

For the Love of Peace

Written by Christopher Rivers

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This book is dedicated in loving memory to my little buddy Timber, and beautiful, Deena. Timber loved stealing pear's from under the tree in Alabama, and Deena captivated my heart in Maine. I will always love, and cherish you both.

Chapter 1

Flowing Seas

Standing on the bow of the enormous ship, Ross let the sea breeze wash over him, clearing the smell of the interior compartments of the ship from his senses. It's been a long slow cruise as the oil tanker he got a birth on wasn't built for speed. The pay was fair, and it was the first ship he could get on to get him out of Turkey. He planned on throwing away most of his clothes once he got ashore. He could never wash the smell of the lubrication oils they used onboard the ship from his clothes. The odor of machinery oil was everywhere you went on board. The aroma was so heavy in some parts of the ship it was enough to make you sick. Ross spent most of his off time out on deck, letting the breeze blow through his dark brown military haircut, clearing his head. He was almost home, and he couldn't wait to get to Portland Maine. The past year has been interesting enough, but it sure as hell didn't turn out like it was supposed to.

Taking another deep breath of air, he knew they were getting closer to land, and nearing Portland where he would leave the ship. You could always smell land before you could see it. Most people

thought the air by the ocean was the fresh smell of the sea. But in truth, Ross knew the ocean's aroma came from marshlands, and coastal waters where rotting minerals on the banks gave the ocean its fragrance. To Ross, it smelled like home.

He knew he should be thankful. At least he wasn't dead, like some who went over there with him. Mike and John's family would never see them again. Ross managed some pay back, and even up the score for his lost team mates. They were betrayed, and there wasn't much more he could have done. Both of John's and Mike's families lived in the Biddeford and Kennebunk area. Sending word to them once he was ashore wasn't a task he was looking forward to doing.

Born on Cape Cod. Ross grew up twenty minutes south of Portland, in Biddeford, Maine. Biddeford at the time was one of the toughest towns in the State. Not having a father around, he got into a lot of trouble in his younger years. He was always getting into fights with kids at school or with the general public. You had to be a scrapper back then if you didn't want guys picking on you all the time. Ross wasn't a very big kid in his teens, but when he reached eighteen years old. God told his body to grow. He started working out, and took boxing, and martial arts lessons from a friend who owned White's gym on main street in Biddeford. His Uncle George taught him how to shoot, and how to handle a knife, and act like a man, and not a punk. By the time Ross reached his twenty-fourth birthday, he weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, and stood six feet tall. Every bit of him was lean, mean muscle. Ross was a machine. He looked every bit of a wild animal when he let his dark hair grow long. Only the stupid ones would challenge him, and they would all pay a price for it when they did.

Ross was a big guy, and he knew how to handle himself, and he looked it. But what people didn't know, and couldn't tell from his

good looks was that Ross was a private security specialist, and sometimes a mercenary, and killer for hire.

Ross was a very smart, calculating, methodical thinking tactician who understood fire arms, and military strategy. He didn't consider himself to be a hit man, but he did take on certain assignments from time to time because he despised people who thought they were beyond the law. If you were also the type of moron who liked to hurt women and children, and the helpless. You could be sure Ross would come after you, too. Ross was a warrior who like to think he specialized in killing scumbags, and bottom feeders who were high government officials or executives of large corporations or just some asshole who raped, and beaten a girl senseless. Ross did believe in the law of the land, but he was a man who believed more in delivering his own justice. When he did, the law took a back seat to his own motives and goals.

This last job he, and his team went after Ahmet Shain who was slowly gaining a seat of power within the Turkish Government. The name Ahmet means praiseworthy. However, as Ross knew. Ahmet Shain was anything but praiseworthy. Someone in the Turkish Government wanted the guy out of the way. Ahmet was nothing but a piss ant gangster in disguise who was blackmailing his way into the Turkish Government. Ahmet was also from an old family in Syria who forced females in their family to go through the process of female genital mutilation. When Ross found that out, he immediately agreed to take the assignment. Ross knew all about it. There were three or four procedures they could perform on a female, and they all made Ross cringe just thinking about them.

He killed the son of a bitch alright, but someone told them they were coming. Mike and John died in the process. Ross lost his temper when his buddies were killed. He leveled Ahmet's whole compound

to the ground. There wasn't a building standing when he was finished. The contract was to be carried out quietly with very little fanfare, but after what Ross did. The attack was all over the news services. He hopped on a slow-moving tanker heading for the States to let things quiet down. His next stop was Portland Maine, and soon he would pay a visit to his little buddy, Malcolm Reynolds.

Malcolm has been an old acquaintance of his since high school, but Reynolds has never really been his friend. Ross's relationship with the man was nothing more than about making money. Reynolds has always been a small thin guy all of his life. When they were in high school. Ross stopped kids from beating the piss out of him a few times. Malcolm never forgot it. They ran into each other years later. Malcolm told Ross how he could earn a lot of money. Malcolm may have been a little nerd back in high school, but Ross knew the guy was smart. He knew how to use his head, and keep his mouth shut.

Reynolds told Ross he started a small private security firm, and he wanted Ross to do the first job. Malcolm's father spent most of his life in the Marines, but the guy turn into a mercenary once he left the military. Because of his father, Malcolm had a lot of contacts he could get information from. Malcolm figured he could make a lot of money with the knowledge he had.

Ross checked Malcolm's assignment out a hundred different ways from Sunday before he agreed he would take it on. He also let Malcolm know up front, he wasn't his fucking employee. For the last few years, every once in a while, Ross would get a call from him about another job. He would earn a few hundred thousand for doing the job, and Malcolm would get a high price handler's fee.

Malcolm opened a daily labor for daily pay business in Portland from their first job together. A year later, he opened up another one in Saco, then he branched out, and bought two bars, and then a few

apartment buildings. Ross had to admit the little shit knew what he was doing in the business world. Reynolds had other people making money for him while Ross got all the excitement, and a hell of a lot more cash. Their working relationship until this last job has remained good, but Ross has been waiting patiently for months to visit Malcolm in Portland Maine.

Crossing Commercial street, there were a lot of people on the waterfront. The town was as busy as it has ever been. Railroad tracks still ran down the middle of the wide red brick street with docks on one side of the road, and four, and five-story apartment buildings on the other. Every building on the ground floor there were shops for the tourist, coffee shops, bistros, and clothing specialty shops. The businesses extended around every block, and down the side streets to Pleasant street on the other side of the block. Cruise ships would dock at the northern end of Commercial street while naval vessels made portage at the United States Naval Reserve station on the southern end. In between them were restaurants, boat charters, and businesses, and a few wide piers.

The biggest pier was the Custom House Wharf, where fishermen would bring in their daily catch. Portland has been a busy city since its heyday, and it still was Ross saw as he made his way through the crowded streets. People from all walks of life walked down the sidewalks. Paying no heed to the surrounding commotion, workers rush by going back to their jobs after lunch, While tourist were checking out every item in the shops trying to find a gold mine with their next purchase.

Walking by a restaurant called, The Waterfront Bistro, Ross decided to stop and have lunch. Anyway, he had time to kill. Opening the door to the restaurant, he stopped when he saw a homeless man

not far from him sitting on the sidewalk holding a cardboard sign that said, "Please Help." The man's clothes, and hair were grungy, and he kept his feet close to him so people wouldn't trip over him as they passed by. Ross watched as everyone walked right by the guy without even looking at him, and every female that went by him didn't even acknowledge his presence.

Ross hesitated with his hand on the door, watching the crowd, ignoring the guy. No one that walked by offered their hand, money or even spoke to him. To Ross, that was just plain wrong. It was like the guy was a black hole, and no one could see him. However, this black hole didn't have any gravity. Matter of fact, Ross thought, he probably didn't have much of anything at all. Closing the restaurant's door. He walked over and instead of talking to the guy, and forcing him to look up at him, Ross sat down beside him on the sidewalk.

He stuck out his hand. "Hi, my name is Ross. What's yours?"

The guy looked over at the size of Ross, and timidly took his outreached hand.

Eyeing Ross with suspicion, he quietly replied, "John."

"Listen John. I want to ask you something. I don't mean to pry into your life. But do you think you could answer a few questions for me?"

"Well, I guess so," John told him, setting his cardboard sign on the ground besides him.

Over the next several minutes, Ross learned more about John and his life on the streets. John was fifty-three years old, and has been homeless for almost two and a half years after a bitter divorce. Because of a back injury, he lost his job, and then his apartment. John wasn't able to find work that would take him on because of his back. He's been sleeping where ever the cops would leave him alone, and eating at the soup kitchens in town. As they talked, Ross noticed a

Marine unit tattoo on John's left forearm. He also had a maritime one on his other arm. Ross was astounded, he couldn't believe what he just found out about the guy. John was ex-military, and a longshoreman, and he was homeless. Ross was almost speechless.

"Them soup kitchens don't have the tastiest of food I bet," Ross told him.

"They're really not that bad," John confessed. "Sometimes they do have some old stuff to eat, but it's better than nothing. At least I get to sleep with something in my gut."

Ross liked John right away. The guy had a great attitude.

"Hey, I was about to have lunch right here. Why don't you join me?"

"Man, they won't let me go in there. They'll throw my ass out." He told Ross.

"John, trust me. I am a very persuasive man. They will let you in there, and I'll guarantee it."

John was still hesitant to go inside, but Ross coaxed him along. Just before they went through the front doors, he gave John some instructions for after they got inside the restaurant. Ross opened the door, and John followed him in. There was a sign at the door that said wait to be seated. Ross and John walked right past the sign, and made a beeline for an empty booth by the far back wall, away from other customers. While Ross grabbed a booth, John went for the men's room.

Ross sat back, watching the crowd, and waited for John. The restaurant was busy, but no one seen them come in. Ross still expected trouble, and it didn't take long for it to find them. John was just coming out of the bathroom when the manager spotted him. The manager knew who John was because he seen him outside all the time. He caught up to John at their booth.

“Hey, he can’t come in here.” The manager told Ross. He directed next comment to John. “People like you have to stay outside.”

“What do you mean by people like him?” Ross said quickly standing up to his full height. Having a mountain suddenly stand up next to him, the manager took two steps back.

“I don’t mean you.” He told Ross. Pointing his finger over at John the manager told him. “Just him. He can’t be in here.”

The manager realize what he was trying to do wasn’t going to be that easy when Ross took a defensive posture in front of him, back straight, palm’s in, arms down, and relaxed.

“Why not!” Ross wanted to know.

“His clothes are dirty and he’s smelling the place up.”

“The man has every right to eat here, just like anyone else. He has money, and he wants to eat.”

The manager pointed out. “Ya, with the money you gave him.”

Ross was getting madder by the second. He had to remain cool. He asked the guy, “I suppose the gifts and money your family, and friends have given you throughout the years of your life belong to them, and not you?”

Ross put an arm around the manager’s shoulders. Turning him around, he walked them out of John’s ear shot. Reading the guy’s name on his shirt, Ross continued to explain John’s situation. “Tony, the guy is just down on his luck. You were there before, and so haven’t we all. I talked to John for a while outside before we came in. He’s not a nutcase, and he deserves to be respected just like you respect the rest of your customers.”

When Ross finished speaking, they were standing in front of the men’s room door, but Tony was still unwilling to give in.

“I’m sorry. He either leaves, or I’ll call the cops.”

As soon as Tony said he'd call the cops. Ross shoved Tony into the bathroom. Pinning him up against the bathroom wall. He placed his hand on his shoulder then tapped him once in the solar plexus, forcing air from the manager's lungs.

"Listen to me, you fucking bigot. I have had just about enough with assholes like you. That man out there is a fucking war veteran and a Maritimer, to boot. He needs a helping hand, and not to be treated like an outcast. Him and I are going to have a pleasant lunch here, and you're not going to do a damn thing. I promise you, Tony. If you cause a fuss, and call the cops. I am going to be your worst fucking nightmare you ever had. I have a shitload of friends in this city, and I'll only be in jail for an hour, tops. And the next time you see me, Tony. Will be your last."

Tony's eyes flared wildly with fear as he tried to explain himself. "Hey, this isn't personal. I don't really care if he's here or not. I have to go by the restaurants policy. That's my job!"

Ross relaxed and let go of the man. "The next time you take on a job, Tony. You better read their fucking policies before you agree to work for them. This world is screwed up enough without people being discriminated against because they have no money."

"Tony, I am not the kind of man who will stand idly by and watch human beings being treated like trash. John cleaned himself up some, and we're sitting well away from the other customers. But today, you and me are going to fill his gut until it bust. Then tomorrow when John comes back in here, you're going to do it all over again."

Tony shook his head at Ross. "Man, you're going to get me into a shitload of trouble, then I'll be the one on the streets."

"Relax," Ross reassured him. "When John comes back in here, he will be cleaned up and wearing new clothes. Now, I'll lay down some money so he can eat here for the next few weeks. John doesn't

know it yet, but his life is about to change, and if I hear of anyone giving him any trouble. Trust me, Tony. I never lie. I will come right back here.”

John was making his way over to the men’s room when Ross, and Tony exited the bathroom. Ross walked him back to their booth as John kept asking. “What happened? Is he going to let me stay?”

“Everything is fine, John. Like I told you before. I am a very persuasive person. I’m not the kind of man that takes no for an answer.”

Having spent so much time with John. Ross rushed off to keep his appointment. Finding a table outside of a cafe on the corner of Union, and Commercial street, he ordered coffee. He wasn’t worried the guy he was waiting for would see him. There was just too much traffic on the streets and people on the sidewalks.

Ross took another sip from his coffee as he watched the building a little way from the cafe. It felt good to be off the ship. He was wearing a new pair of tan Dockers, and a light blue long sleeve shirt. It wasn’t cold, but he bought a jacket to conceal the Beretta Nano hiding in the jacket’s pocket. The small Beretta was only five and a half inches long, one of his big hands alone could almost conceal the gun by its self.

At five o’clock on the dot, he watched his target exit the building, and walk towards Pleasant street. Quickly leaving a tip on the table, Ross grabbed his jacket then followed after the guy, quickly closing the distance between them. The little man got to the next corner, and turned right onto Pleasant street. When Ross came around the corner, he watched him go to open the driver’s door of a brand-new black SUV. When Ross heard the car’s alarm turn off, and the doors unlock, he paused for a moment. Then quickly, he opened the

passenger side door, and jumped into the vehicle, slamming the door shut behind him.

Ross screamed at the little guy in the driver's seat. "Malcolm. Where's my fucking money!"

The abrupt presence of Ross jumping into the car caught Malcolm off guard. In surprise, he nervelessly looked down at Ross's hand. Ross had his coat covering the weapon from sight, but he could feel the cold steel digging into his ribs.

"Ross! Jesus...I was beginning to think you were dead."

"Do I look dead to you, Malcolm?" He pushed the gun deeper into Reynolds' ribs. "I like your new truck it must have cost a lot. Now drive back to Commercial street." Ross ordered.

Malcolm was clearly shaken. His hands were trembling as he started the big truck, and pulled out into traffic.

"Take Commercial street past the Casco Bay Bridge." Ross told him.

"Ross, I swear it wasn't me. I didn't do it. You have to believe me," cried the little guy as he turned into heavy traffic on Commercial street.

"Shut up," Ross told him.

Opening the glove compartment, Ross looked for a weapon. He then searched under both front seats. They past the Casco Bay Bridge that went into South Portland. Ross found what he wanted. It was a pull off for truckers to use at night. During this time of day, the lot was empty. After ordering Malcolm to park in the lot, he reached over, and turned the truck off. Removing the keys from the ignition, he put them in his jacket pocket. Taking the jacket off his arm, he transferred the nine-millimeter to Malcolm's temple.

“Ross, I can’t believe you would kill me. I’m telling you, I didn’t have anything to do with what happened in Turkey. It happened because of Mike, not me.”

Hearing Mike’s name set Ross off. He raised his fist to smash it into Malcolm’s face, but Malcolm quickly pressed his little body up against the driver’s side door as far as he could go.

Holding his hands out in front of him, he screamed. “Ross, I’m telling you the truth. Please, just listen to me for a minute. Mike was screwing around with a woman while he was in Turkey. Her name was Fidan. She must have figured something wasn’t right or Mike may even have slipped, and said something to her about why he was in Turkey.”

Reynolds could see that really pissed Ross off even more, he quickly added. “However, it happened, Ross. It was Fidan who told Ahmet’s security detail about Mike and John. That’s where the leak came from, I swear it. I checked into it myself, I knew you wouldn’t have the time to look into it.”

During any of Ross’s operations, everyone knew there was no screwing around, and getting close to anyone. They were there for the job, but thinking back. Ross remembered a woman he saw Mike talking to one night at a bar, and her name was Fidan. Mike always did have a large libido, as his ex-wife has told Ross on many occasions. Ross was unsure if he was ready to kill Malcolm, or not, but even if he did. He wanted to get his money first.

Watching Ross calm down, Malcolm relaxed and slid back into his seat. “I can have your money to you by tomorrow,” He told him. “but you did break your contract, you know. The whole damn thing was covered on CNN for crying out loud. I thought I was going to have trouble getting my money for the contract. But as it turns out,

you inadvertently took out someone who wasn't on your kill list, along with Ahmet Shaine."

Malcolm's natural curiosity pushed him to ask, "Where in hell did you find stinger missiles? The damn authorities believe it may have been a terrorist group who killed him?"

That's just what Ross wanted them to think. He wasn't about to pay thousands of dollars for three Stinger missiles, not when he could steal them from the Turkish military instead. The Turkish Army knew where their stolen missiles went to, but Ross was sure as hell they didn't share that information with anyone. Ross fired the missiles off from a helicopter two miles away at seventeen hundred feet in the air. His attack was over in seconds.

Malcolm eyeballed Ross, sliding the Bretta into his jacket pocket.

"I better have my money by tomorrow, Malcolm." He warned him.

"Sure Ross. I'll get it for you. I told you that."

"Your also going to get Mike's, and John's share to their families." Ross already knew Malcolm would have a fit about doing that. The guy probably has already spent most of their money.

"The job was completed." He reminded him.

"Jesus Ross, that's a shitload of money. I don't have that kind of cash just lying around."

"I don't give a shit if you have to return your brand-new SUV back to the fucking dealership. You're going to get that money to Mike's ex-wife, and to John's daughter, or so help me, Malcolm. I'll tie your fucking ass to a chair, and let you watch me skin, and roast Toni, and Rambo over a fucking BBQ. I'll eat both of them friggin mutts right in front of you." He told him.

Ross could see that hit a nerve in Reynolds. Toni and Rambo were his beloved Pembroke Welsh Corgis. His office was about the only place he didn't bring his dogs with him. One glance in the back seat, and Ross could see he was already letting the dogs fill the truck up with their hair.

"Now wait just one damn minute," He told Ross, getting brave all of a sudden. "You leave my dogs out of this. They haven't done anything to you. They're innocent animals."

"Malcolm, you either get that money to their families, or I'll be picking their flesh from between my teeth using a piece of their bone." Ross knew he would never hurt Malcolm's dogs. He was an animal lover himself, but Malcolm didn't know that.

"Man, you are one cruel son of a bitch. Sticking a damn gun to my head is one thing but, threatening my dogs that is an all-time low even for you. I'll get them their money, but don't you harm one hair on Toni or Rambo?"

Quietly, he added. "You'll regret it, Ross."

"Are you threatening me, Malcolm?"

"Yes!" Reynolds screamed back at him. Ross could see Malcolm was able to grow a pair of balls when the lives of his beloved pets were threatened. "You leave my dogs alone, Ross. I'll need some time. Say a month to get it all together."

"You have two weeks and not a second longer. And I better hear from you by tomorrow afternoon, or the next time you see me, Malcolm. I'll be spreading BBQ sauce on Rambo's hide-less body."

Ross tossed Malcolm his car keys as he got out of the truck, but before he closed the door he had one more demand.

"One last thing." He told the little man. "There is a guy by the name of John in room twelve at the Econo Lodge in South Portland.

He has a bad back, and he's fifty-two years old. Find him a meaningful job somewhere."

Narrowing his eyes, Malcolm replied. "Taking in strays, are we, Ross?"

"John is a War Veteran, Malcolm, and he also happens to be a Maritimer. If the man needs something, we're going to get it for him."

Ross could see that changed things real quick with Malcolm. That was one bond that he and Malcolm did share. Veterans and Maritimer's were to be respected. They were America's unsung warriors, and heroes for their service to the government, and the people of the United States.

Getting out of the car, Ross slammed the passenger door shut as hard as he could.

Malcolm delivered his money the next day, and stressed he would have Mike's and John's share the following week. Ross figured threatening the lives of his pets would shift Malcolm into high gear. Now, if he could only get the long line of cars in front of him to move, life would be fantastic. Traffic on route one at this time of season along the coast of Maine could be a nightmare with tourist and their slow-moving RVs.

After buying some backpacking gear at LL Bean, Ross left Freeport. He also stopped, and got some gear from his storage shed, along with some weapons. You just never knew when you might run into a bad guy. The summer season was just starting, and he didn't have any firm plans other than to drive up the coast, and do some backpacking. A vacation was indeed in order.

With thoughts of hiking up Mount Katahdin in Baxter State Park, he figured he'd also do some hiking on the Appalachian Trail in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. With the cash from his

last job, he had plenty of money, it didn't take long to find out his investments were doing great. There wasn't another job in the foreseeable future, but what was life, without work? Ross only worked as much as he did out of sheer boredom than anything else. After his Uncle George died, and not having any family that was close to him. He spent most of his off time by himself, usually along the coast of Maine.

Not bothering to stop in Rockland, he kept driving until he reached Belfast. After finding a motel for the night. He strolled towards the water front while window gazing into the shops along Main street. Ross passed an outside cafe with umbrellas sticking up through the center hole of the tables. He sat down at the second table he came to with his back to the road.

A young and pretty waitress approached him. "Hi, I my name is Stacy,

I'll be serving you today. Would you like a menu to order lunch?"

"No thank you, Stacy. I won't be needing a menu." He told her. Ross knew these summer places, just about everywhere you went they served fried food. "Just give me some fired chicken, French fries and a coke." He told her.

"OK, I'll be back with your soda." She gave him another smiled then walked off.

Just then, a young sweet sexy voice spoke up behind him, "If you're looking for a heart attack. I know some faster ways than clogging your arteries."

Turning around, the voice belong to a four-foot eight green eyed beauty with sandy hair. She wore a pair of white shorts, and a shamrock green bathing suit top. Her body was trim, healthy, and strong. The little woman couldn't have been no more than twenty-six years old but, she had muscles on her arms, and her short legs. Even

with her small sturdy frame, she flowed into every movement her body made. She walked like a tiger on the balls of her feet. As she sat down at the table behind him, she broadcasted a friendly smile with small, kissable lips, and a sense of humor radiating from her sea-green eyes. Ross knew right away this starlight flower was filled with mischief, and she was letting him know she was directing it right at him.

Sitting sideways in his chair. He flashed her a smile, and asked. “Will these methods hurt or are they pleasurable?”

“The way you’re eating, love.” she told him. “It’s going to hurt like hell. Why don’t you have lunch with me, and I’ll show you how to live a little longer?”

Ross couldn’t refuse her offer. After moving over to her table, he canceled his order, and let the little munchkin order a chef’s salad for him, instead of his fried chicken dinner.

The wild flower told him her name was Tess. She was a local girl who lived on Heaven’s Gate Island off the coast of Belfast. Ross was taken by Tess right away. Her female presence was drawing him to her. The attraction was powerful, and appealing, from the sound of her voice to the touch of her hand when she laughed. Everything about her told Ross he had found a kindred spirit. Tess had a petite, wonderful body with small breast, but it was her impressive legs that told Ross this woman loved to run. Just from looking at her, he knew she was fast. The girl held herself with the confidence that Ross has seen before in other men and women. Tess was a pro, and Ross was damn sure of it. She was right-handed, and her finger had the calluses that were caused by frequently pulling the trigger of a gun. Because of the girl’s strength, and the way her body moved, he was sure she was also good at hand-to-hand combat. But what he didn’t know was she here to kill him or jump into bed with him, or both?

All Ross knew, he wanted her, and he was willing to risk his life to have her in his arms. There was something very different about Tess, he couldn't put his finger on just what that was. Whatever it was, it was pulling him closer to her. Ross knew he was hopeless about fighting it off. Tess's body, and how she was built told him she was a rugged creature. But the girl was acting so feminine with him, so playful. She liked him in a big way, and she wanted him to know it.

"Since you're just floating around on your vacation. You really should stick around for the Maine Windjammer parade in Rockland this weekend. Everyone will be down at the Rockland breakwater watching the sailboats parade through."

"Are you asking me out on a date, Tess?"

"Well, that all depends how your heart holds out, dear." She told him. "With all of that fried fatty food you been eating, dating me may be too much for you."

He flashed her a grin. "I'm willing to be reformed if I had the right reason."

"Honey," she shot back at him, "a person needs to change for themselves. It won't work any other way, but I will admit you do have some possibilities."

"Is that why you were following me down main street?" He asked her. "Because of my possibilities, or do you plan on shooting me with that nine-millimeter in your purse?"

Ross didn't know for sure what she had for a gun, but he assumed by the weight of her purse and the size, he guessed it to be a pocket nine-millimeter. Much like the one he used on Malcolm the day before.

Tessa's futures suddenly went from smiling at him to a flat blank expression. Ross watched her closely as her whole body seemed to

go on high alert. It appeared to him she was getting ready to pounce, and take defensive action, but instead. She looked him straight in his eyes while keeping her body perfectly still.

Ross knew she was dead serious when she told him, "Ross, if I wanted you dead. You would have never made it to the restaurant. You're just as dead sitting there in your chair as you were walking down main street."

He pressed her for an answer. "Who sent you?"

"Ross. I saw you while I was coming out of a store. I was walking your way to get back to the marina, but I decided to stop here for lunch to meet you. No one sent me, Ross. I'm not a contract killer like you are baby. The things I do are more important, and on a much grander scale, and money hasn't a damn thing to do with any of it. So please, don't try to scare me with your mussels, and your frank attitude. The thirty-eight on your right ankle, and the pistol on your back hip will not help you if I came after you. No one sent me after you, Ross, but my own desires."

"Why do you think I am a hired killer, and who in the hell are you anyway, CIA?"

Finished with her salad, Tess wiped her lips with a cloth napkin, then she set it on the table. "Trust me, Ross. The black ops people in the CIA want to be who I am. Because I'm much more than they are. I am also a hell of a lot deadlier. I know your type Ross, because I am very good at my job. I've been around a lot of people like you before."

Finished with her lunch, she picked up her purse and stood. Coming around the table, she pulled him to his feet. After putting her arms around his neck, she kissed him on the lips.

Breaking free, she told him. "If you still have the balls, and want to keep playing this little game of ours. Meet me at the docks

tomorrow morning around nine, and we'll go to Rockland, and I'll let you buy me a lobster dinner."

With that said, she simply turned around and walked away, just like a cat would do, with its tail in the air. Ross kept his eyes on her until he lost her in the crowd.

Never in his life has another woman intrigued him more than Tess. She had a small, beautiful body filled with mystery. Ross didn't have a clue who in the hell she really was, but he knew he was going to stick around to find out. Tess was a pro, and she sure was trying to get under his skin, but he didn't think she wanted to harm him. She wanted him, and she let him know it with every laughing touch of her little fingers, but it was her whimsical banter, and green sparkle emanating from her eyes which captivated Ross's heart.

For the rest of the day, Tess filled his thoughts as her scent lingered on in his mind. He hasn't given her his body, but Ross knew she already had him. With each hour that went by, he craved her more, and more with every passing moment. It wasn't until later that night did he finally admitted to himself he was falling for her. It was totally bizarre. He didn't know anything about her, but there was something about the girl that took the air from his lungs. Ross already knew tomorrow would turn out to be a magical day for the both of them. He could feel it. It was just around the corner, waiting for them. Instead of driving himself crazy all night like he has been doing all day since meeting her. He went to bed early.

The sun was coming up as Ross stepped out of the shower. After shaving, and brushing his teeth. He took a new toothbrush with a cap over the bristles, and a small tube of toothpaste. Placing them in an inner pocket of his jacket, he checked his wallet. There was five thousand dollars in it, along with his credit cards and Id. He set the

wallet on the table, putting his room key and car keys beside it. Finding a handkerchief from his bags, he placed it inside another pocket of his coat.

Taking another look at himself in the bathroom mirror, he adjusted his hair then picked up his black Lucchese Crocodile boots. They were custom made specifically for him. He could run, and dance in them if he wanted to. They were so comfortable he could stand in them for twenty-four hours without them bothering him. They also cost him a few thousand dollars to be made. Knowing Tess, she was sure to be decked out today. He put on a new pair of jeans, and a light summer shirt, socks, and then the boots. After adding an eight-inch knife to his right boot, he stuck a nine-millimeter on his back hip, and covered it with his shirt.

Checking his appearance again in the bathroom mirror for the ninth time, he said to his reflection, “You have got to get the hell out of here.”

Since waking, it was like he has been getting ready for a job, and not a date. Quickly, grabbing his coat, he left the room. He made it fifteen feet from the door when he realized he left his wallet, car keys, and room key on the table inside his room. He would have to get a spare key from the office to get back into his room.

Slowly, walking towards the elevator, he began talking to himself. “Tess, you have me frizzled. I think some pay back will be necessary today.”

Too hyped up about seeing Tess, he couldn’t eat breakfast. Drinking coffee outside of the Fisherman’s Wharf restaurant, he watch the lobster boats leave for the day. It surprised him when he saw a new white lobster boat go by with the name of Tessa II written on the stern. He would have to ask Tess about it.

However, at nine o'clock, she didn't show up. Nine fifteen came and went, and she still wasn't here. Nine thirty flew by, and at nine fifty, Ross figured she was going to stand him up. He was just getting up to leave when he saw her standing in the stern of a cabin cruiser just coming into the small harbor. The name on the back of the boat was the "Freeloader," and it was being driven by a beautiful redhead. The cabin cruiser only stopped long enough to let Tess off onto the pier.

Tess started scanning the parking lot as she quickly made her way down the lanes. It was fairly clear to Ross she was looking for him. He rushed to meet her. She stopped by a big green truck, still looking around for him when Ross stepped from between two cars.

She gave him a bright smile as she tried to explain her tardiness. "I'm sorry I'm late. I had a conference call..." Ross wasn't even listening to her as he reached her, and took her in his arms, kissing her. "...about some things I just-."

He continued kissing her as his right hand slid down her lower back, pulling her tight against his body. Tess relaxed into his embrace, and pressed her pelvis to his thigh. Ross could feel the fire in her.

Breathlessly, she broke away from him. "Ross. You need to stop this, or I just might jump you right here in my truck."

Her truck turned out to be an old-style Range Rover with the words "Moose Killer" painted in black lettering across the hood. The truck was high off the ground with huge mud tires. It also had an eight-foot antenna on the back with the top of the antenna pinned to the front part of the roof.

Taking her keys from her hand, Ross opened the driver's side door, making her get in first. Tess moved over, and let him drive. Ross didn't have a clue where he was going, but wherever it was, they

need to get there fast. With Tess directing him, they reached the outskirts of town. Not being able to wait any longer, Ross found a vast field, and drove across it, and into the woods on the far side.

Parking the truck in the trees to give them cover, he jumped out, and came around to the passenger side door. Tess was removing her undergarments as he opened the door. He didn't give her a chance to get out of the truck. Instead, he picked her up, and carried her to the back seat, and laid her down. Not waiting a second longer, he stripped and climbed on top of her.

"Oh, yes lover. Come here." Tess cried, reaching for him.

It didn't take long once he was inside of her for Tessa's little body to begin quivering as she screamed her passion in his ear. Her cries fueled his own desires he for her. Out of breath locked in passion, they continued loving each other.

"Ross, what are doing to me? No, don't stop." She almost screamed. "Give me more."

Ross didn't have to get her to edge him on. His body was already out of control as her needs were demanding more, and more satisfaction from him. Nothing mattered, not the sky, nor time, or the mess they were making of the back seat. The only thing that mattered was the desires, and emotions that was flowing between the two of them. Caught in the life, and death struggle of first contact, their bodies demanded to be satisfied at any cost.

Much later. He put Tess back into the front seat. She laid her head on his shoulder as they drove back to his hotel. Surprised, people stared at them as he carried her to his room. Once in his room, he removed her clothes, then cleaned her body while she laid on the bed. When he was done. He licked her nipples, and slowly made his way down to that place where mankind has killed thousands over. Late

into the night, Tess moaned, and screamed for his love as Ross gave her the animal he had within him.

The following morning, they started out with Tessa driving the Moose Killer. The short stack wanted to take a scenic route overland, and through the woods. Ross put up with the rocky, and sometimes violent movement of the enormous truck. Until Tess wanted to try going through a bog. Ross took over driving, and got them back out onto the main road. He wasn't about to spend his first date with her trying to unstuck her truck from the mud.

"Now turn here." She told him. Ross turned right onto route one which was loaded with traffic going in both directions.

"See," she told him. "everybody and his brother are going into Rockland for the day."

"Tess, I really don't mind if it's longer this way. It's just more time that I get to spend with you."

Tess snuggled in closer to him, and gave him a kiss on the cheek for that. They found a place to park the massive truck, then they strolled down to the breakwater.

There were a lot of people out for the event filling the town, and the rocks leading to the lighthouse. The breakwater was eight tenths of a mile long with a small working lighthouse at the end of the rocks. All manner of sailboats cruse through the bay in an endless circle. Ross was pleased to see a few tall ships made it to the event.

Walking out to the end of the breakwater, Ross asked someone to take

their picture with the lighthouse in the background. Ross took a few more shots of Tess with the boats sailing by. He couldn't believe what a beautiful creature she was. Tess carried a spark of life that demanded people to notice her. It was as if Tess knew a secret to life that no one else knew but her. When Ross made her laugh, people

stopped, and looked in her direction. The girl was on fire, but Ross didn't know if it was because of him, or was it just because of life itself.

Later that evening, after walking around town, they had a late romantic dinner at the, "In Good Company Restaurant" on main street. Afterwards, they strolled hand in hand on a beach north of the town, away from the crowd. Everyone was either on the town's beaches, or down at the breakwater, waiting for the fireworks to begin. Wanting to be alone, the two lovers walked on an empty section of beach. When stars started exploding in the night sky. Ross took Tess in his arms, kissing her as waves of passion rolled across them like the evening tide.

Kissing her, Ross scanned the shoreline ahead of them, looking for a grassy spot to make love to her. The next thing he knew, Tess knocked him to the ground. She too quickly dropped down beside him. Gun in hand, she was shooting at someone in the trees not far from them. Ross flipped over, and returned fire with her. After a few intense moments, the shooting stopped. They both went to get up, but Ross fell back with pain shooting through his shoulder.

Tess fired a few more rounds into the woods, then ran back to him. "Stay still," she told him. "You got hit in the shoulder." She said it as if he didn't know it. The damn gunshot wound burned like hell.

Then Tess did something really strange. She touched her necklace she was wearing, and spoke out loud. The necklace in question was wonderful. It looked expensive as hell, the necklace had the numeral three made of gold. Behind it was the cross of Christ, covered with diamonds. Tess began talking out loud, but she wasn't speaking to him.

“Stephanie, I need help. Ross has been shot. No, I don’t have a frig-gen clue who in the hell it was. They backed off for now. Were at the north end

of town on the beach. OK, hurry.”

She then told Ross, “I want you to stay here. I’ll be right back.”

Ross watched her run towards the area where the shooting came from. She went into the woods, but came back out a few moments later. Running back over to him, she applied pressure to his wound, and they waited. After a while, a fast-moving boat showed up, beaching its self by them. Two women and a man jumped out of the boat holding M16 assault rifles. Ross knew their weapons. The machine guns were top of the line in the United States military arsenal.

A blond with long hair down to her waist rushed over to him, and began working on his shoulder while Tess and the other woman, and driver of the boat ran back into the woods. When they came back out. The three loaded him into the boat, and they took off into the night.

The woman who worked on him had given him a shot of something. Ross thought it was for pain, but after a minute he passed out. When he came too, they were bringing him into an ER of sorts. It had hospital beds, and it smelled like a hospital. Wherever in hell he was, the place had all the things that were in a county hospital. Laying on his gurney, Tess looked down at him as they brought him in.

She was smiling at him when she told him, “You’re going to be OK, Ross. We need to remove the bullet, so you’ll be sleeping for a while. I’ll be here when you wake up.” Then she bent over and rewarded him with a kiss.

The next person he saw in his field of vision was the blond again, but this time she was dressed like a doctor, ready for surgery. The other woman with her had freckles on her hands and face. She appeared to be Irish.

The Irish woman put an oxygen mask on him as the blond told him. "You're going to feel a little prick as I put your Iv in." She was still smiling down at him when she took a syringe, and fed it into the Iv line.

He blacked out again. When he woke up, standing in front of him was the blond again, but this time she was dressed in normal clothes.

"How are you feeling?" She asked him.

He asked for water. She was ready for that request, and already had a cup in her hand. Ross drank every drop, then fell back to sleep. Sometime later, when he woke up, Tess had the blankets off of him. She was bathing him. She stopped what she was doing when she saw he was awake.

"Hi sweetie, it's good to see your up. You were sleeping like a baby for almost two days."

She touched her necklace like she did on the beach. "Stephanie, he's awake."

Turning behind her, she turned back around, and held up a cup with a straw to his lips. Ross drained the cup, and asked for more. By the time he finished the second cup of water, the blond showed up.

"Hi, Ross. I'm Stephanie. I'm the one who removed the bullet from your shoulder. You got lucky because no bones were hit. You'll heal fast now that you're awake, and within a few days, I can't see why you shouldn't be able to move around a little. But for the time being, relax. You'll be in here for a while longer."

"Are you hungry?"

“Yes, I’m starving.” He told her.

“Good, that’s a positive indicator. Let me get you something to eat, and I’ll let Tess get you caught up with what’s been going on since you been here.”

As Stephanie left the room, Tess sat down on the bed beside him.

“Where in the hell are we?” He asked her.

“You’re in my home on Heaven’s Gate Island.”

“Ross, I have some things I need to tell you about my life, but I am not about to do that with you flat on your back. These people you have seen are my family. You can trust anything they say or do. And if you need anything, and I really mean anything, Ross. All you have to do is ask one of us. There are a lot of us who live on the Island now.”

“Do you know who was shooting at us?”

“No,” she told him, “and that’s also a problem. We believe they were shooting at you and not me. After all, you’re the only one who got hit. I only got a glimpse of them before I tossed you on the ground. They had their cars close by, and thought they could get in a quick kill. We must have hit at least one of them because there was a heavy blood trail all the way to the street. But with the amount of people in Rockland that night, we may never know who they were.”

“But don’t worry, you’re safe here.” She reassured him. “Someone would have to be crazy to attack us on the Island. We have enough firepower in this house to take over a small country.”

Over the following days, the family members who were home came in to see how Ross was doing, but over time. Ross began wondering just what in the hell he’s got himself into because everyone he met was just like Tess. They were all pros. Ross knew these weren’t normal people living in this house. They were killers, but unlike himself. When he met Kelly Winston Jr, the head of the

Winston family. Ross knew without a doubt why every one of them were skilled professionals.

Kelly stood six foot two, and he was a bigger man than Ross. The man carried himself in such a manner that told people not to screw with him. He was no more than thirty years old, yet he had a full head of brown hair streaked with silver throughout his hair. Kelly was a soft-spoken giant with a firm handshake. However, he was without a doubt one of the most dangerous individual Ross has ever met in his life. When Kelly walked into the room, everyone stopped what they were doing, and gave way to him. He was clearly the leader here on the Island, and he commanded respect without speaking a single word.

“Ross,” Kelly told him. “we have some customs here on the Island, and you’ll start seeing them once you’re up and around. But no one will force anything on you. So, relax and get better. I’ve been talking to Tess. She spoke highly of you. You are more than welcome to stay here on the Island for as long as you want. Now, is there anything I can do for you?”

“Yes, there is,” Ross told him. “Who in the hell are you people? You have more medical equipment in here than some hospitals. Who do you people work for?”

“Ross, this is my home. I’m rather wealthy, and we have a lot of things on the Island that normal people don’t have. But we don’t really work for anyone but ourselves. However, every once in a while the government will ask us to do something for them. I’m sure you have already noticed that we all are rather special. Each of us do have some special abilities people don’t normally have. But there isn’t a name for us if that’s what you’re looking for. Our organization we belong to has remained in secret for many generations. Ross, it’s also best if

you don't know anything more at this time. People could get hurt knowing too much about us."

"Do you know who may be trying to kill you?"

"Why do you think it was me they were after?"

"It has to be you, Ross. If anyone was after Tess. I would have already killed them by now. People wanting to hurt my family members don't live very long. Is there something about your past you want to tell me about? I've run into a dead end searching for those three guys who attacked you and Tess."

"No." Ross told him. "I don't know who they could be. I've covered my tracks pretty good while on a job."

"Well, if you remember anything, let me know. I won't stop looking for these people until I find them."

Days later, when Stephanie released Ross from bed rest, Tess showed him the Winston's home. Ross was amazed by the size, and the appearance of the house. The white marble staircase at the front of the home was breath-taking in its self. And the vault-like door under the stairs, he didn't bother to ask Tess about. He remembered what Kelly said. It would be a good idea for him not to dig too deeply into their lives.

Tess brought him through the kitchen, and out onto the patio. There, Ross found the Winstons had an enormous pool three times the size of any normal pool, with a deep end that looked to be at least thirty feet deep. All around the pool were oversized chairs which two or three people could share together. Some family members were laying naked on the chairs or playing in the pool as they came outside. Sitting in the same chair, two naked men were laying together, showing their affection for each other. One guy was rubbed oil on the back of the other guy.

Tess put him in a chair that had an umbrella over it, with a small table beside it. Then she went to the kitchen after telling him she would get him some ice tea.

A strawberry blond who was lying face down on a chair nearby, looked up as Tess walked away. Standing, she made her way over to him. She was a beautiful woman, very tall with powerful long legs. She was only wearing a red bikini bottom. Her body moved like a cat as she walked, totally confident of herself. Her long legs reached out in one fluid motion. She was making sure Ross saw everything about her.

Reaching his chair, she sat down beside him on the edge. Leaning over, she took his face in her hands, and kissed him. When the kiss was over, she pull back and took his hands in hers.

“Hi, Ross. I just got home today, and found out about you. My Name is Tamra Winston. I’m Kelly’s leading female alpha.”

Confused, he asked. “Tamra, what does that mean, exactly?”

“It means I am the first wife of Kelly Winston Jr.” she simply told him.

“If you’re his wife. Why did you kiss me? Isn’t Kelly going to get a little ticked off? I know I would.”

“No, he won’t, Ross. It’s one of our customs when we greet family to kiss them. Ross, you’re going to have to get used to a lot of things here on the Island. In our lives, touching a family member is very important to us, and we do so without discrimination.”

Abruptly, Tamra placed her hand inside of his robe. Taking a hold of his male member, she lightly stroked him till he grew heavier. She let go of him before he got too excited.

“We like to feel everything about the person we love.” She told him. “It’s the wholeness of your body we want to feel, and not just your hands, or lips. Here, watch Tess and me.”

Tess had come out of the house caring some drinks. After she set them down on the table beside his chair. Tamra leaned over, and embraced, and kissed the smaller woman. Tess held her close as Tamra touched her breasts, and ran her hands along the length of her body. After a minute, they broke free.

Tamra sat back down beside him.

“Ross. Tess isn’t just my lover. She is also my sister wife, and one of my closest friends. I have many wives, and husbands, and if things work out, you’re going to be the next one. You can’t really classify us as being polygamist, or lesbians, or bisexuals for that matter. The organization we belong to doesn’t conform to society standers, nor its regulations and laws. Here on the Island, we live in a society completely different from the rest of the world. We’re building a family with some very special people in it, and we take care of each other’s every want, need and desire.”

Ross didn’t know what in hell to say. He was getting tired, and was having a hard time in taking it all in.

“How many people are in this little family?”

“Right now, we now have fourteen, eight females and six males.” She told him.

Bewildered, he asked. “And you all sleep together?”

“We all sleep together in the same room, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Ross, here on the Island we each choose who we sleep with, wither that be two guys loving each other, or two females. In our family, men do kiss other men when greeting, or departing, but that hasn’t anything to do with our sexuality. That’s just a custom that we have. Here on Heaven’s Gate Island, females share their bodies with whoever they choose to as do men. Some of our females make love to both sexes, while others only sleep with the opposite sex. That is

their right to do as they wish. I'm sure you already noticed all of us here on the Island are rather special. Here on Heaven's Gate Island, is the only place on the planet where Alphas are grown and trained."

Sitting down on the other side of his chair across from Tamra, Tess added. "Ross, you're an Alpha. That's why I was following you the other day. I knew what you were the second I saw you. There are other packs in our organization who have alphas, but they are not alphas like us. Here on the Island, our Alphas are above all others because we are much more powerful than they are."

When Tess told him that, Ross felt like he was caught up in a trashy novel sold at a five and dime store. His head started spinning, and the color drained from his face. Tamra and Tess could see he wasn't doing well. Helping him up, they brought him back to his recovery room. After getting him back into bed, Tess crawled in beside him.

Over time, Ross got stronger as his health improved. Feeling much better, he moved around the house during the day. The rest of the family would greet him with a kiss, and sometimes they would touch him indiscriminately. After a while, it just stopped feeling weird to him. One afternoon, Kelly found him, and Tess holding each other by the outside pool. He walked over to them, and without saying a word, he kissed Tess, then Ross. He then he gave Ross a big bear hug that took the air out of him. Leaving them to themselves, he moved on.

After a few days, they moved him upstairs to his own bedroom on the second floor and at first, Tess was the only one sleeping with him. Then one night, Tamra came into his room wearing a see-through nightie. The following night, Stephanie was waiting for him in his bed when he came into the room. Days later, all three women were waiting for him, and they spent the night with him. From that

point on, the atmosphere in the home seemed to change overnight. Everybody made him feel like they treasured him, and wanted him here as part of their family. It was a feeling Ross hadn't felt in a very long time.

On warm days, almost everyone walked around naked or wearing only the bottoms of their swim suit. One day, after making love to Rhea outside by the pool. Ross got up to take a quick shower before dinner, and stopped dead in his tracks as a thought suddenly occurred to him. Not once since he has been on the Island has, he thought about work. He was fitting in with the family like he had never done with anyone else before. He knew he was becoming one of them, and he also knew he wanted it more than anything in his life.

Living on the Island, he quickly learned everyone trained everyday unless they had other obligations, or duties to perform. Because of the light duty Stephanie placed him on. He didn't have to follow everyone in their daily training. Drinking coffee, he would wait outside by the pool for everyone to finish their morning run around the Island. Then, after breakfast, they would go to the rifle range for target practice. On Ross's first day at the range, Kelly had an assortment of weapons he wanted Ross to shoot to test his skills.

Before lunch, Tamra, and Tess brought him to the gym where they worked out, and practice martial arts, and because of his gunshot wound. They ran through instructional drills, and he didn't compete in any of the insane hand to hand matches that the family did together. Working with one person at a time, Kelly or Tamra, would fight with a family member using their inhuman speed. The first time Ross watched them, they were a blur of two bodies moving around the mat so fast he couldn't see the punches, or kicks being delivered. However, the longer he stayed on the Island. He was beginning to see more of what was taking place during one of their matches.

For the time being, Tess and he had the afternoons to themselves as he recovered. Tess brought him down to the only beach on the Island, in one of the bigger inlets. Lying beside him on a blanket, she stroked, and played with him as Wade, and Melissa came out of the water finished with their butterfly workout.

