

GUY S. STANTON III



AGENT
with a
HISTORY

AGENT WITH A HISTORY

Book One
of
The Agents for Good

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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*Dedicated to all the women out there
in the world, who have fought to
overcome
the adversity of past abuses. May you
all
experience abundant joy, healing, and
the love you were always
meant to have.*

Chapter One

Full Moon

It was going to be another one of those nights. Every time there was a full moon you could expect something out of the ordinary was going to take place, but this was just plain weird I thought to myself, as I stepped into the abandoned warehouse located near the east pier.

Crazies invading the precinct, cult worshipers enacting bizarre ritual sacrifices of their neighbors' cats and psycho killers starting their manifest destinies and so on, were all to be

expected at this time of the lunar cycle, but this was different than the usual fare. In fact it was downright eerie, I thought as I stepped through the doorway into the space beyond. It was as if I had never left the Fifth Precinct.

Everything had been copied down to the smallest detail. They even had the captain's coffee mug sitting on the corner of his desk. As I walked by, I glanced into it. It actually had coffee in it.

The déjà vu feeling just wouldn't leave me. Who would go to such length, not to mention expense, to build such a life size replica of the Fifth Precinct? I saw detective Rafferty ahead of me. His head lifted and he smiled as he saw me.

"I know, creepy isn't it, Lisa?"

I nodded. "Have you found any reason

why someone would go to such great length as this?”

“No, and even less as to finding out what any of this has to do with our victim’s murder. There’s evidence that the framework for the walls was done by a staging company located not far from here. Some of their trucks showed up about an hour ago. The drivers’ said they’d received word to come break everything down and pack it away. They said they were tasked to build this place over two weeks ago. The outfit that hired them did so by long distance. They never met a representative of the company. Said everything was paid for up front and that a completion bonus was wired into their accounts yesterday morning with a request to dismantle and destroy what they had been asked to

build.”

“Did they give us a name?” I asked.

“East Coast Mid-Atlantic Erectors Inc.” Detective Salieazar said, stepping up beside his partner Rafferty. “I checked into them. Turns out they’ve been out of business for over three years and there’s been no recent activity by a company of that name recently either. Whoever did this knew not only how to cover their tracks, but to eliminate them entirely!”

“Didn’t the staging company express any concern when they saw the nature of what they were asked to build?” I asked.

Sal shrugged. “They said they were told it was a film set for a cop show and they were paid enough not to be too interested, if you know what I mean.”

“Dig a little deeper and see if you can

find anything.” I said. Glancing back to Rafferty I asked, “Any witnesses?”

Both detectives glanced at each other with a look that said they knew I wouldn't like what I heard. Sal spoke, “Just one so far, a homeless man. He shacks up sometimes in the warehouse across the street. He said he saw five unmarked black vans pull up outside yesterday morning. From his description about forty people piled out of the vans dressed mostly as cops. Later, he said a black sedan pulled up and a man got out. He watched the man go to the trunk and pull a body out, sling it over his shoulder and disappear into the warehouse with it.”

“Was he able to give you descriptions of anyone?” I asked.

Raferty grimaced slightly. “Not really.

He said they looked like cops. I've got him with a sketch artist right now, should he be able to remember anything, but there's something you should know about him. We found a lot of drug paraphernalia on him and he's still slightly high."

Darkly, I realized this was what they hadn't wanted to tell me. A high profile case and the only eye witness that we had was a homeless man that was most likely high on drugs at the time. That wouldn't go over well with the DA.

I sighed and then noticed them both share that look again. "What else?" I asked expectantly.

Sal hesitated and then blurted out, "Our eye witness said he was too afraid to leave so he stayed. He said that at about 2:00 in the afternoon two more

vans pulled up. A bunch of women got out. He said they were strippers.”

“Strippers? What would they need with that many strippers in a replica of the precinct?”

Sal turned to Rafferty, “You didn’t show her everything yet, did you?”

“Show me what?” I asked impatiently.

Rafferty turned around and gestured for me to follow. He gestured to the left and right as we walked. “They pretty much copied home base down to a T. The space comes complete with holding cell and interrogation rooms. There is some evidence of one cell having been used and we’re having a full run up done on it.”

He stopped in front of the elevator doors, “This part here, well it’s different than the office.”

“That would be putting it mildly.” Sal added, as Rafferty punched the button for the elevator.

Instead of the small cramped space of the elevator bay that one would expect, there was a larger darkened space beyond the doors. I stepped into the space.

Rafferty hit a switch on the wall and the space beyond the elevator doors lit up, as garish strobe lights re-enacted the atmosphere of a stripper joint, complete with blaring techno music. This night was only getting stranger.

I looked around noticing something familiar about the setting. Had I been somewhere like this before?

Sal interrupted my thoughts. “Yeah, you’ve been here before, or there I

should say. It was that stripper joint where that under-aged girl got knocked off last year. I believe they called the joint, The Gentlemen's Groan. It appears to be an exact replica of it."

I gave him a piercing look and he fumbled adding, "From what I remember, that is of the investigation."

Yeah right, I thought to myself, as I turned away to inspect the room. Sal's weaknesses were well known throughout the office.

What could all this mean, I thought to myself? I had a dead Iraqi civilian and a complete model of my very own precinct, complete with a night club lounge.

Yesterday, at 4:30pm, an Iraqi born citizen had stumbled into the office and

made a wild report about being held hostage in an abandoned warehouse, in an elaborately set up hoax, as he had put it. It had seemed a little too much to be believed, but a report was filed anyway to be checked into by a patrol cop later.

Earlier tonight, at a little past ten, Ahmed Sazzar was found dead in his hotel suite. He had been cruelly tortured, for what had appeared to be hours, and then his neck had been broken. His murder had prompted us to look into the report filed earlier in the day, and this was where it had led.

Instead of providing answers, all it had done was raise more questions.

I had looked into Ahmed's past, but had come up with little to go on. He had emigrated from Iraq a few years back,

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