



FALLEN AMBITIONS

GUY S. STANTON III

FALLEN
AMBITIONS

A

Standalone Novel

by

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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“Everything You want God and nothing but what You want. God, will You please help me write this story?”

My continual prayer to God for everything when it comes to writing the story and then editing it,

Guy

Chapter One

Deliverance

Three seconds to live, one to die. It was a choice and Desire made it.

Clip!

Nothing happened. Hands shaking, she pushed the pair of pliers and the bomb concealed within the bottom of one of her cold cream jars onto the dressing table counter before her.

She'd thought the jar had been heavier and turns out she'd been right. Now she could go on living for one more day. That is if she survived tonight.

Desirée looked once more at the small piece of plastic explosive that had been pushed into her cold cream jar and then smoothed over artfully. It might not have killed her, but it sure would've disfigured her or perhaps blown off her hand and arm.

It would then be a thing of ease to off her for good as she lay unprotected in a hospital ward recovering. These were the grim circumstances that she was faced with daily due to the choice she had made to live her life in opposition to the powers that be, whom she'd once pledged her soul to.

Breathing out shakily, she made the choice then that she often made these days, her life didn't matter as much as it mattered that the truth be told.

Everyone had an expiration date, but

hers just might be sooner than later and that was all right, because heaven promised to be a great place. It was easier to say that though then utterly walk in the faith of that.

At times she felt like the weakest of Christians and then at other times as if she was the only one aware and standing against the deceptions that went on everywhere one looked. There was an abrupt knocking at the door of this converted church office that doubled as a dressing room.

Lonigan's voice was tinged with concern as he called out, "Everything all right in their kid? You're on in like a minute."

Desirée looked heavenward and with a sardonic shake of her head she picked up the makeup jar that had wires hanging

out of it and opened the door. Trent Lonigan, retired FBI field agent, stood before her.

His aged features bespoke of a deep-seated tiredness for both living and having seen too much while in the process of living. He was her friend and often the only thing that stood in the way between her and certain death.

Without his unpaid services as bodyguard on her behalf she'd have been dead many times over during the last 14 months of her life. Desirée tossed the cold cream jar to him and he deftly caught it.

He glanced at the contents grimly and looking up he said, "You want to check out of this berg?"

Patting his cheek, as she brushed past him she said, "Not this time Lonny."

Continuing on she heard him say, “You know a cat only has so many lives to lose and by my reckoning you’re living on borrowed years. It might be wise to quit while you’re lucky.”

Swiveling around, while still walking backwards towards the stage area, Desirée said with a smile, “Fortunately I am not a cat and I don’t believe in luck. The curtain call will come when it comes, until then I hope to see you out there still worrying about my future.”

He shook his head as he permitted his aged features to form into a grim smile, “You’ve got guts girl, but not a lick of common sense!”

Laughing Desirée turned away, but as she did so she prayed a silent prayer for courage, as she made her way through the staging area of the backstage set up

of this quite large church. The lights of the stage glistened just before her and as always she never quite knew how she would be received.

She'd been booed before, even been shut down once in a Baptist Church, when the sordid details of her former life got to be too much for the saintly bigoted crowd of perfectionists the church had contained like silent watchdogs of obtuseness. No matter, she had a story to tell and a warning to go along with it and she'd be at it until all the hens came home to roost.

She heard her introduction being made as if in the background and smiling she stepped forward across the stage and accepted a handheld mic from the church's music pastor, who'd moved on past her with a disingenuous smile to

step off stage. She could tell just from his mannerisms that he didn't really like her even though he was pretending to be excited that she was here.

There was applause at her appearance on stage and smiling warmly Desirée accepted it before she gained control of the moment.

“Thank you! Hey my makeup about exploded on me five minutes ago do you mind if I come out here just as God made me?”

More applause followed that line and smiling graciously Desirée said, “That’s right ladies you don’t need it! No matter what Hollywood and the media shows you I tell you, when it comes to the most important people in your life that if all they’re noticing about you is your makeup then maybe it’s time you got

yourself some new friends. Now notice I didn't say husbands. That would be wrong, but hey Eve looked pretty good to Adam sans any makeup and that same attraction can be your life with some prayer because attraction shouldn't start at your skin level. It might play there a bit and enjoy the scenery, but if that's all you've got then you're in a real pickle of a situation that at some point will go ballistic. For all my early life I was surrounded by people who lived, worked, and were even bought and sold based off of only the attraction of the outer molding of the body that only serves as a covering for who we really are in the inside. Each and every one of you, unless you're a clone, ahhhh don't let me get sidetracked. Different issue everybody. Don't want to scare you 'all

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