On the blanket, Tess opened herself to him. Laying between her thigh's, he entered her. Ross could feel the eyes of Wade and Melissa watching them from the outside shower as they rinsed the salt from their bodies. It didn't feel strange at all to make love to Tess in front of them. Ross knew he was changing really fast. He just wasn't the same person he was when he first showed up on the Island weeks before.

Strolling up the path to the house. Wade and Melissa put an arm around each other, leaving the two lovers alone.

Finished with their loving. Ross told her, "I don't know what you did to me differently that time, but whatever it was, you better damn well do it to me again."

She laughed and raked his back with her nails.

"We call it sharing ourselves, and I have lots more to give you." She told him. "We usually do it all at once with a new member, but because of your injury. We all have been slowly doing it over time. This is why we have the abilities normal people don't have. Our love will change an alpha until your own body takes over the process by its self."

She brushed her fingers through his hair, and kissed him. "Were out of ice tea in the beach cottage, so I'm running up to get some from the main house."

Looking into his eyes, she added. "Your almost asleep anyway. Take a snooze. I'll be back in a few minutes."

She kissed him again before walking up the path to the house. Tessa's love had indeed drained him. Ross closed his eyes without cleaning her scent from his body. Glowing from her loving touch in the warmth of the afternoon sun, he drifted off to sleep.

Kelly only came back to his study to retrieve some paper work. When he noticed two fast moving blips on the radar screen who were extremely close to their island. He quickly checked the system's controls. No alarms have went off, and all of the lights were green, everything looked normal, which could only mean one thing. Whoever it was coming into the inlet by the beach was jamming their radar!

A bad feeling shot through Kelly as he turned on the camera on top of the crow's nest. He was already reaching up to touch his necklace, but he already knew they would be too late before they made it to the beach. As the camera focused in, he could see six men in two fast moving boats and they were armed for war. Only a few hundred yards away, Ross laid sleeping on a blanket.

One of Kelly's hands reached out, hitting the alarm for the Island which locked down the house. The sound of the alarm was deafening even in his office. Heavy steel plates suddenly dropped down over every window in the house.

He screamed through his communicator around his neck. "Normandy! Normandy! Normandy!"

Grabbing an assault rifle off the wall, Kelly kicked his body into high gear. Rounding the corner under the staircase, Janet and Wade were bringing their cache of weapons from out of the cellar, and were handing them to those who were in the house. Kelly slowed down as Janet tossed him a forty-five in a shoulder holster. Applying every ounce of strength to his legs, Kelly put his body into overdrive as he

released all the adrenaline in his body all at once. He took out the kitchen doors as he shot out through the kitchen.

Tess had already beaten Kelly outside. Her body was a blur of motion as she use her inhumanly speed racing down the path toward the beach. She was holding a Saw Machine gun, the guns tripod hung down from the front of the barrel. Kelly knew she kept it stashed in the food storage area off of the kitchen. Over the years, he found other weapons Tess had stashed all over the house and island. Tess was one of his wives who didn't like to be far from a weapon.

Kelly was just coming over the hill above the beach when Tess, who was further down the path, started screaming Ross's name as he laid sleeping on the blanket. Suddenly, Ross woke up, and looked all around him.

One boat had beached it's self by Ross, and the two gunmen were already on the beach. They opened fired on Ross who was half asleep, they caught out in the wide open. Defenseless, they easily cut him down.

Tess was barely within range when she opened up on the men on the beach. Holding the big heavy gun in her right hand, she fed the bullets into the weapon with her left.

Kelly himself was still too far away to provide much help as Tess emptied her gun at the guys who just attacked Ross. Round after round spit from her weapon as the shell casings piled up on the ground at her feet. She dropped one guy, and it looked to Kelly like she wounded the other one.

Suddenly, a round of gunfire from the second boat assaulted Tess. Caught out on the open path. The only thing she could do was drop to the ground face first. The cover fire from the second boat gave the one guy left on the beach enough time to jump back into his boat.

A movement off to Kelly's side caught his eye. Wade was standing on top of a sand dune, pointing a rocket launcher down at the boats below. As Kelly watched, Wade fired the rocket off. The projectile kicked its self out of its holder, and at nine feet from him, the rocket ignited its booster. Less than a second later, it slammed into the deck of the boat, who was shooting at Tess, blowing it, and everyone in it all to hell. The boat was in pieces and immediately sank.

Quickly leaving, the one wounded guy, and the driver of the first boat sped off out of range. Jumping up from where she dove for cover, Tess dropped her gun on the ground, and ran to Ross.

By the time Kelly got to them, tears were streaming down Tessa's cheeks as she looked Ross over. Kelly could see right away the guy wasn't going to make it. They shot the living shit out of him. Tessa's expression was wet, and heavy with emotion as she spun around, grabbing Kelly's A4 from his hands. She then ran back up the path as fast as she could go. Kelly knew right where she was going. He ran after her as Stephanie, and Janet, and the rest of the family flew by them running down to help Ross. Tess was the fastest runner on the Island, it took everything Kelly had to stay up with her. When she reached their pier. Instead of untying the mooring lines holding the Catherine, she grabbed a hold of the lines and ripped the cleats from the pier. Pushing the racer from the pier, she jumped in, and quickly started the engine.

Kelly screamed at her before she could drive away. For a moment, it seemed like she wasn't going to listen to him. Reluctantly, she waited. Kelly jumped the fifteen feet across into the little racer, and told Tess to get on the bow as he drove the boat off from the docks. The Catherine was a Sun Station 32XRT racer that Kelly had modified for himself.

He knew the men in the other boat didn't have a chance of getting away, but he opened up the throttle for Tessa's sake. He had the little racer doing eighty-five miles per hour as they left the inlet. Turning south, the boat sent a twenty-foot wall of water high into the air. Kelly then gave the boat everything it had. The racer shot across the ocean waves, doing a hundred twenty miles an hour. Hitting each wave felt like they were slamming into a wall of wet cement.

Kelly was tucked tight behind the windshield. While Tess laid down with her chin close to the deck as she held onto Kelly's M16, and the boat's railing. It wasn't long before they found the two men as they ran for the safety of the mainland, which was another thirty minutes away. Kelly knew they would never make it. Tess wanted their blood, and she wasn't going to be satisfied until she got it.

The guys in the other boat started shooting at them as they approached, but with the agility, and speed of the little racer. Kelly was able to keep out of their range as he let them burn up their ammunition. When they stopped shooting, he would get in close, and Tess would fire back, which got them shooting back at them again. Most people didn't realize it, but to go through a firefight with a machine gun, you needed dozens of magazines for the weapon. Most machine guns it only took six seconds or fewer to empty out a clip.

When the guys in the other boat ran out of rounds. Kelly told Tess to get ready. She threw her weapon into the back of the boat, putting the balls of her feet underneath her. She leaned over the railing as Kelly surged their boat forward. When the bow of their boat got within twenty feet of the other boat. Tess surprised the men by jumping across. Kelly knew Tess wasn't playing around. She was in full rage, and totally out of control.

To the driver's horror, as soon as Tess made contact with his buddy that she wounded on the beach. She grabbed his head in her

small little hands, and ripped it completely off his shoulders. Then she threw the head at the guy driving the boat.

As Kelly watched, things just got worse after that. Tess took her time dismembering the driver before she turned back on the first guy she killed, she ripped him apart too. The whole time, both boats stayed speeding alongside one another as Kelly watched the killing spree in the boat beside him. Tessa's whole body, and face was covered in the men's blood. There wasn't a spot on the boat that didn't have blood on it.

When Tess was done with ripping the men apart, she began screaming her frustration, and pain into the air just like the wolf she was. In a fit of rage, she ripped out the seats from the boat's deck, and threw them into the ocean. Not happy with what she has already done. She took one guy's head and repeatedly smashed it into the dashboard of the boat.

Kelly began talking to her through his communicator, trying to calm her down. Finally, after a long while, he got through to her. Tess turned the boat around with tears pouring from her eyes.

Getting back to their pier, she didn't slow down, and dock the boat. Instead, she beached it on shore letting the boats prop dig into the sand and rocks, killing the engine. Jumping out, she ran up the path to the house. Kelly quickly followed after her. He could see the shape she was in. His youngest wife was bloody filthy, hyped up, and wanting more blood. He knew nothing good was going to come from this situation. Tess was barely in control of herself.

When he ran into their first aid room, she was screaming at the top of her lungs at Tamra. "Why won't you try it? Why not? Kelly almost died in Korea, but what you did kept him alive. You could save Ross too!" She screamed at her eldest wife. Then she put her small bloody hands-on Tamra's shoulders, and pushed her back.

Kelly knew if he didn't intervene immediately, all hell was about to break loose. With the hyped-up state Tess was in, if Tamra and she got into it, one of them would surely die. There was only so much Tamra would put up with from her younger wife.

Kelly grabbed Tess from behind, wrapping his powerful arms around her, stopping her from assaulting Tamra again. Kelly understood what she wanted Tamra to do, and he himself was quite uncertain about it. He looked over at Ross laying on the exam table. The table and the surrounding floor were covered in his blood.

Stephanie, looking up from what she, and Rhea were doing to Ross. She just shook her head at him.

Rhea screamed. "Where the hell is Clifton?"

Clifton was a surgeon at Maine Medical Center, and also a husband to everyone on the Island.

"He's in the air, and on his way." Was all Tim could tell her from across the room by the households communication system.

Kelly knew Ross wasn't going to make it when he seen him at the beach, but a half an hour later the guy was still alive. He had to hand it to him. The guy was a fighter. He looked over at Tamra with Tessa's bloody hand prints on the front of her shirt.

Tamra knew just what he was thinking. "Sweet Jesus, Kelly. I don't even know what that will do to him, or how it will change him. A few of us girls have only started sharing ourselves with him. You, yourself, have seen what happens to someone who isn't an alpha is shared with. They turn into a crazy fucking monsters. We have no clue what this is going to do to him."

"Yes, Tamra. I know, but Ross is an alpha. He just hasn't been fully brought over to us, but what's the alternative? He'll die if we don't do something fast. I'll take the responsibility for his blood if it comes to that."

“So, you really want me to do this.” Tamra couldn’t believe what Kelly was asking her to do.

Kelly looked at everyone in the room, all of their eyes said the same thing.

“Yes, Tamra. Save him if you can.”

“Damn it all to fucking hell.” Still shaking her head, she walked over to Ross. “OK. I’ll do it, but only enough to keep him strong until Clifton gets here. Only God knows how this is going to change the man.”

Before reaching Ross, she stopped in her tracks, and turned back to Kelly and Tess. Her expression on her face clearly showed the seriousness of the situation. “But he’s my soul responsibility, and not yours, Kelly. Do you agree Tess? His blood is mine anytime I want it!”

Wrapped up in Kelly’s arms, Tess cried. “Yes. Fine, but hurry Tamra. Please hurry!”

Tamra quickly removed her clothing. Rhea and Stephanie backed out of the way, giving her room to climb on top of Ross. Laying on top of him. Tamra got as much body contact as she could.

Everyone stepped away from the two. Stephanie closed the curtains, but everyone moved back to the far side of the room. Turning their heads away, they covered their eyes and waited.

After a moment, there was a blinding flash of light as intense as the sun, yet it didn’t burn anything in the room. Seconds later, the light diminished. They all rushed forward, and opened the curtains. Tamra was out cold on top of Ross.

Kelly, Janet and Wade lifted her off of him, Her body was coated in Ross’s blood. They put her in another bed as Stephanie and Rhea continued their work on Ross.

Janet was putting an Iv into Tamra's arm as Stephanie called out Ross's vitals. "His blood pressure has shot way up, and his heartbeat is stronger, but still erratic. He still isn't breathing too good with those holes in his chest. We need to open him up, and get these bullets out of his lungs while he's still strong."

Rhea screamed again. "Tim!"

"He's landing." He informed her.

Rhea told Stephanie. "Cut him now, Stephanie, we don't have any time."

Stephanie glanced over at Tess, who was still locked in Kelly's arms. "He's got a fighting chance, honey, but that's all. However, it's a hell of a lot more than what he had a minute ago."

A blurred figure of a human being's form suddenly came flying into the room. It stopped beside Ross's bed.

Clifton said one word. "Report!"

After getting the information he needed, he began to operate on Ross without changing his clothes, or putting on gloves. His skillful nimble fingers quickly removed every bullet from Ross as either Rhea, or Stephanie closed the wound so he could work on another one. Everyone stayed out of their way. The two women, and one-man team were performing meatball surgery, working as fast as it was humanly possible to keep Ross alive.

Tess looked up at Kelly with tears burning in her eyes. Her body was bloody filthy, and the stress of the day has clearly taken its toll on her.

"Kelly, I want you to find out who is responsible for this. I don't care what it takes. I want the mother fuckers who did this." Then she added. "Don't you fail me, lover. Don't you dare fail me?"

Kelly promised her he would find out who was involved. Tess really didn't have to ask him. After what happened, Kelly intended to

find them, and make the sons of a bitches pay with their own blood. They came to his home, and tried to kill someone they loved. Only their blood on the hands of the family would satisfy the hunger of the wolf within them. The people who did this knew what they were getting into because they came prepared with radar jamming equipment. It was a desperate act, throwing away six lives just to kill one man. Whoever did this had connections, and revenge fueled their hearts with a lot of money, helping to pave the way. Whoever did this was a man of power, and Kelly was sure of it.

It wouldn't matter who they were because when Kelly Winston gave his word, he would kill thousands in order to keep that one pledge. Kelly wasn't a man who let people down. He was a warrior and a provider. A trusted friend, and lover to all who knew him on the Island. He was a soft, and gentle caring giant, but first and always. He was the leader of the world's most powerful organization the world has ever known. Only the President of the United States, and the Director of the CIA knew about them. And no one but Kelly knew how many groups like his were out there in the world. They were sleeping giants waiting for their leader to tell them when it was time to rise up, and defend themselves, and their way of life. They were, in fact, the last line of defense for the United States of America, and they had the power to destroy nations. Using that same power, they would change the world. Kelly knew there was no one who would be able to stop them.

He ordered Tim and Wade to take care of the dead gunmen and their boat. He also requested their fingerprints, photos, and DNA for further identification. Then he picked up Tessa's little body in his arms, and brought her upstairs to the great bed chamber, and into the

shower. With Clifton home, there was nothing any of them could do but wait.

Over the following days, Clifton operated on Ross several times, repairing the damage the bullets did to his body. Ross was barely alive, but he was strong, and still fighting for his life. The bullets that hit his collarbone, and the three in his chest alone should have killed him. In total, he was hit nine times, and if it wasn't for Tamra, and the love of God. Ross would never have had the strength to hang in there while his body healed.

Using his resources. Kelly spent his days trying to find out who the gunmen were. He sent their DNA, and photos he had to Director Mellon, asking for his help. However, it would be sometime before Roger got back to him. Kelly also had one other lead he wanted to follow up on in Portland himself. He took Janet, and Wade with him in the Freeloader into Portland harbor. After finding a birth for the cabin cruiser at the waterfront. He paid a daily fee, and the three took a short walk over to Union street. The man's office was just up the street from a little cafe on the corner.

"Kelly, Tessa is going to be totally pissed off at you for not bringing her with us."

Kelly thought back to what Tess did to the two men in the boat, and how she behaved towards Tamra afterwards.

"Janet, Tess is still a little too emotional right now. She needs to stay on the Island for a while."

Walking up the steps to the building, and sketched in the glass on the front doors were the words, "Land Management and Security Specialist, Malcolm Reynolds." Kelly already check the guy out. Mr. Reynolds was a hell of a lot more than just a Security Consultant. He owned a bunch of different businesses, and real estate, Kelly knew the man was much more than it appeared on the surface. Ross was the

agent that Malcolm used the most, and as Kelly already knew. Ross was overqualified for the job.

Everyone was already told what to do as they rushed into the office. Surprised by the Winston's intrusion, Malcolm's secretary jumped to her feet as Kelly, and Janet passed her desk, and went to open Malcolm's office door.

"Wait. You can't go in there." She told them.

Wade shoved her back into her chair. "You," He told her. "shut up!" He then turned to the guy waiting for an appointment. Wade hooked his thumb at the door, the guy immediately stood and left the office.

When Kelly and Janet stepped into Malcolm's office, the man had his hand stuck in his desk draw. Reynolds was at least twenty feet from them, but Kelly told him in a no bull shit tone of voice. "You either drop the gun, or I'll break your fucking hand. It's your choice." He told him.

Kelly didn't want to hurt the little guy, but after what happened to Ross. He was ready to give Reynolds a beating if he had to. In any case, Kelly already knew the guy wouldn't listen to reason. He really didn't think Reynolds would be willing to answer questions about the highly illegal, and deadly aspects of Ross's job.

Malcolm figured the intruders could never reach him in time, he decided to pull the gun from the draw.

Kelly suddenly went into overdrive, in a blur of motion too fast for the human eye to follow, he was behind Malcolm's desk taking hold of the guy's forearm before the guy could do anything. Repeatedly, he smashed Reynolds hand with the draw as the little guy cried out in pain.

Malcolm let go of the gun.

Kelly grabbed him by the front of his shirt, and threw him against the far wall across the room. The force of the throw was so strong, Reynolds hit the wall sideways, five feet up from the floor. Falling down on the rug, Kelly was on him again.

Grabbing him by the front of his shirt and tie. Janet stood beside Kelly, watching Malcolm intently.

“Who was Meadow’s last target?” Kelly yelled at him.

Malcolm was dazed from the bodily contact with the wall, and was clearly not thinking right.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

Janet looked at Kelly, and told him, “Lie!”

Kelly picked Malcolm up again, and threw Reynolds at another wall, this time his body left holes in the sheet rock. Picking him up off the floor for the second time, he asked him once more. “Who was Meadow’s last target, and who’s trying to kill him?”

“I...I didn’t know anyone was after him.” The second body slam against the wall clearly changed Reynolds’ attitude.

“True.” Janet told Kelly.

Malcolm quickly looked up at Janet.

“Who was his last target?”

“I can’t tell you that,” Reynolds cried.

Sadly, shaking her head. Janet said. “Lie!”

Malcolm eyeballed Janet, then started screaming, and thrashing about when Kelly picked him up to throw him again.

“Please wait, for the love of God. Please, just wait a second.” He screamed. “He took out Ahmet Shain in Turkey a few months back.”

Kelly set him back on the floor.

“You mean the Turkish gangster who got creamed in his home, six or seven months ago?”

“Yes. Where’s Ross? What have you done to him?”

“We haven’t done anything to him,” Kelly told him. “he’s family. But three guys tried to kill him a few weeks ago. Then six more attempted to do it again the other day.”

It was apparent Reynolds was deep in thought. Finally, Kelly probed him with his foot as he laid on the floor.

“What’s on your mind, little man?”

Malcolm reluctantly told them. “When Ross lost his buddies over there, he got really pissed off, and took out Ahmet Shain’s whole compound, and everyone in it. I later learned someone else was in that house with his target. I never followed up on it as the contract was completed and paid for. If anyone is trying to hurt Ross, I’ll bet it’s because of that other guy Ross creamed.”

“Where’s Ross now?” He wanted to know.

“He’s being protected at the Winston home on Heaven’s Gate Island. It’s still too early to tell if he’ll make a full recovery, but put your little feelers out there, and tell people. If anyone comes after Ross, they’ll have to go through every one of us first.”

Wide-eyed, Malcolm looked back and forth between Janet and Kelly.

“I don’t understand. Who in the hell are you people?”

Janet finally spoke. “Reynolds, we are the wolves at your front door. Were faster than a lightning strike, and more powerful than any fucking army you have ever seen. No one wants to screw with any of our kind because we’ll kill every son of a bitch who gets in our way.”

Malcolm believe they would do just that. Never in his life has he seen a human being move as fast as Kelly did. It was unbelievable, and incomprehensible to the mind as he watched the big guy move around the back side of his desk.

Malcolm slowly got off the floor, and sat down on the couch, protecting his right hand with his left.

“Listen, Ross and I have never been real chummy. We have a business relationship. But I never wanted to see the guy hurt or killed. He has saved my ass more than once in high school, and also took care of a few problems I had with a few businesses I opened. Give me some time.” He told the two. “I’ll see what I can find out. I have a lot of contacts over in that part of the world. Turkey, Iraq and Egypt are having a hell of a time right now, but I’ll get to the bottom of this. I’ll get back in touch with you as soon as I know anything.”

“He’s telling us the truth with everything he said, Kelly. However, his feelings for Ross go a lot deeper than what he told us,” Janet informed him.

Malcolm asked her, “Are you an empath?”

“Trust me, Mr. Reynolds, I am much more than an empath.” Janet could see right through Malcolm, and could tell right away he was attracted to her. “Reynolds, my teeth are razor sharp and I could snap you like a twig.”

Chapter 2

Unwanted Guest

As soon as the Winstons left his office. Malcolm had his secretary take him to the hospital, where they put his hand in a cast, and added a temporary brace for his back. Surprisingly, his back was ok. However, he would need the support from being slammed into the walls of his office. His little frame couldn't take much abuse.

Getting back into his office the next day. He worked late into the afternoon trying to find any information about the Winstons, and the other guy who died when Ross destroyed the home of Ahmet Shain in Turkey.

Picking up his phone, he placed a call to his contact in the Turkish Government. When the guy's secretary answered, he said, using a thick Turkish accent. "Hello, my name is Feridun Ceren. I am one of Gizem Younan's professors. I need to talk to Mr. Younan about Gizem's progress in my class. Is he available?"

Younan's secretary replied. "Yes, Mr. Ceren. I know who you are, but I'm afraid Mr. Younan is in a meeting at the moment. Can he call you at the school later on today, or is this an urgent matter?"

“Oh no, Gizem isn’t in any trouble. We just need to go over her quarterly schedule. It can wait until I hear back from Mr. Younan. Thank you.”

It would take some time until he heard back from Younan, so Malcolm focused his attention on Kelly Winston, and Heaven’s Gate Island. After four hours, he wasn’t any closer to finding anything about the Winston’s other than what he knew before he started his search. Malcolm knew they existed, but there just wasn’t any information about them, or the Island, anywhere. It was like they were invisible. Malcolm realized whoever was making this happen didn’t want anyone to know anything about them. Ignoring the feeling that maybe he should back off from his research, he pressed on.

Following a hunch, he called one of the bigger banks in Portland where people of wealth did their business. Kelly Winston owned an island, so the guy had to be rich. Malcolm told the bank manager Mr. Winston wanted to open up a line of credit, and he was looking for some general background information about him. The bank manager was nice to him when he first started talking to Malcolm, but as soon as he mention Kelly’s name. The guy wouldn’t give him the time of day, then he hung up on him. Not getting any results there, Malcolm tried another angle.

Living on the Island, Kelly was sure to do some business with the local bank in Belfast. With it being a smaller bank, he figured they should be a little friendlier. Taking a different route to his problem. This time he told the bank’s manager he was a reporter with the Portland Press Herald doing a social piece on a local individual. Malcolm explained he was only looking for general information to help him understand what kind of man Mr. Winston was. The guy was really friendly towards him, but once again as soon as the

manager heard the Winston's name. He got extremely rude. He even cussed Malcolm out before he, too, hung up on him.

Malcolm's instincts were setting off alarms in his head, telling him to back off. But, after not finding any information at all about the Winstons, he was driven to learn something about the man who could move faster than an animal.

He next searched through public records on state properties. The state properties, and public records didn't mention any Kelly Winston. However, the State properties did give some information about the Winston's Island. It showed Heaven's Gate island was owned by an unnamed family for generations, and the taxes were paid up until the year 2750. Malcolm was dumbstruck. That in its self was very strange, to have your property taxes paid up for another seven hundred and thirty-seven years. He couldn't believe what he was finding out, or more to the point, what he wasn't finding out about the Winstons. They were real people, but they seem to be blessed with a cloak of invisibility.

Beside Malcolm, his phone rang

"Hello."

"It's me, Malcolm." Younan said. "We really shouldn't be talking over an unsecured phone in your office. What do you need?"

"I need to know the name of that guy who died with Ahmet Shain. This is very important to me, Younan. The news services never said who it was."

"Trust me, my friend, you don't want that information. It was kept very quiet."

"I need that name in a bad way, Hamit. I always helped you with your kids when you have asked me. Now, I am asking for something in return. Get me as much intel about that guy as you can, and I need this information by last week."

“You’re going down a very dark and dangerous path, my friend. From the stories I heard, Ahmet Shain, and that other person was a very close friends to a high-ranking PKK member. It’s doubtful, but if I find out anything. I will call you.”

Hamit added. “How are Gizem and my son doing?”

“They’re both fine, Hamit. Their quarterly grades have been excellent.”

“Very well then. I’ll be talking to you soon. Allahu Ekber (God is Great).”

Malcolm just set his phone down when, without warning, a man in a dark gray business suit stepped into his office. For the second time in two days, someone has barged into his office unannounced. Malcolm was getting tired of it.

He yelled at the guy from across the room. “Who the hell are you, and where in hell is my secretary?”

“Your secretary is on a coffee break.” The guy held up his identification as he walked towards him. “Mine name is Miller. I work for the FBI here in our Portland office. Mr. Reynolds, you, and I need to have a privet conversation that I want you to forget as soon as I leave here.”

Malcolm wasn’t in the mood for playing games with the government official. His pain killers were wearing off, and his wrist, and back was starting to ache. It was turning into a long day, and he wasn’t up to any more bullshit from anyone. Anyway, he really didn’t think the federal agent would hurt him. He hasn’t really done anything illegal in the last fifteen minutes.

Flat out, Malcolm told him. “Fuck you, I don’t have to talk to you, get the hell out of my office.”

The guy stepped closer to Malcolm’s desk before speaking. “Sir, you have been poking around into the life of Kelly Winston Jr. I’m

here to tell you to stop your bullshit. You are going to leave the Winston family, and their island alone. Stop your questions, your computer searches, and your damn phone calls.”

Stressing his point, the agent told him. “I want you to forever forget that the Winstons ever existed.”

Over the years, because of his small size, people have taken advantage of Malcolm. Witch made him strike back when he was pushed, no matter who was doing the pushing. Malcolm didn’t have anything against the agent personally. He just had a problem with authority. As the saying goes, small dog, big attitude.

“Screw you,” Malcolm yelled at the guy, “This is a free country. I haven’t done anything wrong.”

The moment the agent walked through Malcolm’s door. Malcolm has been defiant to his authority, and has refused to be cooperative in the matter. The Federal Agent reacted so fast it surprised Malcolm. He didn’t have time to defend himself as the agent lunged across the desk, grabbing Malcolm by his shirt and tie. Hauling his little body back across the desktop, Malcolm knocked everything that was on top of it, onto the floor. Flipping Malcolm over on his back, the agent pressed one knee into Malcolm’s ribs while still holding onto his shirt.

“Now you listen to me, you little shit. The next time I find you digging for information about the Winston family, or anyone living on that island. I’m coming back here to break your other hand. Then, I’ll take you to a very special place you will not like. You’ll be lucky if you’re able to get out of there after a year, but here’s the good part, Mr. Reynolds. Because if you continue to screw with the Winstons after that. I’m going to put a friggin bullet in your head. Have I made myself clear, Mr. Reynolds?”

Malcolm had no choice but to surrender. The guy was not only a Fed, but he was also bigger than him. "Ok, fine. Leave the Winstons alone, and forget about them. Fine,... now get the fuck off of me." He yelled at the guy.

The agent let go of him. While leaving, he continued talking to Malcolm as he backed up toward the door. "None of this ever happened, Mr. Reynolds. Not the Winstons. Not the Island, and not me. Do anything else, and you'll find the full weight of the FBI coming down on you so fast no one will ever remember who you were. Good day, Mr. Reynolds."

Quickly leaving, the agent left the door to his office open.

Malcolm stayed laying on the floor along with all of his things. Moments later, he could hear his secretary coming back into the front office. Seeing him on the floor through the open door, she ran to him.

"Malcolm! Oh my God. What's going on with you lately? First those three people yesterday, and now this."

"Just call 911. I think some more of my ribs are broken." He told her.

"Sweet Jesus, what happened?" She asked reaching over his body for the phone on the floor.

"I tripped over my desk."

The operator moved the throttle lever all the way back, then pressed down on the decelerator, stopping the dozier. Releasing the steering control arm, he took the Caterpillar out of gear, and set the parking break. Pushing the blade arm forward, the blade lowered to the ground. With his bulldozer out of the way. Dump trucks began dropping crushed rock that would make up the first layer of the road. Other trucks were waiting off to the side to drop earth to make the second layer before they laid the hot-top down, and rolled it out.

Charley knew it would be more than a few minutes before they would be needing him, and his D9 Caterpillar again. Sitting back in the cab, he took a bite from his ham sandwich. Heavy equipment operators were in high demand on this job. If they weren't moving, then the road wasn't being built. It seemed to Charley that just about everything with this road they were building was top priority. All day long, his foreman pushed the team to work faster to finish the job. Charley took his breaks whenever he could between truckloads of material.

Day dreaming, he looked out the windshield of the Caterpillar. The great salt lake was spread out in every direction all around him. Off in the distance behind him, on the other side of I-80, the Silver Island Mountains, and Carter Island range stood majestic, and tall in the background. Charley could almost make out to the northeast where the ill-fated Donner-Reed Party pass through between both ranges many years ago on their way to California. It was there just east of Donner Reed pass where mud slowed the party's progress, making them abandon wagons, and forcing them to spend the winter without any food in the Sierra Mountains.

The Bureau of Land Management estimated there was about 147 million tons of salt on the floor of the great salt lake. However, as the Donner-Reed Party found out, the salt at the edges was relatively thin. Charley knew where he sat in his dozier the salt was up to six feet thick in places. He was only a short distance from where they held the Bonneville Speed races every year. Deena and him used to spend days at a time with other auto enthusiast watching cars beat speed records while others tried breaking the sound barrier.

A sharp pain of loss shot through him as he remembered the outings they went to on the Silver Island Mountains. Deena loved collecting fossils during the day, and spending the nights on top of

the mountain star gazing. It felt like it's been an eternity since he last held her in his arms, but in all these years. He has never once forgotten his love for her, nor the love she had for him.

From the corner of his eye, Charley noticed Bill frantically waving his hands at him. Sticking his head out through the window, his foreman just pointed behind him at his rig. Hydraulic fluid was spraying into the air from the back of his bulldozer.

"Son of a bitch," Charley swore, quickly turning off the engine.

This was the fourth time today his dozer broke down. Grabbing two wrenches from behind the seat, he climbed out of the cab as his foreman came over to inspect the damage.

"It's just another loose fitting on a hose, Bill. I'll have it fixed in a second," He told his foreman. "Bill, what the fuck is going on out here? Why in hell would anyone need to build a road a hundred yards wide on top of the salt lake? Also, how in the hell could they even get the permits, let alone buy the land in the first place? I don't mean to bitch about having work, but none of this makes any sense at all." He told his foreman.

"You know as much as I do, Charley. They've been giving me the plans in small sections. I still don't have a damn clue where the hell the road will end up. I heard this morning another company has already started cutting their own road off of I-15. With our road going south, and theirs coming west, I expect our two roads will connect at some point. What's going to be added to both roads is anyone's guess. We were told this morning they plan on building bypass roads on I-80 and I-15, so traffic will go around both of our roads. They are even adding a third lane to both highways. It sounds to me they're expecting a hell of a lot of traffic on both highways."

"That's fine and dandy," Charley said, finished with the repair, wiping hydraulic fluid off his tools with a rag. "it just means more

work for me. But what I'd like to know is who bought the land and how in hell did they ever get the Bureau of Land Management to sell it to them in the first place? They have been telling us for years how the salt flats were a fragile resource that needed to be protected. Now here we are building two huge ass roads across it, both of them a football field wide."

"The scuttlebutt I heard at the office was both roads were going to be at least twenty miles long," Bill told him. "Maybe were building landing strips for ET."

Charley overlooked Bill's sarcasm. "I'll build them a road if they want one, but if we don't get this damn dozier in for some maintenance soon. We're not going to have it out here to help us at all. This is the last time I'm going to act as a field medic all fucking day long."

"The company has every piece of heavy equipment it owns on this one road, plus the bypass road we're making. I put your request in yesterday. Let me call the office and see if the boys can come pick her up so they can work on her tonight."

"You just might want to do that, Bill. Because whatever is happening out here, it's a hell of a lot bigger than you, and I both know about."

Charley looked behind them down the mile of road they have already made. An army of men, and machines was scattered along the road, doing various tasks. Charley could see the landscaping company was already putting in trees, bushes, and flowers on both sides of the road.

Charley could only shake his head. "Someone sure has a bug up their ass to get this road built. If the government boys don't have their dirty little hands in it. I swear to God, I'll wear a fucking dress to work for a month."

Roger Mellon pushed his glasses up on top of his head, and rubbed his tired old eyes. Just eight more months, and he would retire as the Director of the CIA, and move to Florida with his wife of 32 years. He was already buying fishing gear, so he would be stocked up once he got there. It wasn't that he was so old he couldn't handle working for the government anymore. It was just time to move on with his life. Clair and he have already found, and bought a wonderful home outside of Tampa Bay. Roger's military service with the United States government started after ROTC, then continued on after he left the Marine Core. He would be fifty-five years old next month, and it was time to share what was left of his life with his wife only.

Roger thought Mike and Barbra were the smart ones to get out early, they even married into the Winston's family, and were living on the Island. That one surprised the hell out of him. Roger didn't see that one coming at all. Their relationship alone came as a shock to him. Here he was, the Director of the CIA, the second most powerful person in the United States government. Yet, he never picked up upon the fact that his Associated Director of Covert Operations, and Deputy Director were in love. Barbra and Mike even told him they wouldn't work for the CIA like the rest of the family was doing unless they absolutely needed them. Roger couldn't blame them one bit. Two of his highest ranking officers held back their love from each other for many years because of their work at the central intelligence agency. Roger understood they weren't going to waste another minute of their lives apart. The last he heard from them was a picture postcard Mike sent him of the two sailing around the horn of Africa. Roger was truly happy for both of them. His toughest robots were finely living like

human beings. Now if he only could push time forward, and get the hell out of here himself.

Pressing a button on his phone, he spoke out loud. "Rita, please send Jason in."

Jason Miller was Mike Cunningham's replacement as the Deputy Director. With his blond hair and blue eyes, Jason reminded Roger more of a surfer than a Marine. The man was younger than Mike, but the resemblance between the two men was uncanny. Roomers around Langley was that Roger cloned Mike Cunningham before he retired. However, Jason was a taller man than Mike. At thirty-four years old, Roger picked Jason for the job. Roger knew Jason was just what the CIA needed. A young strong Marine with a no bullshit attitude. Jason was the kind of guy who didn't wait long for things to get done. Since he's been at Langley, he has been known to walk into departments looking for information he already requested. Jason was an impatient person, and didn't like to use phones, or be told to wait. He despised people with a laid back attitude, and expected his people to operate with the highest military standers. Roger watched Jason as his leadership methods at Langley increased the performance in all departments. Jason was a powerhouse, people respected, and liked him.

"It's been taken care of." Were Jason's first words from his mouth when he came in through the door. Jason knew this minor task was of the utmost importance to Roger, and because of that, he took care of the matter himself. He handed his report to Roger.

"Mr. Reynolds was a bit of a wise ass to the agent I sent over from the FBI. The agent felt it was necessary to ruff him up a bit. Nothing was broken, just his pride."

Roger quickly glanced at the report, then set it down on his desk.

“Is there some reason you can’t let me in on this matter?” Jason asked him.

“Yes, Jason. There is a reason I can’t tell you about it. It’s on a need to know bases. If anything comes in with the acronym or call sign of the “Wolves. You better take it as serious as a heart attack. You are to get a hold of me no matter where I am.”

Roger could see that didn’t sit well with his new Deputy Director, so he added, “If at another time you need to know, Jason. You will be told. The Wolves are an extremely sensitive, and volatile matter, and we will talk about them in no other place, but in this office.”

Stressing the point, Roger told him. “Jason, if there was a up most top secret matter in the whole United States Government, the Wolves would be it.”

Four pictures of two males, and two females were laid in a row across the top of the table. Both of the women were beautiful. One was a tall strawberry blond, and the other one was a short younger woman with sandy hair, and a devilish smile.

The older gentleman pulled the pictures he just received from the manila envelope, and began matching them with the ones he already had. His connection with the people in Turkey took these themselves at his request after he learned about the family living on the Island. However, Omar knew the men following Mr. Meadows screwed up twice in a matter of days. In their zealous to finish the job, they overlooked orders that he, and Cuma gave them.

Finished laying the new pictures down under the four he already had. Omar realized he would have to send a reconnaissance mission of his own to the United States, because four of the pictures he just received matched the four he already had.

It was those same four people who killed over a hundred of Ortega's men all by themselves. Omar didn't know how they manage to do it, but whoever they were. These four people were not your everyday covert CIA individuals he has dealt with in the past. They could move faster than any human being, and rip out a man's throat with one swipe of their hand. And now, he knew, there were nine more killers in their family; five women and four men beside the original four. What these four people did, it was hard to believe. Omar did a thorough investigation after it happened because he couldn't believe it himself.

After the four got away from Ortega's men with help from the United States Navy. They later came back with an assassination team and killed Ortega, who was his lifelong friend, and one of the most successful drug lords in all of South America. Omar had all the proof he needed. It was these same four people who finished off his oldest, and dearest friend. One of the people who killed Ortega, he was told, was an enormous man, and there was also a very small woman with them. Two of the pictures on the table matched the same two people. Ortega's women, who were not harmed during his assassination, backed up the information he had. They told his men; they cut Ortega up into little pieces with a machete, like a dog, or animal. Then there was the message they wrote on the wall in Ortega's blood that backed up that it was this family who was responsible for his death.

The message they left behind was simple: "If you fuck with our family again. We'll kill every one of you sons of bitches."

Staring at the photos, Omar began talking out loud to himself. "Now, I know who you are, and I know where you live. Your time is coming, my friends, and this time I'll cut all of you into little fucking pieces. Ortega was rash, and quick into action. I, on the other hand,

have the patience of being old with an unlimited supply of wealth. I will not make the same mistakes as Ortega did, but I will kill every fucking one of you.”

Later that same day, Omar sent a reconnaissance mission to the United States.

Before Malcolm left Portland. He stopped by the Econo Lodge, but the girl at the front desk told him she thinks John went to have lunch down on the waterfront. From the description she gave him, Malcolm spotted John sitting in back of the restaurant, eating at a booth by himself. The man looked normal, like everyone else. He was clean shaven, and his hair was combed back, and he had on the new clothes that Ross bought for him. Introductions were easy because Ross already told him Malcolm would be coming to see him.

Malcolm sat across from him, and told John he found a job for him. It was across town, but it was on a bus route. Malcolm eyeballed John as he took a drink from his beer, then set it down on the table.

“I don’t understand why you two are doing all of this for me. I mean, how am I going to repay both of you?”

“John, I want you to answer a question for me, and I want you to be truthful when you do. Are you going to be able to chill out on your drinking so you can keep a job?”

John quickly glanced at his beer. Malcolm already knew there could be a problem.

John thought long and hard about his answer. “Drinking was a way of dealing with living on the streets,” He admitted to Malcolm. “but I can chill out. It may be a little ruff at first, but I do want to change. I can’t keep living the way I was. I just didn’t have any other options before.”

“Well, you have one hell of a chance to get your life back now.” He told John. “We’re still going to be helping you, but it’s going to be all up to you. However, if we need to get you into a rehab, we’ll do that too.”

Malcolm handed him a business card.

“Stop by and talk to this guy next Monday. I’ve known him for years, and have already talked to him about you. Back off on your drinking, if you’re still doing good the following week, they’ll put you on the clock. If you’re not doing so good, we’ll get you some help.”

Malcolm handed him his own business card, then stood to leave. He told John, “Ross is out of town, so if you need anything, stop by my office.”

John pointed out. “You never told me why you guys are doing this for me.”

“It’s because we care about you, John. Not only are you a warrior, but you’re a hero too. John, we take care of our own even when the rest of the world doesn’t give a shit about you.”

Leaving the restaurant, Malcolm knew he was crazy to go out to the Island, but he had to find out what was going on. The FBI didn’t just walk into your office every day, and yank you across the top of your desk for no reason, then threaten to kill you. Anyway, he did have some information for Kelly, and he also wanted to see how Ross was doing. Ross, and he weren’t great friends, but he had an interest in him, and he also was hoping to see that empath again. Malcolm was always particular to redheads. He loved her thick Irish accent, and the way she rolled her r’s when she spoke. Just the sound of her voice did something to him. Not that she would give a little guy like him the time of day, but at least he could see her again. Now, if he

could only get her to smile at him instead of looking at him like she wanted to kill him.

Janet and Tess were doing maintenance, and clean up on the boats when Malcolm entered their inlet, and slowly made his way over to the pier.

Watching him approach, Janet touched her necklace. “Kelly,” she knew he must be in his study watching the radar screen. “That little wiry guy from Portland is in our inlet.”

His response rang in her ears. “OK. Keep him there. I’ll be right down.”

Malcolm drove up behind the stern of a cabin cruiser named “Freeloader.” Docking his boat behind it, the two women waited for him to tie off. One woman was the wonderful red head from the other day, but the other female, Malcolm didn’t know. She was short, but a little taller than himself with sandy brown hair. He found her very appealing. As he pulled up to the pier, he got a glancing look at her bare chest as she quickly put on a green bathing suit top.

Holding onto his bruised ribs with his broken hand, Malcolm slowly got out of the boat he rented in Portland. Standing on the pier, he gave his friendliest smile as he faced the girls.

“I love your shamrock color bathing suits. I’m part Irish myself.” He told the two women.

“Save your smile for someone who cares,” Janet said, folding her arms across herself as her eyes drilled down into him. “What are you doing here?”

Malcolm hesitated, then told her, “I want to see how Ross was doing.”

Janet was taller than he remembered. She towered over him, but he couldn’t take his eyes off of her fair skinned body. She was the sexiest creature he has ever met, and her bathing suit was giving him

a fine view of her body. Not being a violent man himself, he still would have killed to have her in his arms.

“Maybe that’s true,” Janet told him. “But that’s not your only reason for you being here.” She told him. Janet wasn’t fooled at all by Malcolm’s cavalier manner. She knew just what was running through the man’s mind.

“No, it isn’t.” Malcolm confessed. He knew from the other day not to lie to her. “I also have some information for Mr. Winston.”

“Now, what Mr. Winston would that be?” Janet asked, putting her hands on her hips in a cocky manner as she stuck her butt off to one side.

“What do you mean?”

Leaning over him, she told him. “Don’t you know everyone on this island is a Winston? What’s the matter? You don’t know who you’re looking for, or maybe you came to the wrong island.”

Janet may have been stalling for time, but she was also having fun jerking the little guy around. He was cute, but she sure as hell wasn’t about to let him know that.

Malcolm pointed to Kelly as he came walking down the path behind her.

“Him, the same guy who came to my office the other day.”

When Kelly reached the three on the pier, Tess told him. “He wants to see Ross, and he says he has information for you.”

Then she directed her next comment at Malcolm. “And I’m sure he won’t admit it, but he has a major crush on Janet, and I don’t have to be an empath to see that.” She told him.

“Is that true, Reynolds?” Kelly asked him. “Have you been hitting on my wife?”

Malcolm was immediately alarmed. Kelly was so big he could crush him just by looking at him. Malcolm didn't know what to do. He retreated back into his boat.

"Now wait just a minute here. I didn't know she was..."

"All of you, just stop it right now," came a commanding female's voice.

A pretty and very tall strawberry blond walked up to the group. She had the air of authority about her. The woman must have been very important to them, Malcolm thought, because both women shut up, and even Mr. Winston gave way to her.

"The three of you should be ashamed of yourself for treating our visitor like this. After all, Ross doesn't have any family, and Mr. Reynolds is the only one to come see him.

"Mr. Reynolds, if you want to see Ross. Please, come with me."

As she turned to go back up the path, she told Tess. "You're going to have to finish the work on the boats by yourself. I want Janet to come with us."

As Malcolm got back on the dock, Kelly told him. "Malcolm, this is my wife, Tamra."

"Now wait a minute,... you just told me..."

Kelly laughed at the little guy's confusion. The poor man didn't know what in hell was going on.

"Malcolm, I have eight wives, and five husbands. Tamra is my leading alpha female."

Tamra took one of Kelly's arms as they began walking up the path.

Walking beside him, Janet looked down at Malcolm. "It's easier if you don't think about it. Just try to go with the flow. Our lives out here are very different from the rest of the world. We don't live by society standers, and we only follow their laws when we choose too."

Malcolm thought it would be best if he just keep his big mouth shut. He was in a land of giants now. Every one of the Winstons was bigger and taller than he was. Kelly alone was the size of a bull moose.

When Reynolds saw the massive home of the Winstons, Malcolm thought it fit them to a T. He was amazed by the size of it. It had to have over fifty rooms in the structure. He figured it would cost millions of dollars to build a building of this magnitude. The roof itself was a strange design, as it had a few things on its roof normal homes didn't have. There looked to be a room made of glass, and another structure that was encased in walls sticking up past the roof.

They took him in through the double front doors. After walking across a large foray they passed under a white marble staircase. Finding a long hallway under the stairs. They brought him down it until they reached a huge hospital room complete with an ER, and recovery rooms. Ross was in one of the beds.

Malcolm stopped in his tracks as soon as he walked into Ross's room. "Oh, my God!" He said to know one in particular. "What in the hell did they do to him?"

Ross's chest and belly had patches of gauss covering the bullets wounds in his torso, his head was wrapped with the stuff. His right arm was bandage, and his left leg was in a cast. There were tubes sticking out of him for an Iv, and another chest tube which was draining into a small bottle hanging off the side of the bed. A monitor stood off to the side, showed his heart rate and respiration, and blood pressure.

When they came into the room, a man in green scrubs with a white coat was checking his vitals as a woman in scrubs wrote down the amount of fluid in the vial hanging from the bed.

Hearing Malcolm's comment the guy in the white coat looked up from what he was doing.

Kelly told him. "Go ahead and tell him, Clifton."

Clifton directed his comment at Malcolm, "Six assholes tried to assassinate him here on the Island. I removed six rounds from his torso alone. They also shot his leg, and arm all to hell, but it's his head wound I'm worried about the most. He took a deep graze to his scull which fracture the bone. If it wasn't for our technology and the love of God, the guy wouldn't be alive right now."

Venom rang clear in Clifton's voice when he added. "I'll kill them son of bitches if I ever get my hands on whoever did this to him."

Getting worried over Ross, Malcolm asked. "But he's going to be alright, isn't he?"

The blond in green scrubs hung her clipboard at the end of the bed while she answered him. "Ross is having a lot of problems because of his head wound, and those six holes in his torso. He's hanging in there. Let's just say he is doing better than he was a few hours ago. It's going to be that way for a long while." She explained.

Malcolm approached his bedside, taking some rosary beads from his pocket, he wrapped them around Ross's undamaged hand.

"My mother gave me her beads before she died." He told the group. "I know God is out there somewhere. I just don't talk to him much. Anyway, it was after I got those that my businesses really started taking off, and my life improved. I know it was my faith, and not the beads which improved my life, but maybe these will do something for Ross."

Tamra's face broke into a bright smile. "Thank you, Malcolm. That's a wonderful jester, but even if you don't talk to God a lot. He will always know what's in your heart. It's our thinking, and our open

hearts which hold the key for a better life for anyone. All someone has to do is change their thinking, find God, and make an effort to have a better life for themselves.”

