GUY S. Stanton III



THE PROVERBIAL WAR

THE PROVERBIAL WAR Book Two ofWater Wars

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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Non-series Books

The Kingdom, Coming Fall 2014

Table of Contents Hatchet Girl Past Sins Emotional Exchange Window Seat A Glass To Far <u>Death Spiral</u> For the Taking *Mysteries of the Sea* Forbidden Fruit By the Hair

Glow in the Dark **Discovery** Clause Coconuts Faithful Firing Squad **Battle Plans** At War **Deceptive Drift** Ministry Begun *<u>The Deep</u>*

"Speak the Truth, Keep the Faith, Love the sinner, Honor the Father, Know the Son Die to the World, Resist the deceiver, Fight the Proverbial War. Guy S. Stanton III

Chapter One Hatchet Girl

There was a nervous quality to the atmosphere to be felt present within the boardroom. Various members of the board sat in plushly cushioned leather armchairs talking in small groups of two or three, as others held beverages of significant alcoholic force from which they sipped in solitary file throughout the room. They either stared at each other in morose fashion or stared out the sheer glass walls to the high-rise cityscape beyond.

Change was in the air and it wasn't likely to be good in their case or the company that they had all helped build. The company had just suffered through a hostile takeover and in lieu of a better way of putting it, they were all waiting around to see what the new company order would be and whose heads would roll.

Their new overlord was due to arrive at any moment and if the past was anything to judge by, the futures of the gathered board members was practically a hand-delivered reality to the unemployed soup and bread lines. These were unsteady times and jobs were hard to find almost everywhere one looked. Unless you happened to be in a niche market for a desired trade, one could expect a long wait to find a job that approached anywhere near the significance of the ones they all had at the present.

The Chairman of the board stood with his hands held behind his back, as he morosely stared out the glass pane of the boardroom's exterior wall. There would be no alcohol for him. He'd face his fate head on.

Grimly he acknowledged that many couldn't afford to be so cavalier in their approach to being suddenly unemployed. That said, his concern still wasn't for the other executives within the boardroom.

If they hadn't had the good sense to lay enough money away to get by the folly, of their soon-to-be terminations, was on them. The people the Chairman worried about were the workers, in short the real people, who had made the company the success that it was.

In any corporate restructuring, layoffs were to be expected, but this was different. Panolic International Investments and Enterprises had been corporate raided for only one purpose, which was to be systematically destroyed by a very powerful and vain woman, Francesca Marelli.

Her former husband, Steve Sampson, had been in large degree the reason behind Panolic's rousing success in a downturned economy. Panolic was a solid company with sound investment strategies. The only problem was that they hadn't monitored where all the stocks were going well enough in order to avoid this monopolizing takeover.

This entire corporate takeover was nothing more than a petty revenge spat between former lovers. It had been blown way out of proportion and now it was going to add hardship to the lives of many.

Steve Sampson stepped up next to the Chairman and stared out at the busy actions of a city taking place all around them.

"I'm sorry Jim, that it came to this. I never imagined that she was capable of anything like what's happening. I knew she hated me, but this!" Steve exclaimed with a bitter shake of his head.

The Chairman, Jim Swanson, glanced

from the window to Steve, the intended target of the entire corporate attack and said, "Well you know what the good book says Steve, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'".

Steve nodded still staring vacantly out the window, "It's the truth let me tell you!"

Jim shook his head, "Quite frankly I'm surprised at the level of her quest for revenge too. She stands to lose a fortune as a result of this takeover of Panolic and its subsequent liquidation. I know Francesca's a shrewd businesswoman and I find it hard to see why she would make such a move for the sake of revenge. She could have had you bumped off a lot cheaper than to go to all the capital and strategic planning that brought this day about."

Steve gave a sad smile, "It's not enough to kill me Jim. She wants to tear my life apart and the best way to do that is with the business that I built up with the loving attention of a father. I have no doubt that I will be bumped off in some perceived accidental way following the demise of the company. I never realized what a monster I had married until it was too late." He said, as his voice trailed off in a lamenting tone that expressed deep remorse.

Jim patted Steve's shoulder, "Happens to the best of us. In your case it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

"If only the divorce hadn't been so ugly." Steve said almost to himself.

Jim smacked Steve on the back somewhat roughly, "Now don't go

blaming yourself for that! She's the one who brought the divorce forward. She intended to take you for everything you were worth completely unjustified! You had no choice but to bring forward the evidence of her affairs and scandalous parties."

Steve shook his head negatively and said, "If I'd just let her have all the money none of this would be happening. More importantly thousands of people would still have a good job when they woke up tomorrow. No, I should've just let it all go and started over instead of defending my pride like I did!"

Jim was about to protest more in defense of his friend when all conversation within the boardroom ceased as the double doors opened to reveal the glowing eyed predatory gaze

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