

A movie poster featuring a woman on the left and a man on the right. The woman is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The man has long hair and a beard, looking off to the side while holding a handgun. There are red blood splatters at the top. An hourglass is visible in the bottom right corner. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with vertical wooden beams.

GUY S. STANTON III

AGENT
finds a
WARRIOR

AGENT
FINDS A
WARRIOR

Book Six
of
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton III

Words of Action

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Book	Layout	©2013
BookDesignTemplates.com		

Cover Designer Artist: Melody Simmons

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Agent finds a Warrior/ Guy S. Stanton, III. --
1st ed.
ISBN

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*Dedicated to great love
stories everywhere.*

Chapter One

Unwanted Burden

The lights passed by in a blur of color outside the windows of the taxi. We were in the city where we would spend the night.

Tomorrow, who knows what tomorrow would bring.

One thing was for sure. It was bound to be different all because of her.

I glanced away from the window and over to Maria where she lay up against the other car door fast asleep. She was going to change everything about my

structured existence.

It certainly didn't help any that I burned with desire for her either. This was the hardest test I had ever been given. I didn't for a moment doubt that this test was of God's creation.

There was no other way to explain the involvement of angels or how perfectly I had been set up to have to take care of another, who had my similar condition of stretched out existence.

Why was God tormenting me so?

What was to be gained by exposing me to someone that canceled out all the barriers I had so carefully erected over the years?

What was I missing in all this?

I thought about it and through the course of that thought I remembered the circumstances of Job. Grimly, I admitted

to myself that I had been laboring under the assumption of his mistake. I had thought it unjust of God to tear me down, as I had been ever faithful to do His bidding.

It was the same with me as it had been with Job. If God chose to build me up He could do so and if He wanted to tear me down He could do so as well. As a creation of His handiwork, who was I to say otherwise?

It was hard to except that my destruction, as it felt like to me, was at the orchestration of God. What was I to do other than to be obedient, as I had always been, even if it felt like I was being exposed to hell.

Speaking of hell my temptation started to awaken.

Maria straightened up blinking her

eyes, “Where are we?”

“Unimportant for you to know.”

She glanced at me, “Are you always this cryptic?”

I felt my jaw tense, “I wouldn’t know. I’ve never had a tagalong before.”

Maria cocked her head to the side to regard me curiously, “You’re not happy at all to have me along are you? Am I cramping your style?”

“Yes!” I responded emphatically.

“Good!”

I blinked, what did she mean by that?

She folded her arms and regarded me smugly, “So glad to know that I’m a burden to you. Just think how much less of a burden I would be to you if you’d let me keep the Agency. Can you imagine it Elon? Going for years at a time without seeing each other, as opposed to

this up close working relationship, which I detest as much if not more than you do!”

“Then why did you come?” I asked with genuine curiosity.

She looked away to the city lights flashing by her window, “Because I was asked to.”

“By God?”

Maria nodded.

I sighed and glanced out my window.

So be it then.

I turned back to Maria, “Okay some ground rules to start out this working relationship, as you’ve termed it. I don’t need a partner who is committed to stabbing me in the back verbally or figuratively every chance she gets because of past occurrences that she feels she is owed some level of revenge

for.”

She nodded, while still looking out her window.

“Call me old-fashioned, but I require a verbal answer to that, as it denotes the respect that I am worthy of as a man.”

To my surprise Maria turned her head away from the window to meet my eyes and say, “Yes Sir.”

Her eyes fell from mine as she asked, “Is there anything else?”

“Yes, there is. In this roundtable discussion platform we’re having on joint relations I’ve expressed one of my desires for a better working experience together. Do you have a request of me in regards to something you’d like to see changed or different in my approach to you?”

Her eyes rose to mine and she softly

said, "I would appreciate it if you'd stop looking at me as if you'd like to strangle me with your bare hands, burn my remains and toss the ash over a cliff into the sea."

I felt myself wince visibly. Had I been telegraphing my displeasure with the situation that morbidly? Apparently she thought so.

She was partially right about one thing. I had almost murdered her. To have walked away from her at the gravesite would have been murder, because I'd had the ability to help her. I hadn't walked away though and now her life was my responsibility.

I reached my hand out to her and offered it in the traditional form of a business partnership. She looked at my hand held in midair closely and for a

moment I wondered if she was too much of a germaphobe to shake it, but then I saw that she was looking at the interlaced scars on my palm.

Hesitantly her slim fingers slipped into my grasp and we shook.

Her eyes were still on my hand as I pulled it away and she asked, “How does that work? What you did to restore Utah and now me?”

“It’s complicated, but if you would like I could teach you how to do it.”

She gestured to herself in surprise, “I can do that?”

“Surprisingly yes.”

She tensed up somewhat at my words and regally asked, “Why is it a surprise that I could be capable of doing it?”

“Because you’re the first person in over a thousand years that I’ve met that

still had the capability to do what I do.”

Her jaw fell open in complete astonishment and I took a moment to enjoy how completely I'd just unsettled her, with a glimpse as to my length of days upon the Earth. Good, maybe she wouldn't question my judgment calls so much from now on.

Somehow I doubted it, because at heart she was a very independent woman, which was likely going to cause problems between us, as I only took orders from a Higher Authority.

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Maria stared out the window at the passing scenes of the city. Who had she gotten mixed up with?

Over a thousand years!

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