Sensing there was a deeper relationship between the two men. Kelly looked down at the little man. “I thought you told me you and Ross weren’t friends.”

“Were not really. We never like hung out, and drank beer, or watched a ball game together. But Ross was the closes friend I had in high school. I take after my mother. I’m a small thin guy. That’s why I never followed in my father’s footsteps. My size also put a damper on my relationship with him. I couldn’t compete with his mussel bound life style. After dad died, Ross helped me open my first business in Portland. We both been doing great ever since. He does take the greatest risk, but that’s why he gets paid so good. Anyway, I think he enjoys his job a lot more than he lets on. He’s the type that gets bored real easy.”

Kelly looked at Janet on the other side of the bed. “Well, what do you think?”

“He’s as open as you’ll ever get him, Kelly. He’s being honest, and he does care for Ross. I think you can trust him.” She told him.

Kelly turned back to Malcolm. “You said you have some information for me.”

“Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. A little anyway.” He confessed.

“OK, come with me.” He told Malcolm.

Janet and Malcolm followed Tamra and Kelly out of Ross’s room. Walking beside Janet, Malcolm nervelessly asked. “What’s going to happen now?”

Janet placed her arm across his shoulders as they left the room. “Don’t worry, sweetie, we’re not going to kill you just yet.”

She then rewarded him with an amazing, beautiful smile that made Malcolm's heart melt. There was something about Janet that was drawing him to her. It wasn't just her wonderful body. It was the way she looked at him, and the life radiating from her. The woman was glowing with love. He knew he could never have her, but just being this close to her stirred the false hope within him.

They went into what Janet told him was Kelly's study, which looked to Malcolm to be more of a command center. The first thing that tipped him off was the four by six foot flat screen on the wall by a huge oversized oak desk. The screen showed a radar picture for miles all around the Island. Every blinking dot on the screen had the latitude and longitude beside it, as well as the speed of each boat. Kelly's desk had two large flat screens, and off to the side built into the desk were many buttons and switches and lights. The desk alone would have cost a small fortune. Malcolm could tell this was a very special room where Kelly did whatever work he did. There were also no windows in the room, and the door was very thick, with a high-tech finger print locking system attached to it.

An assortment of handguns, and machine guns were hanging from the walls. In the middle of the room stood a six by an eight foot table that must be a work table of some sort. Kelly also had a table with a mockup of the Island on it. Malcolm and the two women sat in big leather chairs in front of his desk while Kelly took his seat behind it.

After sitting down, he addressed Malcolm. "OK, what do you have for me?"

"This might not sound like much at first," Malcolm told him. "but I think there is a hell of a lot more going on than what it appears. A friend of mine told me the identity of the other man Ross killed was being covered up. Somebody doesn't want anyone to figure out who

this person is. But from the information I received. The connection between Ahmet Shain, and this unknown man is through the PKK terrorist group in Turkey. Both men killed appeared to be known associates of that terrorists organization. The two men may have been making some kind of drug transaction when Ross screwed things up.”

“I can’t see them coming after Ross across thousands of miles because of that,” Kelly told him.

Malcolm positioned himself on the edge of the leather chair, as the chair was too big for him. “Mr. Winston, Ahmet himself was close to a high-ranking member of the PKK, and it’s because of that reason alone, along with his other illegal business dealings is why the powers at be wanted him out of the picture of the Turkish Parliament. However, this other guy got caught in Ross’s attack on Ahmet Shain. I think the shooting on Ross could have been a retaliation hit for killing both Ahmet and this unknown person. The PKK are very bold and will strike out at anyone against them. I have been trying to find out who this other guy was since I last talked to you. However, the only thing I know so far is both men had something to do with the PKK, and more than likely. If they were both connected to the PKK. Then Ahmet Shain, and this other man must have been making a deal in heroin. The PKK use the drug to fund their cause, and one of the biggest countries who they ship it to is South America.”

When Malcolm told them that, all three Winston’s traded looks with each other.

“How sure are you about his nationality?” Tamra asked.

“I’m not. It just goes to reason. I’m still waiting to hear back from my contact. I’ll know more then.”

Kelly took a moment to think about what Malcolm had just told them. “Janet, find a bed for Malcolm. Tamra, I want to know everything there is to know about the PKK. We’ll talk more about

this later. Malcolm, I would advise you to stick around here for a while. If the PKK is behind this attack, as I believe, they just might be. Then they could be after you too. For the time being, you'll be safer here with us," He told him.

With that, he dismissed Malcolm and Janet.

Once they were gone, Tamra asked. "You don't think this has anything to do with that black operation we did on the Dominguez Cartel?"

"I don't know, Tamra. But this whole situation is getting too close to our home front. I need to get a hold of Roger, and let him know something may be brewing. Why don't you get on that information about the PKK, and see what you can come up with Ahmet Shain as well? With the CIA, and us looking into this, we should know pretty soon whatever in hell is going on."

Kelly knew so far this whole mess only involved Ross and Malcolm, but the fact that South America was attached to it worried him. A few years ago, the CIA had Tamra, Tess and Tim, and himself, go backpacking in the Amazon mountains to gather intel on the Dominguez Drug Cartel. It was during that reconnaissance mission the four found out the cartel had pictures of them, and they were also being tracked with a tracking device. A small war developed between the two groups as the family ran for their lives. The four of them got shot up, but they managed to get away. However, Kelly knew the pictures the cartel had on them could have ended up in anyone's hands. They had hopes of going back, they would also retrieve any pictures of the four that the cartel had on them. The assassination team ended up wiping out the Dominguez Cartel. Kelly knew if anyone close to Ortega Dominguez had those pictures, and also found out who they were. He was sure there would be another war, and this time

a hell of a lot more people would die. Kelly knew it would quickly turn into a bloodbath.

Once Tamra was gone, Kelly called Roger at Langley. After explaining the situation to him, Roger told him. "I know you guys are pretty well equipped to handle anyone messing with you out there, but I can send you some men to help you out if you want them."

"Roger, all I want right now is information. We'll take care of anyone coming out here to the Island. I'm just a little concerned because before we did that last mission on the Dominguez Cartel. Ortega Dominguez had pictures of the four of us because of that security leak at Langley. Now we have the PKK and South America mixed up in this thing."

"Roger, my instincts are screaming at me," Kelly told him over the phone.

"Alright, I'll get what information we have on the PKK to you, and I'll look into these other two guys Ross killed. Kelly, I know the PKK. If they are the ones who attacked Ross, it's because someone is paying them to do it. These people get paid to put hits on people all the damn time. It's one way they fund themselves. This also could be a retaliation hit because of Ahmet Shain, or this other guy. We'll know more when we find out who that second guy is."

"Ya, I think that one guy is the key to the puzzle. When we find out who in the hell he is, the rest will come together."

Kelly ended his conversation, then placed another call on his secured phone. He didn't like to use the organization this way, but six men surprised them once already, and he wasn't about to let that happen again.

When the other end of the line was answered, Kelly said. "Curly, I need to talk to all three of you guys."

The following morning, Tamra and Tess caught Kelly trying to sneak three strangers into the cellar. Kelly was just opening up the vault door to the basement when Tess, and she came downstairs. Both women were dressed in white shorts with a short sleeve top.

All three men with Kelly were short, like Tess. However, one was bald, and another had a bald spot with short curly hair on the sides of his head, and the third one had a military haircut.

“Kelly, do you mind telling me why we have guests on the Island, and why you never told me they would be here?”

If the tone of Tamra’s voice wasn’t a clear sign of her irritation. Her body posture with her arms folded across her chest was a dead give a way. She was not happy with him at all.

“Oh, hell,” Kelly thought to himself. “They should have been playing tennis already.”

“Guys. These are my wives, Tamra and Tess. Why don’t you introduce yourselves?”

The one with the military haircut quickly kissed Tamra and Tess on the lips, then said. “Hi, ladies. It’s wonderful to finally meet you. I have heard a lot about you two. My name is Moe.”

The other one kissed them both and said. “Hi, I’m Larry.

Then the bald one did the same, and told them. “I’m Curly.”

“Guys,” Kelly quickly put in. “why don’t you go downstairs? You know the way. I’ll be with you in a moment.”

Tamra clearly wasn’t impressed with Kelly’s little joke. “The three stooges. Oh, that’s very funny, Kelly.”

She demanded. “What the fuck is going on here?”

“Tamra, they’re part of our organization, few people know who they are. And those are the names that they picked for themselves. These three guys know more about electronic engineering, and prototyping, and fabrication of mechanical, and electrical

components than anyone else in the world. They are the cream of the crop in design engineering, and reverse engineering. There just isn't anyone better in their field. They are also our tinkers, and builders of new technologies for the future. We protect their identities from everyone, even those in our organization. I called them here because they told me they can fix our radar so no one can use a jammer on us like when Ross was shot. Once they are done with our radar system, anything that comes by the Island we'll know about it, and we won't get caught with our pants down like last time."

When Kelly almost died in North Korea, Tamra found out how big their secret organization really was when she went through Kelly's safe. The Organization didn't want to hurt anyone, they just wanted the world to change their wild behavior, and stop the slaughter of human beings, and the killing of the planet. It was also on that day that Tamra found out how important Kelly was to the organization, and the world. Not only was Kelly the Alpha to all Alpha's, but he was also the banker for the biggest secret organization in the history of the world. Being the man he was, Tamra knew Kelly had many secrets he would keep from his family. The Winston's life was complicated as it was, but it was getting worse the more they opened themselves up to the world.

Tamra placed her arms around Kelly's neck, and looked deep into his hazel eyes. She sweetly asked him, "Kelly, who am I?"

"Your my wife, Tamra. The woman I love." He told her. Kelly could tell right away that wasn't the response she wanted.

Again, she asked him as grayish blue fire shot from her eyes into his, "Who am I, Kelly?"

Kelly thought about it for half a second, then replied, "You're my leading alpha female." He told her.

Tamra got really close to his face, still looking straight into his eyes. "That's right buddy, I am. And if I ever hear of you bringing someone out to my island again without informing me about it. You and I will be having some major problems."

She quickly kissed him then told her younger wife. "Come on Tess, you and I have a date on the court, and this time your ass is mine, young lady."

Tamra walked off towards the front door as Kelly bent over so Tess could kiss him.

"You better do as she tells you," the short woman told him. "Because there won't be anything I can do to help bail you out of that one."

Then she added. "Tim and the rest of us have something riding on the game. Do you want to put your two cents in?"

Kelly told her a flat out no. If they would play for money, he would gladly throw in a bet. The last time he bet on one of their games, he had to clean out the feed barn, and all the animals feed bins on the other side of the Island by himself. Tess and Tamra were the Island's two best tennis players, either one of them could win the game.

Later that evening after seeing Moe, Larry and Curly off the Island. Kelly found Janet, and Malcolm sitting close together on the front porch.

Janet asked him as he came up the stairs. "Kelly, Malcolm is asking a lot of questions about us and the Island. What do you want me to tell him?"

He asked her. "What do you think?"

"The longer he stays out here, the more he will know. Anyway, I think he'll keep his mouth shut. He's scared to death of you. His blood pressure shoots way up every time you get near him. Plus, the

gang hasn't been outside since the day before yesterday, and it's starting to get dark."

"Then answer his questions. Afterwards, get Tamra and Tim, and the four of you come to my study."

After Kelly went inside, Malcolm asked Janet. "What happens when it gets dark?"

"We have some timber wolves living in the cellar." She told him as if it was normal for people to have wolves hiding in their cellar. "They'll come out during the day, but they like the nighttime better. We keep them fed mostly, but they'll hunt for a few animals here on the Island."

"Malcolm, everyone here on the Island are part of an organization to change the world's behavior. The ruthless killing of human beings, and the destruction of our world has to stop. We believe the organization started when Christ died. One day, I'll take you into the cellar, and show you why we think that. From the beginning, nothing changed in the organization until Tess was born into the Adams family during colonial times. The timber wolves came into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams to protect Tess, and the Adam's pack."

"The wolves you'll see here tonight are the direct descendant of those first wolves that came to our group many years ago. And even though they have been with us all of their lives. They are still wild animals, and they are not domesticated. Here on the Island, human beings, and animals have come together to live as one just as God has always wanted. Over the years, we kind of picked up each other's behavioral habits along the way. For the most part, all of us, and the wolves sleep together in the great bedchamber upstairs. Malcolm, every Winston has been changed because of the love we share

together. Because of it, each of us has evolved, and has developed unique abilities.”

“You mean like how Kelly moved so fast at my office, and the way you are an empath?”

“Yes.” She told him. “All of us have some rather unusual abilities, but there are some of us who didn’t change all that much. We live different lives out here, and we don’t live by society standers. The biggest thing about us is we are more sensitive to the world around us. We can feel everything around us that’s in our environment. Wait until you meet the wolves.” She told him. “You’re a small little guy, and the wolves are protectors. I have a feeling they are going to love you.”

Malcolm had been staring intently into Janet’s eyes since they been talking. She knew he had a major crush on her since he first met her, and she also knew what was going through his mind right now. She had to admit she did like him. He was a handsome man, even if he was small.

She told him. “Just do it, Malcolm.”

“Do what.”

“Do what you were thinking about since we been talking. Kiss me.” She told him.

Malcolm’s eyes flared. “Kelly would kill me.”

“No, he won’t. Now, you either kiss me now, or forget all about it.”

Slowly, Malcolm leaned towards her, and pressed his lips on Janet’s. Her lips were warm, soft, and sweet from the ice tea they were drinking. Surprising him, she opened her mouth, inviting him inside as she put her arms around him, pulling him closer into her embrace. After a minute, she let go of him.

Even in the dim light, Malcolm could see her face was flush. Surprised, he said. “You really enjoyed that?”

“Yes, Malcolm I did. A lot more than I first thought I would.”

“My size doesn’t bother you.”

“Malcolm, I told you we don’t have biased attitudes here on the Island. We don’t think like the rest of the world, and you need to stop thinking that way too.” She told him. “I like your body even if it is small. Because your little is one thing that attracts me to you. Malcolm, you’ve got a hot little body, so just deal with it.”

Standing up, she stopped the conversation. Grabbing his hand, she pulled him from his chair.

“Come on, we have to find Tamra and Tim.”

With everyone sitting back in front of Kelly’s desk, Tamra gave them her report. “The Kurdistan Workers’ Party is a Marxist-Leninist Terrorist group composed of Turkish Kurds seeking to set-up a Marxist State encompassing southeastern Turkey. The group was started by leftist Kurdish students back in 1974. In 1978, it was established as the PKK. They have been attacking the Turkish Government, and their tourist assets to weaken the government. Over the years, the group has had many name changes. From the Kurdistan Freedom and Democracy to Kurdistan Peoples Conference. In 2005, they changed their name back to PKK.”

“The PKK are well known to be subcontractors of an international terrorist network working with other terrorist groups in Africa, Europe, Latin America, and the middle east. They also have very strong ties with the Hizballah, who are a Shiite terrorist group seeking an Iranian Fundamentalist Islamic State in Lebanon.”

“The PKK heaviest attacks appear to be located in Southeast Turkey.

Starting in 1984, they have directed indiscriminate violence against women, and children, not even the old were spared. People were murdered before their family members, or kidnapped, and summarily executed. They are considered ruthless in their tactics, and uncaring about collateral damage. Over forty thousand people have been killed by them since they started their violence.”

“Most of their funding comes from drug smuggling, with Heroin being the top ex-port. They also receive money from charities, and commercial establishments, and remittances from government parties in Syria, Iran, Iraq and Europe.”

“In 1999, their leader, Abdullah Ocalan, was arrested in Kenya and extradited back to Turkey. He was tried, and convicted, and sentence to a life term in prison. He’s been in one of Turkey’s island prisons to this day. When Abdullah was arrested, it weaken the PKK considerably. Since then, its founding members have been rebuilding the organization back up to where it once was.”

“There are five founding members of the PKK left. Three of which once were the head of the executive committee. The first is Commander Bhoz Erdal, born in Fahman Husain, Syria. The second is Murat Karayil, acting leader since 1999 when Adbullah was arrested. He’s from Birecik, Sanliurfa, he moved to Turkey years back.

Then we have the last scum ball of the bunch, Cemil Bayik. Also nicknamed Cuma, who was born in Keban Elazığ, Turkey back in 1951. Cemil since has taken over the executive branch and leadership over the PKK. It is alleged he has executed up to three hundred PKK members since 1980. Ocalan openly from prison, accused Cemil of killing seventeen wounded PKK members to evade capture by the Turkish authorities this past year.”

Tamra stop her report to add, "I personally think this asshole Cemil hasn't a caring feeling about anyone but himself."

"OK, that's the rundown." She told them. "But the impression I got about Ocalan was maybe he could be a source of information for us if we talk to him in the right way. I personally believe he wants to kill Cemil in the worst way."

"As for Ahmet Shain, he was born in Syria and moved to Turkey when he was very young. The latest reports we have shown him trying to weasel his way into a seat of power within the Turkish Parliament. And Malcolm was right. It appears as if a force in the Turkish Government was against him, and wanted him out of the way real bad."

Tamra glanced over at Malcolm.

"What Malcolm told us about Ahmet is correct. The man has been suspected of helping to finance the PKK through the drug trade. He is also known to have associated himself with some of the South America cartel's in the past. I have been looking into finding out which South America cartel, but I haven't come up with anything yet. With any luck, Director Mellon will have something on the cartel. The CIA has been watching the cartels closely within in Latin America over the last few years."

"I haven't heard back from Roger," Kelly told her. "But I'll give him another call."

Malcolm looked over at one of Kelly's phones he had on his desk. When he first came into Kelly's office, he noticed it. He knew it wasn't a normal phone.

"If you will, let me use your secured phone." He told the group. "I believe I may find out who that person was that was killed with Ahmet Shain."

Tim spoke up. "Who is this contact of yours, Malcolm?"

“He’s a politician in the Turkish Parliament.” Malcolm told him. He was also one of many reasons why Ross went to Turkey in the first place.

Kelly turned the phone around, and hit the conference button so they all could hear the conversation.

Malcolm dialed the number from memory. He realized with him speaking over an open line the last time was a big reason Younan didn’t tell him about the other guy. However, Younan has yet to get in touch with him, and Malcolm figured it was time to press the man.

When Younan’s secretary answered, he told her. “Hello, my name is Feridun Ceren. Is Mr. Younan available?”

“Hold one moment, Mr. Ceren.”

Shortly after, everyone heard Younan’s voice on the line. “Hello, my friend. What can I do for you?”

“I am on a secured line now, Hamit, and I need those answers, and I need them right now. I know you know more than you’re letting on. How would you know how dark of a road I am on if you didn’t?”

Almost pleading with him, Younan told him. “Malcolm, you don’t have to live here in Turkey, as my family and I do.”

“Hamit, what would happen if the Hurriyet Daily News found out that your son was charged with kidnapping a young girl here in the States, and that he was also charged with drug possession at the same time?”

“Malcolm, you know full well as I. What he did was a small thing for love, and you know the drugs were never his.”

“Do you think the people reading the Hurriyet Daily will find it innocent for a member of the Turkish Parliament to be involved in covering up his son’s illegal activities in a different country? Regardless of the outcome, Younan. You and I both know who they’ll be looking at, and it won’t be me, Younan. It’ll be you. Everyone will

also end up knowing where your kids are going to school. You need to think about that as well.”

“Malcolm, you don’t have to threaten me. You have been helping me with my family for a long time, so I’ll tell you his name, but nothing more. I have endangered myself, and my family as it is. You’ll have to find out the rest on your own. But you take care with these people, Malcolm. They are very dangerous, and they will not hesitate to kill you. The name of the man you want is Arturo Pereira.”

Malcolm quickly thanked him, then ended the call.

“What was that about his son?” Tamra asked him once he set the receiver down.

“Younan’s son, and his lover broke up, the girl didn’t want anything to do with him. The kid was in love, and he lost his head. He tied her up, then kidnapped her. He was only taking her to the mountains, where they could be alone to talk. However, when the police caught up to them, they searched the car, and found a bag of pot.”

“So, what happened to them?” Tim wanted to know.

Malcolm quickly finished. “With the girl’s statement, and because the arresting cop knew my dad from the Marine Core. I was able to have all charges dropped. The kids are still in college, but the two ended up getting secretly married, and Younan doesn’t know about that just yet, and it’s not my problem.” He informed them.

Tamra laughed out loud. “What’s the matter, Malcolm? Fed up with being a surrogate dad.”

“No, Tamra. The kids are great, and Younan treats me right. He just ticked me off. He could have told me about Arturo Pereira a hell of a lot sooner.”

“Well, we have his name now,” Kelly told him. “I’ll talk to Roger, and see if they know anything about him.”

Kelly looked over at Tim. "I want you to start going over the island's security systems and make sure we're good there."

"A complete walk through?" Tim asked in surprise. He knew doing something of that magnitude was going to take more than just a few days.

"I am afraid so, get Wade to help you. I'm placing the Island on Amber Alert. We may get into another fire fight. I also want everyone to get in the habit of caring a weapon whenever they're outside of the house, or off the island. I believe we have a shit storm coming our way." He warned them.

"Tamra, have Tess set out some weapons, and gear in the downstairs hallway. I also want the first aid room fully stocked."

"Janet, take Malcolm with you, and go ashore tomorrow, and pick up fresh produce. Get a lot of it. No one will be going to town for a while, also get a list going for whatever everyone needs. I also want you to drop Melissa at Tessa's parents' house. I'm sending all three of them to Scotland to be with Catherine's pack until this all blows over. Her mom and dad living in Belfast will be vulnerable to an attack."

"You had better tell Tess what you're doing with Melissa yourself." Tamra suggested. "Anyway you look at it, she'll still be coming at you, totally pissed off."

Janet already told Malcolm about Melissa, and her younger wife. Tess, and Melissa became lovers when they both were in their teens. Then Tess lost her best friend for many years. Kelly finally found her in Taiwan. The girl had been used in a bad way, and was in very poor health by the time they got to her. After Kelly's men took her from the people who had her. It took almost another year to get her health back. Kelly knew Tamra was right. Tess was very protective of her.

"OK, fine. I'll deal with her."

“What about Clifton, Kelly.” Tim asked him.

Damn, he had forgotten all about him. After coming into the family. They bought Clifton a helicopter so he could get back, and forth, from the Maine Medical Center in Portland. Being a surgeon there, Clifton would insist on going to work when they needed him. Which was mostly all of the damn time. Kelly knew Clifton was one person who he couldn’t keep locked up on the Island.

“I’ll handle it.” He told them. Then he dismissed everyone. When they were gone, he leaned back in his chair, and touched his necklace.

“Barbra, are you guys awake?”

Barbra’s voice spoke in his ears as clear as if she was sitting right next to him. “Yes, babe, we’re awake. I’m steering while Mike plots our course for tomorrow. What’s up?”

Kelly explained what had happened with Ross. Then he asked her. “In your service with the CIA, did you ever run into a Bolivian by the name of Arturo Pereira?”

“No, but I wish I had.” She quickly told him. “I know just who you’re talking about. Arturo was the right-hand man to a major drug lord by the name of Omar Colque. Colque was one of the few drug lords who made it into retirement. He also had the most blood thirsty cartel South America ever seen. The guys been in hiding ever since, and if we ever found him. He would be taken into custody because of his outstanding crimes while he was an active drug lord.”

“You need to look at his file the CIA has on him. I believe the man was active every once in a while, even in his retirement. My belief is, he gets board. Like they say, old habits die hard.”

“Barbra, where are you and Mike right now?”

“Where sailing by a chain of islands south of Morocco just off the Western Sahara. We were planning on coming home. Why?”

“Barbra, I need you and Mike to sail over to Bolivia. We’ll need someone on the ground out there.”

Kelly knew what he was asking Barbra to do was right up her alley. Being the former Associated Director for black operations, her skills were extensive. Kelly knew even in her retirement with Mike, she wouldn’t hesitate to work her magic once again.

Instead, she responded with. “Jesus, Kelly. We’ll have to cut across the middle of the frigging ocean. Then go through the Panama Canal, and sail south along the western side of South America.”

“How long would it take you?” He asked her.

“Our little J 122 racer is fast, and she’s designed for deep water, but we’ll need to work out the details. Also, sailing through the locks of Panama Canal without reservations can take you a week, or more to get through.” She told him.

“Work it out and get back to me. And don’t worry about reservations. You’re going to be top priority going through the canal.”

“Are things that bad?” She asked him.

“Well, they attacked Ross here on the Island, and damn near killed him. You’ll like Ross. He’s a lot like me, only smaller. Barbra, my gut is screaming at me. Something big is coming our way. I can feel it. I believe it’s going to be coming from either the PKK, or South America, or both of them. I am not sure which. I’m putting my money on the drug lord, being behind most of this.”

“Kelly, you have always had better instinct’s than any man I have ever known. I’ll get back to you with our ETA, and give our love to the family.”

Later that night, Janet and Malcolm were in the downstairs hallway when Tess abruptly came out of Kelly’s study, slamming the

door shut behind her. Right away, they knew she must have had that conversation with Kelly about Melissa leaving for Scotland. Tessa's face was beat red, in raged, her body language alone told Malcolm not to mess with her. Even with her little body of four foot eight, she still looked deadly to him.

Rapidly storming in their direction, she took long, heavy strides with her fist clenched, daring anyone to cross her path. Halfway down the hallway, as she passed by the door to the library. Without any warning, in a maneuver so fast, Malcolm couldn't follow her body. She jumped into the air, and kicked the library's door off its hinges just as Kelly stepped out into the hall.

Kelly yelled at her, "Tess, that is enough of that! Girl, you need to chill the hell out."

For an answer, she took out another door.

Janet wrapped her arms around Malcolm's little body, pulling him off to the side, protecting him as Tess passed by.

"Wow, she's really pissed," Malcolm said to Janet as they watched Tess stormed down the hallway. Turning the corner by the stairs, Tess tipped over a vase onto the floor, breaking it.

Kelly glanced at Janet, and Malcolm as he ran by, chasing after Tess. He knew damn well she'd destroy half the house if he didn't calm her down.

Touching his necklace, he called out as he ran. "Tamra, I need you, and I need you right now!"

"See, I told you," Janet informed Malcolm as Kelly turned the corner, disappearing from sight. "You don't have anything to worry about with Kelly. In this family, it's Tess, you don't want to piss off. Anyway, don't worry about her," she told him. "Tamra will chill her out. Tess won't mess with her."

"Are all of you that strong and fast?"

“All the alpha’s here on the Island are. Tess is the fastest out of all of us, but Kelly, and Tamra are something else to be seen in a firefight. They alone hold the most power of the group. That’s why they are the leading alphas. Just like the alpha wolves you met last night.”

The wolf pack fell right in love with Malcolm, just as Janet said they would. The entire pack swarmed him, overpowering him with their affections until the female alpha backed them off. Baring her teeth, she jumped into the mob, biting one wolf who was too slow in heeding her warning. The male alpha backed up his mate until the rest of the pack calm down, and treated Malcolm with more respect. Janet told him he was smart not to bring his Welsh corgis to the Island.

“The wolves could have accepted just about any animal except for one’s that were either neutered or spaded. They would have killed both of your dogs on sight.” She told him.

The following morning, Malcolm and Janet waited for Melissa, who was standing on the pier holding Tess in her arms. Malcolm could see without any doubt these two women were in love. It was written all over them. Melissa was a lot taller than Tessa, with an attractive slim body, and long brown wavy hair. She lovingly stroked Tessa’s body, soothing her high-strung emotions with the grace only your lover can show you. Kissing, and touching each other, they acted as if they would never see one other again. Melissa finally manage to untangle herself from her lover, and stepped aboard the Freeloader.

“Don’t you go anywhere without someone from Catherine’s family with you while you’re over there, and you better listen to my dad. I gave him special instructions about you.”

“Baby, I’ll be fine. I love you.”

Tess called after her. “I love you to.”

Watching them from topside on the cabin cruiser, Malcolm turned to Janet who was standing beside him.

“Can’t you guys talk to each other anytime you want through your necklace’s.

“Yup.” She simply told him.

“Then why is Tess acting like their lives are over?”

“That’s Tess, Malcolm. She’s a big time drama queen. Tess is really more different than anyone of us Winston’s. She loves hard, and plays hard, and she’s a wildcat in a fight.”

Getting serious, she added, “Malcolm, that’s one little lady you want on your side when you’re fighting for your life. She’s also hot as hell over you,

buddy.”

“Huh?” Clearly confused, he told her. “Tess has been nice to me since I’ve been here, but she hasn’t hardly paid any attention to me.”

Janet told him. “That’s because I didn’t give her the go ahead until this morning.”

“Hold on. Wait just one second.” He told her, suddenly getting offended. Malcolm knew he may be a small little wimp, but he was still a man. And he wasn’t about to let anyone step on what male masculinity he did have.

“What do you mean, you gave her the go ahead?”

Janet grabbed Malcolm by the front of his shirt, pulling him into her arms. When Janet kissed him, Malcolm knew the moment it started that this was a different kind of kiss she was giving him than the one on the front porch last night. She used her entire mouth, and tongue as she ran her hands all over his body. Reaching into his shorts, she began playing with him. Any offense from Janet’s words before the kiss faded in a flash as the alpha poured her love on him.

The woman subdued him with hardly any effort. After a minute, she released him.

“Malcolm, you’re mine, so get used to it. I have already talked to Kelly and Tamra. They both agree. Kelly really does like you, Malcolm. And he thinks you have a brilliant head for business. On our way back from Belfast, you will have me. You’ll start to see things differently once we make love. Then maybe tonight Tess will have you as well.”

Once more, she gave her love to him as she continued running her hands all over his compact frame, touching his body indiscriminately. By the time she was done, Malcolm was so excited he could have jumped her right then.

When she let him go, she sat down to drive the boat, Malcolm didn’t know what to do with himself. Standing beside her, he laid his arm across her shoulders.

“So, I take it. I don’t have a choice in this?”

“Not with me, you don’t. Tess and the rest of the family are a different matter. You need to make up your own mind about them. But you yourself

have seen what happens when Tess doesn’t get her own way.”

Glancing up at him, she asked. “Do you have a problem with any of this?”

Malcolm first thought about Janet’s kiss on the front porch, and how she protecting him in the hallway later that night.

“Oh, no. No problem at all.” He told her. Then he added a thought. “Tess wouldn’t hurt me, would she?”

Janet kept an arm around him as she steered the big cabin cruiser out of the inlet. “Malcolm, we don’t go around beating up people we love. I see she scared you last night with her wild behavior.”

“If an alpha hurt, or killed a beta through anger and hatefulness. Trust me, everyone on the Island would challenge that person. One by one, they would fight until that person died. But knowing Kelly, he wouldn’t let it get that far. Kelly is the smartest, and most powerful person on the planet. He’s been studying human beings since he was as small child, and it’s his job in the family to make sure situations like that never happen in the first place. But if they did, I’m sure he would take the first challenge. and kill that person himself. Believe me, Malcolm. Tess will be a totally different woman tonight if you choose to have her, and I’ll make sure I’m there if you want me to be.”

After hooking up the Freeloader to the Belfast pier. They dropped Melissa off, and much to Malcolm’s delight, and surprise. She held him, and Janet both, kissing them both goodbye. The rest of the day they spent running around in the Moose Killer, buying items for the family. By the end of the afternoon, they loaded the Freeloader and left port.

Once getting cleared of the outer islands. Janet turned the boat off, and asked Malcolm to follow her. Letting the cabin cruiser drift in the ocean currents, she brought him into the back bedroom. Stripping him of his clothes, she then undressed herself.

The sight of Janet’s naked form standing in front of him was more than Malcolm could handle. The woman was more beautiful than any female he has ever been with. Her long red hair was a perfect mane that flowed down past her shoulders. She stared at him with loving eyes that were as exquisite as her small round breast. Freckles ran up, and down her whole body with skin that was elegant and fair. This Irish female was the most wonderful, exciting woman he had ever been with in his entire life. It was almost inconceivable to him that she was there with him. She wasn’t touching him, but there was

definitely something pulling them closer together. Malcolm knew the attraction between them was undeniable, even if that force wasn't drawing them together. He couldn't turn from her, even if he wanted to.

Janet waited with a smile on her face as she let his hands explore, and touch the curves of her body. When he reached between her legs. She pulled him to her, and dragged his face across her breasts.

Malcolm gently licked one nipple.

Janet expressed her delight with sounds of love merging from between her lips. Pushing him on to the bed, she climbed on top of him. When she guided him inside of herself. Malcolm found out just how excited she really was. Her body was wet, and burning hot with her need for him.

As she began making love to him, she spoke. "Okay, now don't freak out. I'm about to share a part of myself with you, it can be scary at first until your use to it. So just hang in there." She warned him.

Janet began working her hips faster on him when Malcolm finally realized what Janet Winston really was. Stroking him, she brought him to the brink of climax when suddenly, she was inside of him. She wasn't just in his mind; she was everywhere in his body. It felt as if she was injecting her love into him. Horrified, Malcolm tried to move out of the way to get her out of him, but it was too late. She had him trapped. Janet was in total control of him, and he couldn't do anything to stop her as she continued forcing her hips down on him. Too many things were happening to Malcolm all at once. He couldn't handle any of it. All his body wanted to do was to release himself, but inside his mind, he only wanted to escape, and get her out of him. He knew it was much too late for that as he started screaming at the top of his lungs as sounds of ecstasy rushed from his mouth. Releasing himself inside her, his mind became an explosion of sensations, and

feeling as each orgasm rolled over on top of the next one. Over and over, he climaxed. He was totally out of control, and couldn't do anything to stop it, as the alpha had complete power over him. The only thing he could do was scream, and tremble as the ordeal seemed to last forever as it stretched into eternity.

Janet understood what Malcolm was going through as the dam holding back her love burst, and rushed into him all at once. First, he tried to sit up with her on him. She pushed his shoulders back down on the bed, holding him there. Then he tried to squirm away from under her, until she applied pressure to her hips, pinning him down on the bed. Leaning her upper body lower over him, she rapidly pumped her hips, seeking to find her own pleasure.

By this point, Malcolm was lost in his own world of rapture, and didn't hear her when suddenly, Janet cried out, and their lovemaking was over as quickly as it started. Breathing heavily, she collapsed on top of him.

Only then did Malcolm realize that their lovemaking, if anyone could call it that. Lasted only a few minutes, but to him it felt as if it lasted for hours. Janet's presence was gone from him, and he was back in control of his body. He wasn't too sure what he was feeling just now as he laid underneath her. Was it the afterglow he was feeling, or was it his love for her? All Malcolm knew was he was more in love with Janet Winston than any other female he has ever known. He would kill and die for her. There was nothing he would not give her. She was the gravity of the world, and he was the moon forever circling around her until the end of time. His little body was wasted from their almost violent lovemaking, but he was already getting excited again. He craved to have her. He needed to have her.

Looking up at her above him, he told her. "Oh, my God. Please, do that to me again."

“Oh, no, Malcolm. I can’t do that.”

Still breathing heavily, she told him. “I mean, we’ll make love again, but not like that. I only shared a small part of myself with you. I could easily kill you by giving you too much too soon. We’ll do it again in a few days, each time I do this you’ll find it will be easier for you to handle. Then, one day I’ll totally open myself up to you.”

“When we make love like this, we both experience something you cannot find anywhere else in the world. When we do this with another alpha, it changes them, forcing their bodies to evolve, but with you. Honey, your body may grow a little stronger, and you may get slightly bigger, but don’t expect any abilities or anything tremendous like an alpha. Betas don’t work the same way as alphas do. However, don’t think for one minute that you’re a second-class citizen on the Island. Betas are an important part of any pack, and you have the same voting rights, and privileges as an alpha. You just won’t have our ability’s.”

“OK. Fine, but this time I want to be on top.”

Janet laughed out loud. She smiled down at him, she knew what Malcolm wanted. He wanted some control over her. She would gladly let him have it, but first they needed to clean up. Their overpowering love making, forced the fluids from their bodies, drenching themselves, and the bed. Once they were cleaned, and dried, Janet laid down, and opened herself to him. Malcolm attacked her like he was a rapist. His forcefulness delighted her in as much as it excited her emotions. She held on to him for dear life, and opened herself fully, giving him everything he wanted as he energized her body with his fiery love.

Later that night, Tess showed Malcolm just how cute and funny she could be. When he walked into his bedroom to go to bed. He found Janet holding a bull whip in her hand as she stood over Tessa’s

naked form laying on the carpet. One of Janet's feet rested on Tessa's hip, as Janet stood erect with her arm off to the side with the bull whip stretched out across the floor. Tessa's feet were shackled, and her hands were cuffed. She looked up at him while holding a bouquet of red roses that had a small envelope clipped to the top of the flowers. Gagged, with a scarf around her mouth, Tess offered the roses up to Malcolm.

Janet face was stoned serious as Malcolm took the envelope from the roses. Inside was a small card, and a single key. The card read. "I am unworthy of you. Please, forgive me for my faults, and take me to your bed. I won't hurt you, and you can spank me if you want to."

They all got a good laugh out of the girl's attempt to make Malcolm feel more comfortable with Tess. Both women stayed with him that night, giving Malcolm another first time event in his life as two of the most beautiful creatures he has ever known made love to him, and one was almost as short as he was.

Early, the very next morning, Janet woke Malcolm up, and quickly got him into some shorts, and running shoes. They found everybody out front waiting for them. After stretching, they slowly started running on the gravel track built around the edge of the Island. By the time they reach a mile into their run, Malcolm was already lagging far behind the pack. At a mile and a half, only Janet, and a wolf ran beside him as the others picked up their pace, and were already out of sight.

Not use to physical exercise, Malcolm was drenched in sweat. His heart was thumping out of control, and because of his legs being wasted, he started dragging his feet. Telling Janet he couldn't go any further, he fell to the ground, giving up.

Out of breath, he told her. “This is stupid...I can’t go on...I can’t do it.”

“Okay, fine. It takes a while to get used to it.” She pulled him back to his feet. “But you can’t sit on your ass. You’re going to finish the five miles even if you have to walk it. Let’s go.” She ordered him.

With Janet’s help, she pushed Malcolm to finish the morning run. By the time they got back to the house, everyone was done eating breakfast, and was cleaning their plates in the sink. They left food for them in the oven, but all Malcolm wanted to do was go to his bedroom and die. His legs were burning up, and he was so lightheaded, he thought if he didn’t lie down soon, he’d pass out.

When he tried to leave the kitchen, Janet hauled him back, and forced him to sit back down at the kitchen table while she got him some breakfast. He told her it would only make him sick, but she made him eat anyway. After breakfast, she let him go to his room. An hour and a half later. She hauled him from his bed, and brought him to his first class in hand to hand combat in the islands gym.

Standing with the rest of the family on a dark blue floor mat in the gym, Malcolm thought he look ridiculous. Everybody towered over him, even four foot eight, Tess. Everyone of Winston’s were physically fit. Where he was short with no muscles, or an ounce of fat on his entire body. With his lightweight frame, he thought the morning run wouldn’t be too bad. However, it nearly killed him. Now they wanted him to learn how to fight. He’s never hit anyone in his whole life, and Malcolm didn’t want to start now. Hell, he had a hard enough time disciplining his Welsh Corgis.

Tamra and Kelly divided the family, forming themselves into two different groups. Kelly took one group, and Malcolm was in Tamra’s bunch. Tamra had Tim step forward, and the two slowly went through a few moves. As they went through some take down

maneuvers, they sped up. After a minute, the two were moving so fast around the mat, Malcolm couldn't even follow, or see their bodies' movements. Their forms were flying around the mat at such an incredible rate of speed it was astonishing to watch.

After a while, Tamra yelled. "Stop" and the match was over.

Next, she called on Tess.

When Tess stepped forward, Tess and she started putting on body armor, while staring each other down across the thirty feet of mat. As they got ready for the match. Malcolm knew this was going to get violent, as the tension in the air was getting stronger as the seconds flew by. Without knowing it, everyone in Malcolm's group backed off the mat, giving the two women more room. Janet grabbed Malcolm's arm, pulling him back with the rest of their group.

Malcolm could see the two women were ready for combat. When without any warning whatsoever, they went at each other with everything they had in them. It was just incomprehensible to Malcolm how fast they moved. Their charge created enough force, the wind from their body's movement blew Malcolm's hair back. They were all over the mat, crossing thirty feet in less time than it took to blink your eyes. Once they made contact, they were both totally out of control. Malcolm knew someone was going to be killed. Their actions were so powerful, and violent, he thought within the first few seconds, one of them would fall down with broken bones.

As he continued to watch, he was beginning to get concerned for Tess. He couldn't see Tamra's hits very well, but he knew damn well Tess was getting her ass kicked. Tamra was pressing the shorter woman harder, and harder when, without warning, she kicked her with both feet. Tess flew back forty feet, and hit the ground off of the mat on the hard gym floor.

Malcolm couldn't handle any more of the violence, and he certainly couldn't stand there, and watch Tess get the shit kicked out of her. Not after making love to her the night before. The memory of her body loving his, just couldn't put up with it.

"STOP! Just stop it!" He screamed as he ran over to where Tess laid on the floor. Picking her shoulders up, he held her close as he looked her over. She looked okay other than a few deep scratches, and having sweat pouring off of her little body in buckets.

Out of breath, she questioned him. "Malcolm...what... what are you doing?"

"Are you OK?" He couldn't believe she wasn't hurt. Her ribs alone should have been crushed in with the power of Tamra's last kick.

"Malcolm, I'm fine, and I'm not hurt." She assured him.

Tamra walked over to the two on the floor with her chest heaving as rivers of sweat ran off her body. She looked questionably down at Malcolm on the floor with Tess. All around them in the gym, the training had come to a complete halt as everyone was looking over at him. Malcolm didn't know what to say. He felt embarrassed, and totally out of place with these super humans. He knew he should never have stayed on the Island. Standing, he ran from the gym as fast as he could on his little legs while Janet called after him.

She easily caught up to him outside, and held him in her arms. "Malcolm, where are you going?"

"Home, where I belong." He told her.

"You belong here with me. This is your home now."

"I can't compete with you people. Why do you even want me here? I'm smaller than all of you. I can't fight or run. Hell, I couldn't even handle watching Tess get the shit kicked out of her. I'm weak,

and I'm only half a man. Janet, why in hell do you even want me here?"

"Malcolm, that's just about enough of your pity party I am willing to hear for one day." Tamra said, scolding him as she walked up behind the two. She had removed most of her body armor, and let down her long strawberry blond hair, but her skin still glisten with sweat.

"We all had our problems before we came to the Island. Now, by your actions, I think I understand yours." She told him. "It has taken time for all of us to build ourselves into what you seen here today. When Janet came to me and Kelly about bringing you into our family. I said yes, even though you're not an alpha. You're pretty much done growing, and you won't get much taller, and we could fatten you up some, but you'll never gain a lot of weight with that over active metabolism you have."

"However," she told him. "you still can improve yourself to be stronger than you are. And you also can get physically fit, and learn how to defend yourself. You can even be more handsome than you are now. Malcolm, there are many other things you can excel at, but you're going to have to do one thing in order to achieve any of it."

"What's that?" He asked her.

"You need to change your damn thinking, and stop behaving like the rest of the people in this fucking world. You will not make it here on the Island doing it any other way. The societies and governments in this world have people so screwed up they don't know how to change their lives, or thrive to live. Here in our country alone, people have been pampered for so long they have forgotten how to fish to feed themselves."

"Tamra, why do you want me here? I'm not like any of you, and I'll never be able to do the things you guys can do."

Janet spoke up. "Malcolm, living here is about building a family with some very special people in it. I want you to stay here with me. When Melissa gets back from Scotland, you and her are going to be real good buddies, and who knows, we may get some more betas on the Island."

"I think he knows how much you care for him, Janet." Tamra told her.

"What Malcolm needs is a purpose for being here. Am I right, Malcolm?"

Malcolm didn't say anything, but Tamra knew she hit the target dead center.

"Malcolm, the only reason you're still here is because of one person, and one person only."

Malcolm first looked to Janet, then back at Tamra.

"Kelly?"

She shook her head at him. "Yes, Kelly. Kelly learned something about you, and he wants you to stay, and make a home with us here on the Island."

"Do you know what he wants me for?"

"As a matter of fact, I do." She told him. "But it's Kelly you need to speak to and not me."

She turned the two lovers around, the three began walking back to the gym. Tess was leaning back against the door jamb, waiting for them.

"Malcolm, on the Island every one of us has something we do that other family members can't do. Kelly is going to show you something that you love to do, and as he told me himself. You'll be doing it as well as he can, naturally. But wait until tomorrow after the morning run, then go talk to him about it."

The following morning after he ran two miles, and then walked three. Malcolm knocked on Kelly's office door. The door opened by its self, letting him in.

Kelly looked up from his desk. "Great, Malcolm. You're just the man I wanted to see. Come over here and sit down."

He directed Malcolm to a small table in his office. Off to the side, was a table, and chair with a computer screen hard wired into the wall. Kelly asked him to sit down as he turned the screen on for Malcolm. There were a few files already on the desktop.

"Malcolm, I want you to go through each of these files. When you're done with one, go on to the next one."

Malcolm opened the first file. He knew what it was as soon as he looked at it. Basic business, the same stuff he learned years ago. Since he was in junior high, he has been studying business. It was his life's passion. His little body wasn't very good for anything else, and he found that he excelled at it. By the time he was in high school, he faked his identity, and was taking college level courses at home online. He knew the structures. He knew the laws, and by the time he graduated from high school, he also graduated from the University of Maine in Orono, earning a BA in business.

Malcolm did as he was told, but after half an hour. He was getting board. He called over to Kelly, who was staring into his own computer screens. "Kelly, I'll do what you tell me to, but this is basic business. I could do this stuff in my sleep." He told him.

"Oh," Kelly said with a grin on his face. "OK, here, try this." Kelly hit a few keys on his own keyboard.

Malcolm watched his screen change. There was now only one file on the desktop. Opening the file, Malcolm understood what that was as well, but this one he would have to work out. Getting the answer for the file, he clicked next at the bottom of the screen, two

more files popped open. Quickly, looking through both files, he realized he was working on a pyramid word problem. There was no telling how far it would go, but he was sure it would get very difficult real quick. Every file had to be worked out in just the right manner, or when he got to the last file, he could come up with a wrong answer. He just started digging into it when Kelly broke his concentration to tell him it was time for hand to hand training.

Annoyed at being interrupted, he pointed at the screen. "What about this?"

"That can wait." The big guy told him. "Malcolm, I have never forced anyone in our family to train before, but in your case, I am going to. You really need it in a bad way, buddy. You will be surprised what a little guy like you can do with some training. So, when you're not on the rifle range, or training somewhere else. I want you in here on the computer."

From that day on, Malcolm dug into his routine. A week afterwards, he was starting to improve in the morning run, and on the mat at the gym. He found his father did teach him some things that were useful to him in hand to hand. He still watched the family, and their seemingly violent out-of-control matches, but time was set aside for one of them to help get him caught up.

One night, after a long tiring day, he was completely wiped out. All he wanted to do was to get into bed and pass out. Getting ready for bed, he was pleasingly surprised when Tamra knocked on his door. She asked to spend the night with him. Her tall, wonderful, beautiful body did something to him that night. He knew without a doubt she opened herself up to him, and he loved her with every ounce of strength he had left in his little body. They were soaking wet in sweat by the time they were finished, but the weariness Malcolm had in his body before was gone. He felt relaxed, and even his

thinking was clearer. It was then he realized, the whole family really did love him. It was he, who didn't believe they really wanted him on the Island. Tamra showed him a different way to love that night he would never forget.

