

Book 1 - 'The Agents' Series



*Agent in
Training*

Aedan Sayla

Agent in Training

Book 1 of The Agents Series

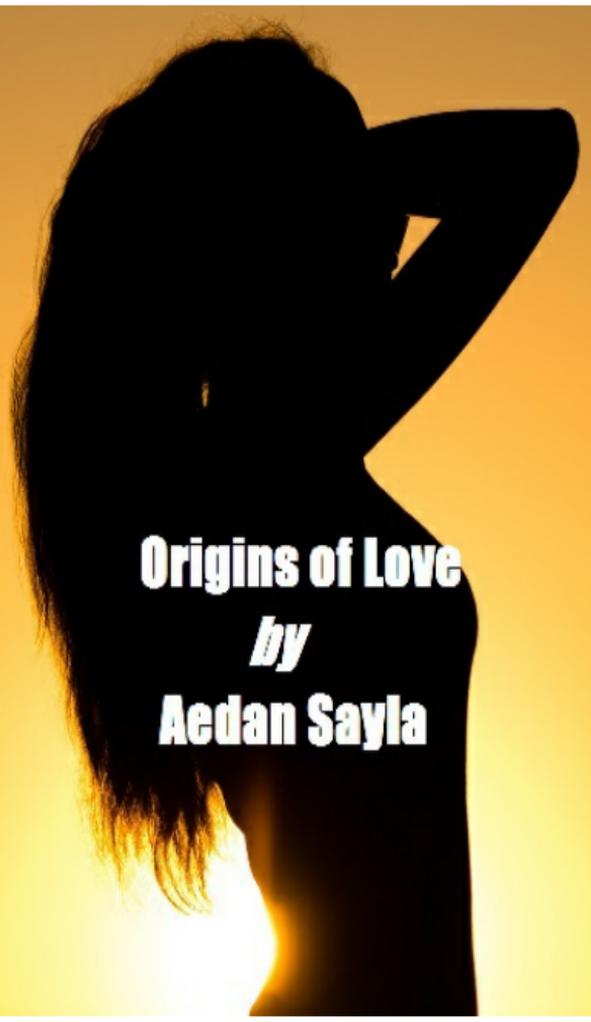
A Tale of Christian Erotic Fiction

Aedan Sayla

Origins of Love Company

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Sincerely, Aedan Sayla

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Origins of Love Company
3233 B Chestnut Ridge Rd.
Grantsville, MD 21536
www.origins-of-love.com

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Dedicated - to sharing the Gospel of
Jesus Christ
with Everyone!

Sincerely, Aedan Sayla

I Corinthians 9:19 – 23

19 - Although I am a free man and not anyone's slave, I have made myself a slave to everyone, in order to win more people.

20 - To the Jews I became like a Jew, to win Jews; to those under the law, like

one under the law — though I myself am not under the law — to win those under the law.

21 - To those who are without that law, like one without the law — not being without God's law but within Christ's law — to win those without the law.

22 - To the weak I became weak, in order to win the weak. I have become all things to all people, so that I may by every possible means save some.

23 - Now I do all this because of the Gospel, so I may become a partner in its benefits.

— Source: HOLMAN BIBLE
TRANSLATION

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Amber Fire

It was cold. It was always cold in Russia.

Working to keep my breathing easy after having starved my lungs by running I approached the back entrance to the underworld brothel. It wasn't the average brothel that Russia was home to many of.

No, this was the choice of high ranking officials, diplomats, and heck

probably even kings and presidents. The service entrance access door clanged shut behind me and I was challenged aggressively instantly.

Facing down two raised pistols pointed at my head I responded to the challenge in my best Russian as gutturally natured as I had been challenged, "I am security detail for chairman Sergei Lavrov. The building must be secured. Has anyone else come through here?"

Both men hesitated and glanced at each other and that was all I needed. I underhanded both knives I had been holding poised up the back of my wrists.

Both men gasped sharply and fell to their knees choking on their own blood as they clutched at the knives buried in their throats. Unmercifully I stepped

forward and yanked both knives free in passing even as the men fell over onto their faces.

I hesitated only long enough to stoop down and wipe the blades off. Going down the darkened corridor before me, I spun around the corner at the end of it and encountered a third guard.

Looking up he had only time for a widening of the eyes before my fist crushed his Adam's apple. Choking and turning purple he fell over out of his chair.

Striding forward down the hall I acknowledged that the intel had been good, but now was the point where all bets were off. I paused for a moment with my hand on the door at the end of the hall.

Slowly I released my breath and

squaring my broad shoulders encased in a finely tailored dress jacket that spelled out high-priced bodyguard I pushed down on the handle and entered into a realm seldom enjoyed by many other than perhaps the old sheiks of Arabian times gone by.

Coldly I moved forward seeking to fill the role of looking like just another aloof bodyguard on the prowl to protect his master, only I didn't have a master. All I had was a fellow gathering of agents united under a common cause. Seek out evil and destroy it wherever you found it.

The more successful I became though I wondered at the cost we were enacting to ourselves in the undertaking. No matter, we were all expendable anyway.

It was innocence and those who still

had it that bore protecting. Innocence in the form of people such as Francesca Vertoli, the daughter of a good man, a man who wouldn't sell his daughter to a procurer of other men's fantasies.

He was now dead. He had been my friend and Francesca had been like a little sister to me.

She was only 15. Why was it that those who were beautiful both within and without always fell prey to those who knew only darkness?

It should not be that way and this time darkness had chosen poorly. With disdain I passed by a US diplomat I recognized who was in the process of being sucked off by a naked girl probably not much older than Francesca.

How many state secrets had been sucked away in this place I idly

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