

A movie poster for 'Agent Out of Time'. The background is a snowy, blue-toned landscape with icicles hanging from a structure. In the foreground, there are strands of barbed wire. On the left, a man (Guy S. Stanton III) is shown from the chest up, shirtless, wearing a black beanie and a chain necklace. He is looking to the right. On the right, a woman with long brown hair and bangs is looking directly at the camera. The title 'AGENT out of TIME' is written in large, white, stylized letters across the bottom. At the top, the name 'GUY S. STANTON III' is written in white, with red splatters behind it.

GUY S. STANTON III

AGENT  
out of  
TIME

AGENT  
OUT OF  
TIME

Book Three  
of  
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton III

# Words of Action

Copyright © 2013 by Guy S. Stanton, III.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses,



# Table of Contents

*Hot Rocks*

*Forgot Again*

*The Dotted Line*

*Seduction Begun*

*By the Seaside*

*Bygone Era*

*The Skull*

*Agent Shalako*

*Way of the Desert*

*Stiff*

*Southward Bound*

*Veiled Evil*

*Big Storm*

*Into the Cold*

*Unexpected Warmth*

*Three Fires*

*Manna in the Wilderness*

*Blood in the Snow*  
*Destination International*  
*Catharsis*  
*Love Letters*  
*Unsung Heroes*

*Dedicated to the warriors of the faith,  
who have gone on before and paved the  
way for those yet to come.*

# Chapter One

## Hot Rocks

Tick.....Tick.....Tick.....Click!

The graceful fingers paused and then spun the dial back to zero to begin all over again, which was followed by a harder click.

The shadowy figure in the darkened room straightened up as the other gloved hand went to the handle of the wall safe and gave it a crank. The door of the safe opened with a soft whoosh of air. The thief grew quite still for a moment and listened, but all was still within the

penthouse suite.

The thief was about to turn back to the safe when a slight rumble sounded close by. The figure in black froze, even as the rumbling continued, cautiously a hand reached out into the darkness to stroke the chin of the cat, who had caught her in the act.

Deshavi chuckled softly as the cat pushed into her stroking fingers, its rumbling purr only intensifying. Deshavi petted the cat a few times before she commenced to rob the cat's owner blind. Her hand slipped into the safe and started pulling bundles of cash out, which she tossed in a bag as the affectionate cat pressed up against her leg.

The money wasn't why she'd come, but it was always nice to have and she

was sure she could make use of it somehow. Her gloved fingers touched the box and stilled. This is what she had come for. She pulled the slim box out of the safe and opened it in the dim light. Out of it she brought the heavy necklace that lay against the velveteen background.

The twinkling lights of the Big Apple cityscape outside were caught and reflected by the many faceted sides of the diamonds that made up the necklace. The prisms of reflected light shot throughout the room into a many hued display of color that reflected the range of colors of the outside cityscape.

Diamonds, but not just any diamonds. These diamonds had a history, which dated back to the czars and empresses of Russia. They were beautiful and now

they were hers. She reached up and clasped the necklace around her neck and took one last glance at it before tucking it underneath the black jersey knit shirt she wore. She gave the cat one final pat before grabbing the bag that she had come with. She started to rise to her feet, which is when she saw the red dot light up on her chest.

A heavily accented Russian voice spit out, “Take the necklace off! Now!”

Deshavi’s hand slipped back in the dark and jerked the cat’s tail hard. The cat screeched and the red dot wavered from her in a moment of confusion. Deshavi struck out knocking the gun to the side and then she lunged away, as moments later a bullet plowed into the spot where she had just been kneeling.

Deshavi ducked out of the room and

down the hall as more shots followed along after her. Shouts rang out even as alarms sounded throughout the building. She'd have to take an alternate escape route tonight. The construction debris chute would no doubt be blocked off from her by now. She saw the new construction extension of a taped off area and quickly headed for it, as a bullet took out a chunk of new drywall just inches from her head.

Running through the construction area she grabbed up a crowbar along the way. At the far end she rammed the crowbar up behind a piece of plywood that was nailed over an old window opening. It broke free and she ducked through. Both of her feet landed on the horizontal I-beam that ran out into open space to where it was joined by other

intersecting I-beams.

She ran along the beam her feet as sure as any cats. She was seventy feet above the ground, but the height and the precariousness of her flight seemed to not even phase her one bit. A bullet clanged off of an I-beam near her head and she dropped down to a lower level gracefully. The Russian goons started out after her hesitantly and she quickly put distance between her and them.

There was a scream and Deshavi glanced back to see one of her pursuers falling down through space to the hard pavement below. He connected with an I-beam and his scream abruptly stopped, followed moments later by a dull thump, as he made contact with the ground. A corner of her consciousness pricked at the sight of someone else's death,

because of her actions, but in truth she reconciled herself that the world could do without one more Russian goon in it. She flipped down gracefully onto the base of the construction site and sped off into the dark.

It took about twenty minutes of a fast-paced jog to reach her hotel. She wore a coat that she had stashed in an alley to conceal her conspicuous all-black burglar attire. The front desk clerk's face lit up at the sight of her and she gave him a flirtatious smile in return. His eyes glazed over and she could barely hold in her laughter at his slack-jawed look of lust, as he watched her go by.

She deliberately let her hips sway more than usual to add to his torment. Her walk returned to normal, after she

turned the corner and she shook her head, as a rueful smile played about her full lips. Men were just too easy. She slipped into her room and started peeling off her black night gear, until she was bare as the day she was born. Bare, that is, except for the necklace around her throat.

She had to admit she looked pretty darn good, never better actually, now that she had such a necklace to complement the rest of her. She winked at herself confidently and then moved off to start slipping into the expensive evening gown that she had purchased today. She had just finished with her hair, when a knock came at the door.

Her lips split wide showing her pearly white teeth. That would be Mark, her date, for the evening. She opened the

door and had the satisfaction of watching him react like the desk clerk had. She loved that look and never got tired of blowing men's fuses.

She twirled around, "What do you think Mark?"

He shook his head, "You have got to be the most gorgeous woman in the city, perhaps the world!"

She stepped up close to him raising an eyebrow, as she deliberately let him gaze down at the exposed cleavage revealed by her gown, "Words like that honey will pay off big time later on!"

Her hand openly stroked the front of his pants and his whole body jerked hard. She smiled triumphantly, but pulled back from the visual feast that she was giving him. Poor boy was about to have an accident and she didn't have

time to waste getting him another pair of pants.

Her words full of implied meaning she whispered seductively, “I’ll see that your rewarded later. Now come along and escort me to the ball handsome. You know how I like to dance.”

Mark fought valiantly to come back to the world of the fully conscious and offered his arm to her, which she took offering him a smile that showed both her dimples, as a reward for his gallantry.

Mark couldn’t help, but comment as he escorted her out into the hall, “That is an amazing necklace that you’re wearing! It had to cost a fortune!”

She smiled up at him, “No not really, you see it’s crystal. Pretty believable isn’t it?”

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