A few nights later, Janet and he were going to bed. As he turned down the hall towards his bedroom, she pulled him into the great bed chamber where everybody, and the wolves slept. The chamber was enormous, with fourteen of the largest beds Malcolm has ever seen. Janet found him a bed then took a different one for herself. Later, after making love to one of the most beautiful woman in the world. He fell asleep beside one wolf, with Stephanie's naked body wrapped around him. That was the first night he really felt to be a part of the pack. He knew then there was no going back to who he was before.

Kelly kept drilling him in math, and a slew of different tasks regarding business law, stocks, bonds, and banking procedures. Malcolm was never told why he was being made to work out all the problems, or what significance they had. Then one day, Kelly changed his routine. Malcolm didn't question why. After a few days, he looked over to Kelly, hoping to get something more challenging to work on.

Seeing Malcolm's troubling expression. Kelly made a few keystrokes on his keyboard, and told Malcolm to look at his computer screen. Everything Malcolm had been working on changed. All the numbers were still there, but the words and the structure of the page it's self-had changed. Without knowing it, he has been working on the household finance's which was connected with the family's bank in Belfast.

Surprised, and disappointed, he asked. "You want me to be the family's accountant?"

"No, Malcolm. I want you to do much more than that."

Kelly called him around to his side of the desk, and pointed at his two flat screens on the desk. One screen showed what Malcolm was working on, and the other was a readout of Malcolm's blood pressure, heart rate, his breathing, and his body's core temperature.

"I can't believe it. You've been sitting here this whole time watching me. Why?" He asked him.

"How else was I going to understand if you have the skills needed to do the things I want you to do? Now go back to your desk," He told him. "you will be handling the Islands finances from now on. However, in your spare time, I want you to be working with our accounting firm in Boston."

Kelly hit a few more keys. Malcolm had his hands hovering over his keyboard, ready to get to work, but what came up on the screen took the breath from him. In shock, he dropped his hands in his lap, and sat back in his chair as he looked over at Kelly.

Kelly was laughing at him. "Impressive, isn't it?"

"Are you kidding me? Kelly, there must be millions of dollars in these different corporations and investments. I have never dealt with anything on this scale before."

"Of course you have," He told Malcolm. "what do you think you have been working on these last few weeks? But don't get your hopes up. Almost all of it doesn't belong to me. Most of it belongs to our organization, and there is even more cash than that hidden throughout those accounts. For now, I'll help you to manage this part of the family business. However, I'll give you free access to look over the whole portfolio, but began by trying to improve on these investment accounts I'm sending over to you. We'll start there."

The cruise ship was a luxury yacht called the MV Evolution. The

Evolution has been in service for many years, taking sight seers exploring around the Galapagos Islands. After their last cruise, the ship was supposed to have been going into dry dock for refitting at the Indústria Naval do Ceará in Fortaleza, Brazil. However, much to captain Santos irritation, he was ordered to pick up a party in Cartagena, Colombia. Because the wired communication never told the Captain where he was to take the party. He contacted the Home office by satellite, and was told he would receive further orders where to take them once he reached port.

The Captain's orders were so highly irregular, he complained to the home office. A wired telegram came in for Santos the next day from the ship's owner. The telegram told him he, and the crew were to follow their orders, or they would all be replaced. The Captain, and ship's crew weren't given much choice in the matter, but to do as they were told.

After spending almost two weeks waiting to go through the Panama Canal. They picked up their passengers, and supplies in Cartagena, Colombia. Gustavo knew right away something was deadly wrong with the people coming on board his ship. They were all tough, rugged looking men, and there wasn't one female within the group. Not having much storage space below decks, the men made a human line, and brought on a ton of gear. They stacked piles of it on the stern, and bow of the ship. After wrapping the piles in heavy plastic. They tied them down to the deck, and posted a continuous watch on both piles.

The leader of the group was a big man who never once told Gustavo his name, and none of his men bothered to introduce themselves to him, or the crew. During the trip, the men weren't mean to the crew, but neither were they friendly. If it wasn't for the tattoo on the right wrist of some men who came aboard. Santos would never

know who these people were. Many years before, when he was younger, Gustavo seen the same tattoo while on a trip through Brazil.

The tattoo was a long curved Shamshir sword dripping with blood, rolling down the length of the blade. Beneath the sword was a semi-round puddle of blood. Gustavo knew the symbol belonged to one of the most feared cartels in the history of South America. He had thought the cartel had died out many years before, but as more men came on board revealing their own tats. Santos knew he, and his crew were all doomed to die.

The ship's crew didn't have any choice, but to do as they were told, for after the men came aboard, no one was allowed to go ashore. They also took the crew's cell phones, and stationed their own men at the radio on the bridge. Now, Gustavo understood why the ship's owner acted the way he did. These people were killers. They took whatever they wanted. Not even the government of South America could stand up against their power and destruction.

Gustavo was given new orders that told him to steam east for international waters. With the ship being over filled beyond capacity, the men crammed themselves into every stateroom on the ship. They slept on the beds, and floors, and in the passageways, or when weather permitted outside on deck. The Captain took all the ship's stewards, and put them in the galley, and other parts of the ship. Keeping them as far away from the cartel's men as Gustavo could get them. Because of the number of people on the ship. The galley would be over run on a daily basis. He would let the cartel's men clean up after themselves in the staterooms.

Two weeks later, their ship was getting close to the second set of coordinates the Captain was given, when the leader of the group ordered him to slow the ship down. To Gustavo's horror, every man on board was handed a paintbrush, and a can of paint. They painted

the entire outside surface of the ship with a dull silver colored paint, making a total mess of the ship in the process. They tracked paint everywhere into the interior compartments with hand prints on the walls, and counter tops. Gustavo couldn't believe what these assholes were doing to his ship. They trashed it.

The following day, they met up with a slow-moving oil tanker steaming due west. Once again, Gustavo was given more instructions. Lookouts were placed along the port side of the ship while the captain put a chair outside of the wheelhouse. Watching the tanker from the doorway, he called out instructions to the helmsmen through the open hatchway. His orders told him to steer the ship as close as it was humanly possible alongside of the tanker.

Gustavo knew what they were being forced to do was an extremely dangerous maneuver, but he understood why they were doing it. The new paint job wouldn't hide them totally from radar, but being in so close proximity to the tanker. The smaller ship on radar would look like a distortion beside the much bigger ship. No one would know they were there. When it got dark, they rigged lights over the sides between both ships. By mid-morning, the following day. The cartel leader again wrote out another set of coordinates on the map. He told Gustavo to make sure they reached that set of coordinates at a precise time.

Breaking off from the tanker, they steamed northwest.

The next evening, when their leader went down to the bow to supervise his men untying their gear. Santos watched in horror as they remove their weapons from both piles. The men were indeed preparing for war. As they opened each case, they threw the empty cases over the side of the ship. Left on the deck were RPGs, machine guns, and other hand held missiles, and other weapons Gustavo has never seen before.

Gustavo looked across the pilot's house. A man with a tattoo on his wrist sat at the radio, listening to the chatter on the airwaves. Gustavo knew there was no hope for any of them. The ship would never make it back to its home port, and none of his men on board the MV Evolution would see their family's again. It was confirmed, the ship and its men were on a suicide mission straight into the jaws of hell.

Janet and Tess stood back watching Malcolm as he completed the entire five-mile run, still running. They could see his little legs were wiped out, and that he was ready to collapse. His T-shirt was soaked through, and his face was beat red as Nada, the female alpha wolf, trotted along beside him. With Malcolm being the smallest person on the Island, the wolves took to him in a big way. Nada's motherly instincts drew her to Malcolm. The alpha wolf made sure one wolves was always with him when he was training.

Malcolm finished his run, and fell face first on the ground. Nada immediately began licking his face, cleaning the sweat and dirt from him.

Janet and Tess walked over, and picked him up off the ground. They brought him into the kitchen, and sat him down at the kitchen table.

Even being physically wiped out, Malcolm was happy with himself. Even Kelly told him he was pleased with his progress. He was applying himself, and was slowly advancing in the areas which he had the most trouble in, the morning run, and the gym. In other areas, everyone told him he was doing well. Tess herself took over his training on the rifle range. He was shooting the nine millimeter with accuracy. She told him by the end of the month she would give him a Colt forty-five to train with. Malcolm had his father to thank

for teaching him how to shoot. He was also remembering more of the body movements his dad showed him in hand to hand.

It was funny; he thought as he ate his breakfast. It took him all of these years to understand it was his own thinking which put a damper on his relationships with his father, and other people in his life. Being angry at himself with his body size, he has pushed people away from him all these years. With the change in his thinking, his attitude improved, and he was finally fitting in on the Island.

Everybody on the Island was training hard getting themselves ready for an event that may, or may not come. Tim and Wade finished going through the house's security systems. While Tess had an arsenal of weapons lined up in the downstairs hallway. The First Aid room was fully stocked, and ready for any casualties.

Kelly told them he spoke with Director Mellon over their file about the PKK, which didn't add much to what Tamra told them. However, it was the name of Arturo Pereira that grabbed Roger's attention. The report on Colque didn't have any recent information since the man disappeared years ago. Any illegal dealings he was involved in after his retirement remained sketchy and unclear. It was all just speculation and rumor.

Roger asked him over the phone from Langley, Virginia. "So, do you believe it was the PKK who placed the hit on Ross."

"Oh, hell no." Kelly replied. "I believe it was the PKK, and Colque together who ordered the hit. Something pretty important must have been going on between Ahmet Shain, and Arturo Pereira at the time of Ross's attack. However we may never know what that was, but that really doesn't matter anymore."

"So, what are you planning on doing, Kelly? You're not thinking about doing another North Korea event, are you?"

Roger understood the power of destruction the wolves alone held. When the North Koreans were about to unleash their nuclear weapons on Japan and the United States. Kelly killed off more than three quarters of the North Korea's population in a blink of an eye. To this day, the North Koreans have still yet to recover from Kelly's one attack. And only President Obama, and Roger knew who did it.

At the time, Obama didn't question Kelly's actions. The attack on both countries was imminent, and both Obama, and Kelly knew it. Kelly murdered seventeen million human beings in his attack to make two important points be known. One was to show the Obama administration the power the Winstons had, and secondly, to show the world the error of their ways. The Alpha believed the world needed a wakeup call. Kelly told the president that it was time the governments in the world stopped their ruthless killing of innocent people, and the destruction of the planet.

The world indeed needed to change their wild behavior, and Roger, and the President of the United States knew the Wolves were the ones who could force them into that change.

Roger realized the Winstons only wanted to change the world's wild behavior, but he also knew. Kelly and his family would kill millions of lives if they had to. The President's and Roger's prime objective was to help them change the world. While trying to contain the Wolves' destructive nature. Since Obama started changing the way the United States government operated by gearing the federal and state governments into promoting change within its country, and its citizens. The crime rate in America has dropped to an incredible all-time low. Never in the history of the United States has there been such a decline in violence in America. There were now programs all over the country to help people to change their way of thinking, and ultimately their lives. The federal government was now showing them

a better way of living than how they all lived before. Programs were popping up in schools, and workplaces, and courtrooms and prisons. Because of the Winston's the citizens of United States were craving for change in themselves, and the rest of the world.

Roger sat back in his chair at Langley, and laughed to himself. The PKK. and the Colque Cartel didn't have a clue who they were messing with. The Winstons were extremely wealthy, highly trained, and had abilities no one on the planet had. Roger knew the militant organization, and the drug lord didn't stand a chance against them.

"No, of course not," Kelly assured Roger of his inquiry. "The first thing I am going to do is wait for them to hit us, which I am almost a hundred percent certain one, or both of them will be doing. Then I'll make further plans to act, but I'm not going to take out someone's country just because of a few morons. We still don't know who within the PKK ordered the hit on Ross, nor do we know the whereabouts of Colque. I have a feeling I know who is behind this with the PKK, but we'll just have to wait and see."

The house's computer woke Kelly out of a sound sleep. Glancing at the flat screen beside the bed. It showed thirty blinking blips heading for their island with a larger ship further out. All around the vast room, his family, and the wolves were sleeping peacefully. He loved every one of them, and he hated to disturb them, but he had no choice.

Kelly locked down the house, then hit the house's alarm, and screamed, "WAKE UP! It's D-day! Get your gear on! Let's move people! GO! GO! GO!"

All ten Winstons and the wolf pack jumped to their feet, and paws then ran downstairs. Kelly was the last one down. He directed

the wolves to stay by the front door. The alpha male and female wolf proudly took the point position at the front of the pack.

Jogging down the hallway, Kelly passed everyone as they put on their bullet-proof vests, and getting their machine guns, and side arms on.

With Clifton in Portland. Rhea and Stephanie strapped on their vests and side arms. Picking up a stretcher, they moved to the back under the stairs, getting out of everyone's way who'll be the first ones outside. It was their job to take care of any wounded Winstons or wolves.

Kelly ran into his office, and made sure the computer was all set. Then, he checked the radar screen once more. All the men had made it to the Island, and he could see they were scrambling as fast as they could to get into position. They thought they were taking them by surprise, and didn't realize, their radar jamming gear didn't work this time.

Before leaving his office, Kelly hit a few keys on his keyboard, sending out a message to the CIA. The message was simple: "Wolves under attack!" Kelly grinned to himself as he hit the enter key. He knew what that message would do to the arm forces of the United States. Any surface ships, fighter jets, and marines nearby would be heading their way as fast as it was humanly possible.

Going back into the hallway, Kelly started putting on his own gear when he noticed Malcolm struggling with his. The little guy had a bullet-proof vest on with about fifteen heavy hand grenades pinned to the front of it. He was also holding an M249 Saw Machine gun that weighed at least thirty-five pounds with about a hundred rounds of ammunition around his neck. Someone had also put a World War II Army helmet on his head that was too big for him, and it was covering most of his eyesight. Kelly knew the little guy couldn't possibly see

anything at all. And the load he was carrying must of have been seventy-five pound's worth of gear, which was way too much for his compact frame.

Yelling to everybody around him, he asked. "OK, who's the wise ass who gave Malcolm the friggin canon?"

Down the hall, Janet told him, "Tess did it." She pulled back the breach on her weapon, feeding a round into the chamber. "She wanted to slow him down so he'll stay in the rear. I thought he looked cute myself." She told him.

Kelly took the helmet off of Malcolm, and tossed it on the floor. Then he switched his M249 with a much lighter A4 assault rifle. After removing all the hand grenades from his vest. He then posted him under the stairs at the end of the line with Janet. Telling them both to stay in the rear to protect the front of the house. He then took the leading spot with Tamra just behind the wolf pack, where he could see the small flat screen on the wall.

Quickly, he told everyone. "OK, all we're going to be doing is mopping up with very little resistance, but I want to keep a few of them alive. It will be Tamra's and Janet's job to get the information we want. They have a shitload of RPGs from what I saw and AK-47's."

"How many are there, Kelly." Wade asked.

"There's about a hundred of them, and there's also a big ship out there, too. We'll take care of that after we get these guys first. We let the house do its thing, then the wolves go out first with us right behind them."

Worried. Malcolm looked over at Janet with all of her gear on standing beside him. She resembled a beautiful female Rambo. She had her hair tied back in a French weave to keep it out of her eyes.

“I know what an RPG will do.” He told her. “Don’t you think we should like, you know, get into the cellar?”

“Were safe, Malcolm.” She told him. “Kelly built this house to withstand much bigger attacks than this. Sure, they could hit an outside window enough to rip it open, but they won’t get more than a few shots in. One reason the house looks so big is because it’s really a large box made of concrete, and titanium steel alloy. The doors and the windows are covered, and reinforced while the house is under lock down. Trust me lover, this house can handle a few RPG rounds, no problem.”

A moment later an RPG slammed into the front of the house followed by more on the second floor. The noise was deafening with each impact. The blast vibrated throughout the house as each explosion hit, but the enormous mansion took the punishment, and its walls weren’t breached.

Watching the monitor, Kelly waited for the right moment when all the men were in placed around the house.

Malcolm heard him tell the computer. “Run defense program, Home Protection, execute.”

“Janet, what’s going on? What’s Home Protection?” He asked.

Tired of answering all of his questions before the fight, she grabbed his vest, and pulled him down to where Kelly stood watching the flat screen. With it still being dark outside, the flat screen was green, but Malcolm could clearly see the top of the house in the picture. The fifteen foot structure on the roof was opening up, and it wasn’t wasting any time in doing so. In less than two or three seconds, all four walls fell away, giving Malcolm a clear view of the house’s security system.

“Oh, my God.” was all he could manage to say.

Malcolm knew just what he was looking at the moment he saw it. It was a C-Ram, also known as a Phalanx CIWS weapon system, which was designed to defend ships against missiles and fighter jets. The machine looked just like R2D2 in the Star War movies except, this R2D2 stood almost nine feet tall, and shot out thousands of rounds in a matter of a few seconds. The unit sat on a swivel base, and could turn as fast as lightening as the main body adjusted to the angle of fire. Sticking out between its leg mounts was a twenty millimeter, M61 Vulcan six barrel Gatling gun with a muzzle velocity of 3,600 feet per second, and a range of ten miles depending on the type of ammunition being used. The massive gun was so fast when fired it made an electronic sound as it spit out thousands of rounds from its barrel at an unbelievable rate. Malcolm knew Kelly must have the Islands radar working in conjunction with the weapon, as the C-Ram was a computerized weapon system. If the men outside didn't take it out with an RPG, every one of them would be dead in a matter of minutes. They were no match against this awesome weapon. The C-Ram, and its ship base counterpart has been at the top of its class in the United States military for many, many years.

As Malcolm watched, the computer started its program. Springing into action. The Gatling gun spit out quick bursts, then adjusted fire, and repeating the process as fast as lightening. To Malcolm, the weapon movements were almost as fast as the alpha's. He noticed Kelly was using the more costly tracer rounds in the system. Every time it fired, a stream of bullets lit up the dark predawn sky.

Turning to Kelly, he told him. "You could have used normal ammunition, you know. Do you realize what those tracers are going to cost us to replace?"

Kelly just laughed, and slapped him on the back. “Ya, but isn’t that the prettiest thing you ever saw? Anyway, the system will switch over to high explosive incendiary rounds to take out the ship. Now, those babies cost some money.” He told Malcolm.

A few RPGs were still hitting the house. Kelly had Malcolm get back in his spot. The wolves were getting agitated, and knew it was almost time to release them as their growls, and snarls grew louder. They were itching for this fight. This was why they were here, to protect the pack. This was their job, and they have been waiting a very long time for it to come.

After several minutes, Kelly raise his voice over the howling of the pack, and sounds from the attack. “OK people, the house is almost done. Remember, I want a few of them alive.”

Kelly kept his eyes glued on the flat screen.

Finally, after a while, the C-Ram stopped firing it's cannon. Kelly told the computer to run the program “Sea Watch” and to blow the bolts on the front doors, but the front doors didn’t open. RPGs had made such a mess of the doors, forcing Kelly to push them open with his great strength. As soon as he had them both open, he jumped out of the way, and let the wolves out.

The alpha wolves were the first ones out, but the second they were through the doorway. The entire pack rushed at the door all together. Three and four at a time, they were going through the opening as another one, or two jumped over the rest, eager to get outside. As soon as the wolves cleared the doorway, the Winstons went into hyper mode, and were a blur of motion to Malcolm.

Janet and he quickly followed them through the door and almost fell through the floor on the porch. Most of the front porch, and its stairs had been blown away by the RPGs.

Working their way onto the lawn, sounds made by the attacking wolves, and machine gun fire were all around them. Screams of dying men could be heard as the wolves, and Winstons attacked. Because of the weapon system. The men found staying around the house was the only safe place on the Island. When Janet and Malcolm got outside. The front of the house was already cleared, with dead bodies scattered everywhere across the lawn. As they moved to the side of the house where the pool was. Malcolm could tell when someone was being finished off or attacked by the type of weapon being fired. Sporadic machine gun fire with sounds of forty-fives was heard everywhere across the Island. After a while there were only the sounds of a few men crying out, followed by shots from a Colt.

Approaching the side of the house, a man ran from around the corner of the home. He was in full flight, trying to get away from the wolf that was chasing him. Janet raised her gun to shoot him, but the alpha male beat her to him. The guy had a gun in his hands, but he never got the chance to use it. There was no hope for him against the speed of the wolf, who was almost as big as he was, and ten times faster. The two hundred pound light gray wolf was on him so fast it made Malcolm's head spin. Its huge paws didn't even touch the guy's body before the animal already had the guy's throat in its mouth. Just one turn of its huge, majestic head, and it ripped out his windpipe. Blood gushed out all over the ground and onto the wolf. When the guy's body hit the ground, the wolf used his front paws, and teeth, as he dug into the guys chest. Ripping out a few body parts, he ate them before he ran off to find another. To Malcolm, the Wolves were a hundred times more dangerous than any wolf in the wild, and a hell of a lot smarter.

After a while, the sun was slowly coming up as Tamra brought a guy up to the house, and threw him on the ground against what was left of the latticework on the front porch.

Tess and Tim together brought a big man over to them. The guy tried fighting them off, but between the two of them, they easily controlled him. Tim was in such a hyped up state of mind he picked the guy up off the ground, and threw him down hard beside Tamra's captive.

Kelly ran up to the house just as Tamra started talking to the big guy, while Janet watched him intently. Tess and Tim kept them both covered with their weapons.

"You have one chance on living through this," Tamra told the guy. "All I want to know is who's is behind this attack."

"Fuck you, you fucking cunt..." Tess shut the guy up with a sidekick to his jaw, which also knocked out a few of his teeth. Blood dribbled from his mouth, and down his jaw.

Kelly looked at Janet.

"Kelly, all this guy wants to do is kill every one of us, and he's too stupid to be scared." She told him.

Whipping out his forty-five, Kelly shot the guy in the forehead. The back of the guy's head exploded on the latticework.

Tess immediately started yelling at him. "Why in the hell did you do that? We might have gotten something from him."

"Tess, I very much doubt it. Look."

Taking the dead man's right hand, he turned it over. On the underside of his forearm was a tattoo of a bloody sword and a pool of blood beneath it.

"Tamra, do you recognize that?" He asked.

"He's from South America, that's for damn sure, Kelly. That's the trademark of the Colque's Cartel."

Tamra turned her attention to their last captive.

The guy was scared shitless after watching what they did to his people. One animal almost had a hold of him when the blond pulled it off of him. In horror, he watched them slaughter not just the wounded, but the healthy without discrimination. Now the tall female was addressing him.

“Who are you? You’re not from South America like your dead buddy over there.” She said, pointing over to the guy with his brains splattered on the front porch.

Quickly, he glancing up at his comrade then continued staring at the ground, and didn’t say anything.

“Listen, this is your one, and only chance to get into one of them boats you came here on, and get the fuck out of here. Because other than that, I’m going to put a bullet in your fucking head.”

Tamra could see the guy was definitely thinking about his options. Finally, making up his mind, he told her. “I’m with the Kurdistan Workers’ Party in Turkey. We were asked to help out during this mission with these people.”

“Give me a fucking break,” Kelly yelled at the guy. “A hundred men don’t come thousands of miles, and attack you in the middle of the fucking night just because someone asked you.”

“No, they wouldn’t.” The guy agreed with Kelly. “The main reason we are here is because of the loss of assets between this cartel, and the PKK. We’re working together because a member of their cartel was killed in Turkey months ago. At the time, the guy had a very large payment for the PKK. The whole payment was destroyed during the attack. It was worth millions of dollars for heroin to be shipped to South America. Everything about this cartel is being hushed up. What I heard was the drugs were for a cartel who has long since gone out of business. That’s all I know.” He told them.

Shaking her head, Janet told Tamra, “He’s lying, Tamra, there’s more to it.”

Tamra took her forty-five and placed it against his forehead. Quietly, she told him, “Last chance, baby.”

“It’s just something I heard on the ship on our way here.” He explained. “See, I’ve been to South America, and I know a lot about the country. Because the ship was so packed. I was sleeping in the passageway up on some big pipes when I heard two of them talking. They never said his name, but they were discussing their boss. They were saying how this guy enjoys going to children’s theaters in Trinidad, and they also talked about the wonderful landscape around where he lives. From the description of the land. I know without a doubt they were talking about the Yungas Foothills in Bolivia.”

“Is that it? There’s no more.”

“No, that’s all I know. This was a joint effort because of the loss of revenue for the PKK, and that cartel.”

Janet informed Tamra. “I don’t believe he knows any more than that.”

Tamra pointed her gun back at the guy’s head. Alarmed, the guy screamed as he held his hands in front of him. “Hey, you said you’d let me leave.”

“Let you go! Are you fucking kidding me?” Tamra screamed at him. “After you and your buddies attacked my home. Fuck you.” She pulled her trigger putting a nice size hole in him which put his brains, and blood on the lattice work along with his buddy.

Just then, the C-Ram must have finished changing out its ammo as it started shooting off into the distance at a target a half mile away.

Pumped up, Kelly ran up what was left of the porch steps as he yelled to Malcolm. “Come on, Malcolm. You want to see what six hundred thousand dollars will do to a ship?”

Tess stopped him just before they got to the front door. “Kelly, look.” She pointed at the western skyline. Off toward the southwest, three black hawk helicopters were racing towards the Island at high speed in the early dawn sky.

Malcolm stopped halfway up the steps as Tamra told them both. “Go on Kelly, you too Malcolm. I’ll handle this.” Tamra knew Kelly wanted to watch the ship being destroyed. He’s been dying to shoot something up with the house’s defense system for years now.

Tess clapped her hands together, calling for the Wolves. “Nada, Timofiy, house. Come on guys. House.” The wolves needed to be in the cellar as long as anyone was on the Island.

With both alpha wolves howling for the pack, Tess got them all inside, and down into the cellar, where they could clean their coats from the killing. The C-Ram emptied its load of armament off into the distance before the helicopters reached the Island. The three helicopters split up, and flew in a low formation over the Island before one of them landed on their pad.

Tamra slowly walked over to meet the helicopter. Crossing the lawn, she noticed the wolves ate parts of the men as wolves will do. She had to admit all of them were fubared. Their deformed bodies were ripped up, and body parts were laying all over the ground. Their beautiful island in just a matter of a few minutes was littered with blood, and dead men. Tamra’s bare feet and calf’s was covered in blood from walking in the tall grass.

The pilot got out of his black hawk with its blades still turning. Bent over, he ran to the outside edge of the rotor blades. He was taking off his helmet as Tamra approached him. Tamra could see the guy was dumbfounded at the massacre all around him. His facial

expression clearly showed his shocked by the death and destruction of so many men.

“Who killed these people?” He asked her.

“We did.” Tamra simply told him.

The pilot had counted everyone alive on the Island before he landed. “You and nine other people killed these men. How many are injured? We’ll need to get a medevac team in here fast.”

The Warrant Officer was told there were up to fourteen people on the Island, and they were being attacked by an unknown force. His orders were to protect the people in the house at all cost then forget that they were ever there. At no time did anyone tell him what he was getting into with the people on the Island. The woman who he was talking to was a beautiful tall naked strawberry blond wearing a bullet-proof vest with a forty-five under her left arm. She held onto an assault rifle in her left hand like it was her purse. All the people he could see from where he was standing were nude as well. The whole situation was freaking him out the longer he stayed there.

“We don’t have anyone hurt.” She told him. “And none of them are alive.”

The guy was looking around as she talked to him, but when Tamra told him that, he snapped his head back to her. “You got to be joking. There’s at least a hundred men laying on the ground. I can see a war was fought here, but there has to be some survivors.”

Slowly, Tamra shook her head. “Nope, sorry. Not even one.”

It wasn’t fear which shot through him, but it was pretty damn close to it when she told him that. What really shook Tony up was when he took a closer look at her. She had the most stone cold, unsympathetic look in her steel blueish-gray eyes. He realized these people didn’t need their help except for maybe getting someone to remove the bodies. He was pretty damn sure they went around and

killed everyone who was left alive after the battle. Getting his orders directly from the Commander of the Brunswick Naval Air Station, they rushed here to save these people. Yet these people were the most bloodthirsty sons of bitches he has ever known. He also knew without a doubt they didn't fear anyone, including him, and his black hawks.

Seeing the pilot's shocked expression. Tamra could imagine what the guy was thinking. "They attacked my home." She simply told him. "What would you do if someone attacked your home?" Then, she turned around, and walked back towards the house.

Talking through the door of the black hawk, Tony told his co-pilot. "Radio Free Bird and Sparrow to head out to that ship they were shooting at, and tell BNAS we do not need medical assistants here on the Island. If that ship out there doesn't sink. It will only be there where we'll find any survivors."

"Tony, what the fuck are these guys doing with a Phalanx weapons system sitting on top of their friggin house?"

"On land it's called a C-Ram, Mike. And I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. I don't see jack shit. Matter of fact, I'm at Space Mountain in fucking Disneyland with my wife and kids. Whatever is happening out here, it's so fucking high priority the military may just shoot us to keep us quiet. You might want to keep that in mind." He told his co-pilot. "Take Cindy to the Poconos, and forget all about this fucking horror show. Then reinforce that thought with Free Bird and Sparrow."

When Deputy Director Miller woke Roger out of a sound sleep with a phone call during the early morning hours, and told him the wolves were being attacked. Roger thought he was going to have a heart attack. Quickly, he hung up on Miller, and immediately called the Commander of Brunswick Naval Air Station in Brunswick, Maine. Roger had asked the President to keep a few heavily armored

vehicles there to protect the Winstons. Roger's way of thinking was, if they could prevent them from being attacked. Then the Winstons wouldn't feel the need to strike back, and end up killing thousands, or millions of lives.

Giving his wife a kiss, he told her to go back to sleep before he went downstairs.

After placing a call from his study. Roger turned on his TV, and waited for the image to appear. A few minutes later, a satellite picture appeared on the TV showing a small island. Since finding out about the Winston's there was at least one satellite flying over the Island at all times. Even at the height of the camera's picture, Roger could see bodies lying all over the Island. They were everywhere. They were on the sand dunes, and in the front yard, and on the beaches. It looked to him like most of the men didn't have much of a chance, and were just mowed down. Some guys tried hiding behind the buildings on the Island, but the weapon system on the house just destroyed the buildings, and the men too. Even the guys hiding behind the sand dunes were killed as the rounds shot straight through the sand, killing the men on the other side. There was just no place on the Island for them to hide. It appeared to Roger they never had a chance.

Picking up the phone beside him. He gave another order to the person on the other end of the line. After a minute, the camera focused closer to the front of the house. A few of the Winstons were talking to two men sitting on the front lawn when, without warning, they executed one of them. Then a moment later, the other one.

"Oh, my sweet Lord." came a woman's voice behind Roger.

"Clair, what are you doing up? You shouldn't be watching this," He told her.

"Are those the people you told me about?"

Clair sat down on the couch beside him, watching the aftermath of the carnage. Roger wasn't worried about his wife seeing the blood, and dead bodies of so many men. Clair wasn't just his wife, she has also been his closest friend for many, many years, there were times when she proved to have a stronger constitution than Roger.

"Ya, that's them." He told her.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"There really is nothing we can do. Their powerful, and they have technology we don't have. Even if we dropped a bomb on the Island killing all of them. The rest of their people would rise up and strike back. There's no telling how many people are in their organization."

"Clair, there isn't anyone in the world like these guys. We really don't even know the limits to their power, and they sure won't show us. Only when something like this happens do we get to know a little more about them? The process that they go through may give an alpha their ability's, but what it really does is it turns them into the perfect killing machine. However, even with them being who they are. You yourself have seen the improvements the United States has made because of them over the last few years. The reports I am getting say in fifteen or twenty years if the trend in violent crimes continues to drop. There will hardly be any murder or aggravated assaults in the United States at all. The only thing the Winstons want is to change mankind's behavior so we can live in a peaceful world. No matter how you look at it, it's a fantastic goal to have. Barack and I have discussed this to no end. The best we can do is to try to help them so not as many lives are lost."

"But now," He told his wife. "I'm getting worried after watching this. The Wolves are not going to take their home being attacked so

lightly. A hell of a lot more people are going to die. How many? I just don't know."

Standing up, he told his wife. "I need to get to Maine."

Clair stood with him.

"I'll go pack a bag for you. You'll probably stay on the Island for a few days. I'm sure you have some phone calls to make as well."

Kissing his cheek, she went back upstairs.

Roger watched the television as three helicopters flew in low formation over the Island. He picked up the phone again.

"This is Director Mellon. I need you to wake up the President. I need to speak to him right away!"

The guy on the other end of the line asked, "Sir, may we inform the President about the nature of your call?"

"Yes," Roger told him. "Tell him, the Wolves have been activated!"

Hours later. Flying in on a Sea King helicopter, Roger arrived on the Island. As he flew over the Island, he could see the cleanup operation had already begun. The closest military installation nearby was Brunswick Naval Air Station, and Loring Air Force base in northern Maine. By Presidential order, men from both bases were brought over under strict orders to help remove the bodies, weapons and other gear. A barge was brought in from Portland, and was moored beside the only short cliff face on the Island. The dead men, and their gear were placed on flatbeds, then everything was thrown on the barge, and would be dumped far out in deep ocean waters. Having such a large number of dead. There wasn't much more they could do with the bodies at such short notice. They thought of burning them, but Roger was told Kelly wouldn't let them do it on the Island.

No pictures were taken of the men, and no samples of their DNA were saved.

Not a word was spoken between the Naval, and Air Force men while they finished their grueling task. It was clear to them the powers at be were covering up the whole incident as each man was under strict orders to forget they were ever on the Island.

Seeing the Island by air. Roger found almost all the buildings around the house were damaged, or totally destroyed. Even the lawn its self was chewed up by the bullets of the C-Ram as thousands of rounds slammed into the ground in strafing lines while cutting the men to pieces. Roger could see the house had taken more than one direct hit from an RPG. The front stairs and porch were partway intact, but the roof, and the floor around the front door was gone. A few large sections on the front, and back of the home were completely gone, revealing concrete, and metal which protected the house.

Once on the ground. Roger hurried up the steps of what was left of the front porch. Someone had laid down a few pieces of plywood on the porch steps, and floor to walk on. Tess and Janet were sitting with Kelly, along with a smaller man Roger hadn't met yet.

Shaking Kelly's hand, he told him. "I'm damn glad to see all of you are OK. It's going to take a shitload of money to fix your house, Kelly."

"More like three hundred and twenty thousand dollars and that's just the house." Said the small man with his arm around Janet's shoulders.

Roger noticed the gold family necklace around his neck, and a ring on his left hand.

"Roger, this is Malcolm." Kelly told him. "He's our newest family member."

Roger shook Malcolm's hand, but asked Kelly. "He's not an alpha, is he?"

"No, Malcolm is a very special beta. Roger, you should have this guy look over your taxes. He's saved me, and the organization a shitload of money since he's been with us. He is naturally excellent in business affairs."

Tess stood up, and let Roger sit down by Kelly.

"Barbra and Mike will be getting to the Canal pretty soon. Did you get them their golden ticket?"

"Yes, they won't have any problem getting through. I suppose you know who did this," Roger said, thinking of the two men he watched them execute. "You're going after them, aren't you?"

"Oh, for sure," Kelly told him. "were going after them, and they're going to pay for this. We also believe we know the area where Colque is hiding. The CIA won't have to worry about him anymore."

"Kelly, I have to ask you. You're not going to wipe out someone's country because of all of this?"

Kelly stared at Roger for a moment. "Is that how you think of me, Roger, a senseless killer?"

"Sorry, I have to ask. The President wants to know as well. We're both sure you must be pretty pissed off right about now."

"Roger, one individual, and a terrorist group did this to my home, and I'll do my best to keep the collateral damage down. However, I will tell you this. When were done with Turkey, and South America. There will no longer be a Kurdistan Workers' Party, nor will there be a Colque Cartel."

Kelly's face brighten as he flashed a smile from ear to ear. "Hey, how did you like my home security system, Roger? Didn't that sucker work great? We didn't sink that ship out there, but baby, we sure did fuck it up."

Chapter 3

Into the arms of the Enemy

The army of men were cleared away from the Island. What was left of their ship was escorted by two Naval Frigates, and sea fairing tugs, towing it to Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine. Captain Santos manage to save his crew by getting them deeper into the ship during the attack. But the cartel's men, who were left on board, all died in the pilot house during the assault on the ship. After a brief investigation by the FBI, no charges were filed on the ship's crew, or its owner. However, the MV Evolution was to be scrapped, and its crew was flown back home to South America.

Navy frigates, and destroyers were ordered by President Obama to station themselves nearby the coast of Maine to watch for any vessels getting too close to Heaven's Gate Island. The United States Coast Guard ship from Pleasant Point twenty-eight miles northwest of the Island was to make roving patrols keeping civilian boaters one mile away from the Island. Orders were also given by the President that the inhabitants were not to be hassled in any way.

Later that same week, Heaven's Gate Island was made into its own sovereign state, giving every Winston living on the Island

diplomatic immunity. Because of the tremendous loss of life on the Island, the President knew he had to do something to protect the family from prosecution. Barack also ordered two platoons of Marines to be stationed for the duration at Brunswick Naval Air Station, along with black hawk helicopters and transport ships. Norad now had screens devoted in its complex to watch for any movement around the Island, and under the water. No explanation was given by the President about his new orders as everyone was told the Island, and everyone on it was a national security matter. All personal involved with the cleanup, and defense of the Island were told not to speak publicly, or privately about it. Only the highest ranking officers in the military had any vague notion of what was going on, and it was only them who had the brass enough to question the President about the matter any further.

General Martin E. Dempsey, Chairman of Presidents Obama Joint Chiefs of Staff, walked into the oval office to speak to the President.

Barack understood what Martin wanted to speak to him about, and the President already knew how the conversation would end. High-ranking officers in the military, much like Obama's staff, were getting their ego bruised over the national security situation on the Island. They were ticked off about being kept in the dark, and about the whole affair in general. Having so many people know what happened on the Island, Barack knew he had to do something in order to keep everyone quiet. The President understood once he was done with Martin today, every high-ranking officer in the military, along with his Joint Chief of Staff, would understand the seriousness of his orders.

Obama respected and liked Martin. He believed the man was a highly intelligent individual; he was also a very important part of his

staff. However, Barack barely looked up from his desk as Martin came into the oval office. He was finished with answering questions about the wolves.

“Yes, Martin. What can I do for you?”

Wearing his Army service uniform, he stood in front of the President’s desk, Martin explained himself. “Sir, I understand you had your reasons for the troop deployment to Maine, and repositioning our ships along the east coast, but this Norad thing has me stumped. Sir, we have done some odd things in the past, but at least we knew why we were doing them. I was hoping you could shed a little light on the situation for me. No one said anything when the North Korea event occurred, and you never gave us any explanation. Sir, if you’re the only one who knows what’s going on. How are we going to help you in the long run? Something pretty big must be happening on that island in Maine, people are starting to talk, and wonder what in the hell is going on.”

People talking is just what Obama wanted to stop. When Martin finished his little speech. Obama stood to his full height of six feet, and looked straight into the general’s brown beady eyes. He spoke loud, and clear when he told Martin. “General, I have already given you and everyone else who was concerned in this matter an order, and I expect for you all to obey it.” Then he stressed his point by adding. “And I also expect everyone to keep their damn mouth shut.”

Martin tried to say something, but Barack cut him off with a wave of his hand. The President pressed a button on his phone. A secret service officer opened the door and came into the room.

“I’m giving the General 10 seconds,” He told the guy. “to leave this office on his own accord. If he is still here after that time. Throw his ass out on the front lawn.”

Quickly, he turned to his chief of staff. “Martin, I’m not in a

habit of giving my orders twice. You and the rest of our military just might want to keep that in mind.”

A flash of embarrassment washed across Martin’s face before the military in the man took over. Martin did a sharp about face, and quickly left the room. The officer closed the door on their way out.

Opening a draw in his desk, Barack picked up the phone inside it. The phone dialed the only number it could call. It took a few minutes before it was answered.

“Kelly, it’s started. I sure hope you know what in the hell you doing, buddy. Because after what I just did. Almost every high-ranking officer in the United States military will be watching your island from their I-pods.”

Kelly asked, “What’s our time frame look like?”

“Oh, no more than a week. I expect my entire staff to gang up on me next time. I’ll have to tell them something, Kelly. I can’t keep stonewalling them forever.”

“OK, thanks for the heads up. Hopefully, we’ll be done by then, but if we’re not, you know what to do.”

After sailing through the Caribbean Sea, Barbra and Mike reached the Panama Canal. All traffic was stopped, and they were given a green light all the way through. Normally, it took about eleven hours on a good day for a ship to get through all the locks of the Canal. Mike and her made it through in seven and a half hours, which had to be a record breaker for the Canal, Barbra thought.

Leaving the canal behind them. They turned south, hugging the coastline, and made port in Santa Elena for supplies. Santa Elena is a coastal city of Guayas, which is a province of Ecuador. Kelly had Roger send, Mike and Barbra the CIA file they had on Omar Colque,

and other information concerning the drug trade between the PKK and South America. A CIA officer delivered it to them as soon as they made port. Being ashore, Barbra took the liberty and called Roger. With Las Paz, Bolivia being the only city where there was a US Embassy in South America, she asked him to send some equipment to her.

Sailing on, the weather got hotter the further south they went. Barbra knew the town of Ilo wasn't going to be any better as far as the heat goes. For Ilo is located in the most southern part of Peru. Rain in that part of the country was almost non-existent as Ilo was located north of the Atacama desert; one of the driest coastal deserts in the world. With Ilo having the population of 58,000 inhabitants. Barbra knew they'd easily keep their cover as American tourist's sightseeing South America. After finding a slip to hold the "Strider." They locked up the J122 racer, and drove a rental car to Las Paz to meet up with their contact from the American consulate.

It took a few hours to find their way, and after a few turnarounds. They came to the Caraca Natural Reserve Wild Life Sanctuary. Barbra told the older gentleman at the gate her cover name, Barbra Stone. He opened it, and let her, and Mike pass without paying the small fee which helped fund the place. Following the road, they came to the main buildings with a parking lot and restrooms.

Only one other car was in the lot with what appeared to be an American reading a newspaper in his car. The guy looked up, watching them drive in. Getting out of his car, he approached them and identified himself.

"Hi guys. My name is Tony Rizzo." He told them with a thick New Yorkers accent.

Mike told him through the window of their car, "Kind of far from New York, aren't you Tony?"

“I’ll always have New York in my heart. You can never take that out of a man.” He told him.

Having verified who he was, both Barbra and Mike got out of the car, and introduced themselves. Tony noticed Barbra scanning all around them.

“Don’t worry, we’re safe.” He assured them. “No one’s been in the park today. Luis, the guy you met at the gate. He will keep it closed until we leave. We can trust him. I’ve been living down here for twelve years, and I married his daughter. He hates what the cartels have done to his country, and he likes helping me from time to time.” Tony told them with a grin on his face. “It makes him feel like he’s in the spy business.”

He opened the trunk of his car for Barbra, she checked the equipment: untraceable weapons, electronic gear along with maps, a GPS, and infrared cameras. After loading the gear into their car, Tony handed Barbra a card with a man’s name and phone number on it.

“Here’s your contact in Trinidad. I gave Marcelo a general idea of what you two were doing, and he agreed to talk to you. You can trust this guy.” He told them. “I have known Marcelo a long time. He’s not the type to run from a firefight, and leave your back exposed. Most of his family members were killed by cartel when he was very young. Marcelo is a tough, and very serious kind of person.” Tony then gave a little laughed then grinned. “I think you’ll like him.”

“OK. So what’s the joke?” Barbra asked.

“Wait till you meet him.” Tony told her. “Marcelo is just the kind of man you guys need right now.”

They concluded their business with Tony and left the park.

Trinidad was originally a small Jesuit town in its younger years, but today it has over 130 thousand people living in it. It’s officially called, La Santisima Trinidad, which means in Spanish, “The Most

Holy Trinity.” In that part of the country, the temperature is almost always in the high eighties, and there was a heavy forest area surrounding the city. Barbra didn’t have any trouble finding it. Route three east took them right to it. Having called their contact on the way, Marcelo directed them to a quiet motel on the outskirts of town where there would be the least amount of people.

Barbra checked them into the motel under her cover name. Anyone checking into her name would set off bells and whistles in Langley, Virginia, the home office of the CIA.

At seven pm on the dot, there was a knock on their door. Barbra held her forty-five behind her back as she opened the door, while Mike waited in the room with his weapon. The man at the door told Barbra, he was Marcelo. She let him in.

Barbra almost laughed out loud when she saw Marcelo, and now she understood why Tony was grinning about the man earlier. Marcelo could have passed himself off as Danny De Vito, the American actor back in the States. Marcelo was in his late thirties, and a bit bald, but taller than Mr. De Vito. His body was stout, with muscular hands that had short thick fingers.

Seeing Barbra and Mike’s expression, he told them. “Ya, I know. I get it all the damn time. If I could only have half his money, I’d move to Florida.”

“Now, tell me, what do two CIA types like you two want from me? Tony only said you’re looking for someone. Who are you trying to find?”

“Omar Colque.” Mike told him.

Marcelo’s eyes widen as he pointed a stubby finger at Mike and Barbra. “You two are going after the grandfather of cartels? I hope you have your wills made out because Colque isn’t the kind of guy

who will give you the time of day before he kills you, and your whole family. I ran into the man completely by accident once years ago, he had half a fucking army of men with him.”

“Well...hell. I don’t know where in the hell he is, and nobody around here is going to help you either, even if they did know. That man and his cartel were the most bloodthirsty cruel son of bitches there ever was, people are still afraid of him today.”

Barbra slid her Glock back into her shoulder holster. Then she told him, “We believe we know how to find him, and we think we know about where he lives.”

“You know all of that, huh?” Marcelo’s eyes alone told Barbra he wasn’t totally convinced of what they were telling him. “Even if you did find him, what are the two of you going to do? Call in a hit from the CIA.”

“No.” Mike told him. “This is personal. Colque attacked our home back in the States.”

Mike and Barbra could see that triggered something within Marcelo.

“The CIA won’t be involved,” Mike told him. “but we can get their help if we need it. Marcelo, all we need you to do is help us find him. You know the area, our family will take care of the rest. We’ll have all the manpower that we are going to need.”

“The two of you,” Marcelo told them. “I can see special ops pouring from the pores of your skin, but who is this family you keep talking about?”

Barbra answered him. “Marcelo, me and my family are like a pack of wolves,” she told him with a smile. “All of my husbands and wives are specialize people who, from time to time, will work for the

government.” She went on, and told him a little about the Island, and more about their family.

“Wow, that is some family.” He told her.

Barbra could see the gears turning in Marcelo’s head. She knew they had him.

Finally, Marcelo exclaimed. “Damn. I can’t believe it. You’re really going after him.” Sitting back in his chair, he told them. “I’ll be a son of a bitch. If I start on this with you,” He told them. “I stay with it until it’s finished. I have my own reasons for seeing that cock sucker dead.”

Both Barbra and Mike agreed.

Rubbing his hands together, Marcelo grinned, and said. “OK. Show me what you have. I think I’m going to really enjoy this.”

Gursel Tabak has work with the Minister of Internal Affairs Counter Terrorism Unit in Turkey for many years. He was the one who asked Nairobi authorities to arrest Abdullah Ocalan, the head of the PKK, back in 1999. Ocalan was taken into custody, then extradited back to Turkey where he was sentenced to a life term on Turkey’s prison island located in the Sea of Marmara. Since his incarceration, he was the only prisoner on the five by two-mile island which held a garrison of a thousand military troops. In that time, he has only had contact with his lawyer and Gursel, which meetings were always recorded.

Gursel never met the two Americans CIA officers who were waiting for him at the pier. He was only told they were highly skilled, and were unlike other CIA officers. With Grissel’s help, they said they could help Turkey find PKK training facilities, and compounds that were hidden within their country. The two women were waiting by his cabin cruiser as he approached them.

