

GUY S. STANTON III

A movie poster for 'Agent on the Run'. At the top, the name 'GUY S. STANTON III' is written in a white, italicized, sans-serif font. Below the name, a man in a dark suit and sunglasses is shown in profile, looking down and to the right. He is holding a mobile phone to his ear with his left hand and gesturing with his right hand. To his right is a close-up of a blonde woman with blue eyes, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a dark, atmospheric scene of a city at night, with a large full moon in the sky. There are several red splatters, resembling blood, scattered across the top half of the image. The bottom half of the image features a cityscape with tall buildings, including a prominent skyscraper on the right. The overall color palette is dark with highlights from the moon and city lights.

AGENT
on the
RUN

AGENT
ON THE
RUN

Book Five
of
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton III

Words of Action

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*Dedicated to the fight for the
preservation of our human identity.
We're all special in God's eyes
despite our inner turmoils or
our outward limitations.*

Chapter One

Burned

I blinked and tried to keep my poise, but it was next to impossible in the face of how I was being torn apart by Chantry. I'd never seen him so irate. Irate at me of all people!

I didn't deserve any of the condescending rhetoric that he was heaping upon me, but I remained silent. I withdrew protectively within myself trying to limit the impact of Chantry's words upon me.

I wasn't the only one within the room.

The entire board was in attendance. Chantry's harsh and unfounded accusations were hard enough to take without the embarrassment of being dressed down before my peers. I had never wanted to do anything but please the people within this room. Small chance of that now.

“Are you even listening to me Utah?” Chantry called out in question.

“Every word sir.” I responded with in a measured tone.

For a brief moment I saw an emotion of some kind flick across Chantry's eyes, but then he continued on harshly, “This panel, after taking more than a year to deliberate what happened at the Code tower, has found you unforgivably at fault for the massacre that took place there that night. Over 30 of our own

highly trained and experienced agents and 200 some commandos, the finest soldiers the world could offer, all dead, because Company G failed in its objective to halt the flow of reinforcements into the city. The depth of your betrayal extends even farther on a personal level for me. By your own words you acknowledge that you left my oldest and closest friend, Shalako, to die while you carried back a dead commando to make yourself look good!”

“He wasn’t dead when I left Shalako and it wasn’t to make myself look good!” I bit out in retort unable to hold back against the injustice of what had been said in this impromptu courtroom.

Chantry didn’t relent in his attack, “And I suppose we have to take your word on that don’t we, because as the

only surviving member of Company G there is no one else to collaborate your story, which in your case is fortunate, even as it is unfortunate that justice cannot be given this day for the honorable dead that you are so squarely at fault for! I would have you exiled to a remote island for the rest of your life, if there was but one hint of collaborating evidence to prove your story wrong, but cruelly there is not. Agent Utah Blaine, as this court of your peers has been unable to mount the case by which to see justice done it is my task to inform you that you are no longer an operative of this agency. You are henceforth cast out to make your own way. If you attempt to contact any member of this agency for reassignment your life will be forfeit. If you divulge any sensitive knowledge, as

to the interest of this agency to a third-party your life will also be forfeit. Do you have any questions?”

“No.” I said coldly at an end, with these close minded friends, suddenly turned enemy.

“Then get out of here and may God have mercy on your traitorous soul and forgive you for the noble blood spilled that you’re at fault for!” Chantry said roughly in conclusion.

I stood up so abruptly that my chair fell over backward and I kicked it out of my way viciously to slam into pieces against the desk, then I almost tore the double doors of the council room off their hinges, because I had shoved them so hard. They slammed shut behind me.

I was mad!

They spoke of betrayal, what did they know of it?

I had been the one betrayed here today and because of it my honor was now in shreds. They had taken my respect and thrown it in the gutter and trampled all over it!

In my anger my fist shot out and smashed a red terra-cotta flowerpot. It fell in pieces to the stone terrace steps that I was going down. Its pretty flower arrangement lay strewn about, as potting soil stained the pristine surface of the steps.

I starred at the destruction for a moment. The poor flowers hadn't deserved their fate, just as I hadn't mine. I thought about scooping the flowers up, but it was useless as there was no longer a containment vessel for them, or for that

matter, me.

The flower's brief time in the sun and appreciation in the eyes of their beholder's was over. Now they would just wither and die, as they lay uprooted and strewn across the hot steps, as the sun beat down mercilessly on their exposed roots and bruised foliage. All ability to be of good purpose was gone from them now.

Bitterly, I turned away and made my way down the rest of the stairs still mad enough to kill, because of the enormity of what has just been taken from me this day. It was as if I had sacrificed everything on behalf of my family, only to be scorned and rejected by them, because of trumped ludicrousness.

What they insisted and railed against me was so wrong!

Company G had killed thousands of the enemy and we had halted the advance into the city to a snail's pace. How was I to blame for anything let alone the loss of so many of our own agents against such superior numbers?

In short it seemed like a no-brainer to me and yet why did they hold me responsible for the loss of so many men?

I had fought valiantly, doing everything I had out of honor and I was excoriated by my own kind as something worse than the gunk one would scrape off the bottom of one's shoe and discard as soon as possible.

I swung over the side of my convertible's door and slipped into the seat and fired it up to life. I gripped the wheel hard, as the urge to leave a burnout streak going up the immaculately

concrete stamped driveway became an almost overpowering urge.

I gave up on that childish notion and looked heavenward and said, "I just don't understand!"

Sighing, I put the car in gear and started out fast, but with no black streak of tires left behind. In search of inspiration I switched the radio onto a Christian station I listened to in this area. An old song came on and the words hit me hard.

"I just don't understand. These lies I've been living....."

I shook my head, as the words of the song echoed over and over in my head. There had to be a reason as to why all this was happening. I just had to find out what it was and perhaps find some redemption in the situation, if that was

still even an option.

Regardless of what anyone said or thought I knew what the truth was and so did God.

Chantry sipped from his fourth glass of wine. He couldn't handle the effects of alcohol anymore and he knew he'd pay later for this overindulgence on his part, but right now he was drowning his sorrows. Today had been awful!

The sight of the genuine hurt and betrayal in Utah's eyes had made his soul cringe, but it had proved something about the young man and that was that he could be trusted.

The glass of wine was pulled from Chantry's fingers and dumped into the

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