

A movie poster for 'Agent for a Cause'. The background is a lush green forest. On the left, a man (Guy S. Stanton III) wearing a brown fedora and a dark jacket is looking down, with his hand near his face. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair and blue eyes is looking directly at the camera. In the bottom right corner, there is a glass of whiskey with a large ice cube. The title 'AGENT for a CAUSE' is written in large, white, sans-serif font across the bottom. The name 'GUY S. STANTON III' is written in a similar font at the top. There are some red splatters or blood-like marks on the top part of the image.

GUY S. STANTON III

AGENT
for a
CAUSE

AGENT
FOR A
CAUSE

Book Two
of
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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*Dedicated to the fight
against autism.*

Chapter One

Stalker

I watched her from my end of the bar as she served the other patrons. There was really nothing special about this bar to keep coming back to it. Nothing special that is, except for her.

The food was terrible and the place was in a general lack of good upkeep, typical overall of your average street bar in Philadelphia.

The patrons were a boisterous lot and loud, too loud, but I could tune them out if I had her to look at. I didn't really

understand my fascination with her. Sure she was pretty, but there were a lot of pretty girls in the world, why her? I didn't understand it, but I kept coming back to this seedy place to watch her for an hour or two. Okay, maybe it had already been over three hours tonight.

I'd been coming here for almost two years now and I'd learned a lot about her without really looking into her back story. It was the subtle things I learned about her.

The difference between a genuine smile and the mask that would fall into place when she was dealing with someone she didn't like or found distasteful, which happened a lot in a bar like this. In general she got along with mostly everyone and she had a way of putting a stop to trouble before it got

out of hand.

She had fire in her and I'd never seen her back down once from a situation. I doubted that there was a man in the place that wouldn't have defended her if she had need of it.

She flirted a lot and had a frank quality to her that said she liked men, but she wasn't a tramp. I'd never seen her go home with anyone; whether or not she had a boyfriend out of work I didn't know and didn't care. While I sat in my corner seat at the bar she was mine to look at and appreciate.

I never hoped for anything more than that. Chances were that I'd be dead tomorrow, but that was everyday in my life. For now I was enjoying one of the few pleasures in my barren life, which was watching her. She was so alive and

vivacious that just being near her made me feel more alive somehow inside too.

She was talking with a woman down the bar from me, as she was polishing a shot glass and appeared to be talking about some topic she really liked. The reason I knew that was because her nose would crinkle up slightly when she was truly interested in a conversation. The conversation ended and the other woman left and Anna, that was her name, turned to place the shot glasses she had polished up onto a shelf above the bar.

She had to stretch up and stand on her toes to reach the shelf. That was another thing I liked about her, she was short. Tall women intimidated me as they reminded me of my own shorter stature. Anna by my calculations was a comfortable five inches shorter than my

5'8'' height.

Her dress rose as she stretched up to place the glasses on the shelf and I admired the supple calf muscles that were revealed. My eyes continued to drift up her frame admiring the contours along the journey. She was slim, but full and curved in all the right places. My eyes met her cobalt blue gaze and I blinked.

She was looking directly at me!

To my knowledge she'd never directly looked at me before. I always got my drink from the bartender on down from her. In the almost two years I had been coming I'd maybe said five words to her and I had assumed that I was safely unnoticeable to her. I had been wrong.

The directness of her gaze was too much and I felt myself blushing and then

of all things she winked at me! It wasn't a little quick one either, but rather a bold down flick of one eyelid with the richness of her smile behind it. I looked down at the bar as the brim of my hat blessedly concealed my face from view.

Darn it!

My cover was blown and regret was already setting in. I wouldn't be able to come and see her anymore. My sharply tuned senses told me that she was standing directly in front of me and slowly I glanced up. She stood there slouched onto one elbow against her side of the bar nonchalantly. Her eyes were mysterious, but her smile was genuine.

Her full lips moved, "Caught ya didn't I?"

What could I say to that? It was time

to go! I started to make the move to do just that, but she reached out a hand and laid it on top of mine in a gentle clasp. Her touch was paralyzing and I froze. Her other hand reached up and removed my fedora and set it down to the side on the bar top.

She'd completely invaded my space by removing my hat and I felt a surge of hot anger rise up within me. Her gaze was knowing as she leaned a little closer, "If you can undress me with your eyes then I should at least be allowed to remove your hat."

She had a point there and I focused on relaxing under the feel of her touch, but it wasn't easy. She smiled again and removed her hand, but she didn't back away.

Her lips curved up as she with a

conspiratorial look said, “April eleventh, 2011.”

I was a little shocked by her statement. It wasn't a random date. It was the date of the first time I had come here and seen her.

She continued on, her eyes not leaving mine for a moment, “Since then you've been here a total of thirty two times, always the same routine. You come in after the rowdies have settled down, you get a club soda from Jim down the bar, never alcohol and then slowly, as to not attract attention, you make your way here to this spot where you commence to watch me from under the brim of this cute hat. For hours!”

She added the last part with emphasis. Despite what she may be thinking of me I did have manners.

I dropped my gaze as I said, “I apologize if I offended you. I...”

“Whoa! Hold the phone!” She said interrupting me as she held her hand up in a stop gesture.

I glanced back up at her, somewhat surprised.

Her gaze had a characteristic frankness to it as she said, “Did I say that I minded it?”

I blinked again. What exactly did she mean by that?

She glanced away for a moment and then back, her face more serious, “Some men use a girl with their eyes and yes I don’t appreciate that, but you? You’re different! You just like to sit there and admire me. I’ve never sensed anything derogatory in the way you look at me, ever. Actually I’ve come to find it quite

flattering. I've never seen you look at another woman that's walked into this place and there's been much prettier women than me at that, but you don't give them so much as a passing glance. Why is that?"

"I don't know."

She studied me curiously for a moment and then stuck her hand out, "The names Anna."

I stared at the proffered hand for a moment.

"I don't shake hands, no offense meant."

She wiggled her slim fingers in the air, "Oh come on! I washed it this morning, I promise!"

She waved her hand back and forth in the air in front of me beckoningly.

"I don't bite I promise. Well, I take

that back. I have been known to bite on Mondays and the second Tuesday of every other month, but you're safe because today is Saturday." She finished her eyes alive with humor.

How could you resist someone like her? I grudgingly reached out and shook her hand.

A look of triumph passed across her pretty face and she asked, "Mr?"

"Tyre." I said grudgingly.

She didn't let go of my hand, "Well, Mr. Tyre I have a question for you."

She leaned close over the bar top invading my space again. Gazing point blank into my eyes she asked in a throaty whisper, "Are you stalking me?"

I thought about it for a moment, "I suppose you could say that I am." I admitted hesitantly.

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