They may be highly skilled, Gursel thought, but they were an odd-looking pair of CIA officers. For one reason, they both were very beautiful. One female was tall with long red hair and appeared to be Irish American. Her light complexion, and freckles was proof of her heritage. The younger one was a short American woman with sandy brown hair, and evergreen eyes. The little one had a devilish smile. Gursel knew right away she was a prankster at heart.

After he introduced himself, he told them. "I understand what you want, and I have been authorized to bring you to the prison. However, I've been the only one talking to Ocalan since he's been there, and I am sure he will see us, but you're not going to get any information from him. He will only tell you what he wants you to know. He's well educated, and understands the art of diplomacy, and lies."

"Mr. Tabak, may we step into your cabin cruiser?" The red head asked

in a heavy Irish accent. "And we'll tell you what we have in mind."

She added as they stepped onto the boat. "By the way, I'm Irish, and not American. I lived in Belfast, Ireland until I was thirteen years old."

Gursel stopped in mid stride. Shaking his head, they went inside the cabin cruiser. The woman answered the very same question he was thinking about.

Once, inside of the cabin cruiser, Janet and Tess told him what they wanted to do, Gursel looked at them like they were village idiots.

"Gursel, I want you to do something for me." Janet told him. "Tell me about yourself, or about anything you can think of, and mix it with a bunch of lies, and truths."

Gursel thought this little game was a waste of his time, but he decided to play along. Anyway, he had two wonderful creatures to spend the afternoon with.

He started with, "I was born in the back room of a small four-room house."

"That's true, you were," Janet told him.

"I had a dog when I was young, his named was Kusch."

"Lie, you never had a dog," Janet said, shaking her head.

"My first love was named Ailyn."

"Lie."

"I was fifteen when I lost my virginity."

"Another lie. You were more like seventeen. I'm I right." She shot back at him.

Gursel just stared at Janet in amazement. The woman could see more than his lies and truths. However, his responses so far were about his personal life, and someone could easily find that information. He decided to go in a different direction.

"Last year, I killed eight people by myself."

"Lie," Janet immediately told him. "It was more like fourteen and they were all PKK."

Gursel was stunned. There were very few people in the world who knew the answer to that question, but Janet was right. He had indeed killed thirteen men, and one female PKK member.

Suddenly, Gursel sat down at the table across from Janet. "How do you know this? Even if you are an empath, you knew more than a lie, and truth."

"Yes, Gursel. I am an empath, but I see other things. I could close my eyes, and tell you everything that's on this boat. More to the point, I see visions, and I feel the emotions that go with them."

“And you plan on using this gift on Abdullah.”

“That’s right we are.” Tess told him, sitting down beside Janet.

Janet sat back beside her, and nodded her head in agreement.

Gursel looked over at Tess.

“Can you do this too?”

“Oh, heavens no,” Tess told him, shaking her head. Then she added, “I’ve felt Janet’s nightmares before. I don’t want any part of it.”

Reaching for information, he asked her. “Then you’re here for support

“In a way, dude.” Tess told him in a smug fashion, with a smile on her lips. “I’m the fire power if we need it.”

Gursel quickly sat back in his chair, and stared at Tess in shock. Meeting an empath was one thing, but Tessa’s statement shook him up because he knew she wasn’t joking with him. The little woman was dead serious. Gursel should have seen it before, but it was their feminine beauty which tricked him. Tessa’s small body was finely tuned, and she was very confident about herself. Her whole body was relaxed, but he understood her now. She was cocked, and ready for anything to happen. Even Janet looked the part now that he studied her. Gursel knew whoever these two beautiful young women were, be it CIA, or FBI. There was one thing he now realized for sure. These two women on his boat with him were both professional killers.

Flat out, he told them. “I will not take you out there and let you kill this guy.”

Tess quickly responded. “Honey, if we wanted him dead. He would be dead already. Your prison walls can’t stop us, dear. My husband told us to get information from him, and that’s all we want.”

“She’s telling you the truth, Gursel.” Janet confirmed what Tess told him. “All we want is information about the PKK, and to find the whereabouts of Cemil Bayik.”

“Your after Cuma. I can’t see Ocalan telling you anything about him. Even though I believe he would like to see him dead as well as the rest of the country.”

“Why don’t you get us underway, and we’ll explain what we plan to do, and how we are going to go about doing it?” .

Stepping outside, Gursel told his driver to take them out to the maximum security prison. Located on the Sea of Marmara, the Island of Imrali is found between Eastern Bulgaria, and Western Turkey. Ocalan was too important of a person to allow the PKK to break him out of prison. From 1999 to 2009 he was the only prisoner on the Island, and he was guarded by a thousand men.

Janet stepped out onto the stern of the boat, she handed her Tess and Gursel a glass of ice tea as the shoreline was fading in the background.

Tess asked, “I hear there are more PKK members in prison on the Island now. Do you let them interact with Ocalan?”

“Oh, no. We do not.” He told her. “And it’s not because we’re trying to be harsh with any of them. Being harsh doesn’t work with terrorists as ordinary criminals are. On the contrary, the harsher the punishment is what the terrorists seek. The harder we are with these people, the more easily their cause is justified. We treat them well indeed, as you will soon see.”

“I understand it is still unclear whether the peace negotiations with the PKK will lead to a permanent cessation of hostilities.” Janet asked. “Is the military doing anything right for Turkey’s effort against them?”

Gursel confessed. “The military approach to counterterrorism empowers the military, stalls civilian oversight of decision-making in the security sector, and hinders democratic consolidation in Turkey.” He told them. “Consequently, the Turkish society has become increasingly militarist, and nationalist at substantial risk to Turkish democracy, and remains so today. The sad thing is democracy is a slippery thing; once surrendered, it will be very hard to go back to what the founding fathers have envisioned for our great country.”

Once on the Island, and inside the prison. Gursel showed them the way to where they would be interviewing Ocalan. The man they found waiting for them wasn’t what Janet would think of a person who had been in prison for almost fifteen years. Ocalan’s hair was cut short, and he wasn’t wearing his customary thick black mustache he normally wore. His body was lean, but not undernourished. He radiated confidence in himself, and looked as if he just walked in off the street except for his yellow prison jump suit.

During the introduction, he was cordial, but wasn’t allowed to shake hands with the girls. Gursel told him the women were from the United States Homeland Security, and they were following him around while learning about Turkey’s Counter Terrorism Unit.

Janet noticed Ocalan kept his hands below the table hiding his hand cuffs during the whole meeting with her and Tess in the room. The man was prideful. Gursel did most of the talking. During the meeting, he took out a few maps, and laid them one at a time on the table, just as Janet told him to do. Tessa’s and Janet’s hands roamed over the maps while they listened to the two men talking.

“Gursel, we’ve been over this a thousand times. How would I know where any of the PKK are? I’ve been locked up in here for over a decade.”

Janet notice an area on the map where Tess rested her hand. Using a black marker, she wrote an X were her hand had been. Ocalan looked over at her, but didn't say anything. As their conversation continued, Ocalan's eyes roamed over the maps. Janet kept marking X's seemingly at random. After a while, she put a map of Iran on the table, and added a few more X's on its surface. When Janet took out another map, Ocalan push his chair away from the table and clammed up. He wouldn't talk anymore. Nothing Gursel said would get him to keep talking.

Finally, Tess spoke directly to Ocalan. "You know as well as we do. That you just told us where compounds of the PKK are at in Turkey and in Iran. But what you don't understand is me and her," She nodded her head over at Janet. "are not from any government agency. We are only here for one reason, and one reason only."

"Pray tell, what would that matter to me?" he asked her.

"Ocalan, we want you to help us find Cemil Bayik."

"And you think I am going to tell you that information just because of your pretty little face?"

"Abdullah," Janet stressed. "We are not asking you to tell us anything at all."

All three people there watched as Ocalan's eyes went wide open as he became aware of what the girls wanted of him. They all knew he wanted Bayik out of the way, but it was his loyalty to their movement which would stop him from telling them anything about the man. Janet and Tess were relying on his hatred for the man to give them the information without speaking one word. For years, Bayik has taken the PKK in dangerous directions, Ocalan himself would never have done. On top of that, the man has been killing their own members whenever it pleased him.

“Abdullah,” Janet pleaded with him. “Bayik has assassinated more than three hundred members of the PKK over the last ten years. And we know how you felt when he killed those seventeen wounded members last year just so he could get away from the Turkish Authority. You yourself spoke out publicly about it. This is your chance to remove the man from power. We will do it for you, and no one will know a thing. We have our own reasons for wanting him dead. Gursel has agreed to keep his silence with us.”

Ocalan didn’t say anything as he quickly glanced over at Gursel. Gursel confirmed what Janet said with a simple nod of his head.

Janet threw him a bone. She held up the maps she had been marking X’s on.

“Help us to locate him, and I’ll give you the maps. We don’t really want these, anyway. We’re only after Bayik.” She told him.

Ocalan didn’t say anything at first, but only kept staring at Janet. Finally getting an unnoticeable response from him, Janet held up a map of Turkey. Not getting any response there, she held up another one, then another. The fourth map she laid on the table and slowly traced her hands across it. It only took a moment before she marked an area, then rolled it up, and handed the other maps over to Ocalan.

“You are the strangest woman I have ever met in my life. I have heard of mind readers before, but you are the first one I have ever met.”

After leaving the interviewing room. Gursel was hyped up and totally pissed off at both Janet and Tess. He clearly let them know it.

“I really can’t believe I let you give those maps to him. The information that was on them alone would have crippled the PKK.”

Tess stepped in front of him and pointed her finger at his chest. “We told you. We do everything our way, and we’ll take out the PKK problem for Turkey ourselves. That was the agreement.”

“Yes, that’s what was agreed on, but how are you going to do that now? You gave the maps to Ocalan.”

Janet had a smile on her lips as she explained. “Gursel, members in my family have many talents. I just happen to be not only a fantastic photographer, but I am also the only one in our family with a photographic memory. Trust me, we still have the information. Now, you need to do your part of the bargain.”

Before they left the Island. Ocalan was placed in solitary confinement with additional guards brought from the mainland who couldn’t be bought to watch over him. It was very unlikely he could get any messages outside of the prison walls.

Barbra was sitting beside Mike, who was driving, while Marcelo sat in the back seat of the car. “Damn it, we’re late. The show already started.” She informed him.

“Don’t worry,” Marcelo replied. “If he is in there, we’ll still know it.” He told them.

There were a hand full of theater companies spread throughout Trinidad. For the past three weeks, they have been checking all the theaters every night they were open. Their target was a well-known fan of these performances. He could show up at any theater. Without any luck in finding Omar at the last one. They raced across town to check out the last theater on their list.

Mike passed by the theater, then turned around, and found a place to park on the busy street. Being it was Saturday night, the streets were crowded with people going about their business down town Trinidad.

Marcelo told Barbra and Mike from the back seat. “All of this is just too funny.”

“Why is that?” Mike asked as he pulled the car into a parking spot.

“It’s these theaters you say he’s been going to. Colque has never cared about people in his life, and the man has killed more babies than an abortion clinic. I have a hard time envisioning him being a normal human being.”

Marcelo draped his arm over the front seat while looking out the windshield of the car. Suddenly, he told them. “He’s here!”

“How can you be so sure?” Barbra asked, looking around them.

There were people everywhere walking down the sidewalks, a lot of people were just sitting in their cars, talking. Young teens, and older couples were strolling on the city streets while eating pastries, and drinking cool drinks from one of them many shops that were still open.

“Do you see that dark gray four-door on the left side of the street out in front of the theater? There’s two guys standing beside it. That’s his car, and I am damn sure of it.”

Mike shot back at him. “You got to give us something better than that.”

He explained. “Well, the guy who’s leaning on the car is the asshole who smashed in my face, and one of his buddies sitting in the car is the other one who helped him.”

Mike looked over at Barbra. “OK, what do we do now?”

“We follow the plan,” she said as she went to open her door.

“Wait a minute,” Marcelo told her. “you guys look too much like CIA, and your Americans to boot. You will never get close to them. There are also two men in the car, and two outside. Let me handle it. I have an idea.”

Worried, Barbra asked. “What if they recognize you from before?”

“So what?” He told her, opening the car’s door. “That happened years ago. Anyway, I live in this city, I have a right to be here. You two don’t.”

Barbra let him go.

Marcelo took the item from Barbra and walked back down the street and went into a store. He came back out a few minutes later holding a brown paper bag with the top of the bottle sticking from the bag. Crossing the street, he drank from it as he went. The closer he got to Omar’s car, the more he staggered, and talked to himself as he walked. Stopping by a coffee shop near the four-door vehicle, he paused while leaning against the building like he needed to rest. After a few minutes, he slowly continued staggering up the street towards the car.

The big guy who Marcelo said smashed him in the face watched him as he passed by. Marcelo was doing just fine in his drunkards’ walk until he missed stepped and lost his balance. Trying to regain control of himself, he fell face first into the side of the vehicle while knocking the big guy away from it. Both men in the car jumped out as all four men started yelling at Marcelo as he got back on his feet, leaning one way, then the other. The guy he bumped into pushed him further away from the vehicle, almost knocking him down. Marcelo gave the men a bowed seemly apologizing for the mishap. Not wanting any further problem’s, he quickly staggered down the street and turned the corner. Circling around the block, he jumped into the back seat of their car, laughing his fool head off.

“Did you see that fucking asshole? I almost hit him right in the balls.”

“Ya, and if you did, they would have killed you.” Barbra told him. “Did you get it in place?”

“Oh, yes. I sure did as soon as I made contact with the car. We got that bastard now.”

Sitting in the car, they waited for the play to finish, but before everyone left the building, an elderly man came out and got into the car with the four men. Mike let them drive off, out of sight. Following the tracking signal, they left the city on route nine, going north through the Yungas Foothills.

“This road is endless, but it dead ends way up ahead and turns into a rutty dirt road.” Marcelo told them. “You’ll need a four-wheel-drive truck to go down it. There are a lot of other roads that turn off of this one. Some of them are OK for cars and others you’ll need a four-wheel drive.”

“Mike, we might want to stay a little closer to them.” He pointed out. “These roads can be close together.”

Mike picked up speed, and in short order they could see taillights off into the distance in front of them. The lights went over a hill and disappeared from sight.

Watching the tracking scope, Barbra told them. “They’ve turned off.”

“There.” She said, pointing down a road going off to the northwest.

Mike stopped the car by the road.

“You don’t want me to turn down there, do you?”

“No way.” She told him. “They’ll be looking for anyone following, but we have him. If he’s living down there, we’ll find him.”

“Then let’s burn it.” Mike told her.

“Burn what.” Marcelo asked, watching Barbra press a button on the scope.

“It destroys the tracker and makes it fall off the car. If they found it back at the compound, they would know someone found them, and the guy would run. Mike and I will find his house on our own. Marcelo, take the car and get lost somewhere. We’ll call you when to come pick us up.”

Mike and Barbra got out of the car and entered into the jungle. Marcelo turned around in a different road, and headed back into town.

Quickly removing their clothes. The alphas began running through the jungle alongside the dirt road. Picking up their speed, trees were flying by them at a rapid rate. They jumped over wide streams with little or no effort. Every opening in the surrounding foliage was seen as clearly as if it was broad daylight. The wolves were home and in their element. Their bodies effortlessly maneuvered their way through the thick, dense jungle. There was nobody there to see their blurred forms except for the animals that lived there. Feeling the two wolves approaching, every critter in the area scattered into holes or climbed high into the trees to hide until the danger passed. The wolves alone were at the top of the food chain, and masters of the jungle. Hiding, the animals watched as death silently ran through the dense undergrowth with incredible speed while not making a single sound.

It didn’t take long for Mike and Barbra to catch up with Omar’s car. After a few miles, they turned down a different road than two more. Fifteen miles into their run, the car caring Omar slowed down and turned through a gate in a long cement wall.

When the car disappeared through the open gate, Barbra touched her necklace. “Kelly. We found him. He’s a few miles into the foothills. It’s time my love, gather the wolves.”

The girls completed their task in Turkey, and with the home of Omar now located. Kelly was ready to bring the pack together, and put his plan into motion. However, because of the amount of Intel Janet and Tess received from Ocalan. Kelly was sending Rea, Wade, Stephenie and Tim to help out in Turkey.

He only had two other items and one phone call on his agenda before his leading alpha and himself would fly down to Bolivia.

Tamra and Kelly stood in the hallway outside of the first aid room after coming from seeing Ross. Ross was doing a lot better, and Sandra would stay home to take care of him when Clifton was needed at the Maine Medical Center.

Janet and Malcolm walked up to them.

“You wanted to speak to me, Kelly,” Janet asked.

Kelly looked down at Malcolm, then told Janet they had better step into his office. When the door shut behind them. Malcolm turned to Tamra, who had a big shit-eating grin on her face.

“OK, what’s going on?” He asked her. “I know damn well it has to do with me.”

Tamra laughed when she said it, “Kelly wants to keep you home when all of this goes down with South America and Turkey.”

“If I have to stay home. Why are you laughing?”

“Because I know you won’t be staying home, dear.”

Then she explained, chuckling to herself. “Malcolm, Janet and I have been friends since we were thirteen years old, and I know my lover very well. Janet isn’t like Tess, and Kelly doesn’t stand a chance with her. Right now, Janet is in there letting Kelly know he is our Alpha leader and she would follow him to the ends of the earth. However, Kelly is also learning that it’s the women who make decisions for themselves on this island and not Kelly.”

“I don’t understand. Then why did Tess let Kelly ship Melissa off to Scotland?”

“Malcolm, if there are two lovers on this island who are connected through their souls, it’s Tess and Melissa. If anything ever happens to Melissa again, it will devastate and kill Tess. They lost each other once before, and if Tess ever loses her again. Tess herself knows she wouldn’t rebound from it a second time. She would be a very different, and dangerous kind of woman, even more than she is now. Tess understands this, and it’s because of that reason is why she let Melissa go. She didn’t like it, but she knew she didn’t have a choice. Melissa needs to be protected at all costs.

Kelly and Janet came back into the hallway a few minutes later. It was clear to Tamra and Malcolm; he was flustered.

Janet passionately kissed Kelly, then Tamra, before turning to Malcolm.

Putting her arm around his shoulders, she told him. “Come on, love. We have some details about our trip to work out.”

As the leading Alpha’s watched the two walk back down the hallway. Tamra stuck out her hand out towards Kelly. Kelly frowned and reluctantly pulled a few bills from his pocket, and gave them to her.

Team one would be leaving that night for Turkey, but before Tamra, and himself could leave, Kelly placed a call to Roger at Langley, he told him they were ready. All he needed now were a few people they could trust in Turkey to bring family members as close as they could get to their targets.

“I’m still a little worried about civilians getting hurt, Kelly.”

“Roger, there could be some kind of collateral damage, but we are only hitting the training facilities and their strongholds. I’m limiting civilian casualties as best as I can. The Minister of Internal

Affairs knows these areas are well away from civilian and military personnel. Anyway, Janet will be going over all of this with Gursel before we begin.”

“Have you talked to the President about your intentions?”

“He knows, Roger.”

Roger knew what was about to take place wasn’t just about the destruction of a South American cartel and a terrorist group. Roger and the President also believed Kelly was using these two groups to stage a much more cataclysmic event.

“For crying out loud, Kelly. Couldn’t you have waited until after I retired to come out of the damn closet?”

Kelly laughed into the phone. “This has to be done, Roger. Nothing’s going to change until someone forces these people to conform their ways. The federal government has been watching our back so far. Go back over everything about us, and wipe out any information about the Winston family, and our island from the United States data banks. We are the only danger to you and all of us must cease to exist to move forward with our plan. Remove us as a threat, and the US will be safe from any fallout of our actions.”

“Roger, I already have groups within the organization covering our tracks. We will not let anything happen to you, and we will know well in advance if anyone is targeting the United States. The US is well underway in doing as we have asked you. What the President and the rest of the country are doing is working. Now is the time for the big push, and this is where and how we are going to start.”

“How many must die this time, Kelly.” Roger asked, thinking about the seventeen million people who died in North Korea years before.

“With these first two groups, I don’t believe it won’t be no more than maybe sixty or seventy thousand.”

Using the resources of the CIA. Kelly had Roger ship the packages out of Brunswick Naval Air Station to the Incirlik Air Force base in Turkey. On the flight manifest, they were marked as boxes of electronic parts. The items were two feet by two feet square, weighing sixty-five pounds each. Once in Turkey, they were put on a truck to be delivered to the address on the manifest.

Lieutenant Colonel Wadsworth with the United States Marine Corps, stationed in Beaufort, South Carolina, along with a CIA officer, stayed with the units until they got them into the hands of the Winstons in Turkey. No one questioned them at the Turkish American military base with a Lieutenant Colonel watching over the shipment, nor were they delayed leaving the base with their driver.

Once in town, their driver was stunned when he was told to go have a beer at a local bar. The man didn't have a choice, but to do as he was told. This would be the first time in his career he was ordered to look the other way and drink a beer. After making sure their driver did as he was told. The Lieutenant Colonel and CIA officer drove off. Three hours later, the Lieutenant walked into the bar looking for his driver.

Getting back to the truck, the Colonel told him. "The items were delivered to their destination on the manifest by you and me as planned. If I ever hear anything different, you'll be in confinement for so long that by the time you get out. There will be a colony of American's living on the moon. Have I made myself understood?"

The Staff Sergeant knew better than to question the officer. He agreed that the packages were delivered on time to their proper destination.

Days later, Janet and Malcolm were in the Turkish foot hills. The rest of team one was scattered across Turkey and Iran, getting in place for their own assault on the militant group.

“But I don’t understand, why are we using rockets when we have the bombs. We could set one down there when he wasn’t home. Then wait for him to come back.”

Malcolm knew the destructive power of each cube. They had more than enough power to do the job on Cemil Bayik’s little mountain hideaway. Each cube was made of metal, and had a dimple on one side. You pointed the dimple at what you wanted blown up, and most of the force would shoot out of that side. The blast would spread out like an ice cream cone the further away it got from the detonation point. In this manner, the bombs could be set outside of their target area and still take out the target.

Getting irritated with his attitude, Janet set the third Stinger missile on the ground just below the ridge line they were standing on. She was tired of listening to him whine on and on about the missiles. He hasn’t stopped fidgeting since they got them.

“Do you have any problem in shooting one of these?” She asked, pointing her finger down at the Stingers.

“No, I don’t.” He told her from his perch on a nearby rock. “Tess made sure I knew how before we left.”

“Then what the heck is your problem?”

Ever since they picked up the missiles, Malcolm has been on pins and needles. She thought he was nervous over the events that would take place over the next few days, but the more she felt him out, she knew that wasn’t the issue. There were only a few times since she has known him when she saw him get upset about anything. Once, was when he watched Tamra kick Tessa’s butt in the gym, and another when he was doing monthly finances for the household.

Taking the camera from the front seat of the jeep, she turned to him. “Your upset over the cost of these damn missiles, aren’t you?”

“Well, ya!” He said, with a dumbfounded expression on his face. He couldn’t believe Janet didn’t see that as a problem.

She started laughing at him.

“Were just throwing away money.” He told her, stressing his point. “The damn things cost us almost forty thousand dollars each. Now we’re going to blow them up. To me, that just doesn’t make any damn sense whatsoever.”

Still laughing at him, she went over and grabbed him, kissing him hard on the mouth. He was so damn adorable. Malcolm has come a long way from when he first showed up on the Island. He was stronger now, and he has gained some weight, and he even looked more sexier than when she first met him. She would have thrown him on the ground and made love to him right here if they didn’t have a job to do.

“Kelly wants to make a statement when we kill the guy who ordered the hit on Ross.” She told him. “That’s why we’re doing it like this. Just like what Ross did to Ahmet Shain and Arturo Pereira.”

“Come on, help me set up the video camera. We need to get everything ready.”

Malcolm got off his rock. Laying down on his belly, he focused the camera on the buildings less than two miles away nestled in a forest of trees. The structures were so close together he knew damn well one missile would have completely destroyed the place. The amount of money the family went through each month shook him up. However, every time he mentioned it to Kelly. The big giant just laughed at him and slapped him on the back. Kelly was the worst one in the whole family when it came to spending money. The guy could throw away hundreds of thousands of dollars and not bat an eyelash

about it. It shook Malcolm up so much he'd started having nightmares and would have to spend some alone time with Tamra.

It took Tess the longest to reach her target area. She was a little under three hundred miles deep inside of the new ratification area of Iran, known as the Kurdistan Region. She carried a backpack filled with food and water, and one of the metal cubes. Standing on top of the gorge, she looked down into the deep long canyon, which had a dirt road snaking its way through it a hundred feet below her. The road reminded her of the Colorado River, which cut through the cliffs of the Grand Canyon with the exception, this canyon wasn't nearly as wide or deep.

Her target was a terrorist training camp for Kurds and Shiite Muslims, a few miles from where she stood. The terrorist had a complex of buildings stretched along the base of the cliffs beside the canyon road. She planned this trip out carefully. Not only was she miles behind enemy lines, but she would have to place the bomb in just the right spot for it to give her the desired effect she wanted. Kelly gave them directional bombs to limit collateral damage. Tess planned on using hers differently. Keeping a watchful eye for anyone on the road below her, she made her way down the canyon wall.

It was getting dark when she finally reached the bottom. Running along the canyon wall toward her target, the Kurds had roadblocks posted along the road, which she had to run by when their backs were turned. As she scrambled along the base of the cliff. The men at the roadblocks seemed frozen in time as she flew by them. She slowed down as soon as she could because she would need all of her strength to get herself back to Turkey. She planned on doing a speed run all the way back, using their roads. Once the Kurds and Muslims

found out what she was about to do here. They would have this entire area locked down soon afterwards.

Spotting her target up ahead. She crawled back up along the walls of the cliff on the side away from the training camp. After a few hours, she touched her necklace. "Kelly, I'm ready whenever you guys are."

Kelly got back into the van before he responded. It was six pm in Bolivia, which meant it was late into the night in Turkey and Iran.

Touching his necklace, he asked. "Janet, are you and Malcolm ready?"

"Yes, Kelly. Bayik, showed up an hour ago. We got a clear shot of him on camera. Can we let them fly?"

"No, hold on." He told her.

Kelly knew all hell was going to break loose when he gave the order. His own team was breaching a home and not using bombs, which was a hell of a lot more risky. Mike and Tamra were on the backside of the house waiting for word from him, as Barbra, and Marcelo were getting ready to come in through the front gate.

The Alpha sang out. "Team one report." A few minutes went by when all six wolves reported in and said they were ready.

"Team two, report."

Both Mike and Tamra reported they were ready behind the house.

"Team one attack and get the hell out of there."

"Team two give me a sixty-second count down then breach this sucker."

Hearing the go ahead, Janet let loose the first Stinger missile as Malcolm fired off his own beside her. The camera ran on its own, propped up with some rocks. After firing the first rocket, Janet quickly picked up the third missile, and shot it off as well. It took only

a few seconds for the rockets to reach their destination. The area around the cabins was lit up by the outside lights on the buildings until the first two missiles hit, and a flash of white light washed across the whole mountain side. As sounds of the first strike reached their ears, there was another blinding flash of light.

Later, after, the smoke diminished. The buildings were gone and the brush and trees around where the houses used to be was burning along with what little was left of the mountain cabins.

Janet let Malcolm film the aftermath, then she told him, “OK, come on lover. Let’s get the hell out of here. We have other fish to fry.”

They left the launchers and the rest of their gear on the ground and only took the camera with them. A copy of the footage would make its way to the Turkish Government, and another copy would go to Kelly.

Tess climbed into position along the face of the cliff. She just got the box where she wanted it when she heard Kelly’s order to attack. She literally jumped down to the road in two great leaps. Digging in with her strength, she kicked her body into overdrive. There was no one to see her blurred figure as she took off. Within seconds, she was miles away down the canyon when the cube detonated itself.

The blast from the cube shot across the canyon and over the tops of the buildings, and slammed into the face of the cliff at the speed of light. So great was the force, it drove into the cliff face an eighth of a mile. The only place for the debris to go was up in the air and cascading back down on top of the training camp. The avalanche of rock and dirt from both sides of the canyon walls completely covered

the training camp and road. It would be ten months to a year before anyone went through that area again by car or truck.

Tess didn't even stop to look back as she picked up her speed as she alone in the family could do. She killed every man she found alive on the road either by running them over or decapitating them as she ran by them. She was three hundred miles from Turkey and would cross its border in less than a few minutes.

By the time Kelly, Tamra and Tim got to Brazil. Barbra and Mike and Marcelo had already mapped out the lay of the land around the house. Using the gear Roger sent them, they found, and deactivate the motion detectors the men were using to watch the property.

Omar Colque's home was a simple three story country home. The front of the house showed a lovely two story home with the third level beneath the ground, which opened up out back of the house. There was a modest size pool and an extensive flower garden in the backyard. Along the front of the house stood a ten-foot cement wall along the road to give the house some privacy. The three other sides to the home were protected by a ten-foot metal spiked fence. Omar obviously wanted to fit into the neighborhood, and having a cement wall all the way around his home would make it look more like a compound than a retirement home. Roving guards walked the perimeter of the property, keeping him safe, while other guards watched from inside a security room in another section of the home. The circular driveway in front of the house was a local hangout for the guards on duty. Kelly knew anyone there at the time of his attack would be the first ones to die. He looked over at Barbra, who was watching the monitors she set up using heat censored cameras.

"He's still sitting downstairs where he has been for the last few days. I think he knows we're coming for him, Kelly. The security here

has been awful light recently. There are four men walking the fence out back and one is in the kitchen. Two other guys are out front and three more are in the security room. I think we're ready." She told him.

"OK, let's do it."

Kelly had both teams report in, then told them to attack.

"Marcelo, I want you to watch the front of the house. That guy in the kitchen will be coming out of the front door pretty damn quick." He warned

him.

Marcelo put the van in gear and hit the gas pedal.

"I'll take care of him, Kelly. Don't worry about him."

Speeding along beside the cement wall in front of the house, and before they reached the front gate. Marcelo slowed down long enough for Barbra to jump out holding onto an RPG. Kelly made the rocket special for this job himself. He only put enough high explosive in it to destroy the inside of a room and not the entire building. They all would be moving in fast on the main house, and he didn't want any of them hurt by the blast. Least of all Marcelo.

Barbra waited beside the wall with her eyes glued on the van. When the vehicle stopped. Kelly jumped out and attached a package of C4 to the front gate, he ran back behind the van. Barbra easily jumped up on top of the wall, and mowed down the two men standing out front smoking cigarettes. She was raising the RPG to her shoulder when Kelly's package went off, blowing open the front gate.

Machine gun fire could be heard coming from the rear of the home.

Barbra fired the RPG at the side wall of the garage where the security room was located. The rocket shot out of its holder and drove

its self into the wall of the building without blowing up. A nanosecond later, it went off inside the security room. Every window shattered and blew outwards as thick black smoke poured out of the building, but the walls stood firm.

Marcelo left the van where it was and followed Kelly through the front gate. He saw Barbra had jumped down from the wall, and in a blur of motion, Kelly and her took off at such an inconceivable rate of speed it baffled him. He almost stopped running for the front door as he watched them go around the corner of the house. They were gone from his sight in less than a second or two.

For the past month he has spent with the Winstons, Marcelo was amazed every day by their abilities. He believed they were smarter and faster than anyone he knew. Never in his life has he ran into such people who were in total control of everything they did with such precision and clarity. The Winstons were hands down the most deadly serious people he has ever known, but he always felt safe with them. They watched him like a hawk in everything they did together, but he knew it was only to be assured of his safety. He was not about to let these people down. After all, they were going to assassinate the one person he has been wanting to kill for twenty years. It's been too many years since he has last seen his brothers and mother and father alive. So many memories have faded and were lost except for that night when his uncle told him his family members were dead. Those nightmares have never left him.

He knew if the guy coming from the kitchen seen him out front, there would be an all-out battle at the front door. That wouldn't work because he had no cover to speak of in the front yard. He quickly blooded his hands from one of the dead men Barbra gunned down. Wiping the blood on his face and chest. He lay down on his back with his feet pointed at the front door.

A few moments later, he could hear the front door slowly creak open. Not seeing anyone alive in the yard, the guy opened the door and stepped halfway across the threshold.

Marcelo quickly shot the guy three times in the chest before the guy could fire off a shot. The force of the bullets slamming into the guy made him fall back inside of the house. Getting up from where he was, he entered into the home.

Running along the side of the house with Barbra, Kelly could hear gunfire in the direction behind the home. As he approached the back corner, the shooting stopped.

Tamra spoke in his ears. "Kelly, the backyard is cleared."

With the next three shots he heard from a forty-five at the front of the house, Kelly figured Marcelo took care of his man. He wasn't too worried about the guy. The man was not only strong, but he has showed himself to be a crafty and sharp individual.

Kelly slowly approached the sliding glass doors on the backside of the house. Carefully, he looked inside. Omar was waiting patiently in a chair facing him, wearing a light-colored shirt and shorts. The elderly man sat relaxed with his hands on the arms of the chair, revealing he had no weapons. Barbra was right. The man was totally expecting them.

Kelly slid open the glass door and stepped inside, pointing his forty-five at Omar.

Raising his hands, Omar told him in perfect English. "I have no weapons. They wouldn't have done me any good, would they?"

Kelly shook his head, assuring him. "Oh, no. They wouldn't have helped you at all."

Tamra came inside behind Kelly with Mike in tow. They both went upstairs just as Marcelo came down with blood on his face and chest. Tamra pointed to his bloody shirt.

He held up a hand and told her he was, "Alright."

Barbra waited in the doorway, watching their six, while she watched what was happening inside the home.

Marcelo kept his eyes transfixed on Omar as he descended the stairs, but he didn't say a word as he faced the man who killed his loved ones.

"I realize too late, after we attacked your Island that I totally misunderstood what you people are capable of doing. What are you?" He asked Kelly. "How did you get to be so fast? You're the most perfect killing machines I have ever seen."

Kelly walked around the room, checking it out.

"There are no recording devices or weapons in here, if that's what you're looking for. I know you're going to kill me. That's why I only had a token of men guarding me. But please, give an old man some answers before you do. What are you?" He asked him again.

Kelly's back teeth were clenched tight as he spit his venom out at Omar. "We are the wolves at your front door, and we represent everything that you are not. We're here to change the world because people cannot do it by themselves. You're just like the rest of the fucking assholes on this planet who think you can do whatever the hell you want. You're destroying lives and there is nothing positive about you or your business or your fucking intentions. It's people like you on this planet that need to die, and we are the ones who will be doing the killing."

Kelly set the wooden case he had been carrying down on a table. Engraved on the front side were four Latin words: "Culpam Poena Premit Comes."

Omar looked at the red cedar box and quietly read the words out loud, "Punishment presses hard onto the heels of crime."

“That still doesn’t explain why you’re so fast. And that weapons system on your house only the military has that. Are you part of the United States Government?”

“My people have been on the earth for thousands of years waiting for an era to come when we would act. We are our own sovereign nation, for there is none like us in the world. We alone have the power and authority to kill, and do whatever we think is necessary to achieve our goals.”

Omar could feel their little discussion coming to a close as Kelly opened the case. He stood up and moved away from the object in the box.

“This goal? What is it?”

Kelly smiled when he answered him. Taking the machete out of the case, he told Omar. “World peace. A planet with no wars or people killing and harming each other. We’ll have it,” He told the drug lord as he took a step towards him. “By killing off mother fuckers like you.”

Fear was embedded in Omar’s eyes. The man was losing control over his composure as he backed up to the far side of the room.

He asked. “Is that the same, ... blade?”

“Yup,” The Alpha told him. “the very same one that killed your little buddy, Ortega Dominguez. I’ve started to get into symbolism lately and I thought this would be more than appropriate when killing scumbags like you.”

“So you’re going to cut me up just like that? I thought you people had compassion for others.”

Kelly laughed out loud while shaking his head. “Oh, no. I’m not going to do it.” He told Omar. “He is.” Kelly handed the long knife over to Marcelo, then added. “Marcelo, cut this piece of shit up into little fucking pieces!”

Taking the machete by the handle, Marcelo spun the blade in a tight circle with his wrist as he walked up, talking to the drug lord.

His voice was low, without any emotion when he spoke. “Twenty-five years ago, my family was blown up in a restaurant while having dinner when you decided to make an example of someone. They died because of your greed and the need to have power. If I wasn’t entangled with a young girl, I had met just that day. I, too, would have died while having dinner with my family.”

Terror was written on Omar’s face as he reached the back wall. Seemly, almost out of breath, he took in quick breaths of air.

“This girl, what happened to her?” He wanted to know.

Marcelo bellowed, “I married her.”

Omar screamed as Marcelo suddenly swung the blade. The long knife sunk into the drug lord’s shoulder. Still screaming, the old man slid down the wall and onto the floor as blood gushed from the deep mortal wound. Marcelo’s next swing took an enormous slice of his flesh as the blade cut through his thigh. Omar, by this point, was in so much pain he couldn’t scream anymore, but could only moan over and over, as he laid bleeding to death on the floor.

Marcelo was clearly enjoying himself, Kelly thought. The man took his time in killing the guy. By the time Marcelo went for the killing blow. Omar’s blood was thrown all over the room by the long blade of the machete as he hacked and cut Omar into pieces.

The Alpha stood back against the wall, laughing as he watched the drug lord die. Kelly couldn’t help it, nor could he stop the smile from being plastered on his face. Leaning back against the wall with his arms folded across his chest. Kelly enjoyed the rest of the show as blood splattered all over him and Marcelo. A large puddle emanating from Omar’s body spread out across the terracotta floor.

Barbra stepped outside of the doorway to keep any of it from getting on her.

Roger laid down some papers he was reading and took off his glasses just as Jason, in a rush, busted into his office.

“Roger you’re going to want to read this,” He told him holding something out in his hand.

“Just tell me what it is, Jason.” Roger did so much reading he hated it, and he also hated his damn reading glasses.

“Well, you told me to keep a watch for anything coming in from South America. We just received this report from the authorities down there.” As he talked, he handed the report to Roger. “It seems. Omar Colque was found fubared in his home along with ten other men. Whoever did it carved the guy up pretty good.”

“What did the message say, Jason?”

Jason snapped his head up. “Huh, you knew there was a message.”

“Yes, Jason. Now, what was the message they left behind?”

Roger had a sinking feeling in his gut, he damn well knew he wasn’t going to like the message the wolves left behind this time.

He told Roger, “It was written on the wall in Omar’s blood. It said, “We are done fucking around. We’re coming after the rest of you. You cannot hide from us. We will find you wherever you are,” It was signed, with love, the Wolves.”

Roger dropped his reading glasses on his desk and rubbed his temples with his fingertips before picking up his phone. “Lisa, would you get me in to see the President as soon as I can? Thank you.”

Jason could clearly see Roger was disturbed by what he just told him. He wanted to share the burden with the man, but the wolves were off limits to him.

“What do you want me to do, Roger?” He could see Roger had a thousand things on his mind all at once.

Roger let out a deep sigh before answering him, “You wanted to know who the wolves are. Well, you’re about to find out, and I’m telling you right now, Jason. When you do. You’ll wish to Christ you never did. But first, get a hold of Gursel Tabak with Turkey’s Counter Terrorist Unit and find out what’s happening over there with the PKK. He’ll know just what you’re talking about. Then get back to me immediately.”

Jason was already going through the door when Roger called after him, “Get that information to me before we see the President.”

Jason stopped dead in his tracks with his hand on the door frame. “You want me there with you?”

“Anyone who knows anything about the wolves will soon be in the situation room. Now get moving. We won’t have much time to gather the Intel.”

The White House situation room is located in the basement of the West wing of the White House. It was under control by the National Security Council for the President and his advisors to use as a secured room to hold secret meetings. The room was equipped with advanced communications equipment for the President to maintain command and control of US forces around the world. The President’s chair was at the head of the table right across from the only door. There were other chairs around the long table, with more along both walls. There were flat screens in the room, but the largest one was at the other end of the table facing the President’s chair. The NSC staff has been getting the room ready as soon as they received word from the President a meeting was to take place. Communication lines had to be made sure they were ready and secured. Information sheets the

President himself made up needed to be copied and done so that no one knew the content of the packets.

The first person to arrive for the meeting was President Obama's Joint Chief of Staff, General Martin Dempsey. Martin sat down to the right of President's chair without removing his deep green military jacket. His facial expression showed him to be serious and stern.

Martin has been waiting for something to happen after he was thrown out of the Oval Office weeks before. Granted, he wasn't the first person to be thrown out of the Oval office. However, word of the embarrassing situation spread like wildfire throughout the House and military chain of command. Unknowing to anyone. One of the President's aides passed by Martin in the hall later that same day.

Quickly and quietly, the aide informed him as he was passing, "Please, just wait." The aide then moved off before anyone saw the two together.

Martin knew right away the message was from the President, and he also knew whatever this was all about. It was going to blow the White House off its foundation. Ever since the North Korea incident, Obama suddenly changed his political policies and applied pressure to congress to change and reform their criminal laws. Then came the full assault on spreading programs across the country to help not just the convicted criminal, but the public as well. These programs were now in their schools, and courtrooms, and billboards across the nation. Thinking back, the press thought Obama was out of his mind by changing his policies the way he did. Most politicians would have called it political suicide, but something told Martin that a massive event was about to take place. When he found out about the cleanup on Heaven's Gate Island, he knew the President was pressing his luck with not keeping his staff informed. However, after getting the clandestine message from the President. Martin decided to give

Barack more time before he, and the rest of his staff forced him to explain just what the hell has been going on.

There were eight information sheets on the table in front of seven different chairs. The cover sheet had one word typed across the face of it: "Wait." The others who were called to the meeting began arriving.

The second one to come in was National Security Advisor Susan Rice, followed closely by Senator John Kerry, Secretary of State. A moment later, Homeland Security Advisor Jeh Johnson arrived along with Chuck Hagel, the Secretary of Defense. Then surprise number one walked through the door, Martin thought. Roger Mellon, Director of the CIA and his Deputy Director Jason Miller.

Taking one of the last seats on the table, Jason sat behind Roger against the wall. Roger turned around and handed Jason one of the information packets on the table.

A moment later, they all stood as the Vice President and President

Obama arrived together. "Please, sit down and let get this thing going." Obama told them as Joe Biden sat down on the President's left.

"First," Obama turned to Martin. "Martin, I need to apologize to you for the other week in the Oval Office. I used you as an example to keep everybody's mouth shut for the time being. There were just way too many people who knew about the Island and the event that took place out there. I know everyone wanted to know what was going on. We were just not ready to share that information with anyone."

Martin acknowledged the President's apology with a simple nod of his head. As Martin had thought, he was being used to make a

point. He figured that was the case. Now they would finally hear the complete story.

Susan Rice spoke up. "Sir, when a hundred foreign nationalists suddenly die on US soil, what you were asking us to do was almost a criminal offense. I am surprised to not see the Attorney General isn't in here to advise you, and who is this other person you are referring to, sir?"

At the other end of the table, Roger raised his hand. "That would be me, Susan. This entire business with the Winstons, and their island is a National Security matter, and it's not up for debate. The CIA has been on this issue from the very beginning. All personnel who'll have access to this information will be cleared through me or the President first. I told the President at the time we needed to keep it quiet and were going to keep it quiet for as long as we can. The Attorney General has no business being here for no one has broken any laws, nor are we about to."

"People, we are on the edge of a new era no human being has ever seen before. I tell you right now. I have backed the President from the first time we learned of these people. Even through the fallout the President has run into while reforming our laws and the programs he has set up. President Obama has kept the welfare of the United States Government and our nation at heart in everything he has done since he first heard of this family."

Susan, like everyone there, was ticked off. They all have been kept in the dark, but she also knew that was the nature of government service. However, she knew better than to try and butt heads with Roger. Roger ran the only independent agency in the United States Government, and he answered only to the President of the United States. In all respects, Roger was one of the most powerful and dangerous men in the country other than the President himself.

She glanced pleadingly over at General Dempsey, who wasn't saying one word to help her out. The man was at full attention, sitting in his chair with his back ramrod straight.

"What exactly did happen on that island?" Jeh Johnson asked the President.

This was one question the President was only going to give them half an answer to. He wasn't about to tell them about Ross and his criminal activities. The fallout from the truth would have put everything he and the Winstons were doing in question. In any case, it was because of Omar Colque and Cemil Bayik is why the army of men attacked the Island.

"A large force made up of PKK terrorist from Turkey and the Colque drug cartel from South America attacked the Winston's on their island because of a job they did for the CIA a few years before. Because of the work they did for us, they were attacked. None of the Winstons were injured during the assault except for the attacking force. No one from the attacking force survived through the firefight. All the men died on the Island."

Susan raised her hand, disbelieving what she had just heard, she was about to ask another question when Obama stopped her inquiry.

He told everybody in the room. "Why don't you all read through the information in front of you and let me explain what's been going on."

Except for Roger and the President, everyone started reading through the information sheets as fast as it was humanly possible.

The President continued talking as they read. "The Winstons and their organization have been evolving and growing for thousands of years without anyone knowing about them. Roger was the first one to spot them. I myself am unsure of how many groups of theirs are out there in the world, and Kelly Winston refuses to tell us. However, Mr.

Winston has expressed it to be in the thousands living in just about every country around the globe.”

Barack knew what he was about to say next was going to stop everyone in their tracks. But they all needed to be told the truth behind the Winston’s goal’s and beliefs. It was this information that was the bull gear driving this family into action.

“It was the birth of Kelly Winston which brought about a change that activated this group into action. Kelly Winston isn’t like the rest of us on this planet. He has evolved to a level no other living man has ever achieved, and it’s because of that reason is why the rest of the Winstons are the way they are. Mr. Winston’s love has changed his family to a point where their own bodies continue to evolve the rest of the way by themselves. As far as Roger and I are concerned, God has chosen these people for this work they are doing. The reason I say this is because, for generations, the Winston family and their organization have been the sole caretakers to the cross of Jesus Christ. Both Roger and I have seen the cross down in their cellar, and we both believe it is, in fact, real. If you saw the cross yourself, and felt Christ in that room, as Roger and I have. You too would believe.”

Everyone stopped reading and was looking at the President like he was crazy. No one was making a sound except for the silent laughter coming from Roger, who had his head down and was quietly chuckling to himself. Roger knew he had to help the President through this one.

Picking his head up, he told the group. “The President isn’t joking guys, and I know what it sounds like, but every word he said is true. As far as I am concerned, the cross on their island is the real McCoy. I know these people very well. I have had many dinners with them on their island. All thirteen of them are very different from the

rest of the world. They all have skills unlike no other human being because of Kelly Winston Jr.”

Turning to a NSC staff member standing nearby, he told the guy. “Run that footage I gave you.”

Roger addressed the room, “This piece of footage you are about to see is about two years old. It will show four Winstons killing over forty cartel members all by themselves while they were working for us in South America. This is before we knew anything about them. It’s because of this footage we know some things they can do. What you see here,” Roger pointed at the flat screen, “is what really happened. The footage hasn’t been altered in any way. This was the last day of a four-day battle as the Winstons ran for their lives from this cartel. The cartel finally caught up to them in a town called Santarem, in Brazil. All total these two members you’re about to see and two others who were wounded, during this assault, killed over a hundred men in the Dominguez cartel all by themselves.”

