE

“Someone just fired a missile at the president!”

Instantly, Abu Nakba’s head jerked back.

He had just bowed his face toward Mecca to begin his evening prayers when he heard the stunned voice of a CNN anchor on one of the television sets in the other room.

“Father, come quickly—it’s started,” shouted one of his bodyguards from the living room.

Then the old man heard gasps.

“There has just been an enormous explosion outside the stadium,” exclaimed Carolyn Tam, the veteran CNN anchor.

“Mohammed, help me,” the old man ordered, grabbing the walking stick with his left hand as Mohammed Faisal, his aide-de-camp, sprang up from his own prayers, grabbed Abu Nakba’s right hand, and pulled him to his feet.

Hobbling out of the master bedroom into the rustic, unadorned living room of the mountaintop compound they had finally reached and settled into that

very morning, the Kairos founder had no interest in the stunning views of silver snow-covered peaks, all bathed in moonlight. As Faisal helped him into a creaky wooden chair, surrounded by heavily armed bodyguards and Kairos jihadists, the old man's attention was now entirely riveted on the six flat-screen TV sets—connected to satellite dishes on the roof—that had been set up for them before their arrival. Though each was tuned to a different American or European network, each showed the live coverage of the Mass being held that very moment at Soldier Field in Chicago by Pope Pius XIII, with President Andrew Clarke and the First Lady in attendance.

Now they were broadcasting live images of a huge fireball outside the stadium.

Al Jazeera quickly cut to a split screen. On the left side of the screen, Abu Nakba could see confusion in the eyes of the pope and the priests around him, who had just heard the explosion but couldn't see it and clearly didn't know what was happening. On the right side, they showed a Patriot missile battery outside the stadium engulfed in flames and dozens of charred bodies all around it.

The BBC chose a different strategy. They cut to a wide external shot showing not only the destroyed missile battery but panic breaking out among the twenty-five thousand people who moments earlier had been sitting in the parking lot, watching the Mass on jumbo screens, hundreds of whom had just been incinerated.

"No, no—my God, here comes another," shouted the CNN anchor, drawing Abu Nakba's full attention once again.

CNN now showed an extremely wide shot, apparently coming from a crew positioned on the roof of a nearby skyscraper. This not only showed the fireball and thousands of screaming people running for their lives but also the contrail of a second missile emerging from the top of the Willis Tower. But it was veering wildly through the bright morning sky, as though something had knocked it off course. This one didn't strike the stadium but smashed into a makeshift medical center of some sort—a sprawling white tent emblazoned with a large red cross—located on the far side of the parking lot. It, too, suddenly erupted into a massive fireball, instantly obliterating the tent and everyone inside it.

Abu Nakba's men started cheering, but he demanded they be silent. Then he ordered Faisal to turn up the volume on CNN as he leaned forward in his chair.

“The president of the United States and Pope Pius XIII are under attack,” said Tam, her voice trembling. *“I repeat—despite the most stringent security ever set up by the Secret Service, the president, the First Lady, the pope, and the hundred thousand people attending this Mass are now under missile attack.”*

Then it came, just as Abu Nakba knew it would.

A third SA-7 missile.

Also from the top of the Willis Tower.

And this one scored a direct hit.

The Libyan watched in delight as the missile streaked over the parking lot, barely missed the roof of the stadium, and careened into the east-side bleachers just to the left of the main platform. He was mumbling something, but none of his aides or bodyguards could hear him. Nor were they paying much attention. Like their leader, they were mesmerized by the sight of thousands of Americans being vaporized.

Every network now cut back inside the stadium. Some showed Secret Service agents hustling President Clarke and the First Lady off the stage and into the bowels of the building. Others focused on the pope, who had been knocked off his feet by the blast in the middle of his homily and was not moving. Secret Service agents and members of the Vatican security details raced to his side. Some tried to shield him from the searing heat of the firestorm surging through the east side of Soldier Field. Others tried to administer first aid. And the pope was not the only one down. At least a dozen other bodies lay motionless on the main stage.

Still other networks focused on the mass panic breaking out among the seventy thousand or so people still alive but trapped inside the stadium. Desperate to escape, people were running over one another, shrieking, jumping over rows of empty seats, even trampling those who'd fallen in front of them.

Everything Abu Nakba had trained and prepared and prayed for had come down to this day. But it was not yet over, he knew. Indeed, it had only just begun.