The screen at the end of the table suddenly lit up, showing a parking lot with a mess of overturned cars on fire beside a river. There were two enormous craters in the ground a hundred feet apart with dead bodies and car parts scattered all over the lot and out into the street. The small building with its gas tank for the boatyard was in pieces. Flames of gas were shooting out of its pipe twenty feet into the air. Two old troop transport trucks were parked in the middle of the street in front of the parking lot. The result of the conflict was so devastating and catastrophic to human life; there wasn’t anything in the area that wasn’t touched by the brutal force of the battle. The entire wall of a three story building on the other side of the parking lot was demolished by the fragments from the battle.

Three men were crouching down on the right side of the screen, firing their weapons at someone. There were more men behind the transport trucks, and hiding behind over turned cars.

Suddenly, a small girl appeared by the burning gas tank. She was moving too fast for a human being and the camera had trouble getting a clear picture of her or of what she was doing to the men she found. As she ran away from each man, they fell to the ground, not moving.

A tall woman with long strawberry blond hair showed up closer to the camera. She shot three men hiding behind some cars. Then, she put her gun away and started using her bare hands to snap the men's necks or ripped out their throats. Quickly working her way towards the big trucks in the street, none of the men stood a chance with the speed of the two women. They were inhumanly fast and got on the guys before they could defend themselves. The blond found a guy behind one of the transport trucks. Grabbing his hair, she tilted his head back, then ripped out his carotid artery, using her teeth alone. Covered in his blood, she was coming around the front of the half-track when the shorter woman got her legs shot out from under her. Watching the woman go down seemed to make the taller one lose any sense of humanity she had left in her.

In a blurring haze, she ran over to the shooters and pulled one guy from under the truck. Ripping off one of his arms, she then twisted his head completely around. His buddy tried escaping by crawling back to the other side of the truck, but she was already there waiting for him. Lifting him off the ground by his head, she stared straight into his eyes. The look of horror on the man's face told everyone in the situation room the guy knew he was going to die. With his head in her hands, she twisted it around, and ripped it off of his shoulders. She then threw it as hard as she could down the street. Pulling out her forty-five, she ran and shot and killed every wounded

man that was left alive in the parking lot. As she passed by the smaller woman, she picked her up in her arms, and ran to the pier, laying her on the deck of a boat.

Roger has watched the footage so many times before, he knew it by heart. Instead of watching it with everybody, he watched the expressions on their faces. Susan Rice looked away from the screen, watching Tamra Winston rip off the head of a cartel member. When it was over, they all watched it again all the way through. On the second time through, Susan didn't look away from the screen.

When the footage ended for the second time, Roger continued. "As you can see, these people are serious as shit, and they can move faster than any animal or human being that I know of. You may see them as animals right now, and in truth, they are. They do live like a pack of wild wolves, but they are unlike anything the world has ever known. There isn't anyone on this planet like these thirteen people in this family."

"However, they are patriots," He told them. "and they want nothing more than the best for everyone in the United States and the world. If you could only see them as I and the President have at their home. They are very much a loving family. It's just their power and abilities which will scare you because they know things we haven't even begun to understand. The family is not here to take over the United States Government or the world. They also don't want to govern countries or its people. They are only here to bring about a change for peace in the world, and they will kill anyone who tries to harm them or stop them."

"In short," Obama brought everyone's attention back to him. "they are truly the only superpower in the world. I have seen what they can do and without knowing it, so haven't all of you."

Six confused expressions stared back at him.

“It was Kelly Winston who killed over half of North Korea’s population to stop them from firing their nuclear missiles at us and Japan and South Korea.” Barack glanced over at Martin and the Secretary of state. “Seventeen million people died and one man did it in a blink of an eye, and some of us here in this room watched it happen. The Winstons are a force unlike anything any of us have ever seen.”

John Kerry spoke up. “If they have all of this power to kill on a massive scale. What can we do about it?”

Barack leaned forward on his elbows with his hands locked together and told them. “There is nothing we can do to stop them, John, but there are things we can do to help them. By helping them, we can stop thousands if not millions of lives from being lost. Their ultimate goal is to have global peace and harmony between human beings everywhere. We’re already doing what they want here in the States; we’ve been doing it for the last few years. Crime in America hasn’t been this low since the early sixties. Who do you think helped us with all of that? You think I came up with all those programs on my own? The Winstons have played a key part in helping us to change our country. They didn’t just tell us to change, they showed us how to do it.”

Chuck Hagel spoke up. “You want the United States to be a buffer zone between the Winstons and the rest of the world? Why not just drop a damn bomb on them and be done with it?”

Barack almost laughed out loud when Roger suddenly spoke up from the other end of the table.

“Ah, Chuck.” Roger stuck out his hand, getting his attention. Leaning over, he looked down the long table at the Secretary of Defense. “Because of whom they are, and the cross of Christ, their island is fortified better than Norad. I’ve seen the place, and even if

you managed to kill the Winston's which is something I and the President don't believe anyone can do. But even if you did, the structure of their organization is like that of a pack of wolves, they are governed by the Alphas of the pack. The Alphas are the most powerful ones inside of each group. They have two leading alphas in any one group. If there are ten thousand groups out there in the world. Then there are at least twenty thousand Alphas you're going to have to deal with."

Roger pointed a finger in the air with his right hand. "Here's the thing, Chuck. If you go after the Winston's you better damn well get all of them together because the Winstons are the Alphas to all the Alphas on the planet. They are much more powerful than the other alphas. Chuck, you do not want to piss them off by trying to kill them as those who attacked the Island found out when they attacked nine Alphas on their Island in the middle of the night."

"I am speechless to comment about the cross at this time," Senator Kerry told them. "But are we at mercy with these people and their grandiose beliefs of a utopia world?" He asked. "What happens when they start demanding things from us that we can't give them? Are we going to tuck our tails between our legs and do whatever they want?"

"They won't do anything like that, John." The President assured him. "The Winstons won't demand anything but world peace. Global peace and a healthier planet are their primary goals."

"Roger and I are very close to this family. We know them well. They will help direct us to live better lives without war and us killing each other and the planet. On top of that, if anyone or any country tries to hurt the United States government or our people. The Winstons will remove that threat for us, if we cannot do so ourselves. If you could define them into one word, that word would be

“Protector’s.” They are the protectors of humanity. The Alphas protect and take care of the pack. I have a feeling the Winstons will soon tell the world they are here to take care of all of us. This is the reason for this meeting. To inform all of you that we have already taken the first steps to helping the Winston’s on a global scale.”

“Sir, I really wish you would have told me about this first.” Obama’s National Security advisor piped in.

Obama shot back at her. “Susan, consider yourself informed.”

Abruptly sitting back in her chair with no emotion on her face. It was clear to Susan, Barack Obama wasn’t taking any lip from no one. She realized the President had a goal he wanted attained, and he wasn’t about to let anyone muddy the waters. She looked down at all of them there. By the expressions on their faces, a few of them she knew were thinking the same thing. The President of the United States was too close to the Winston family.

“As I said earlier, they don’t take being attacked lightly. The assault on their island set them off to wipe out the PKK terrorist organization in Turkey, along with those in Iran as well as, the Colque Cartel in South America. Omar Colque is a retired drug lord. We have been looking for him for a long time. They have taken care of the drug lord, and I believe they are still working on the PKK as we speak.”

Off-hand, Martin asked. “I’m assuming they didn’t get the drug lord, or anyone else alive.”

Roger spoke up and told them flat out no. “Martin, when the Winstons go after someone, they never leave anyone alive. Just like they did with the attack on their island. They have been that way since we first known about them. They’ll kill everybody, and never once have they left anyone alive, not even in that footage taken in Brazil.”

“Mr. President,” Roger told him. “I have Gursel Tabak with the Minister of Internal Affairs Counter Terrorist Unit waiting by satellite, if you care to speak to him. We can hear and see him, but he will only have audio.”

The President addressed everyone around the table. “When I found out what Kelly Winston was planning to do to the PKK. I had Roger talk to Efan Ala, the Minister of Internal Affairs in Turkey. We told him there was a way to find out where the rebels encampments and training centers were. We also informed him there was a way to remove all of them within a short period of time while having very little collateral damage.”

“And he took the deal?”

“No, not at first, Martin. Because I wouldn’t tell him who was going to be doing the operation. We had to talk about it some more before he finally got President Gül to agree to it. Roger and I knew they would go for it. Turkey has been dealing with these people for years and to have a chance of getting rid of the PKK all at once was enough temptation for them. Mr. Tabak was picked to be the Winston’s main and only contact with the Turkish Government. Once we had the Intelligence, every site was confirmed before the family would attack, except for the ones in Iran. They were the only sites that were taken out with only a satellite confirmation.”

Barack told an NSC aide to open the channel to Mr. Tabak. The screen at the end of the table came to life once more. The background picture showed a rocky mountain scene in the middle of the night. A Turkish man in his early forties with black hair stood in front of the camera on a rolling landscape with very little vegetation around him.

“Mr. Tabak, this is the President of the United States speaking to you. Tell me, what has been the progress so far?”

“Sir, I was told not to describe these people in any way. So it will be hard to talk about this situation. I believe they are finished, sir. Over the last seventy-two hours, they took out over twenty sites and that includes the two major camps in Iran. I have seen the satellite pictures for myself, and they are all destroyed. I’m still in the mountains because these people wanted a closer look at one of the sites we didn’t do anything about. They are now taking a closer look at it as we speak.”

“I understand some of your men were bringing these people to the sites. Were there any major problems, and how bad was the collateral damage?”

The man smiled when he answered the President, “There wasn’t any real collateral damage, sir. Sure, someone’s windows may have been broken, but there wasn’t any damage to the civilian population and very limited damage to any civilian buildings. These people were truly amazing. I have never seen anyone with such skill do the things they have. However, we did have one slight problem with one of our drivers.”

“What happen?” Obama asked him.

“Well, it really was the fault of our driver, and not one of them.” Gursel confessed. “I don’t know how to tell you without breaking protocol.” He told the President.

“Just say it,” Barack told him. “This is a secure communication.”

“All the drivers were told at all times to keep their backs to these people so they wouldn’t know what they looked like. These people would jump into the back of a truck or the back seat of a car where we would have food and water waiting for them after hitting a site. They seemed to require a lot of nutrition and fluids after heavy physical exertion, more so than a normal human. At one site a female

came back to her ride, and the driver happened to notice she was a woman, and that she wasn't..."

Not wanting to say the word, Gursel waved his hand from his shoulders down the length of his body.

Roger spoke up, "She was naked as a jaybird, wasn't she?"

"Yes sir, she was. Her driver was a man and when he tried to get a better look of her. She jumped him, and had him pinned to the ground before he even knew what had happened. When I was told we were missing a driver and one of them. I sent some men up to find them. Sir, she hog-tied her driver as you Americans would say, and dangled him off a fourteen hundred foot cliff with fifty feet of rope stark ass naked."

Roger didn't have to ask his next question. He already knew the answer. "Gursel, it was the short one who did it. Wasn't it?"

"Yes, Sir. So you know what she is like. This female is not like any woman I have ever met."

"I can very well image." Roger told him, nodding his head in agreement. "Mr. Tabak, it's best you stay away from her. That one can have an attitude."

Roger turned to everyone in the room. "He's talking about Tess. She's the one who got her legs shot out from under her in that clip I showed you. She's a five foot wildcat with a heart of pure gold, but without a doubt the most blood thirsty Winston there is. Her driver was lucky she gave him a rope."

"Gursel, with the operation almost over, how satisfied is your government with the outcome so far?"

"Oh, we are very pleased, Mr. President. However, not knowing who these people were did throw us off at first, but there was no loss of life on our side. It was truly amazing to watch them in action. We have been in conflict with the PKK since 1978, having them gone

there will be much relief in our country. To believe a small group of people could achieve this in a matter of hours, what we couldn't do in years was unbelievable."

The President thanked Gursel for his help. The screen turned black. He then asked for everyone's thoughts and opinions, which wasn't something he has been doing lately.

The Vice President spoke up first. "Barack has been slowly letting me in on this since the North Korea event, but I didn't hear all about it until just before we came in here today. For one thing, I don't see how we have a choice, but not to help the Winstons. They are not going to hurt us, and being a buffer zone, as Chuck pointed out. We could save a lot of lives. They also have knowledge we could use and if we get into trouble again, like we did with North Korea. I believe the President and Roger, when they say these people will help us if we need it. We all have seen what has been happening here in the States, and it's not just with crime." He told them. "I myself have found people's attitudes everywhere you go is upbeat and positive. Our country is changing fast and I like the idea of helping other countries to do the same. I think after what the Winstons did for Turkey, I think we should start there. I believe we need to get a team together and send them to Turkey and show them what we are doing back here in the states. However, this team needs to be low-level people or the press will know something is going on right away. Maybe we can back them up by having a senator or congressmen be there at the same time for some other reason."

Addressing the President, Joe told him. "Barack, as I told you earlier. I'm all for it. Just tell me what you need me to do."

General Dempsey spoke up, "There is no human being on this planet who can move as fast like what we just saw or have the strength

to decapitate a man's head with their bare hands. To have an army of people like that would make any country unstoppable."

"They will not share their power, Martin." Roger told him. "I have already talked to Kelly about it, and he is right. Imagine a world filled with people like them. It would be chaos."

"It's pretty much chaos as it is. Roger, are they still working for us?"

Roger told him they were.

"Then hell, I'm all for helping them if it's going to save lives. I am a bit concerned with the power they have, but I don't see what we are going to do about that. However, what are we going to do if they start wiping out countries like what they did to North Korea? What are we going to do then?"

The room was deathly quiet as they all looked back and forth between themselves.

Quietly, the President told them, "We get the hell out of their way."

Team one and two came home from their missions. To everyone's surprise, Ross was awake. His body was rapidly healing faster than it should have, even for an alpha. Clifton told Kelly he believed it was because of the lingering effects of what Tamra did to him. In any case, he was out of danger, and everyone was spending time with him in his recovery room. The day came when Clifton was going to release Ross from bed rest.

When Tamra, Kelly and Clifton entered Ross's room, Tess told them. "There is something you guys need to see." Turning to Ross, she told him to go ahead.

Ross was lying in bed with his left arm on a white towel. He looked to Tamra, then took a razor blade and cut a deep four-inch

gash into the underside of his forearm. Blood started pouring from the wound, but as they watched. The cut healed itself within a matter of a few seconds.

Clifton grabbed his arm, wiping the blood away with his hand, he then looked over at Kelly and Tamra. There wasn't even a scar or any sign that

Ross had cut himself.

Surprised, Kelly asked him. "Was there any pain?"

"I could feel it," He told him. "But the pain felt like it was being blocked, it didn't bother me all that much."

Serious as a heart attack, Tamra addressed Ross. "How do you feel? Do you feel different in any way?"

Ross confessed he felt fine.

Everyone in the room knew she was dead serious when she told him. "Ross, you can't leave the ER. So don't even try it or I will kill you myself before you get past the doorway."

She then turned on Kelly. "I want a twenty-four-hour watch placed on him as of right now."

Alarmed, Ross asked. "What's going on? Why is this happening to me?"

Clifton explained what Tamra did for him.

"We didn't have any choice, Ross." Kelly told him. "You would have died if something wasn't done. We'll need to watch you because you may go wild on us, and if you do. We will have to kill you. I also don't want you to be having any sex with the girls."

He quickly turned to Tess. "Have you or any of the other girls been..."

"No," Tess assured him. "All we have done is kiss him and nothing more."

Kelly turned back to Ross. “When someone go’s wild due to the contact from an Alpha. You're unpredictable, that’s why it’s called wild. You turn into an animal that has two basic goals, to run free, and kill. The few people who have gone wild before have gone on a killing spree, killing anything in their path, even their loved ones. They are super strong even by our standards, and are very hard to take down. One way to look at it is like an animal getting rabies. The only thing anyone can do is to put you down like you would an animal.

Chapter 4

Fallen Angels

By Presidential order, groups of thirty men and women from all walks of life within the United States Government was brought together. The President gave them their names. The Angels were brought together to deliver a private message to US allies around the world. They would also discuss change and show other countries how the people in the United States were changing their lives. Other nations have already been watching these developments take place within America over the past few years. So, what the angels were telling them wasn't that farfetched. It wasn't the angels job to get other country to use the same programs the United States was using or tell them what laws, and political reforms they needed to make. They were only there to promote change in the world, and to deliver a private message to the government of that country. The message was from the President of the United States and it was simple and to the point.

“A day is coming soon when no country on earth will truly be the superpower of the world. Within our lifetime, our world will be united as one and no country will stand on their own or they will fall. Peace is coming wither we want it to or not. Not even the United States can stand up to this force that is behind this change. Instead of

fighting it and losing the battle. We are embracing it, and I am asking you to do the same. Not even the United States government fully understands this force, and we don't know from what direction it will come from. However, it will be in the shape of a man. What we do know is that they are among us already in every country around the globe. They are human beings, but unlike you and me. There is nothing anyone can do to stop them from bringing peace and harmony to our world. We believe this is an act of God and way beyond the understanding of normal men. You will know when this day has arrived when you hear the howl of the Wolves."

From the President's meeting with his staff, they came up with another group to help with the government's effort to promote change in the world. The next group was named Archangels. The archangel's task was twofold: increase the effort of change within the United States, and develop new ways to help the population to live healthier, productive lives. Each of the existing programs being used by the general population was to be reexamined and changed to improve them. The federal government was going all out to bring peace within the nation.

The Archangels had another reason they were named archangels. Fore they would have one of the most arduous task to accomplish. It would be the Archangel's mission to visit nations who showed hostility towards the United States and their allies, and do their best to promote change within its government.

Roger sat in the back seat of his limo watching people walking down the sidewalk in Washington, DC. When the light turned green, his driver turned off of 18th street and onto Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Keven, pull over here for a moment."

Keven brought the car over to the curb even though it was a no

parking zone. Where ever the Director of the CIA wanted to park his car, Keven would park it. "Hell," Keven thought to himself. He would put it up on the sidewalk if that's what Roger wanted. There wasn't a cop in this city who would say anything to him. Being Rogers' bodyguard and his driver, Keven watched the crowd around them and also Roger at the same time through the rear-view mirror. He could see something was on his boss's mind as he watched everyone on the sidewalk.

"Is everything OK, Chief?" Keven asked.

"Yes, everything is fine, Keven." Roger told him, then he added. "Keven, look at everybody passing by us. Look at their expressions on their faces. Tell me what you see."

That's just what Keven's job was all about, people watching. He took a moment, then told Roger. "People seem to be happy. Just look at their body language as they walk. It's like they are B-bopping along, enjoying themselves on a sunny day."

"That's just what I was looking at, Keven. Damn it, this is Washington DC." He told him. "These people should be stressed out and uptight, but they're not. A few years ago, it was a different story in this city. The crime alone in this town was terrible."

"The new administration has made an enormous difference for the country, hasn't it, sir?"

Roger watched people smiling and nodding their heads at each other as they passed one another. Even when they bumped into each other, their mannerism was friendly and polite.

"It wasn't the new administration who changed it, Keven. Oh hell, I like Obama, but I didn't vote for him. However, our country is changing so fast I don't even recognize it anymore."

"Then what changed it, sir?"

Roger was quiet for so long Keven didn't think he was going to

answer him.

Finally, Roger told him. "Something beyond this world is what changed it, and it's not over yet. OK, let's get back to the office before someone steals Manhattan Island and tries selling it back to us."

Except for their files at Langley, the Winston's and their Island didn't exist as far as the United States Government was concerned. Roger was thankful the rest of the afternoon was fairly normal, he could go home early. With him home earlier than usual. Clair cooked them a pot roast dinner. They were only partway through having dinner when Roger's phone rang in his den.

Clair got up from the table and went to answer the phone, giving Roger the chance to eat a few more bites before his dinner got too cold.

Walking into his study, just the expression on Clair's face told Roger something was wrong. "It's Jason." His wife quietly told him with her hand covering the receiver, she handed him the phone.

"Roger!"

Roger could tell something was stressing Jason out big time. "Jason, what's wrong?"

"Someone has taken control of the broadcasting satellites. It appears they want to deliver a message of some kind to the public."

Roger quickly flipped his TV on. "What channel have they tapped into, Jason?"

When Jason told him, Roger felt like he was hit by a bolt of lightning. "All of them! Roger, they have taken control over every damn satellite in the country and as far as we can tell, the world, too. Everybody's trying to track them down, but so far no one knows how in hell they are doing it. Roger, it's the Wolves! They're still active."

Rogers TV came to life and there on the screen was a light blue flag with the words written across it in big wide swirling black loving

letters: "The Wolves." As he watched, a message scrolled across the bottom of the screen telling everyone as soon as they had everybody's attention, they would broadcast their message to the world.

Suddenly, from behind him. Clair took hold of Roger's forearm, forcing him to sit down in a chair. Roger let his wife guide him into a chair as he continued to stare at the TV screen. It was only a moment later when the Winstons broadcasted their message and told the world, for the first time in history, that they existed. There were thirteen of them all dressed in black with ski masks. They may have been covered up, but Roger knew each and every one of them. They tried having Malcolm stand on something because he was so short and, to anyone who didn't know them, they couldn't be recognized. However, Roger could point to each one by name. They were all armed to the teeth with bullet-proof vests, hand grenades, side arms and machine guns. Wade was holding up a Stinger Missile in his right hand, and Tim and Mike had medevil shields strapped to their backs. Tess stood tall and proud in front of the line, holding her forty-four auto-mag over her heart. Janet and Tamra stood beside her with their own weapons. Kelly, with his big heavy frame, stood off to the side, letting everyone see his family.

Kelly spoke to the world from the side of the screen. "We will allow you to have control of your satellites once we are finished giving the world our message."

"We are the wolves at your front door. Members of our organization are now living in every country spanning the globe. If you hurt or kill one of us. We will kill you and everyone in your entire country. We are the ones who attacked North Korea because of their attempt at using nuclear weapons on Japan and the United States. If any country on this planet uses nuclear weapons on us or on any other country. We will wipe out and kill every human being in your nation.

The wolves have the power to do any damn thing we want, so get used to it. We are here to tell all governments of the world to stop their wars around the globe. All mass killing and destruction against human beings will stop as of 168 hours from now. Any government who fails to listen to our warning will be wiped off the face of the earth after 168 hours from now.”

Kelly slowly walked closer into the camera. “You people are an untrustworthy and violent, judgmental and hostile race. You keep killing each other off as the years go by and you do nothing about it. I am done feeling your pain. I am done hearing your voices cry in the night. I am done with letting you rape and hurt the children and women of this world. The wolves are taking control until we can see the love of God in your eyes. Until we feel more love from you, then hurt and death and destruction. We will not go away. We are not here to govern your countries for you. We are here to kill you if you don’t stop killing each other. The wolves are the ultimate peace makers. We are here because the wolves are protectors and if we have to protect you from yourself, then that’s what we’re going to do. We can force you to live in peace on this planet and if you fight us. We have the ability to cause a mass extinction on a global scale. We can do this at any time and it will be done in a blink of an eye without any warning. That is the might of our power.”

“Millions of people are about to die because your governments will not heed our warnings. Please, don’t do anything stupid,” Kelly told them. “I have never lied in my life and we will back up everything I say, but before we go. I have some personal messages to give to some of you.”

“All military powers must return to your borders and stay within the confinement of your own countries. Russia, get the fuck out of the

Ukraine. You all have 168 hours to move your troops back to within your own borders before we attack you.”

“Egypt. If we hear of any more women getting raped during one of your peace marches. We will level your fucking capital to the ground.”

“Drug lords in Latin America, prepare to die because all drug operations in that part of the world are coming to a complete halt.”

“Lebanon, Syria, Damascus, Israel, Jordan, Beirut, Amman, Jerusalem. Hold your borders and stop all hostilities with one another. What land you have is what you always own. Jerusalem is the throne of God and it doesn’t belong to anyone, but our Lord Jesus Christ. You all have 168 hours to comply with our demands. Make no mistake about it, after the 168 hours, we will start our attacks on those countries who think they are above God. We will finish our attacks within 264 hours from now. The world will hear from us again within that time.”

The channel suddenly switched back to its normal broadcasting station.

Roger was able to gain his composure during the telecast. When the normal broadcasting resumed, he quietly stood up and walked past his wife, who looked to be in shock. Leaving the room without saying a word, she followed him back into the dining room, and was dumbfounded as she watched him sit down and began finishing his dinner.

“Roger! Aren’t you going to call the president? I would at least think you’d be rushing off to Langley.”

Roger finished swallowing the potatoes he had just stuffed into his mouth before he answered her. Wiping his lips with a napkin, he asked her. “Why?”

Clair was totally beside herself. She yelled at him, “Because millions of people are about to die, that’s why. You and I know the governments of the world are not going to take to heart what the Wolves said until countries have been made an example of. For the love of peace, Roger. Human beings are going to start dropping like flies, just like they did in North Korea.”

Roger got out of his chair and guided his wife into her chair beside him. She wasn’t too happy he was making her sit down. Then, he picked up her fork, and pierced a few green beans with it.

“Open.” He commanded, holding her fork in front of her.

She drilled her eyes into him, letting him know she wanted to knock him out, but she opened her mouth.

Roger put the food between her lips.

“Now chew.” He told her. He stuck her fork into her hand and sat back down in his chair.

Stuffing some pot roast in his mouth, he chewed on it while talking through the side of his mouth. “There’s nothing we can do, Clair. The Winstons jumped the gun a bit faster than we thought, but we kind of expected it. All the angels have split up by now and are going to countries where we haven’t been to. More angels from the capital I am betting are being briefed as we speak and will be going to help out. The Archangels have already left and will go to countries that we know will resist peace. I am sure there is hardly an open line in or out of this country that isn’t being used to settle the world down after the wolves’ message. As long as the Nations of the world stay cool and do what the wolves say, no one will die.” He reached for another dinner biscuit.

“Roger, you know that is never going to happen. Countries like Iran and Afghanistan and Iraq, including the Russian’s are not going to listen to anyone.”

“Russia will listen, Clair. That I do know for a fact. I don’t even have to look, but I’ll bet they are already pulling out of the Ukraine as we speak. As for the others like China and Iran, well, that’s up in the air. All we can do is try to help the wolves. This National emergency has shut down Wall Street and the Federal and State Governments so we can have the manpower to reach out to the world. Our government is now doing everything we can to save lives. Those countries who go against peace will die and there is nothing we can do to stop that. Their fate is in God’s hands, not ours, Clair.”

Roger dug back into his food.

“This is a wonderful dinner, baby. You totally out did yourself tonight.”

By the time he got to the White House, Roger could see President Obama had complete control over the hysterics caused by the Wolves’ message. People were still running around doing their jobs at breakneck speed, relaying information and responding to inquiries as intelligence was pouring in from both the Angels and Archangels. He did notice that didn’t stop the whispering in the background, and people talking as they passed each other in the hallways. Rumors were already spreading through the house that the President knew who the Wolves were.

Roger stopped by the desk of the Secretary of the President and told her to tell President Obama he was in the White House waiting. She wanted to rush him in to see Barack, but Roger just told her to tell the President whenever he was ready. With Jason handling the home office in Langley, Roger floated through the White House. It took a few hours, but a White House aid finally approached him and told him the President would meet him outside.

When Barack finally walked through the white double doors of the White House, Roger could tell right away the man wasn't in a good mood at all. His face revealed the seriousness of the situation as he took long quick strides as he hurried across the White House lawn towards Marine One. Roger could see the President was no longer in the mood to be pushed around by anyone, not even Kelly Winston.

When they reached the Island. Sandra's voice came over the radio, giving them clearance to land. However, no one met them as they walked up the front steps to the house. Barack led the way and walked into the home unannounced. The President didn't hesitate as the two men turned down the long hall towards Kelly's study. The house was deathly quiet. They didn't see one timber wolf or any other family member along the way.

Not even bothering knocking on Kelly's study door, Barack just barged right in.

Kelly was waiting for them behind his desk.

The President didn't even wait for the door to shut when he went off. Pointing two of his fingers at Kelly, he screamed. "You may be a fucking Alpha buddy, but I'll be damned if I will sit idly by while you kill off half of the fucking planet. I am not going to let you do it." He told him.

Kelly took the President's outburst with a grain of salt and didn't let the man's tone disturb him. He opened his mouth to say something in return, but the President laid back into him once more.

"You may think you and your family are so awesome and powerful, but I am going to tell you right now. I am probably the only person on the planet who knows this, but I know of two things I can use to control you with. So you better remember that when you start on your killing spree."

When the President stopped talking, Kelly waited almost a full

minute to see if Obama was finished before he spoke.

“What I said on camera was meant to scare people so they will take us seriously. I really don’t believe killing half or all of the population in the world will be necessary to achieve our goals. There are a few countries that will never accept global peace, and you and I both know it. With their removal from society, the rest of the world will understand the wolves can back up what we say.”

The president’s voice was a bit lower when he spoke next. “Kelly, do you realize the chaos you have caused because of your prime time special? The world’s population is in a panic. People in every nation are scared to death. To have one group of individuals take control of every satellite in the world all at once has put every damn country in the world at Def-con one. If anyone so much as sneezes, we could have a global war. I have every department in the Federal and State Government working on this issue in one manner or another. We are trying to calm not just our allies down, but our enemies as well. If people don’t start getting some reassurances soon, this whole world peace thing of yours is going to blow up in your face.”

“Mr. President, I have been working on getting me and my family to this point all my life. There isn’t anything about this situation I do not understand. I even know the percentages of what may or may not happen. I know because the United States hasn’t raised our own threat level, our NATO allies and other countries will follow and do the same.”

“Barack, I have been preparing myself for this event all of my life because this is why I am here. This is why I was born. I was picked to do this one job that no other human being can do, but me. And I have to do it alone.”

Roger hasn’t said anything to this point because the President

has always been able to handle Kelly in the past. However, he knew he wasn't going to like Kelly's answer, but he had to ask. From the look on the President's face, Roger could see he was thinking the same thing.

Plowing ahead, Roger just said it. "Who picked you, Kelly?"

"God himself picked me, Roger."

"Kelly, who in the fucking hell are you?"

"Roger, I am not Lazarus, if that's what you're thinking, but I have had many names. My very first name was Tess. Roger, my father was John Quincy Adams."

Both men had been standing since they walked into the room, but after hearing Kelly's confession, they both slowly sat down in one of the leather chairs in front of his desk.

"You told me the first time I came to the Island that their child was a female?" The President reminded him.

"Yes Sir, I know I did. Barack, my whole life has been covered up so no one would know about me. That's why there is no written record of me or of the organization, and most of the information you do have about me is misleading and untrue. I needed to be protected while I grew. That's why God had the timber wolves come into our lives. The organization has known for thousands of years humans were falling off the mark. Even back then, they understood one day the scope of world peace would be way beyond human understanding. It took many years for me to find the knowledge I would need in order to complete the goals of the organization. Periodically during my life, I made myself grow slower so I could learn. God understood I would need the extra time to grow into the part, but he also gave me special abilities like speed and strength and memory because I couldn't do the job without it."

Kelly stared into the President's eyes as he told him. "You know, Sir. I can remember being born. I remember seeing my mother's expression on her face when I came out of her and the joy in my father's eyes. He had tears running down his cheeks when he picked me up for the first time."

"Mr. President, I don't forget anything. Once I see it, hear it, feel it, smell it, taste it. I will always remember it and I remember God telling me this was my job he wanted me to do. He made me to do this one thing for him."

Off-hand, Roger said. "Well, he could have done it in a better way without killing so many people."

"He tried to Roger and look what happened. Yes, the church of Christ was built on the death of Jesus. But no matter how you look at it. All of us killed the son of God. We kill Jesus, a God in human form. This time he has sent me to change you using your ways, and not just using his, and this time. I will finish the job. I will not fail, and you and the rest of the world will not be able to stop me."

"Wait a minute," Obama told him, waving his hands in front of himself. "there is nothing in the Catholic bible or any other holy writings that I know of about you. And what about the second coming of Christ the Catholic bible teaches?"

"Jesus is a name I am not fit to speak," Kelly told them both. "He will be coming back, Barack. We just don't know when. All I am is just a street cleaner, a sinner like all of you, and nothing more. The only thing holy about me is my faith."

"Let me get this straight," Roger said, leaning forward in his chair. "if you remember everything. Then you should remember what God is like."

Kelly smiled at him. He already knew this question was coming.

"Roger, I can only explain Him to you as anyone else can. There

are no words that can clearly express and define what God is like in this realm. He is everything. You're living inside of him as He is living inside of you, regardless if you believe in him or not. It makes no difference."

Thinking back, Obama asked. "So that unexplained force, that inescapable desire that has been drawing the girls and all of you together. It was God."

"Yes, that's right. It was God's love," Kelly told them. "It was His love pulling all of us together."

"Kelly how long will you live for?" Roger wanted to know.

"Roger, years ago, when I was ready to finish my work. My body pretty much turned itself to be just like everyone else in this world, except for my abilities. Now, I am no different from any of you, and I too will die at some point, just like everyone in my family."

"Kelly, where is the family?" The President asked. "We didn't see any wolf's when we got here. Where are Tamra and Tess and the rest of them? We didn't see anyone in the house."

"Except for Sandra, Ross and Clifton. They're all getting into place where I'll be needing them for after the deadline."

"Oh, how is Ross doing?" The President asked.

When Kelly finished telling them about Ross, he turned on the four by six foot flat screen next to his desk. The family had made a little apartment out of one of the recovery rooms because Ross wasn't allowed outside of the ER. Sitting back in a recliner, Ross was in the middle of reading a book. Setting the book down on the arm of the chair, he stood and made some coffee in the small kitchenette in the room.

"Is he that dangerous? The man looks fine to me," Roger said.

"He could be more than dangerous, Roger. He could be extremely lethal. Because you're on the Island Mr. President, I've had

to take extra measures for your safety here today because of him.”

Kelly switched the picture on the screen. Sandra stood like a statue inside the entrance to the ER with 5 timber wolves laying on the surrounding floor. She didn't move her head or body as she watched Ross's door with an uncanny stone like concentration. Her eyes never once wavered from the direction of Ross's room. Dressed in full battle gear. She also had what looked to be a piece of metal wrapped around her throat. Roger could see the woman was cocked and ready for all hell to break loose.

“Ross shouldn't be able to make it past her and the wolves, but if he does. He'll have to come through me. I also have every censer in the house watching him. I could tell you his blood pressure and cholesterol levels are from here.”

“Kelly, we have facilities that are reinforced and designed to hold people, even large animals.” Roger informed him.

Kelly shook his head. He could see Roger clearly did not understand the situation.

“Have either of you ever watched an old western movie when a guy lights the fuse to a stick of dynamite? He throws it, and it lands on the ground, but instead of it blowing up. The fuse burns out inside the stick of dynamite. What happens next? The guy doesn't want to pick it up because he's afraid it will blow up in his hand. Sir, that's Ross right now. Anything in his environment could turn him in the blink of an eye. No, the best thing to do is to wait and not change anything in his environment. We even have to keep the temperature and the air pressure in his room the same to make sure that fuse in him has truly gone out. If Ross tries to leave, he will not make it off this Island alive.”

Both Roger and the President quickly looked over at each other. What Kelly was telling them was if Ross changed, he would be more

than a formidable match against anyone of the Winstons.

“And what if he did make it into the general population?” Roger asked.

“The worst case scenario I know of. The person changed and killed thirty-three people before it got in the public.”

Roger was about to say something, but Kelly held up his hand, stopping him.

“The thirty-three it first killed were alphas and betas. However, it wounded seventy-six others in our organization before they finally found it and killed it. Out of the town’s population, it had ripped apart and killed another hundred and thirty-four people, but it wounded close to three hundred. We still don’t quite understand it ourselves, and were still learning about it, but those who are wounded in a short time will turn into one of these animals. Anyone wounded had to be killed. This shit is like rabies. There is no cure, but only through death. Five hundred and forty-three people died because of a small child not more than thirteen years old.”

Kelly switched the picture on the flat screen back to Ross’s room.

“Look at the size of him.” He told the two men. “Ross is just a little smaller than I am. How many people do you think he could kill and infect if he turned?”

No one in the room said anything for a moment as they watched Ross drinking coffee in his room.

Obama was the first to speak. “Kelly, how in the hell do you live like this? You’re getting ready to take on the world and you have a man who has the potential of being a damn werewolf living in your house.”

Kelly laughed out loud. “With you being a Muslim, sir. I am sure you will understand. It’s my faith, Mr. President. My faith in God.

It's the strongest shield, and the most powerful weapon I have, and God taught me how to use him really good."

The three men talked late into the night. Just before midnight the two flew back to Washington, DC. As Marine One rose high into the air over the Island, Roger ask the President a question he has been waiting all night to ask Obama.

"Sir, earlier tonight you told Kelly that you knew of two things that you could use to control him with. I would like to know what they are."

Obama openly laughed at Roger's question. "Yes. That information would come in handy, wouldn't it, Roger?"

Roger just nodded his head. "Yes."

"I learned of it the very first night I met Kelly here on the Island. It's love Roger and God. That's how you control a man of Kelly's caliber. You love him, and he will never hurt you. He will listen to you when he won't listen to anyone else. God is his direction and he will never veer far off the path."

"Love him and follow God, and Kelly will be right beside you."

The President shook his head yes. "Pretty much that's it."

Thinking back, Barack remembered something he once told Kelly. He busted out laughing once more. "But don't go around quoting bible passages at him, Roger. The man has been alive for a hell of a long time. He will chew you apart if you do."

The Wolves count down continued. The White House was busy as it has ever been. Not one room or hallway within the capital house was unoccupied at any time. Having so many people working, food was being served around the clock. Beds were set up with dividers in between them in the basement for those who lived too far away or

anyone needing a break. Aids stood by to wake people, and took care of changing the sheets and blankets. Showers were made available to all personal and normal business attire was relaxed to regular clothing or jeans and a T-shirt if nothing else was available. Everyone was in the groove at this point as information coming and going from the world's governments flowed effortlessly to the right departments in the house.

The governments of the world were still concerned over the Wolves deadline, but the Angels efforts were relieving them of their fears. As more and more countries realized no harm would come to those who complied with the wolves' demands. Fewer overseas calls coming into the United States freed up the White House telecommunication systems.

The Angels asked their allies to do nothing, but to hold within their borders and wait out the 264 hour dead line. While they waited, the Angels showed them how the United States was achieving record low crime levels, and the changes taking place not just in their schools, but in the workplaces, and home life of the average American citizen. The charts, graphs and video presentations they brought along with them, plus their verbal testimonies, convinced those with an open mind they were indeed telling them the truth.

However, the Archangels weren't so lucky.

The Archangels were the elite. They were the brain trust behind changing the country. They were made up of high standing people in education, politics and religion and philosophy. President of Harvard University was one of the first ones asked to help, along with many others from Stanford, Princeton, Yale and Columbia University. Education Secretary of the United States, Arne Duncan for the Agency for International Development, was the first of the government people

asked to help in the effort. Then the Bureau of Justice and Statistics, the Bureau of Prisons, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Department of Health and Human Services and Department of the State, along with many more departments.

Once people found out what was happening, politicians and department heads were calling the White House, wanting to help with the process. For the first time in US history, the United States Government was using the might of its power for change and true world peace. If the citizens in the United States were upset about the state and federal government being shut down, no one was complaining about it. Congress was still passing bills and laws, but they only had to deal with matters of most importance.

The Angels and their entourage to any one ally country consisted of thirty people. Where the Archangels' task was more difficult. They filled a 747 with all of their aids and personal as they visited Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan and China and other hostel countries. Two hundred strong. They wanted to make it plain and clear how important their mission was to other nations and their task wasn't an easy one.

Pakistan's government refused to let the US peace mission land and absolutely refused to talk to the Archangels on any level. The angels turned the matter over to the US State Department. However, with only two days left to the Winston's 168 hour deadline, they flew to Iran and were refused to land again. The Archangels on board flight 206 made a rash decision to try to be heard by Iran's government.

The copilot on board the plane watched as the pilot put the airplane into a long sloping track bring them into Tehran Metropolis Airport. Looking over at the captain, he asked. "Do you think this is a wise move, Steve? Sure, they'll have enough time to reroute other planes, but this country isn't the friendlies places in the world."

“They have to let us land, John. That’s protocol. Now wither or not they’ll let us disembark the plane, that’s another story altogether.”

Triggering the radio, the Captain spoke into his Mic. “Tehran Metropolis, we have an in-flight emergency. I repeat, we have an in-flight emergency. We must land!”

An air traffic controller in Tehran answered back, “US Flight 206, do not land. You do not have authorization to land at this airport.”

“Tehran Metropolis, we have no choice. We are losing altitude. We must land and we need to do it now!”

The flight controller at Tehran Metropolis couldn’t believe these damn Americans. He and everyone in the tower knew there was nothing wrong with their airplane.

“US Fight 206. I am telling you do not land!” He threatened. “You are about to cause an international incident.”

“Tehran, we’ll have to take that chance.”

Archangel Flight 206 was never heard from again. The plane crashed and burned hundreds of yards short of the runway, killing all souls on board. The US State Department was told flight 206 was having problems with their aircraft, and they were given clearance to land, but they never made it to the runway. News of Archangels flight 206 appeared on CNN along with suspicion as to why the plane crashed in the first place. President Obama ordered an investigation into the crash, but not until after the wolves’ 264 hour dead line.

The one hundred sixty-eight hour deadline approached. The situation room in the White House was crammed packed with department heads. Everyone stood as President Obama and Vice President Joe Biden entered and sat down at the long table.

The President told all of them in the room. “Everybody, please sit down. Let’s keep the formalities to a minimum.”

“Martin, is everyone hooked in?”

“Yes Sir, Mr. President. All our allies and most of the other countries have agreed to keep an open line of communication with each other until the event is over.” Martin handed Obama a piece of paper. “These are the ones that decided to ride it out alone.”

Obama took the sheet from him and looked it over. The list wasn’t as long as he expected, surprisingly it was fairly short. Barack knew some countries wouldn’t follow along with everybody else. Norad was watching these other countries by satellite.

“OK, what’s our time frame look like?”

Joe Biden pointed to a clock on the wall. The red digits read six eighteen pm.

“We have twelve minutes, sir.”

Obama looked at everyone in the room. There wasn’t one person there who wasn’t showing signs of stress over the situation, and the weariness of working too many hours without enough sleep. Tension in the room was so heavy it was slowly crushing all of them.

Addressing the room, he said. “Listen guys. We did the best we could under the situation and we couldn’t have done any better with the time frame we had. No matter what happens when you leave this room, I want you to know how proud I am of all of you. I also want you to let everyone in your own departments know what a fantastic job they’ve done. We all have been busting our asses off around here non-stop for days. We know there’s going to be a huge loss of life, so let’s try to keep that impact as light as we can for those working for us and for the rest of the country.”

Mass hysteria across the country was Barack’s biggest concern throughout the past few days. TV ads have been running daily desensitizing the event to the country. The event itself wasn’t

being publicized, however, Obama planned on speaking to the Nation once he left the situation room.

The clocked now showed six twenty-nine.

Barack knew Kelly would take out most of the country's right at the deadline. He would do it fast and quick with maybe one or two more before the end of the 264 hour deadline. Everyone in the room was watching a flat map of the world on the wall. Each country had a light sticking out of it. For now, every light was on. The President knew that was about to change.

The deep voice of General Dempsey rang out in the room, quieting everyone down.

"It's six thirty...now."

No one spoke as everyone in the room was staring at the map on the wall. A minute went by and nothing changed. Then two. Then three. Five minutes went by when the first light went out in Iran. A minute later, that was followed by Iraq's light. Nothing else happened for a few minutes when the light from Syria's went out, followed by Afghanistan.

Everyone in the room was stunned. A few people were silently crying. Susan Rice had her left arm folded across herself with one hand covering her mouth as tears ran from her eye's, but no more lights went out. Half an hour went by without any more lights going out. Barack was pretty sure Kelly was done for now.

Martin wore the expression of a seasoned warrior as he wrote something on a slip of paper. When he was done, he handed it to the President without saying a word.

Obama took it. It read, "Approximate death toll over 200 million human beings."

Days later, Kelly stood dressed in black in front of the camera down in the cellar of his home with the blue flag of the wolves hanging on the wall in the background. The timber wolves were behind him, showing their excitement with their tails slicing through the air as they snarled and softly growled. The alpha male and female were on either side of Kelly.

Moe, Larry and Curly were out of sight tweaking and adjusting the equipment they used for the wolves broadcast. Larry held up his hand as he counted down to the live broadcast. When the count got to two, Kelly signaled the alpha wolves. Without hesitating, the alphas led the wolf pack into a loud howl as the picture of the group was transmitted across the world. Every wolf's head was raised high in the air as they bellowed out their call. Kelly let them sing out for a full minute before he made them quiet down.

"I warned you." He told the world. "I told the governments of the world to stop their wars. I told all of you to stop killing and to hold inside your own borders. Four countries did not heed my warning and they are now gone. Over two hundred million human beings have died. We are doing this because you people can't seem to stop the violence and destruction on your own. Just the way you talk to each other is sick. God told us we live in a fallen creation, but that doesn't mean we can't live in peace while we wait for His second coming. Two hundred and sixty-four hours have not passed and I expect more people to die before then. I foresee no more countries to be completely decimated. Most of you are trying to do as we asked."

Kelly quickly glanced at his watch. "But I will say this. Egypt, your capital has just been leveled to the fucking ground. We didn't just kill your people this time, we wiped out your buildings, too. I warned all of you not to test us. We will continue to kill until all of you have learned we will not stop until there is peace in this world.

You cannot stop the wolves. You do not have our power, the intelligence or our technology.”

“I am telling you all one last time. Hold your boarders. Stop your violence with each other. If a country cannot conform to the new pack’s order, then all of you in that country must die. Civilians may continue to cross their borders except for the military. Military powers of the world, you are now landlocked within your own country. Do not cross your borders.” He warned them.

“No one is to cross into the borders of the four countries which we took down. In all of these countries we used a deadly Nanotechnology. It’s unlike anything any of you have ever seen, it cannot be defeated. It doesn’t matter if you roll in these countries wearing has-mat gear inside of a tank. Everyone will surely die if you enter into one of these countries. For the time being, these countries are the sole property of the Wolves. At a point in time, all of these lands will be given away. The wolves do not want one acre of these lands. All the wealth in each of these nations will be divided up and appointed to those countries who really need it the most. We are going to make everyone equal on this planet and you, people of power, will not stop us. We will spread the wealth out into the world’s market to offset the world’s deficit. This financial aid is going to boost every country’s economy around the globe and enrich all of your lives. We are also going to be using it to lovingly put a stop to poverty around the globe. The Wolves will not take one bar of gold or an ounce of resource from any of these countries for ourselves. We don’t want any of it. These riches belong to the world and not to us. Everyone on this planet will not go without a place to live or without food and medical care.”

“With fewer people dying each year, the world’s population will rapidly increase, and the planet will start filling up. Stretch out your

arms and find a way to live off world. Settle on the moon first. The moon will get you ready for Mars and the other planets. The wolves are here to help you. Easier times of harmony are coming your way if you would only listen to us.”

“However, the death and destruction isn’t quite over just yet. We still have a lot to do. Latin America, your drug lords are next on the Wolves’ kill list. We are going to remove every cartel from those continents. The wolves have a very personal interest in closing down your drug operations in that part of the world. Expect them to hit you without any warning. They’ll come at you hard and fast and they will not have mercy on any of you.”

“The wolves are out there to protect you from the forces of mankind who have been killing you and abusing their powers. If you meet one of my wolves, please feed them. They will be hungriest at this time and will not be able to hunt. They have been going non-stop without food and sleep for many days and they will be starving. They will need as much raw meat as they can get to help make our world a safer place for everyone.”

“The two hundred and sixty-four hour deadline is approaching fast. The wolves will stop all activity at that time and return home to the den. Remember, you all know what we are looking for from you, and if the wolves are needed to be set free again, they will be. We will be waiting and watching.”

Hours after the two hundred and sixty-four hour deadline ended. Tamra, Tess and Janet and Barbra were flown out of South America to their island off the coast of Maine. Because of the family’s blood spilled in South America in the past. The girls wanted to be the ones who took out the South America’s drug lords. Kelly let them go.

Because he still owed a debt to a young woman who died at a back country shelter in Maine years before.

Kelly met their helicopter as it arrived. As the girls emerged from the aircraft, he could see the damage done to their bodies from the wolves' last objective. There was hardly a surface of skin on them that wasn't damaged in some way. They had been in direct hand to hand combat that covered their bodies in bruises, cuts and puncher wounds from one thing or another. Tamra's chest was wrapped up. One of her breast had been partially ripped away during the operation. All of their hands had damage done to them, but Barbra's hands were totally wrapped up. Neither of the women showed any signs they were in pain, and even with the rest they got during the ride home. They all still looked like they were ready to collapse at any minute.

When the crew of the helicopter carried Tess out on a backboard, Kelly's fears became a reality. He knew something happened to her, but he didn't dare ask when the girls reported during their flight home. Tamra just told him Tess was hurt, but she was alive.

He went over to her, looking her body over for any major damage. Tamra came up beside him. "She lives, lover, but she's out for the count. She damn near burned herself up again."

"What in the hell happened?" Kelly asked, suddenly getting mad. "I gave orders for all of you girls were to work in pairs!"

"It was the logistics, Kelly. It was just too much. We got behind, so we split up to hit the last four cartels in Colombia. Then all of us were going to hit the bigger one in Paraguay all together, but we were running out of time and Tess knew it."

Knowing they were running out of time, Tess realized she was going to have to do something in order for them to complete their mission. Ever since

she first used her super speed in North Korea, the more she used it. The stronger she was getting. No one back home knew just how fast and strong she was, and it was something she kept to herself. She knew if she only used a short burst of high energy, she could cover most of the two thousand miles to Paraguay. Then, if she slowed down before she got there, she would have just enough in her to finish the job. It was a bit risky, but she didn't see any other way around it.

She applied herself, wiping out the last drug cartel she was sent to, then she directed her body towards Paraguay. From the moment she willed it, the wall of energy formed around her, and shot her body thousands of miles across the landscape in the blink of an eye. It only took a few seconds, and she turned it off just as easily as she started it. Continuing her trek using subsonic speed, she ran across a large valley floor. She was only a hundred miles from her objective when, without warning, the ground exploded by her. Violently, throwing her into the air. She hit the ground hard hundreds of yards away.

Mariscal Estigarribia Air Base was a sprawling complex which supported the Paraguay Air Wing. Since the Wolves' first message to the world, every military base around the world has been on high alert. Stress levels continued to rise from fatigue, and lack of sleep, and the pending doom by the wolves. The artillery battalion protecting the air base was commanded by a Lieutenant Colonel who saw something on radar moving towards them with incredible speed across the floor of the valley. The man made a terrible deadly mistake that would cost him his life and the lives of his men with him. He took action on his own accord and ordered every piece of artillery to open fire on the moving object.

Getting back to her feet, Tess saw the small piece of shrapnel in her shoulder wasn't a killing blow. Removing it, she quickly summed up her situation. No one from inside the military base seem to be

shooting at her. The attack was only coming from the artillery outside of the fence line on this side of the base. As she watched, they all began firing in her direction all at once. There was only one thing she could do to protect herself, and to get a little payback.

Tess opened herself. and released all of her energy all at once. When the field formed around her, she used it to destroy the tanks and armament around the outside of the base. As she attacked, men on the ground were running in every direction. None of the artillery was in a straight line, and she was forced to zig-zag back and forth at the speed of light. Her thoughts were barely forming in her mind on what course to take when she was already moving in that direction. In a matter of just a few seconds, the battle was over.

With no one shooting at her, she stopped by an overturned tank that was on fire. She looked the situation over. Vehicles everywhere were flipped over or squished against the ground. Many of them were on fire as a few of them blew up when the fire reached the ordnance within the vehicles. Cries of men dying were heard all around her.

Inside the base, men carrying weapons began pouring from the buildings and began running in her direction. They were getting really close to her. Tess was about to go on the defensive when a jeep with its tires squealing came flying around the side of one of the buildings. As it raced in her direction, an officer stood on the front seat screaming to the soldiers in Portuguese over a hand-held microphone.

“Hold your fire! Do not fire. Do you hear me, you son of a bitches! Put your fucking weapons down!” He ordered the men.

The jeep slowed down as it approached the fence line by Tess. Pointing to one man with his gun still in his hand, the young officer ordered him.

“Holster that weapon, Sargent!”

Quickly, getting out of the jeep, the officer moved over to Tess, who was standing on the other side of the fence watching the show of force with curiosity.

The officer first took notice of Tessa's nude body, and how she was covered from her head to her feet in dried blood and dirt. Her hair was filthy and was matted to her head. It took him a minute to see through all the grime to find an attractive short young woman watching him. But even in her beauty, he knew the woman standing in front of him to be every bit of the wild animal he was told about. They were warned about the wolves and the President of Paraguay, Horacio Manuel Cartes Jara himself ordered the wolves were not to be molested in any way.

"You're a Wolf, aren't you?" He told her. Immediately, the guy knew he said something stupid. He looked away for a second, then raised his right hand. "I mean, there is nothing else you could be."

Tess slowly nodded her head at the guy. "That's right, I am," she told him through the chain linked fence.

"I'm Captain Correia. I was on duty in the control tower. I saw what happened. Lieutenant Colonel Vazquez did not have orders to fire on you. He did it solely on his own. We're all a bit freaked out by what you people are doing here in our country. He made a terrible mistake. I hope you understand."

Tess nodded her head and told him she did.

The officer turned back to the Sargent he spoke to earlier. The man jumped into the officer's jeep, and sped off back towards the buildings behind them. More men continued running across the tarmac. Giving the wolf and the officer some distance, the men gathered in a half-moon behind their officer.

Turning back to the wolf, he noticed she hasn't moved an inch from when he first approached her. Her eyes looked dead tired, but

her body posture still looked deadly to him. The woman was ready to react without any thought.

Walking closer to the fence, he asked. “You’re not going to attack the rest of the base, are you?”

“If I wanted you all dead. I would have killed all of you by now. We do have compassion for life, you know, we’re not psychopaths. I was attacked without provocation, so I attacked back to stop the threat. I had no intention of stopping here at all. I have other business of my own. Anyway, you said it yourself. Your Lieutenant Colonel brought this all on his own. A lot of men died because of his fucking stupidity.”

The Sargent came speeding back in the jeep a moment later. Getting out of the jeep, he handed a leg of beef wrapped in brown paper to the officer. The officer walked up closer to the fence holding the side of beef in front of him.

“I heard you people need a lot of raw meat.” He said to her.

Tess just stared at the food in the man’s hands. Just the smell of it fifteen feet from her was so overpowering she almost attacked him to get it in her mouth quicker. To override her hunger, she had to use every bit of self-control. It has been many days since she last had anything to eat. She was hungry before her speed run, but after the fight with the base’s troops, she was now starving to death. She knew her mission to take out the last cartel by herself was now in question.

The officer could see he had a dilemma as he looked up at the top of the twelve foot wire fence surrounding Mariscal Estigarribia Air Base. The beef weighed close to sixty pounds. He knew he’d have a hell of a time throwing it over the fence.

Tess solved the problem for him. Springing from where she stood. She vaulted over the fence and landed in front of the officer.

The maneuver was so fast the officer's eyes were just coming off the top of the fence as Tess snatched the meat from his hands, and quickly jumped back over the fence. When she hit the ground on the other side, she was just a memory in the minds of the men.

Surprised by her sudden movement, all the men there quickly stepped back. Some even brought their weapons up, but the wolf was nowhere to be seen.

"Holy shit, did you see that?" The Sargent cried. "Oh, my God! She cleared that damn fence so fast. She could have killed all of us. That one little girl could have taken all of us out anytime she wanted to."

"I noticed something else, too." The officer told the Sargent as he looked off into the darkness on the other side of the fence. "Did you see her eyeballing that meat? That poor thing is starving to death. She acted just like a starving animal would. She took that food and ran like her life depended on it. That little woman is really frig-gen hungry."

Clifton and Sandra were giving Tess first aid in the ER as the other girls were trying to relax in one of the beds. That is everyone but Tamra, who hasn't showed any signs of slowing down since she got home.

"I can't believe it. She kill off an entire battalion by herself?" Kelly knew there were up to thirteen hundred men in a battalion. By what his little wife did surprise the hell out of him. His first alpha was getting very, very powerful.

"No. Not the whole battalion, Kelly." Tamra replied, walking back across the ER floor. "She killed a lot of them and wounded even more to stop their attack. The three of us stopped at the base when we saw the surrounding destruction. We all knew damn well Tess did it.

Barbra talked to the Commander of the base and the officer Tess spoke to. She was just protecting herself, and the Commander knows his officer screwed up. By the time we caught up to her, she was totally drained. A man and a woman found her two days before. They knew her for the wolf that she is and were dumping goat's blood down her throat because they couldn't get her to eat. Those two people probably saved her life. They also witnessed what Tess did to that last cartel. They told us Tess just ran over the place and leveled it to the ground. We didn't even find any bodies. That force field from her must have turned them to ash as soon as it touched them."

Kelly picked Tamra up in his arms and put her in one of the beds besides Barbra and Janet. Because of the frantic killing spree in South America, his first wife was too strung out to rest. Kelly knew if he didn't force her to settle down, sooner or later she would just drop.

"Kelly, what's happening to Tess isn't only happening to her. Janet and Barbra and me. Hell, all of us are still changing. We're still getting stronger the more we use our abilities. We were damn near invincible as we were before, but how much more powerful can we get? Is this ever going to stop?"

Kelly laid down beside his over exhausted wife. He put one of his hand between her legs and began stroking her. She pressed herself into his fingers and laid her head on his chest. The whole family, except for Clifton, and himself and Sandra, have been pushing themselves way too hard for too long. If a bit of loving from him didn't get her to settle down and get her to sleep. He would have Clifton put her under for a few days.

The fact that his family was still getting stronger didn't surprise Kelly all that much. Kelly long ago stopped the growth of his body for the simple fact he didn't need to be more powerful. If he needed to be stronger or faster, he would will his body to continue its growth.

What Tamra and the rest of the family didn't understand about themselves was their bodies would keep growing stronger for as long as they used their abilities. This was one reason why Kelly was so sure of his family and what they could do. He also knew when peace finally came to the world, their bodies would normalize somewhat until their abilities were needed again.

Suddenly, Tamra's breath quickened as she cried out, releasing herself. Kelly smiled at her as he continued his work on her. He knew his spouses well. Sex was a big time stress reliever in their family. After a few more minutes, Tamra would be sleeping like a baby for a week.

Chapter 5

Children of God

As the Alpha's returned home the world was still in shock and awe from the destruction of two hundred million lives. After the initial impact there wasn't much information about the event given to the public in the United States. The news services didn't have any pictures to show nor did the governments give out any taken from their satellites.

There were a lot of expeditions that entered into the decimated countries, but every one of them lost contact with the outside world. They were never heard from again. Governments and corporations and private parties after a while stopped sending people into the restricted areas.

President Obama limited the press coverage in the United States and advised other countries to do the same. There was nothing anyone could do about the loss of life, and smearing negative propaganda about the event wasn't beneficial to anyone. Everybody knew what happened. However, what everyone really wanted to know was who were the wolves and where was their den.

Sightings and reports of human beings and wolves were popping

up around the globe during the event. In several nations, people who spotted one of the wolves commented not only of their speed, but also of their ability to blend in with the forest around them. It was said the wolves could camouflage themselves, and were almost invisible while standing still, or running through the trees.

People everywhere were horrified by what these super humans have done. However, there were a lot of people who understood why they were doing it and even appreciated the work they have accomplished. Nations of South America were the first ones to broadcast a worldwide thank you message to the wolves for removing the cartels from Latin America.

After watching South America's broadcast, Tiffany Johnston with the Early Morning News Show convinced the stations CEO to fly her around the world to interview these people who have seen one of the wolves.

Tiffany felt she had no choice, but to take this assignment even with the apprehensive feelings she was having about leaving her seat on the Morning Show. It has taken her many years to get herself to this point in her career and having someone else take control of her spot while she was away filled her with anxiety. When her producer told her, Tara Young an old college class mate would be sitting in her chair on the Morning Show while she was gone. Tiffany almost canceled her trip.

In the last few years, Tara and her have been friendly towards each other since their rival college days. But Tiffany would rather scratch the woman's eyes out then to see her on the Morning Show. Tara wasn't as pretty as she was back in college when Tiffany has held her in her arms, but Tiffany knew those pressure cooker

situations between the two were long in the past. In any event, the wolves and the new assignment was consuming her thoughts as the day approached for her to leave.

She spent the next few weeks flying from one country to another interviewing people about the wolves. She was looking forward to going home when two people stepped forward from South America who said they fed a bunch of the wolves. Because of the number of wolves involved and the personal contact they had with them. Tiffany scheduled an hour long interview to be broadcast worldwide as they told their story.

Upon hearing a rumor of an Air Force Base in Paraguay that was visited by female wolves, she also requested the Paraguay military to tell their story. Her request was granted and Air Force Captain Luis Correia stationed at Mariscal Estigarribia Air Force Base was interviewed for the military in the sixty minute telecast.

Captain Correia gave a detailed description of the wolf he met, and the thoughts he had about meeting her, and what was said between them. He told Tiffany and the world. The wolf was going by the base and he called out to her, to talk to her briefly.

“Sir, I have been hearing rumors,” Tiffany told the Captain. “of a report that a battle was fought at Mariscal Estigarribia Air Base about the time you seen this wolf. Is there any truth in this report.”

“Regardless if there was any truth in these rumors or not, Tiffany. You are talking about military operations, of which. I can neither confirm nor deny. I was told by my commanding officer to come here to talk about this wolf I met and not about rumors.”

Tiffany's reporter instincts were screaming at her about the battle at the base, she damn well knew there was more to the story than what Captain Correia was telling her. However, this telecast was about the

Wolves and not about why Captain Correia was lying through his teeth.

“OK, so what was your overall impression about meeting her.” She asked him.

“I personally don't think these people will hurt anyone for as long as you're not killing someone else. She gave no signs she wanted to hurt me or the men with me. I really believe they are protector's. But as I told you, I did feed her because I could see the poor thing was starving to death. I didn't have to see the wolves last message on TV to have compassion to help her. Her small dirty body look fantastic and healthy, but I could see the starvation in her eyes. She was awful hungry.”

The next two people to be interviewed was Marcela and Adriano Cunha of Paraguay. They both have lived by and has worked for the Cavalcanti Cartel in Paraguay for many years.

“Did you work for the cartel by choice.” Tiffany asked them.

“No of course not.” Adriano assured her. “However, there isn't much

work out by where we live and almost everybody lives on farms. Anyway, we really weren't given too much choice about the matter. They would stop by and tell us when they needed us. Marcela would work in the house, and they'd have me work the grounds or in the stables. They paid us well, but trust me, we never asked to work any extra hours for them.”

“Marcela, why don't you tell us how you came to give aid to this she wolf you met.”

“Adriano and I had to work late into the evening because Mr. Cavalcanti had a party the night before. All of the workers had to help clean up from the party and do our normal work too. Later that night, my husband and I had just left the compound. We were driving down

the road when we felt a vibration in the ground come through the car. I stopped the car and we both got out and watched something moving very fast. We didn't know what it was. This thing was moving across the whole compound crushing everything in its path faster than we could follow it. Senor Cavalcanti had a very large estate with many buildings, but this thing just destroyed everything in seconds. I would call it a tornado, but there was no funnel.”

“What happened next.” Tiffany asked her.

“It just dissipated like the wind. We both ran back to the estate to see if anyone was alive. The whole place looked like twenty tornado's hit it, and we couldn't find anyone, anywhere on the property. We never did find any of their bodies. Then I noticed this small little girl staggering down the road naked looking like she hasn't had a bath in a year. I screamed when she suddenly collapsed on the side of the road.”

“When we got to her, she looked drained of fluid. Her tummy and cheeks were sunk in and hallow. Her whole body looked like a dried up prune. After talking with Adriano. We knew she had to be a wolf, and we remember the big wolf on TV telling us to feed them so we figured she must need nourishment. After what happened there just couldn't be any other explanation for her to be there in that condition. We drove her to our farm where we fed her goats blood because she couldn't eat by herself. She would wake up long enough to drink everything we gave her, then she'd go back to sleep. Two days later, three she wolves showed up at the farm looking for her. They took over her care and we fed them goat's meat. They thanked us and they even hugged me and kiss my cheeks.”

Interjecting, Adriano told Tiffany. “These people were not what we expected. I know what they have done and it's is sad to think about it, but the wolves we talked to did not look and act like the killers me

and my wife have been working for all of these years. They had heart. They hugged us and showed us their appreciation for taking care of the young wolf. These people are not the killers the world thinks of them. If I could get to know them I would like to call them my friend. I don't believe the good people on our world has anything to fear from these wolves.”

Closing the interview, Tiffany faced the camera.

“For the last few weeks I have been traveling across our world talking to people who have had contact with the wolves. The overall impression I received from my interviews with these people is the wolves are just like you and me, except for one big exception. They have stood up to the most powerful nations in the world and put them in their place. They did it by using deadly force, but don't our own countries do the same thing every day. The United States has invaded more countries than any other nation in the world and look at all of the people we've killed. So are the wolves any different than us. I will admit they are. They are stronger and faster, but unlike us. All they want is world peace. They have no interests in money or land or fame. They don't want anything from us other than to see us all love each other. In the past Nations of the world have gone to war for many reasons. However, for the first time in the history of mankind, as far as this reporter is concerned. A force greater than our self is going to war for the love of peace and their not taking no for an answer.”

“This is a personal message from me to the wolves. I am looking for you. I will not stop until I find you. I need to meet you on or off camera, and I will come alone. I would like to be your friend if you will let me. There are also many other things I may be able to help you with. My name is Tiffany Johnston on special assignment in Paraguay.”

After her South America telecast, Tiffany was called back home to Washington DC. Her producers and the CEO of the broadcasting company wanted her back on the air as soon as it was possible. Millions of people have watched her interviews over the past few weeks, and they now wanted Tiffany back so she herself could be interviewed.

Landing at Ronald Reagan Airport in Washington DC, Tiffany was surprised when a car picked her up and brought her to the Grand Hyatt Hotel. She was told John Richardson the CEO of, “The Morning Show” didn't want her to go home. He wanted to keep her in town for interviews and public appearances for a few days. Tiffany was told they were giving her twenty four hours to catch up on her jet lag and the every next morning she would be interviewed live on the Morning Show. The following day after that would be her first broadcast since she did her world tour.

Tiffany's producer knew she has gathered the attention of the world because her telecasts. Now they wanted her back on the air so they could watch the ratings shoot through the roof. They had a beautiful young attractive celebrity on their hands and they were going to milk it for as much as it was worth.

Tony Seward, her producer met her at the Hyatt. After giving her a quick hug, he introduced her to an attractive woman a little younger than herself.

“Tiffany, this is Evelyn. She will be helping you handle all of your appointments, interviews, hotel accommodations and whatever you need her for.”

“Tony, I can handle all of those things myself.” She told him.

Tiffany had to admit Evelyn was cute, but she has been handling all of her own affairs during her career as a reporter. In any event, Evelyn looked as if she has been a librarian most of her life. The

woman wore a dark brown skirt with shorts heels and a blouse that was buttoned to the top. She hugged her clipboard like she was afraid to let the world see her precious chest while her eyes continuously roamed around the room.

“Tiffany, until what you did calms down trust me you will be needing her. All of the hoopla should die down in a few months the way John and I figured it. Evelyn is here to do all of those mundane things that take up your time. She is also a buffer zone between you and the public. I know she doesn't look it, but the great thing about Evelyn is she's street smart like you. She has been working with a PR firm for the last twelve years and she knows broadcasting inside and out. So don't be fooled by her youthful and slim appearance.”

He lowered his voice and told her, “Tiffany, this little woman is a fire cracker and people do not want to set her off. I picked her for you myself because I have known you for years. You can be a little bullheaded at times, but you won't intimidate Evelyn.” He told her.

Tony walked the two women to the elevators before saying good night and that he would see Tiffany tomorrow morning on the set.

Getting into a small elevator with the strange woman who was supposed to be helping her run her life was one thing Tiffany did not expect when she stepped off of the plane an hour ago. This whole deal was so unexpected and the awkwardness between the two women that was sure to follow was something Tiffany didn't need right now.

Evelyn looked prissy and up tight as Tony and her talked. Her brown hair was off her shoulders in a tight weave as she stood tall in her pressed skirt. The woman wasn't letting her body relax one millimeter. Tiffany watched the elevators doors close on them as if they were a death sentence, but what happened next surprised the hell out of her. As soon as the doors shut, Evelyn's whole demeanor and

body posture changed so fast it was as if the woman had a split personality.

Evelyn turned to her with a huge grin on her face and told her. "I have been watching you on TV every day for years. I have always thought you were beautiful and now seeing you in person. If I was gay, I'm telling you. I would be all over you, matter of fact I don't think we'd make it up to your room."

Then the woman busted out laughing.

Wow, Tiffany was stunned. She didn't expect this tight upper lippered stone wall to turn into someone with so much emotion.

"Evelyn, you better watch yourself or you just might convince yourself and me that you are gay. Where in the hell did that woman go to who had a rock stuffed up her ass a moment ago."

Brushing the air with her left hand, Evelyn laughed again.

"That's all show hon, remember I am in PR. I show the public what I want them to see. It's part of the job. I'll show you somethings that will help you out as well."

The elevator reached their floor and both women slowly walk down the hallway.

"In what way?" Tiffany asked.

"You and Tony have been good friends for years I heard."

Tiffany agreed they were.

"Well, the next time you see him in public instead of giving him a quick hug like you did tonight. Stop just a little bit short of him and lean in with your chest and press it against his. As you do, hold one side of his face and kissing him on the other cheek. That tells people your good friends then do the leg trick."

Stunned by her statement, Tiffany just looked at her, which started Evelyn laughing again.

“You lift your foot off the ground.” She explained. “Don't pick it all the way up like you see in those old photos back in 1950 when a sailor kisses a girl. Just lift your foot and point your toe. When you set it back down put it closer to him then fully embrace him. The delivery is everything and when the public sees it too. Everyone will be looking at you.”

Just before they got to Tiffany's room a couple came out of their own room.

Evelyn snapped back into her stern face tight upper lip individual. Once they walked into Tiffany's room her own personality relaxed, clicking back into place.

Tiffany just stared at her. “That is one of the weirdest thing I have ever seen anyone do before.”

“I'm a natural at.” Evelyn confessed. “I'm also good in self-defense and shooting. Things are better now in this town, but a few years before. This city had a lot of problems and a girl was stupid not to know how to handle herself.”

Tiffany slipped off her shoes and walked around the plush room. She noticed the closet doors were open. Behind her Evelyn was watching her closely.

“Yes, those are your things.” She told her. “I got your house keys from John. And don't even ask me why I knew a married man who was also your CEO would have the keys to your place. I could tell the things you wore the most and I already knew the styles and colors you like to wear on the set from watching you on TV. I even brought some of the newer items you haven't even tried on yet. Everything you need is here and I'll make sure it all gets back home.”

“OK, this is going to take some getting used to.” Tiffany said as she laid down on the bed.

Evelyn sat down beside her and began massaging her shoulders.

“Evelyn, there's only one problem.”

“What's that.” Evelyn asked as she worked on a knot in her back. Tiffany raised her head off the bed and said, “You’re not gay.” That made Evelyn start laughing again.

Ten men gathered around the hood of Bills truck as he showed them the plans he just got for the finishing touches to the road they have been building for the past many weeks.

“The road coming east from I-15 will meet up with our road coming south from I-80.” He said pointing to a big circle on the plans. “The I-15 road will meet on the east side of the circle and our road will meet on the north. They want this whole inner circle paved.”

“Hell that's a shit load of assault, Bill.” Charley remarked. “That circle has to be at least a half mile across. What the hell are they putting out here? Were in the fucking middle of nowhere.” Charley said looking all around them.

There was nothing to be seen from where they stood, but the great salt lake of Utah with mountains off in the background. Being miles from the both highways Charley couldn't even made out I-15 or I-80 off in the distance. He could barely see the other company that was building the road from I-15.

“The center circle is almost three quarters of a mile across.” Bill told them bring Charley's attention back to him. “My best guess is our southern road will be the entrance and the road from I-15 is for the exit. Their building something pretty big in the middle of the circle after we get the pavement down, but they have yet to tell me what that is. But here's the real kick in the ass, Charley. From what I am told outside this circle,” Bill traced it with his finger as he talked. “will extend out in every direction for miles.”

Sarcastically, Charley asked, "What do they want us to put there, Bill. A fucking opium field."

Bill and a few other guys laughed at Charley's comment.

"No it's better than that, Charley. Between both roads. All around the outside of the inner circle they want astro turf."

Disbelieving what they heard every man standing there started shaking their heads.

Paul, who ran the earth crew asked Bill, "Man, you got to know more than your letting on. What in hell are they really doing out here."

"As I keep telling you guys I am in the dark as much as you are." Bill confessed. "Their keeping everything about this damn project a secret. They have their own architect, and have been giving the home office pieces of the plans at a time. But just from seeing these plans here. They got to be putting something pretty fucking big on display. My thought is the Astor Turf is for the public to camp on because it's such a durable grass. Whatever they are doing out here. I think people from across the country will be coming here to see whatever it is they are putting up."

He turned back to Charley.

"And I believe you were right, Charley. I think the Federal Government has their hands in this all the way up to their armpits. You wouldn't be able to do what they are doing out here without the governments help.

"But there is someone else involved as well." He told the group of men. "I got a quick look at the guy last week when I stopped in to pick up our pay checks. Sara told me to look out the window when he left the building. She wouldn't tell me his name or anything about him, but this guy was one of the biggest sons of a bitches I ever saw. He stood six two and he must have weighed out at two hundred and fifty pounds without an ounce of fat on him. He was a strange looking

guy because he was only in his thirty's, but he had sliver streaked throughout his brown hair.

The computer notified Kelly of Ross's agitation. Switching on the camera in his room, Ross was standing on a chair looking directly into the camera as he screamed, "I want to get the fuck out of here, Kelly. Do you fucking hear me. Get me the hell out of here!"

Kelly's computer screens showed Ross's heartbeat, respiration and body temperature was steadily rising. After hitting the silent alarm, every light in the house began flickering, on and off. Kelly reached up and touched his necklace just as Ross picked up his bark-a-lounger and threw it across the room and into the far wall.

"Battle gear, Ross's room!" Kelly told everyone.

By the time Kelly made it to the ER, Tamra and Tess were already in Ross's room trying to calm him down. As Kelly stepped into his room both women were talking to him at the same time.

"Baby, you have to calm down." Tess told him.

Tamra stepped forward to hold him when Kelly sounded off from behind her.

"Tamra, I want you and Tess out of here right now!"

Both women didn't like it, but they immediately left the room.

As he paced back and forth across the room like a caged animal, Ross started talking to Kelly.

"You can't keep me in here. There's nothing wrong with me, I feel fine. I will not be cage up in here like a prisoner. I'll stay on the Island," He told him, "but I will not be pend up in this fucking room any longer."

When Ross stepped closer to him, Kelly hooked his thumb in his back pocket getting his hand closer to the forty five sticking out of the back his jeans.

“Is this how you people treat family,” He asked him. “you can't keep doing this to me.”

“Yes, I can Ross and I will keep doing it until we are sure you are a hundred percent yourself.” Kelly didn't have the heart to tell Ross his that actions were telling Kelly, he couldn't trust him.

Clifton came walking into the room holding a syringe in his hand. Ross seen it, and backed up against the kitchen counter.

“Oh, no. I'm not going to let you put me to sleep again. That's just is not going to happen.” He told Clifton while shaking his head at him.

“It's not going to put you to sleep, Ross. It'll just help you calm down, and that's all. I promise.”

For a moment, Kelly thought Ross was going to put up a fight, but instead he let Clifton inject him. Clifton then brought him over to the couch to lay down. As soon as the drug started to take hold, Kelly left the room.

Tess and Tamra was standing behind the rest of the family as he came out of Ross's room. Everyone, but the two women were in battle gear, and had their machines guns pointing in Kelly direction.

“Wade, Tim. I want you both to stay here for now. The rest of you, disarm. Tess you can go in, but be careful.” He told her. “Tamra as soon as Clifton is done in there. I want him, you and Stephanie and Rhea in my office.”

Later, after the four came to his office, he asked them. “I need to know what we are going to do with Ross.” Kelly told them sitting behind his desk. “I almost put a damn bullet into his head a little while ago. Ross is right, we can't keep him pended up. He has been in that small apartment for almost two months now. The man's going crazy in there.”

"I understand internal medicine and the human body," Stephanie confessed. "but what we've been told about this condition neither of us has ever seen before. As far as I can tell he's is a bit jaded, but normal."

"Kelly," Rhea asked. "this thing you told us was like rabies. Well, if treatment is started soon enough people do survive from it. Maybe we caught it fast enough, and the fuse is out."

Kelly looked over to Clifton. "Well, what do you think, Doc?"

"Kelly, I want to take some pressure off of you and help Ross get out of the ER, but I just can't do that at this time. I'm still stuck fifty, fifty either way." He then glanced down at some papers in his hand. "One of the reasons why is because I just found some abnormal blood work that was taken recently."

Surprised, Kelly asked. "Ross's blood work?"

"No Kelly, not Ross's." He looked over at Tamra. "Tamra, your pregnant."

Everyone started talking all at once as Kelly flew around from the backside of his desk, and grabbed a hold of her, for she looked to be in shock.

"No fucken way." She said to Clifton as Kelly held onto her.

Clifton laughed. "Yes way." He told her. "When everybody got back from their operations I did a full work up on all of you. You have been carrying the embryo for a while now and didn't know it. But you haven't been getting any bigger because the baby stopped growing when your body shut down the possess to redirect it's energy to the rest of your body. When a normal woman gets active their baby making parts stop working. As lot of female backpackers found this out when they were hiking for a long periods of time. When the stress on their bodies relaxed they ended up with an unexpected child. When the wolves got active, Tamra. Your body put the embryo into a

hibernation like state, but now that your home. I believe you'll start showing anytime soon."

"OK, I can see how that could happen," Rhea told him. "but how would that have effected Ross."

"I am not sure at this time, but I believe I am onto something. Tamra was carrying the child when she did her thing on Ross. I think something may have happened to him when she was giving Ross strength to live. If the track I am on pans out. I may be able to test someone before they go wild, and if I can do that. Then I should also at some point be able to make a vaccine to stop it from every happening in the first place."

Rhea screamed. "Kelly!"

Jumping up from where she sat. She quickly grabbed Kelly followed by Stephanie. The two let him down easy onto the floor of the study. He was out cold.

Clifton checked Kelly over, after a few minutes he started laughing so hard he had tears coming from of his eyes.

Tamra knelled down with Clifton beside Kelly.

"What's wrong with him?"

Clifton finally managed to tell girls. "There's nothing is wrong with him, Tamra. News of the baby made him pass out."

Staring out the window of the hotel's restaurant, Tiffany waited for Evelyn to get back from checking her flight information to California later that afternoon. The Tonight Show with Jay Leno wanted her to make an appearance, and tape a segment to be aired the following night.

Tara Young would take her spot on the Morning News as she did when Tiffany was covering the wolves story. It didn't bother Tiffany anymore that some other woman was sitting in her chair on

the set like it did a few weeks before. The more Tiffany talked about the wolves. The more her mind wandered to thinking about them. She was sure they was drawing her to them. She knew it wasn't just the curiosity she had about them anymore, it felt much bigger than that. The wolves were taking up her thoughts more and more every day. She even researched timber wolves on her computer in hopes of understanding them better.

"You need a bloody vacation." She told her reflection in the window as her thoughts returned back to Maine.

It would be so easy to jump in a car, and go there, and find some peace and quiet. The hotel has been a whirl wind of activity since she has been here. and it wasn't quite like her home. Summer was in full swing on the Maine coast as were her thoughts of laying on its beaches in the afternoon sun, and hiking the trails in the cool evening air searching for a warm blooded animal to eat-

Snapping herself out of her sudden train of thoughts, she told her reflection again. "You really need to get a grip on yourself."

A waiter filled her coffee cup without her realizing it, she only seen the guy's back as he turned away.

"Thank you." She called after him.

Picking up her coffee mug she found a slip of paper underneath the cup.

Unfolding the note, it read. "Belfast isn't just a city in Ireland. Jesus made a place for you in heaven. Follow your heart, and it will bring you to us. Have no concerns for you will know the way if you are truly one of us. God's love will steer the ship home."

Evelyn sat down talking to her, but in shock. Tiffany just stared at the note in her hand.

“OK, Everything checks out.” Evelyn told her. “You’ll be on flight 423, and it leaves at two fifteen. Now don’t let them put too much makeup on you.” She warned her. “You don’t need a lot-

Evelyn stopped talking because of the perplexed expression on Tiffany’s face.

“Tiffany, what’s wrong?”

She didn’t answer her, but asked in return. “Do you have your computer in your bag.”

“No.” Evelyn told her. “I left it in my room. Why?”

“Mines in my room too. Come on.” She told the younger woman, quickly standing up.

Evelyn jumped up from the table with Tiffany.

“Tiffany, what’s happened. Why do you need a computer.”

“It’s the wolves!” She showed Evelyn the message. “Their calling for me!”

Kelly reluctantly let Ross out of the ER.

The organization didn’t have any guild lines to follow due to the unpredictable nature of a person turning wild. There was very little information about the subject because the illness rarely accrued. Before the wolves attack on the world, Kelly sent a request to all groups to pass down what information they had about the subject. However, his inquiry got pushed aside because the organization focused their attention on their main goal of world peace. With their second killing blow finished, information Kelly had requested was only now slowly started trickling back to the Island.

Ross was told he could freely roam the Island, but at least one member of the family would need to be with him at all times. Kelly let the rest of the family work out a schedule, and the plan seem to work out great for everyone. Ross was able to get some excise and

everybody had an extra hand fixing things, and doing over neglected maintenance on the Island.

Ross seem to snap back into the person he was before he was shot. He seemed normal or what would be referred to as normal on the Island. Kelly looked up at his computer screen which showed Ross and Tim by their pier working on some equipment outside the tool shed. While Ross slept the night before they let him out. Kelly had Clifton place a tiny computer chip in the scalp of his head without Ross knowing about it. Kelly wasn't about to take any chances with him. The houses computer would track Ross no matter where he was on or off the Island.

However, no matter how things looked, Kelly still remained skeptical. He asked Moe, Larry and Curly to finish what he asked them to do before the wolves were activated.

“Just tell me this. Is this thing going to work or not.”

“Yes, we believe it will,” Moe told him over the conference call in his office. “the only problem is, it's going to work on all of you too.”

“How bad is it?”

“For us it will be a lot like mustard gas and burn and water your eyes so bad you won't be able to see. The danger comes if you breath it in, and if a normal person get a whiff of this stuff. It will kill them quicker then shit.”

That was a risk Kelly knew they were going to have to take. Everything about the alpha's seemed to be a danger to the general public. But the things he had Moe and his team working on were being made to save the lives of the public, and his family too.

“How are you coming with the suits of armor.”

“Their more contamination suits and not armor, Kelly.” Curly told him through the phone line. “The fabric can't be penetrated or

soaked through by blood or water. If you were shot while wearing one. The suit would wrap around the bullet. The fabric would go inside of you as well as the bullet, but it wouldn't break the suit open. You will still feel the force of any trauma, and you can be crushed while wearing one. They were only made to stop infection from outside elements.”

“They sound great so why haven't any been made yet. I wanted these two items on the Island last week. What's the hold up.”

“Well, that's why I asked for the everybody's sizes,” Larry told him. “these things have to be molded. There isn't any other way to do it. They'll look like a jump suit with the opening in the back. Our problem is how do we close the back of the suits. The material cannot be punctured, and we can't just put Velcro on the two seams.”

Kelly could see what their problem was. These three guys were so damn intelligent they were having trouble in building a simple zipper for the damn suits.

“Guys. I really don't give a rats ass how you do it. Get it done. I want at least a four of those suits and a can of the fog here on the Island by next week. If you three can't get it done. I'll come over there and do it myself.” He told them.

Kelly laughed to himself as he set his phone down. His threat did the trick. All three men assured him he would have the suits before next week. Kelly himself has only toured their underground lab once after he designed it, and it was built. The place was their little world, and no one but their family and staff has ever gone there. Their pack were the only group who would be working and living there. They alone were separated from the rest of the of the organization, and the outside world.

Worries over Ross was soothed over by the news of Tamra's little surprise growing in her belly. They all were going to be mom's

and dad's. Just like a pack of wolves whoever conceived the baby didn't matter to them at all. They would all raise and love the child as if it was their very own. They held a dinner party the night. Kelly relinquished his chair at the head of the table to honor Tamra, and the first child to be born on the Island. With the cellar of the home being the safest place on the Island. Kelly got the men together, and they started making a nursery by combining two large rooms together in the protection of the cellar.

One of family's biggest surprises came when Alexandra, the female alpha wolf noticed Tamra was pregnant. Howling as loud as she could brought all of the wolves to her, they all followed the alpha wolf in song. Afterwards, she tucked her tail between her legs, and with her head hanging low to the floor, she slowly approached Tamra, and began licking her hands, and face. From that moment on the wolf wouldn't leave Tamra's side. She also wouldn't let any of the other wolves near Tamra at all. Everyone in the household had to approach Tamra carefully or they would set the one hundred and ninety pound wolf off. Which in turn would bring the whole pack running to her. The wolf, and her motherly instincts was ready to protect Tamra, and her child with her life. The gift of protection wasn't Tamra's only baby present she received. All of the family members brought home baby gifts for her. Even the President of the United States along with Roger Mellon, sent her flowers.

When Roger called, and told Kelly, President Obama wanted to speak to him in person. Kelly decided to meet both men in Langley, Virginia. With Ross confined to the Island and Tamra being pregnant, he wanted to limit who came out to the Island.

Kelly understood Obama wanted to talk to him about the world's situation, and find out what his further plans were. Kelly knew that answer depended on the rest of the world. However, he did want to

reassure the President he believed the mass killing spree was over with as long as the governments of the world didn't do anything to change his mind.

To this point, all wars around the world have stopped. Each country were now keeping their military inside of their own borders. Kelly knew that was more than half of the battle for global peace. Over the decades he has watch the nations of the world. He knew the governments to be the worst problem in fighting human suffering, and mass killing. Kelly understood there were still fractions of groups, and organizations much like the PKK in every country that needed to be dealt with. There was still a lot of work left to do everywhere. Over time the wolves would get to these people if the nations of the world didn't take care of the matter themselves.

While Tamra was on light duty, and he was away from the Island, he left Barbra in charge.

There were a lot things that needed to be done since the family has been away from home for almost a month. With Tessa's weaken condition, Janet was helping her feed, and tend to the animals at the far side of the Island. While Rhea was multitasking with her clipboard as she did inventory, and cleaned up the pier area. The rest of the family took one of the boats to Boston to shop and take care of business at one of their banks.

With Tamra being on maternity leave, Barbra took over the house hold operations. Inventorying the stock pile of weapons, ammunition as well as the food stored in the kitchen's pantry. A few of them would be going into town for food stores, and she would need to place her order with Hanna-Ford Food Corporation. The bottles of liqueur in the front room needed to be checked as well as all of the small refrigerators throughout the house. Having cold drinks on hand, and lots of water stocked piled was one of Kelly's pet peas. He was

always drinking something cold, if not just water. Living on the Island after a while, Barbra could tell what rooms Kelly spent most of his time in just by what wasn't in the small refrigerators. After coming from the ER and passing Kelly's office, she checked off his study from her list. She didn't even bother to go in and see what was in his refrigerator. Kelly's refrigerator would always be the first one that would be empty in the house.

Having the information she needed, Barbra sat down in the house's multipurpose office to figure out what she needed to order. She just started her calculations when she heard Tamra's high pitched screams coming from the living room of the home.

Taking feed sacks from the large red barn with white trim. Both girls worked quickly to fill the food bins near the barn. Each feed bin held storage containers to hold the animals feed who lived on the Island.

Janet was dumping the last bag of grain into the deer's bin as she told Tess. "You know, I think we need to go after some more animals. The herd on the Island is getting a bit thin."

"We still have a lot of rabbits left." Tess said from behind her.

Tess snatch a rabbit from the bushes who came by to see if there was any food in his box. The little guy was running his legs as Tess held him up behind his ears. Placing him on her chest, she stroked him until the wild rabbit calmed down and closed his eyes. During their years together on the Island, Janet knew Tess always had a special place in her heart for the rabbits.

"What is your issue with the rabbits, Tess. I hardly ever see you eat one. Ya, their cute and all, but I watch what happened the other night when Alik ate a rabbit while we were playing. I saw the look on your face, and I swear if Tamra wasn't there at the time. I think

you would have beat the living hell out of the poor wolf. Tess, he was only doing what comes natural for him to do.”

“I’ll tell you, but you have to promise not to say anything to anybody else.”

Janet agreed.

Petting the rabbit, she explained. “Their my friends, and they are a lot like me. Their cute, and adorable, and they love to run like the wind. Their little bodies are also small just like mine. There are times when...”

Tessa's thought suddenly trailed off, Janet urged her to finish. “There are times, what. Tess?”

“I get up early as most of you know. But what none of you know is I

come out here, and the bunny's gather around me, and we play. They don't run away, and are not scared of me like the rest of the animals are. You should hear them when we run through the trees together. They get really excited, and they start squealing-”

Tess stopped in mid-sentence because Janet had a complexing expression on her face.

She was instantly alarmed. “Janet, what’s wrong!”

They weren't far from the house, but Janet could clearly see what was happening inside of the home.

“Ross has turned, and he's trying to get at Tamra!” She screamed.

Both women placed their bodies into hyper mode and raced for the house. Within the first forty feet Tess kicked in her overdrive, and left Janet eating her dust.

Flying into the house, and turning into the living room. She found the room was totally trashed. Alexandra's body was laying on the floor with her long tong hanging out of her mouth, blood was still

flowing from her mouth. Tamra was backed up into a corner while Barbra stood in front of her trying to fight off Ross.

Seeing Ross, Tess knew whatever there was of Ross in his body before was no longer in him now. The thing standing in front of her was pure evil. She could feel it's tar pitch power being projected from the pores of its skin. His body wasn't any bigger, yet his face had changed. There were now fangs sticking from his mouth. He was growling like an animal while he tried to bite, and claw at Barbra. However, it was his sinister smile on his face which told Tess, he knew he was stronger than them. The damn thing knew it could kill them.

Barbra wasn't using any offensive moves on it because she was doing her best to just try to hold the thing off while defending herself, Tamra, and the baby. Blocking his blows was the only way to ensure none of its saliva got onto their bodies.

Tess took it all in at a glance. She could see Barbra's defensive was going to fold on her anytime soon. The damn thing was just too strong. The thought was barely forming in her mind as Tess opened her heart, and willed her body into light speed. She was no more than twenty feet from him as she controlled herself in a way she has never done before. Her force field was only inches off the surface of her skin as her body started moving forward. In less than a flash of a second, she ran into it knocking it away from Tamra and Barbra. She expected it to vaporize into ash like when her field hit a normal person, but it didn't. The field did do some damage to it as it bounced off of her bubble.

Screaming out in pain, the thing was thrown hard into the far wall. When it was over, Tess picked herself off the floor of the ER, and ran back into the living room through the holes she just made through the walls of the house.

Tamra and Barbra were quickly looking over their bodies for cuts, and saliva as Janet and Sandra came running into the room.

"Is everyone alright." Sandra asked as she looked over at the blown out window in the front room.

Tamra glanced down at the dead wolf on the floor.

"No, Alexandra is dead. If it wasn't for her I would be too. We were just sitting there on the couch, and just like that, he turned. If it wasn't for Alexandra, and then Barbra, I would have been screwed. The baby and I would have never survived."

Janet looked from one woman to the other.

"Where the hell is Rhea?" She asked.

"She's on the pier!" Barbra screamed as she ran out the living room.

All five women ran with everything they had for the pier. Tess was already there when the four women caught up to her. Ross was driving off in the Catherine, and he left what was left of Rhea's body in pieces on the pier. Her blood was splattered all along the side of the Freeloader with her body parts scattered on the pier and gangway. Beside her torso was the large can of fog Kelly had ordered. The safety pin was removed, but she never got the chance to use it.

Tess was crying uncontrollably by the time the girls reached her. Vocalizing her anger, her frustration and pain. She screamed over and over at the speeding boat as it left the inlet.

Janet and Tamra took hold of her as Sandra just stared at the remains of Rhea scattered in front of them. He was in the Catherine, their fastest boat. There was no way they would catch up to him before he got to the mainland.

As the world was trying to get back to their normal lives, public opinion about the wolves remained low even with the positive news coverage they recently received. People were still scared silly about them, and Kelly knew it. Every government in the world believed the countries the wolves decimated were a huge problem in the world's fight against terrorism, drugs, and human suffering. Time and time again, these countries have proved to be the source of supplying weapons, financing and harboring terrorists from around the world. Most of the world's governments were secretly relieved they were gone. However, it was the citizens of neighboring countries who were totally beside themselves at what the wolves did. Most of these people had family members living in these countries at the time of the wolves' attack. People struck out against their own governments in the only way they knew how. Turkey was one of the hardest hit countries with protesters marching in the streets, even though weeks before the wolves removed the PKK from their lands. Across the world, tempers were high as people wanted to strike out at anyone to ease their pain of losing their loved ones. With the help of President Obama and Roger Mellon, Kelly implemented a plan that would help change the world's opinion over to their side.

"Where are we at with, 'Positive Flow.'" The President asked Roger while the men sat in his office at Langley.

"The project just started." Roger told him. "We wanted to wait until Tiffany Johnson finished with her special down in South America. We'll start seeing it on TV, it will slowly build. At the height of the propaganda we'll start the second phase. We'll hit the streets in every major city across the United States. We have most of our allies doing the same. We don't expect to see much of a change for at least a few months. Like a snow ball it will gather speed as we go. It will

also end up secreting into other countries like Turkey who is having a real hard time with the after effects of the Wolves attack.”

Obama turned to Kelly sitting across the table from him. “Are you sure you’re going to want to do this. Your organization is going to be hit with one hell of a bill.” Then he added with a grin, “You might want to save a few bucks for campaign contributions when I run for reelection.”

Kelly suddenly laughed out loud and smiled back at him in return.

“Who said I was voting for you.” He told the President.

Roger was laughing at his remark when Tamra screamed in Kelly’s ears.

“Kelly!”

“Tamra, what’s wrong.”

President Obama and Roger waited as Kelly continued to talk to the air in front of him.

“It’s Ross. He turned Kelly, and he’s really fucking strong. He’s like a piece of fucking steel. Tess hit him with her field and he just bounced off of it. Then he dove out through the bullet proof window in the living room.”

“Where is he now, Tamra.”

“He took the Catherine and has gone ashore. Kelly, Rhea and Alexandra are dead! We’re using the suits, and were going after him.”

Kelly’s heart fell apart hearing about Rhea and the Alpha wolf, but he was more concerned with Tamra at the moment.

“Tamra you are not to leave the Island. Do you hear me? Do not leave the Island, you have the baby to think about.”

“Kelly, this fucking thing is strong. He not as fast as us, but he is stronger than us. The girls will need all of the help they can get.”

“I’m on my way home now. If that thing isn’t killing people left and right, tell the girls to track it and stay the hell away from it. I’ll be home in a few hours.”

Kelly then informed the President and Roger what just took place.

“If this thing is that powerful how are you going to kill it, Kelly.”

“Roger, it may be big and strong, but is still flesh and blood. I’ll kill the damn thing.”

Roger put up his phone on his desk.

“I’m real sorry to hear about Rhea, Kelly. There has to be a way of checking if something like this is going to happen to someone.”

“We might be onto something, Mr. President. Clifton has been taking blood samples on Ross as well as a bunch of other things. He has a lot of material to work through, it will take time to work it all out.

Roger got off the phone.

“Kelly. A Tomcat will be meeting you at the airport. You’ll land at the Augusta Airport in Maine, and by then. I’ll either have the FBI or the local cops pick you up, and take you to Belfast. Now you said this thing isn’t as fast as you guys which is a blessing,” Roger told him. “but what else can we be doing.”

“We’ll need every police officer in the area that we can get. Tell the cops in every town in and around Belfast to get everyone inside their homes, and make them stay there. Use the National Guard and post sentries all around Belfast, and tell everyone not to engage him. They will be our eye’s if he makes it past us, and gets that far. I need to get the hell out of here, but listen. The girls will have to start killing civilians so you need to get ready to handle that.” Kelly told the men. “Anyone with a scratch or open wound will be infected and will need to be put down.”

Abruptly, the President held out both his hands. "Hold on, Kelly. Needlessly killing American's citizens isn't something this administration is going to take lightly." The President told him. "Now you told me, Clifton has been working on this, but he was only one man working alone. If we can get his notes and the blood samples along with his help. I can get a high tech lab set up in Belfast with a hundred men operating it inside of six hours. We may be able to find the cause to this genetic problem, and put a stop it. Anyone infected, we'll keep them contained. I'll have the full weight of the military watching over them."

Kelly looked doubtfully at the President. He knew anything dealing with genetics was so complicated and technical the cures and vaccines for the problem could be years away. However, he also saw an opportunity for his organization to work directly with another entity for the first time in their secret history. The Obama administration knew about them, and their secret organization wasn't much of a mystery as it once had been. Between the two of them, Kelly figured they just may be able to find the cause to this problem once and for all. The United States Government, Kelly knew was on their side fighting for world peace so why not let them in on this matter.

"If you can contain them away from everyone else, and have an Army of men with all the damn fire power you can get on them. Then I will agree to it. But when they start turning you'll just be killing them anyway."

"Kelly, I'll take that chance. You yourself said that the approach Clifton is working on has never been tried before. With a little bit of luck we just may beat this thing."

While Tamra was talking to Kelly.

Barbra called and left word at their bank in Boston to recall their family home. When the bank manager ask what he was to tell her family, she told him, "Tell them there's a wolverine in Belfast."

Most people thought of wolverine's as cuddly cute creatures. The wolves knew differently. Wolverines were about the only animal that would stand up to a wolf out in the wilds of the North America. A wolf could take one down if he needed to, but the wolverine were mean strong creatures, and would attack a wolf in their own defense. They were not to be played with by wolves or mankind. All wild animals are to be feared, even a cute little deer will run you over and hurt you with their hoofs. With the message in place the family would know Ross has turned, and they would be coming home in a hurry.

After putting on the protective gear, the girls took the Freeloader after the monster, forcing Tamra to stay on the Island by herself. Tamra couldn't call that thing Ross anymore. Ross was dead and gone from them, and so wasn't Rhea, and the alpha wolf. Working with tears dripping from her eyes, she carefully picked up what was left of Rhea on the pier, and place her remains in a black body bag. Then she put her in the walk-in refrigerator.

Scrubbing the pier, she removed every speck of Rhea's blood from the planked wood.

Finishing her grueling task. She cut off every flower growing around the home, and tied them all to the pier. She finished it off by sprinkling rose peddles on the pier itself. Sitting down on the peddles, she broke down crying over the loss of her friend, her lover and wife.

Sounds ringing in her ears from the mainland cut off her crying fit as Tess spotted the beast moving west through down town Belfast. The four women were being very careful trying to push it out of town where they hoped to corner it, but each time they thought they had it under control. It got away from them. Over and over, they kept

repeating the process. The thing was in flight mode doing its best to stay away from the girls as it killed and injured the towns people.

Tamra's gaze fell on the only boat left tied to the pier. It was an open faced ten foot boat with an outboard motor that they used around the Island. Wade used one just like it when he came to the Island not so long ago.

Tamra looked down and rubbed the bulge in her tummy.

“You’re going to be in danger, honey. But I cannot sit here and listen to any more of my family die today. Please, forgive me if I hurt you. But I am an Alpha as you are, and this is what we do. Were protector's, and right now our family and those people in town need our protection.”

Not waiting a moment longer, Tamra ran back to the house.

Recall to active duty was sent out from the Augusta and Bangor's Armory. All off duty personal were ordered to dropped what they were doing and report in. Across the state, thousands of men jumped into their cars and raced to both halls.

Melvin Macnally was shopping with his wife and kids at the local Walmart on Broadway street in Bangor when he learned of the recall. Leaving his family to finish their shopping, he forcing them to take a taxi home. Wondering just what in hell was going on, Melvin jumped in his wife's car. He just made it to the traffic light leaving Walmart when his phone rang. The voice of an Army buddy who also worked at the Bangor's Armory was heard on the other end of the line.

“Melvin?

“Ya I'm here, did you get the recall, Anthony?”

“Ya, just a few minutes ago. I'm stuck in traffic over in Brewer at the moment. What the hell's going on? We haven't had a storm, and the summer weather has been beautiful.”

“I really don't know what's happening. No one has told me jack shit, but whatever it is it's pretty fucking important. I heard they also activated the Augusta armory as well. Their men are now getting ready to be deployed somewhere in the state.”

That's was just what Tony was thinking as he watched the congestive traffic in front of him. He had a feeling this recall wasn't a drill, and here he was stuck in traffic at a place called five points. Five points was an area in Brewer where five roads came to one intersection. It was one of the most screwed up places during the middle of the afternoon. Cars were stretched out on all five roads.

“OK, Melvin. I have to get going. I'll see you at the hall.”

“If you even make it with that traffic in Brewer.”

“Bet you a six pack I get to the hall before you do, buddy.”

“You're on. I'll take that bet” Melvin happily told him

Tony set his cell phone down then took the red strobe light from under his seat he just got this past week. Reaching out through his window, he placed it on top of the cab of his truck. Being a voluntary fire fighter had it's perks. Pulling out into the oncoming traffic, he drove down the line of cars, and crossed the intersection. Other cars gave way to him, and in a minute or two he was driving fifty mph down a street built for thirty five.

Men of the 210th infantry division poured into the hall at the Augusta armory located on Western Ave just below the state capital's airport. While the men gathered, and were being briefed the motor pool division started transport trucks, hum-vies and jeeps.

Inside the hall, Captain Miller stood beside two Augusta police officers

as more men were pouring into the hall.

Miller talked to the troops. “This is a joint effort with local law enforcement to find a guy by the name of Ross Meadows. This guy

were looking for has been contaminated in an industrial accident of which I do not have any further information about just yet. Because of the contamination, he has gone out of his mind, and has been killing people in Belfast. He's a strong, large man, and has brown hair, and he is also nude. You shouldn't have any problem spotting him. However, under no condition whatsoever are you to approach or engage him. You are there only to report his whereabouts, and pick up any wounded. The dead are not to be touched until further notice, and they are not to be handled in any way without has-mat gear. A decontamination unit is being set up outside of Belfast along route one for anyone injured. I have been told even someone with the smallest wound or scratch from Mr. Meadows must be brought to the decontamination unit, and there are no exceptions to that order. Our own has-mat teams have suited up, and is already on the road, and being deployed in the area. The Federal Government is also setting up a lab a few miles south of the decontamination area."

"One last thing." He told the troops. "Keep your grids overlapped and tight. We cannot let this son of a bitch through our net unnoticed. Radio in as soon as you see him. And if you see anyone on the streets tell them to find a place of safety immediately."

Spitting up the girls were now trying to force the thing through a narrow core-a-door of trees. On the other side of the soft pines was a Cory where they hoped to confront the monster.

Tess was the first one to find him. She laid into him with her weapon, but the damn thing didn't drop like it should have. As it ran away, she watched the bullet holes she made close back up by themselves. The bullets did cause it some pain, but it was rejuvenating it's flesh as fast as she could put holes into it. Wishing she had the fore sight to bring her machete with her, Tess knew one

gun was never going to take it down. They couldn't bring anything more powerful with them, knowing they would be fighting it in a high populated areas. They needed to limit collateral damage as best they could. In any event, the beast it's self was causing enough damage all on its own. Every person it ran into, it ripped apart. Most of the bodies littering the streets of Belfast were at the town's docks, and shops around the down town area. The beast found less people in residential areas on the other side of town. The towns streets were now deserted as people were hiding in their homes, and in shops, and other businesses.

Jogging behind a house with a swing set, Tess found a young girl laying on the ground. She had a bite taken out of her shoulder with claw marks along the side of her body. The girl could recover from her wounds. But the infection that would soon follow, Tess knew it would surely take her life.

In shock, the child cried out in pain, but the pleading look in her wet youthful eyes questioned why Tess was pointing her gun at her. Regardless of what Kelly said about not to terminate the wounded. Tess had the strongest desire to put the girl out of her misery. She resisted the temptation, and instead, pounded on the side of the house with her fist until she attracted someone's attention. She left the kid where she found her when the back door opened up.

Seeing a movement go around the back side of a house across the street. She was about to crossed and go after it, but waited. A police car was slowly approaching her, but even after seeing her in her protected suite, holding an A-4 assault rifle. The cop totally ignored her as he spoke through the loud speaker in the car.

"Belfast is under a police emergency. Everyone is ordered to stay inside your homes. Do not come outside. A dangerous man is wandering the streets of Belfast. He will harm you if he sees you.

Remain where you are. Stay locked inside of your homes until further notice, and call 911 if you have had any contact with him.”

Tess let the officer go by before crossing the street.

Coming up to the house across from where she found the girl. A man with a twelve gauge shot gun came out of his house after hearing the cop go by. He stopped dead when he saw Tess with her protective mask covering her face.

Addressing him, she flipped her mask onto the top of her head and told him. “Dude, get back in your fucking house before you become it's next victim. That little twelve gauge is only going to piss that thing off.”

“I've kill plenty of animals with this gun before.” He told her.

Tess reached out and took the guys gun from him before he could stop her. She bent the barrel in half then handed it back to him.

The guy was in shock while his mouth was catching flies.

“You're a wolf.” He declared.

Tess rolled her eyes at him, “Ya, that's right, and I'm having enough trouble trying to kill this fucking thing myself.” She told him. “I may have just saved you dumb ass life. Now get your butt back in your house and stay there.” She ordered the guy.

The guy did as she told him, but he followed her to the back of the house from the inside of his home. Standing still in the guys back yard, Tess watched the woods in front of her. She was sure it was out there somewhere. She could feel it.

All of a sudden machine gun fire sounded off to her left as Sandra's voice filled her ears. “ I hit it. It's coming back across in front of you, Tess.”

A moment later, Tess let loose a barrage of lead into the woods in front of her as a shape ran across her field vision. Shell casing spit from her gun, and fell into the blue toddlers pool beside her.

“Janet?”

“It didn't come this way lover or I would have seen it.” Janet told her.

“Well, if it didn't get by you then it must have gone towards Barbra.” Tess replied.

The three women didn't move from where they were and waited to hear from Barbra.

Finally they heard her voice. “Man, I had to hide in a tree. The sucker went right under me. It's right on course, Tess.”

Raised in Belfast Tess knew the area really good. They had to get the thing out of residential areas before they could made an all-out attack. They were directing it to a Cory nearby where they would go all out, and kill the thing if they could.

Landing an F-14 Tomcat at a small civilian airport on top of a hill in the middle of the state capital raised eyebrows from everyone at the Augusta airport in Maine. However, when a man hopped out of the fighter and jumped down sixteen feet onto the ground, then ran with everything he had through the tiny airport, and jumped into an Augusta police cruiser with his flight suite still on. Not only did it catch people's attention, but it also stopped them in their tracks.

Before the car was moving off, it's officer turned on the lights and siren. As soon as they turned off of Western Ave and onto the north bound ramp to the I-95. The guy press the accelerate to the floor board. Racing down highway the speed odometer on the cruiser topped out at one hundred and thirty mph.

When it got to the Cory. The thing didn't want to go over the wall until a few rounds from Barbra's gun convinced it to slide down the hill on its ass. Once it got to the bottom there was only three ways

for it to go. Up another hill in front of him or to the left or right down a dirt road which were the paths of least resistance.

Barbra unloaded her gun at it while sliding down the gravel wall forcing it to turn left instead of right.

She called out to the other girls. "Guys it's going to be in position any minuet. Get your asses ready." She told them.

The road it was running down lead to a huge semi-round area with steep slopping sides all around it. Here and there on the Cory's floor were large piles of gravel and rock. When the thing realized it was boxed in. Barbra started firing off sporadic rounds from her gun forcing it to the far side wall.

The thing may have been super strong, but it wasn't very smart. Instead

of climbing the wall it decide to make a stand as it turned and faced Barbra. When it turned around, all four women were in front of him. They all opened fired at the same time. The force of having four machine gun's slamming bullets into him pinned it against the slopping wall of the Cory. Crying out in pain, it couldn't turn to run. The only way out of there was through the girls, but for the moment it could move.

Tess scream to the other women. "Head shots only. Body shots are not helping us at all."

It didn't take long for the girls to realize what they were doing was not going to work. It didn't matter if they hit it in its head or the torso. It's body was regenerating too fast. Bullets seem to pass straight through him. They brought with them more ammuniton then they thought they would need, but they were running out real fast.

Barbra's weapon ran out first. Dropping her gun on the ground, she pulled out a ten inch long combat knife. Tess and the other girls

did the same, and dropped their weapons. It was no use bullets just didn't have any effect on it.

The thing knew it won it freedom. Standing up to face them it laughed making a horrible nonhuman sound.

Tess removed her knife from its sheath. "Well, if we can't shoot it. Let's see if we can cut its fucking head off."

Knowing in all likely hood they were going to die, she added. "I love you guys."

The thing attacked.

Because the creature wasn't as fast as they were. It was hard for it to grab a hold of the girls as they used their inhumanly speed fighting it. They were all over it, slicing and cutting his body up. On its first lunge Barbra cut a chunk out of its shoulder trying to get at its neck as Tess jumped on its back, coming at it from behind. Janet was on its right side, but somehow Sandra got caught in front of it.

The thing reached out with one huge hand, and hit Sandra on the side of her waist. Her whole body spun around like a top before she dropped to the ground not moving. A huge chunk of her flesh was missing with her rib bones clearly visible sticking up through her skin as her blood soaked into the ground.

Watching Sandra fall fueled the girls hatred for the monster. In a blur of blinding fury they covered the thing as it tried to defend its self from their attack. Barbra was the next one to go down after received a glancing blow to her head, knocking her out cold.

Janet finally got a hold of its head and was going for the killing stroke when one huge hand grabbed her, and threw her body forty feet into a rock pile. She stopped moving after that.

All by herself, Tess knew she was doomed. There was nothing she alone could do to kill it. Jumping off it's back. She opened herself up using the speed God gave her. She racing over to Janet, and carried

her over to where Barbra was laying on the ground. She left Sandra where she was because she appeared to be dead.

The thing came charging straight at the three girls.

Holding onto both women, Tess tried something she only just now thought about. Opening her mind and heart she let out the force within her. Instantly, a twenty foot round force field formed around all three women. The thing crashed into the bubble, and screamed out in pain, and was thrown violent off to the side. Getting back to its feet, it tried repeatedly to break through the field to get at the girls inside, but every time it was thrown to the side.

The thing seem to be thinking the situation over as it walked back and forth in front of them.

Tess didn't know how long she was going to be able to hold the field. She wasn't in tip top condition when all of this started, and she was already starting to feel the strain on her already weaken body. Before, she has only used her field for seconds at a time. She could feel her strength slipping away fast. Her bubble began to blink in and out which brought the creature back closer to them. Any second, Tess knew she was going to pass out from the strain.

All of a sudden, Tamra stepped from behind a rock pile by where Sandra laid. Screaming at the thing she draw-ed it off of the girls.

“Hey, you son of a bitch. I told you I would fucking kill you.”

Incredibly, Tamra was pushing a shopping cart in front of her as if she was going shopping at the local Walmart. The cart was loaded to the top with ammunition, and there were two M240 Saw Machine guns laying on top. She also had something strapped to her back that Tess couldn't see from where she held onto the girls.

The creature thought the situation was interesting and made its way over to her.

Tess screamed, "Tamra, bullets won't kill it. Run! Save yourself." She told her wife.

"Run." Tamra yelled back. "I fucking doubt it.

You!" She directed her anger at the creature, "You, haven't seen an Alpha like me before."

Saying that much, she picked up both weapons one in each hand and knocked the cart over with her foot, spilling all of the ammunition from it. Without another word, she opened fired from point blank range on the creature. Before the girl were using M-16's on the thing which were nine milliliter weapons. Tamra was now using a heavier caliber machine gun that could spit out three time the amount of ammunition an M-16 could, and she had brought a ton of ammunition with her.

The thing was thrown back until it was pinned against the gravel wall again. Tamra continued carving it up as she slowly walked forward getting closer and closer to it while dragged her ammunition across the ground with her. Standing twenty feet from him, she was blowing large holes in its body. When her ammo ran out. The creature slowly started to get up as Tamra spun two bazookas around from her back, and fire them both off from under her arms at the same time. When the shells hit it's body it blew huge gaping holes in the creature as dirt and rock behind it flew in every direction. Because the larger holes in its body were so big it took longer for it to heal itself.

Tess was totally wasted by that point and her field collapsed. She could

only scream as Tamra ran at the creature, and jumped up, wrapping and her arms and legs around it. Then she detonated herself.

The last thing Tess remembered was hearing the slap of thunder, and seeing an intense bright flash of white light spread out everywhere all around her.

Sometime later, Tess woke up to the sound of Kelly's voice.

Looking around her, both Janet and Barbra were waking up, too. She noticed none of them had any cuts or wounds from the fight with the creature even though their suits were ripped to shreds, and they had dried blood all over them.

Speechless, Tess watched as Sandra ran up to them.

"Tess, are you guys OK." Sandra keeled down and looked into Tessa's face. "Tess, you don't look so good. Maybe you better sit down for a while."

Barbra and Janet was staring at Sandra in the same way.

"Guys your starting to freak me out. Why are you looking at me like that." She asked.

Barbra spoke first. "Probably because you had half of your body ripped from you."

"Don't be silly." She told them. "I do remember getting hit, then I woke up just now."

The rest of the conversation was interrupted by the sound of Kelly's voice again. He was screaming at Tamra while in the poses of giving her CPR.

Ross laid on the ground off to the side by them not moving. He looked normal, and his fangs were gone.

"Come on baby wake up. You need to get up now. Tamra, don't do this to me, wake the fuck up!"

He screamed over at the girls laying on the ground. "Somebody get a fucking ambulance right now!"

Tess took in a deep breath, then she was gone.

The world's military were staying inside of their own borders. Wars between nations were beginning to look to be a thing of the past. With no

outside threats the United States Air Force kept most of their planes grounded, and their ships within their own waters. Trade with other country's sky rocked as each country began dealing fairly with each other instead holding onto of selfish motives. Neighboring country's began helping each other without putting demands on one other. The world still had a long way to go, and the wolves were still going to be needed to take down people, and large corporations who were still causing human suffering. However, before they started on their next phase, positive public opinion about the wolves need to be increased.

The message to Tiffany Johnson was already sent.

Racing to her room with Evelyn in tow, Tiffany turned on her computer. As it was booting up she was throwing clothes in a suit case in a frantic hast.

"Tiffany, why do you think that's a message from the wolves. It could mean anything."

Tiffany turned on her and grabbed Evelyn's arms as the blue steel in Tiffany's eyes drilled into hers. Evelyn knew at that moment regardless if the message was a joke or not. She knew the woman standing in front of her was driven by an unforeseen force. Evelyn knew she would have to put a bullet in Tiffany's head to stop her from doing whatever it was she was about to do.

Softly, she spoke to her. "Tiffany, this is the Tonight Show were talking about. John's going to be pissed."

"Fine, tell him I quit." She told Evelyn without hardly any thought about it.

Evelyn grabbed hold of her forcing her to pay attention to her. "Just stop packing for one damn minuet and tell me what in the hell is going on."

Tiffany then told her about the dreams that started before she did the wolf special. She told her about her thoughts about Maine that

kept coming to her for no reason, and about the force inside her that was increasing as time went by drawing her to the sandy beaches in Maine.

“Evelyn, the wolves are in Maine, and as soon as I get on that computer. I will know right where they are. Don't ask me why I know it. I just do.” She told her.

Evelyn turned Tiffany around and pushed her towards her computer.

“Find them.” She told her.

Using Google Maps as a search engine, Tiffany found a town called Belfast on the coast of Maine, but looking at the map, she didn't see anything that jumped out at her.

Looking over her shoulder, Evelyn told her. “Expand the screen and see what's around the town.”

Widening the screen did give them a better view of Maine coastline and the Islands.

“There,” Tiffany screamed in triumph as she pointed to an Island east of Belfast.

“Heaven's Gate Island, is that it.” Evelyn asked looking at Tiffany.

“Yes, that's it. I need to get there in a bad fucking way, Evelyn.”

Evelyn wasn't even listening to her anymore, she was already on her phone. “I need a flight on the next plane to Portland, Maine.”

Landing at Portland International Jetport, Tiffany took a cab to the waterfront where she hired a boat to take her north to Heaven's Gate Island. Afraid of not being able to find someone to bring her out to the Island from Belfast, she took the longer route from Portland. Her driver knew right where she wanted to go, two hours later they drove into the inlet of Heaven's Gate Island. Tiffany could hardly contain herself on the ride there.

Her driver dropped her off on the pier then turned around and went back to Portland.

Slowly, Tiffany walked down the pier looking at the wonderful flowers tied to the pillions, and the rose peddles laying on the pier itself. All the way here she felt like she was doing the right thing until she seen the flowers. Something was going on here, maybe they had a wedding she thought, and here she was about to crash it. Reaching the shoreline she walked up the path as doubts about being here started filling her mind. When she got to the huge mansion her instincts started screaming at her that something was indeed wrong here on the Island. The fact that the front door was left open, and there was a busted out window on the first floor was her first clue. The six huge timber wolves charging at her in a dead run from across the lawn was the second.

The animals were so big she could have put a saddle on one and ride it. There was nothing she could do to protect herself. They were just too fast nor was there any place where she could run to. She knew it was senseless to run away from an angry dog so she stood her ground. The six wolves slowed down as they got closer to her. They looked even bigger close up. They were almost twice the size of herself.

One approached her, sticking it nose between her legs, and smelled her. Then it started wagging it's bushy tail as it brushed it's heavy coat against her legs, knocking her down to the ground. Sitting on the grass, the other wolves got a whiff of her. She stroked their fur, and petted them before getting up and walking to the house. The wolves followed her through the open front door.

Calling out, she said. "Hello, is there anyone home?"

Not getting any reply. She went into the room with the busted out window, a cold chill shot through her when she seen the carnage

of the room, and the dead wolf lying on the floor. Stunned, she knelt down stroking the fur of the dead wolf while staring at the large hole that had somehow busted through the middle of the home. The hole just added to her horror of everything she has found so far.

“Oh, my precious Lord. Something really bad has happened here,” She said to the wolves who were standing beside her.

After walking through the hole in the walls and finding the medical room, she started running through the house looking for anyone alive. She found what was left of a girl’s body in the walk in fridge, but the Island itself was deserted except for her and the wolves who were following her everywhere she went.

Tamra woke up in one of their recovery rooms at home with a strange woman bathing her.

“Who are you and why are you in my house?”

Startled, the woman said. “Oh, Hi. Your awake.”

She stopped what she was doing, and covered her with the blanket.

“My name is Tiffany. I am a guest living on the Island. I’m bathing you because I asked if I could get to know you a little better while you were ill, but wait let me go tell everyone your awake.”

Soon after the strange woman left, Tamra heard Tiffany’s voice over the house’s intercom system.

“Everybody, Tamra’s awake.”

It was no more than two seconds when the blur of Tessa’s form showed up at her side as everyone else followed her in. Tiffany was the last one to arrive.

“Kelly, what’s going on and who is that woman.” Tamra nodded her head in Tiffany’s direction.

“That's Tiffany, she's a new family candidate. You been out so we couldn't bring her in until you woke up, and got to know her yourself.”

“What happened to Ross?” She wanted to know.

“Tamra, he didn't survive, but you did kill that thing in him. You're the one we had a hard time with because we couldn't get your heart beating. You almost didn't come back to us.” He explained with tears gathering in his eyes. “You almost died.”

When Tess took off from the gravel pit she didn't just bring back an ambulance, she also kidnapped a doctor and a nurse, and threw them both in back of the vehicle. She then drove across lawns, and between houses, and down one way streets taking the shortest route back to the Cory.

The doctor and nurse worked on Tamra for such a long time the defibrillator ran out of power, Tess had to race back to the hospital to steal another one. The Police were there the second time she was there, and she had to go around them in order to get it.

The doctor wanted to give up on Tamra. He kept telling Kelly she was gone, but Kelly threatened he would pound the piss out of him if he didn't continue. Kelly knew the Doctor didn't understand an Alpha's body did not react in the same way as a normal person. After what seemed like an eternity they finally got a faint erratic heartbeat. She was alive, but in critical condition. The doctor talked Kelly into bringing her to the hospital instead of taking her directly to the Island.

When they got to the hospital the cops saw Tess, the missing ambulance and the kidnapped doctor and nurse. They immediately put her in hand cuffs, and hauled her away. A little while later after talking to the doctor about the dead body and weapons at the Cory, the cops took the rest of the Winston's away.

Kelly called Roger from the police station, and after a few hours they let them all go. Getting back to the hospital everyone's attitude towards the Winston's seemed to changed real fast. Tamra had a staff of doctors and nurses caring for her. They ended up keeping her in the Belfast for two week before Kelly took her home. During that time, Kelly brought one of the wolves to stay with her in Belfast so she had protection and wouldn't be alone.

No one at the Waldo County General Hospital said a word about anything the Winston's did, and they all made damn sure they stayed away from the huge timber wolf curled up on the floor besides Tamra's bed.

“Sandra, are you OK.”

Sandra laughed, “Yes, sweetie. I'm doing pretty good for having a huge chunk of my body ripped from of me.”

Tamra looked down at her body and placed her hand on her flat tummy. She began crying. Tears began streaming down her face as she cried out. “I lost my baby.” Then she really let it out as everybody tried to get her attention.

Kelly shook her shoulders. “Tamra, no you didn't.” Calling over his shoulder he said, “Clifton, hurry up and get the hell in here.”

Clifton came walking in the room holding a small child in his hands. He put the baby in Tamra's arms. Seeing her baby the tears started flowing again. Tamra opened up the baby's blanket taking a good look at her first child. She stopped short and looked at her family all around her.

“OK, somebody better start telling me what the fuck is going on here. If I gave birth to this child I would be crippled for life. This child is months old and she is not a new born.”

No one would look directly at her.

She turned on Clifton. "You better start talking before I dismantle that helicopter your so fucking fond of."

"Tamra, because of what you did to Ross, the baby grew faster than expected, you have been pretty much in a coma since then. I delivered the child through c-section four months after the event at the gravel pit. The baby is doing fine. and she's healthy, and strong and she's...well she's semi-normal."

"How long have I been out." She asked him.

"Seven months." He told her.

Seeing the shock on her face, Clifton went on. "Consider yourself lucky, Tamra. Because by all rights you should be dead. As a matter of fact, if Kelly didn't keep pushing that doctor to keep working on you. You would be."

"I was crying on the pier because of Rhea and the alpha wolf. I couldn't let anyone else die. I couldn't accept it. Something had to be done. I only had one thing on my mind. I

wanted to kill that thing in Ross. I guess somehow I heal Sandra in doing it?"

Beside her, Tess softly laughed and told her. "You did a hell of a lot more then that lover."

Clifton told Janet. "Show her."

Janet reached past Barbra, and took one of the wilted red roses from her bed side table, and stuck it in the baby's hand.

"This will take a minuet." Janet told her.

A few minutes passed when the rose suddenly got it's bright red color back, and for the second time in its life, it bloomed.

"Oh, my sweet lord." Tamra exclaimed.

Kelly bent down and kissed the top of the baby's head.

"We don't believe you were by yourself in healing the girls. Clifton thinks she amplified your ability on a major scale. The two of

you are a lot alike, and I guess she knew you needed help. She really is a wonderful little baby. She almost never cries.” Kelly told her.

“What about the towns people there should have been a lot of people infected. Hell the six of us should be dead.”

Kelly shook his head. “There were some deaths in town, but there wasn't one case of infection found anywhere. Hundreds of people should have been infected and died from what happen. I believe it could have been a lot worse than that. The little one helped you take care of all of it because she understood what you were going through. With the President's and Clifton's help we now have a test to see if someone will go wild. We don't have it yet, but they believe in a short time we'll will have a vaccine for it.”

Tamra picked up her baby, and looked into the face of her child. The baby broke into a big smile, kicking out with both of her feet, she laughed.

Kelly asked. “What are we going to name her?”

Tamra looked at everyone in the room, and told them. “I have been debating that for some time. I would like to name the baby after two people who I have become to admirer, and love over, and over again. My love for these people will have no end.”

She looked over at her short younger wife and then at Janet.

“I'm naming the baby, TJ which is short for Tessa Janette Winston.”

The surprised expression that sprang on Tessa's face was short lived, she buried her face into Tamra's neck, and started balling her eyes out.

Janet just shook her head and laughed.

“Yup, big time drama queen.” She told to everyone in the room.

Many months later on a Saturday night everyone in the world was glued to their television sets at six o'clock eastern slandered time. The wolves had advertised they would be broadcasting a special that night.

Kelly understood, Tiffany's idea was a risky one, but it was time they came out in the open. In any case it didn't matter anymore. The entire world already knew about them, and they needed to see them as something more than just killing machines. What they were doing would help to remove the worlds fear about the them. Which was something everybody desperately needed.

At six pm, TV screens across the world switched from their currently running program to a picture of the blue flag of the wolves. The word "Wolves" was printed in black bold loving letters across the face of the flag.

After a moment, the picture changed showing family photo's hanging on the wall of someone's home. They were normal pictures, for the most part, except for the ones with timber wolves in them. The first picture was of a smiling Irish female holding three English Springer Spaniel puppies in her arms. Another one showed a tall brunette female with wavy hair holding a shorter sandy haired woman in her arms as tears streamed down their cheeks. As the camera panned around the huge room, it rested on a large white marble stair case before moving over to the other side of the room. More close up shots of family pictures were scattered along the wall. All of the framed pictures showed the love, and warmth, and compassion of the people in the photos.

Suddenly, the picture changed to twelve people having a picnic by a lake in the afternoon sun. Blankets were spread out on the green grass, along with a smoking BBQ grill, and coolers sitting off to the side. Dressed in bathing suits and shorts, the family sat on the

blankets with food, and drinks between them. Three English Springer Spangles ran around the blankets begging for someone to give them a treat. They were normal average looking people, and they laughed, and swam together in the lake. By all rights, they were just another family enjoying the heat of the summer's day.

The camera panned off to the side reviling, Tiffany wearing white shorts, and a green bathing suit top with the Winston family in the back ground.

Tiffany projected her academe award Morning Show smile and said. "Hi, I'm Tiffany Johnson. I can't tell you where were filming this at, but I will tell you who all of these beautiful people are having lunch together behind me."

Turning around to everyone on the blankets, she told them. "Hey guy's, why don't you introduced yourselves."

One at a time the picture switched to a close up shot of each of their smiling faces. The first one was of a strawberry blond.

"Hi, I am Tamra, and I am a wolf." She told the world.

Kelly's handsome face appeared. "Hi guy's. I'm Kelly, and I am also a wolf. Then Janet confessed to the world she was a wolf.

When Tessa's youthful face appeared, her sea green eyes looked up at them while her face remained cast down. Looking up at the camera, her expression was neutral. As she lifted her face up, she started growling like a wolf. As her growls grew louder, she opened her mouth baring her long sharp fangs to the camera.

Off camera, everybody started yelling at her. Tamra's voice was clearly heard above the others. "Tess, cut out the bullshit."

Laughing, Tess removing the false teeth from her mouth. "I'm only joking." She told the camera as she held up the fangs, "See their fake. I was just trying to liven things up a bit." She then beamed a

beautiful smile at the world and said. "Hi, my name is Tess. I'm the joker in the family, and I am also a wolf."

Once they all introduced themselves the camera turned back to rested on Tiffany. "The world has been calling this group of people, "Wolves" and in fact they are. However, let me introduced to you the real wolves in this family."

As the camera panned back, and opened up as fourteen timber wolves came running into the picture. They were huge each weighing twice the size of a man, and they were very excited. One of them chased a one of the Springers into the lake as some of the others tried unsuccessfully to get at the food on the blankets.

Regaining order, Kelly brought the everyone together as they all faced the camera in one large group.

"All of us here are just like all of you." Kelly told the world. "Yes, we are stronger, and faster, and there are a few other things about us that makes us different. But when you get right down to it, all we want is to be loved. We don't want people to be in pain or feel like the rest of the world doesn't care about you. You all matter to us. That's why we did the things we did. However, we don't want to have to keep being the people you known us as. We have a family and we do family things together. Being a wolf isn't what we are all about. We all have other interest in different areas of life just like all of you."

Tamra spoke up beside him. "Now, I have to confess we don't go to church much. But there is a very good reason why we are not seen in church by where we live. But we do have a very strong belief in God, and like you, we too are waiting for his second coming. Jesus is everything to us, he's the salt of the earth." She told everyone. "We want you all to know Jesus did exist. The reason why I am saying this is because our family has real physical prof that he was the son of God. There is a day coming real soon in your life time when we are

going to show the world something that is going to blow your mind wide open and strengthen your faith in Him. You're not ready for this right now, but very soon you will be. We will show you what I am talking about the closer we get to finishing our work."

Mike spoke up. "Our work with the world still isn't finished because there are still some people out there who haven't been listening to us. Their time is coming and a few of us will come for them, but we will not hurt any more countries like we did. If we have too, we will go country by country, and remove these bad elements from your societies, and we will not stop until the world is at peace and harmony with each other."

"Were not going to tell you why we are the way we are." Barbra told the world. "However, you yourself can be like us. You can be heather then you are."

"And you also can be stronger then you are." Wade told them.

"You can love more and have more love in return." Stephanie said.

"There are things all of you can excel at." Tim told the camera.

Then Malcolm step forward holding a finger in the air. "To have all of these things and more. All you have to do is two things."

He smiled up at Tamra beside him when she spoke up. "Change your damn thinking and invite change and God into your lives."

"Yes, we are protectors." Kelly told the world. "But what we are doing is really all about change. The human race needs to evolve to it next level of development, but you never will unless you embrace change. If you don't. Nothing on this planet will ever change. You'll stay the same. God gave you all the ability to change your lives, and the lives of everyone on this planet. All my family and I have been trying to do is to start this process of change. The rest is really all up to you."

Tiffany stepped back into the picture in front of the whole wolf pack.

“A lot of you out there know who I am.” She told them. “I have been reporting the news on the Morning Show in Washington DC for a many years. I want you to take to heart what I am about to say to you. This family set out to change the world because the people on this world couldn't change it themselves. The wolves only wanted to be left alone to raise their family just like you and me. But they weren't going to let other people keep killing, and harming human beings, and at times for a profit.”

“Yes, the wolves were at our front door, and we did see and experience some bad things due to their power. But hey, haven't your own governments been doing the same damn thing, but for shellfish reasons? As far as I am concerned. I have never met any family who has shown as much love and devotion to the world as the Wolves have. They should be commended for starting the process of finally bringing peace to our world. I think you all need to ask yourself one question. Do you really want peace on our planet? Would you like to have a world without killing, and raping, and people hurting you, and taking advantage of you.”

“Well, here's your chance.” She told them. “All you have to do is change your thinking and strive for a better life. My name is Tiffany Johnson at an undisclosed location and I too am a wolf.”

It all started with bells ringing everywhere in the world all at the same time.

Across the globe seemly for no reason, bells suddenly started ringing all on their own. Some tried silencing them, but they couldn't be stopped. They rang on their own for hours and hours disrupted business everywhere as people stopped what they were doing and

looked in the direction of the sound. There were reports of people hearing them when they were miles from civilization or as they sailed across the oceans of the world. By the following day, businesses double at airports, and bus stations, and other transportation systems. Across the globe, the world's population started to slowly migrating towards the United States of America.

Charley called Bill because he knew his foreman was still out there. But for whatever reason, Bill wouldn't give him much information as to what just happened. All he would tell Charley was that when the bells started ringing an object suddenly appeared within the huge circle.

Charley knew then he needed to get back to the road him and his crew had just finished building.

The next day, after parking his truck, Charley got onto one of the shuttle buses by himself. The only way for anyone to reach the roads now was by using the bus system they had in place. Unless you wanted to walk forty five miles under the hot Utah sun. Buses were lined up and down the highway for miles. The only other vehicles Charley could see on the old I-80 were Humvees being driven by the detachment of Marines on duty.

Finding a seat for himself, he saw the bus was filled with mostly younger and older couples. A stabbing pain shot through his heart as he thought about Deena.

Many years before, while visiting her family in Florida, Deena was killed in a car accident. Over the years, Charley still hasn't yet to come to terms with her death. Since then, he hasn't found anyone else in his life because he could never find someone as special like Deena. Charley didn't let her death turn him into a recluse who stayed home drinking all of the time nor did it stop him from hanging out with the guys or pulling pranks on Bill while they were working. But her

absents in his life did crush him beyond belief even more then even he was willing to admit. He tried dating a few years after her death, but he keep running into one horror show after another. For the past year he has been responding to requests from women on an on-line dating site. So far, the women he has talked to have been more interested in his bank account or if he owned his own home. There also were women who couldn't seem to openly express themselves which gave him a vague notation of who they really were. The last group of females, after leaving a simple message wanted him to travel hundreds of miles across the state to see them in person. After a while Charley realized the dating world on the Internet was something altogether different then what he first thought it to be. Since then, he has kept his profile up on the site, but has been letting women make first contact with him.

When he got off the bus, he was shocked by the sight in front of him. Thousands of people covered the road he and his crew just finished. There were trees and flowers on both sides of the road with a mass of human beings in the middle slowly moving south across the great salt lake. Not knowing what else to do, Charley started walking with the rest of the crowd. The recording that played through the buses speakers on the way here told everyone not to worry about food or water. Everything they would need would be provided for them once they were on the road.

A small line of people standing in front of large trash bins were convincing everyone not to take anything with them. People were throwing away food, water and even clothing into the large bins. As Charley moved forward, there was another line of men and women who stood just across the threshold of the new pavement. One guy waiting in front of him grabbed Charley's hand and elbow as Charley

crossed onto the road. He was about to ask the guy what was going on when he planted his foot on the new pavement.

As soon as Charley's foot touched the ground. He realized why the line of men and women were waiting there. His knees buckled, and he almost went down as he gasped for air. For the first time in his life, Charley felt the full power of it for the first time. It knew his name, and it was waiting for him. It was calling to him, drawing him closer.

With a kind smile, the guy holding him told him, "It's a bit of a shock, but it'll get easier to breath the longer you're on the road. Just keep walking. You are about to experience something totally wonderful, and beyond this world."

With that said the guy turned to another person who was about to step on the road.

Now that he was here, Charley understood what the recording on the bus meant. All worries and anxiety he may have had before stepping onto the road dissipated like smoke. Nothing mattered now, but to keep moving forward as the presents at the end of the road kept pulling him closer to itself. Charley couldn't have stop moving forward even if he wanted to. After a while walking, time stopped to have any meaning as day turned into night. As soon as it got dark, miles ahead of him a bright light shot up into starlit sky as torches along both sides of the road lit up by themselves all at once. The sight in front and around him was surreal and beautiful.

He wiped a tear from his eye as the sound of a woman's voice spoke up beside him.

"It's wonderful it's it." She said as she placed her hand on his lower back.

Standing beside him was a gorgeous young woman with long jet black hair that shined by the light of the torches. She was about the

same age as himself, and for a moment when he first looked at her, Charley thought she was Deena. She was the same height, and she had Deena's slim figure. He was attracted to her the second he saw her.

Letting go him, they continued walking, she pointed to the burning torches alongside of the road.

"Do you know if those are gas or oil torches.

"Their neither." Charley told her as she walked beside him. "I helped build this road, and I know for a fact there isn't one power or gas line anywhere around here for miles."

Surprised, she asked. "Their burning all on their own?"

"That's the only way they could be." Charley replied looking up at the six foot white, yellow and blue flame shooting straight up out of the torches.

"The company I work for built this road. Right from the start a lot of strange things started happening out here." He told her as they walked along together. "All of the construction crews stop getting hungry and thirsty while we were working, and when we went home after a long day. We felt refreshed and rested as if we just woke up in our own beds. When that happened both shifts started working non-stop twenty four hours a day. We didn't stop working until we completed the whole project. Me and my crew were out here for weeks and never once did we drink, sleep or eat an ounce of food."

"I was starting to wondering about that." She told him. "I'm not hungry or tired at all. I must have been walking for at least nine hours. I feel appositely fantastic, really."

"You'll stay that way for as long as you're on one of the roads." Charley informed her. "You must live close by to hear the bells, and get here so soon."

“I was home in my garden in Vermont,” She told him. “when I heard their chimes, and gongs ringing like crazy. I live out in the country, and there isn't one church or bell anywhere for miles around my house. That's when I felt it drawing me here. I called my brother to take care of my garden and animals. I was on a plane within two hours.”

Laughing, she said with a tint of embarrassment. “I didn't even take any clothes with me. The only thing that matter was for me to get here. I just got here this afternoon. I don't have a single clue how I am getting home.”

As they followed along with the crowd, Charley learned the woman's name was Lilly.

Everywhere around them people were talking as they walked, but the noise they were all making was hushed and quite. A blanket of peace laid across the thousands of people all along the road. There was no feeling to rush in their hast to reach the object. People were considerate of each other as they made their way to the one thing which had brought them all here.

It was during the early morning hours on the second day when Lilly and Charley realized they were finally getting closer to the object. Without warning, Lilly put one of her hands in his. When he looked over at her, she gave him a big smile, and squeezed his hand. It was at that moment Charley realized he wasn't drawn here to just see the object. The object without question was the main force that brought him here, but Charley now understood the object also had different motives. He knew without a doubt regardless if they have only known each other a little more than thirty hours. Once they left the roads, he knew Lilly and him would not part from each other.

Finally approaching the circle, off to the side on both sides of the road, thousands upon thousands of people stood or keeled on the

Astor turf. They were everywhere for as far as the eye could see. It was a massif ocean of human beings.

Lilly quickly took in a deep breath of air as her knees gave out when she saw what was standing on stage. Charley quickly took her left hand in his, and placed his arm around her waist, holding her, guiding her. He brought them around the stage that held the cross of Jesus Christ.

There was nothing holding the cross in place as it stood proudly in the center of a black marble stage. Charley wasn't too surprised seeing the cross here. For the past many weeks him and his buddies has been feeling the crosses presents even when it wasn't in place yet. There was no doubt it was His cross for the feeling of Christ's still emanated from the tree. A flood of peace and love washed across the crowd in an endless wave of emotion more powerful than the universe itself. The power of God's love pouring from the cross was so instance the cross it's self was vibrating as it sang a single musical note.

Tears flowed from their eyes as the two slowly made their way around the stage with light shooting up through the black tile floor and into the sky. The stage it's self-sat on a large circle of grass. At the edge of grass, Charley could only guess stood thousands of United States Marines facing outward at parade-rest in full dress military uniform. Standing close together without weapons, the soldiers stood perfectly still showing their pride in guarding the most sacred object mankind has ever known. With their backs to the stage, they also watched over a sea of wealth fitting for a God. Between the solders and the stage resting on the grass was every kind of wealth known to mankind. Stacks of gold bars were piled high beside piles of diamond's, and ruby's, and safaris. Charley knew if mankind valued it then it was here laying at the feet of the Cross. It was one of the

most amazing sight Charley has ever witness in his life. It was a shining, twinkling display of wealth for the King of all Kings.

The surreal sight was almost too much to take in. Lilly was openly weeping, and he himself was losing his vision due to his own tears. Spotting a space on the grass beside the road he brought Lilly onto it. With her back against his chest, and both of her arms folded across herself holding onto his arms. They stood not speaking and just let the tears fall as they watched the most incredible sight in the history of the world.

With Lilly in his arms, Charley held her tight against him. Looking down at her, he had the strongest desire to turn her around and kiss her. After a long time, which could have been days or weeks or years, Charley didn't have a clue how long they stood there. He suggested they circle the cross again. He was about to move off, but Lilly stopped him.

“Charley, wait.”

When he turned back to her, Lilly took his face in her hands, and kissed him good and long. Breaking free she told him, “I just wanted you know I'm feeling the same way.”

With all of the love in the air, and what her kiss to did him, Charley couldn't help himself. Wrapping himself around her, he kissed her with all of the passion that that was in him. Afterwards, they circle the cross a few more times, the sun was down again as he and Lilly walked down the exit road towards I-15. When they both got off of the shuttle bus by Charley's truck. They check his phone, and realized they were on the roads for almost two weeks.

Charley took her home, and proudly showed off his garden to Lilly. Then he brought her into the garage where his seventy nine Chevy Cameo sat that he has been rebuilding for the past few years.

However, as soon as he shut the door to his house and turned around, and looked into her eyes. They both attacked each other like wild animals. Charley had his mouth on hers as his hands roamed over her breast, and up and down her slim form. Reaching down to unbutton her pants, he found she had already taken them off.

Lilly pulled him down onto the living room floor and gave herself to him.

The Alpha saga continues in my next novel:
Elapsing into Love

About the author

Since he was a young teen, the author has always wanted to write a best seller, one of those enjoyable Saturday and Sunday afternoon novels, one might read on the weekend. To achieve his dream, he took creative writing, and poetry courses at schools like, (UMO) University of Maine in Orono, Maine, and (BCC) Burlington Community College in Vermont. However, it wouldn't be for years after college when he would write, *Inescapable Desires*, *For the Love of Peace* and *Elapsing into Love*. This series started because of his concern for the violence human beings are spreading across the world, and the killing of our planet that happens on a daily basis. It was normal everyday life that was the invisible force driving the author to write these three novels.

After receiving an honorable discharge from the United States Navy, Mr. Rivers held citations such as a Coast Guard Meritorious Unit Commendation for participating in drug operations in the Caribbean, along with two letters of Appreciation from the USS Forrestal (CVN-59).

After the Navy, he spent years backpacking the Appalachian Trail, the Pacific Crest Trail, the Long Trail in Vermont, and the International Appalachian Trail that wanders into Canada. Many years before, he also hiked in the mountains of Norway. To date, Mr. Rivers has backpacked well over 14,000 miles across the United States. Today, he enjoys spending time walking the trails around where he lives with his Coonhound (Birch). Each summer he grows a vegetable garden in the back yard and shares the harvest with his neighbors. Mr. Rivers expects to write his next book by the spring of 2025.