

# General's Feat

FPD Case File: Connor McCall

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“Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words. . .  
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.”

From *Henry The Fifth* By William Shakespeare



# Chapter 1

## Photographs

He opened the manila envelope on the table in front of him. The table was completely empty, not even an old coffee cup used for pens sat in its corner. Of course, the rest of the office was almost as empty. Only a single wooden chair sat across from the desk and a file cabinet hid in the corner behind the door. His printer had its own rolling stand beside the desk. In the cabinet-like part above the desk were his monitor and computer tower, but he only opened the doors if he was going to use the technology.

When he upended the manila file folder, three stacks of neatly paper-clipped photographs slid onto his desk. When he reached back into the envelope, he found several full sized sheets of printer paper. Three of them were stapled biographies and he laid these on top of the photographs. A cover letter followed the other papers onto the growing pile. Neatly, he sat the envelope on the edge of the desk.

The letter was from one of his best field agents. He'd been waiting on its contents for almost three weeks. In one swift reading, he memorized the contents:

*General,*

*Mission successful.*

*I believe you will find these documents of use. Included are brief histories, pictures, and contact details for three of the targets.*

*Scout*

When finished, he laid the cover letter on top of the envelope and out of the way. With quick, efficient movements, he sorted the three letters with their associated photographs into different stacks on his desk. Each stack was perfectly aligned with the

others, not out of an obsessive need for perfection but rather a well-developed efficiency. After all, he'd been doing exactly this kind of thing for over thirty years in his career.

He picked up the first stack.

The first line gave a name: Fletcher Ross. The next section proceeded in a similar fashion. Age: 29. Hair: brown. Eyes: brown. Marital Status: Single. All of which, although valuable information, did not tell him anything useful about the man himself.

The General picked up the first photograph from the stack associated with Ross. In the picture, he saw a skinny man with close buzzed brown hair and half-lidded brown eyes. His clothes fit poorly, as if he'd rapidly lost weight too quickly. Most telling though was the set of his jaw, the stubborn line of his mouth, and the anger in his eyes. This was a portrait shot, so it was hard to see what was behind the man. Everything except his face seemed somewhat fuzzy and blurred.

Setting the photograph aside, the General read more of the man's file. Ross was recently given personal leave for medical reasons from the CIA. The General knew enough political jargon to understand that the man was considered emotionally unstable. His scout had told him as much. The reason for Ross's unbalance was the subject of the next photograph. Sophia Hartman, killed just over a year ago in questionable circumstance, had been his fiancée.

Of course, the police reports were still lacking expertise, but the Federal Paranormal Citizenship Act had gone into effect almost four years ago. Originally, the government planned on allowing the normal police force to handle any paranormal crime the same as they did any other crime. Crimes such as these were being seen more and more often while the police force was already stretched too thin.

With a disgusted grimace, the General saw the inadequacy of the plan. Normal police, although fine men and woman, were not prepared to handle the influx of violent crime caused by the paranormal world's discovery. They also did not have the experience to know what was paranormal crime and what was just savage human serial killing. The police could not hope to fight the criminals in a world where bullets didn't kill, speed was a relative term, and all their experience came to naught.

To that end, the government, with some FBI pushing, began the FPD program. The Federal Paranormal Division was technically still a subdivision of the FBI, although not many of the same rules applied. Not even the government officials who supported the idea of a paranormal police force wanted the details of the crimes such a force would stop. Playing on these high ranking officials' fear of getting their own hands dirty had facilitated the creation of a separate program to handle the messy crimes.

The General, fairly high in the structure of the FBI at the time, was given the task of starting and maintaining the FPD. Yes, he had volunteered for the job. No one wanted to take on a division that could destroy their career if something went wrong. Not with such potentially high profile cases. And he knew more than any of those paper pushers what his soon-to-be-agents would face in this field. He also had an idea to help get them out of a few sticky situations.

This new idea involved recruiting a few people the normal FBI would never give a second chance. Rejects, misfits, dangerous personnel. The General wanted special people. People with *magic*. To reach such a goal, he needed to find those with its hidden depths in their blood.

Long ago, his cousin had been such a person. Before the paranormal world made an overdue appointment with the spotlight, magic had already existed. Roger had burned alive, with fire racing over his skin, because he could not control the power. Since then, the General had studied magic and those with the ability to do it with a scrutiny that would have impressed his superiors, had they believed his conclusions.

The General knew that not all witches, as they were called, suffered the same agonizing fate as his cousins. Most of them lived useful lives, their magic either helping them in their chosen profession or not becoming involved. A few, of course, thrived on the thrill of their magic. Wits combined with a little paranormal help made these people extraordinary.

With this knowledge, the General knew that this was exactly the kind of person for his new division. His most trusted agent, Scout, never showed in word or deed the questions in his eyes the day the General gave the assignment. Ever since, Scout had done a fine job finding the kinds of people the General required.

Fletcher Ross was just such an example. His file showed plainly a hatred for the unsolved crime. A former CIA agent would have the skill set required for a job like the FPD. Plus, the man was a sensitive. Not exactly a witch, but still using magic. He'd be able to tell if magic was used around or on him, even if it were that of the more violent paranormals. If he understood correctly, some of the vampire mind tricks could be very subtle.

The General, after reading through the records for Ross, put his biography and photographs into a single, neat pile on the front of his desk. Accepted, although no application was ever completed. Now Ross required a visit, to persuade him to take the position.

When the General turned his attention to the next man, he saw a startlingly familiar face. While researching over the years, one branch of magic that the General was particularly interested had been telekinetic. The idea of moving things with only the power of thought fascinated a magicless man. That and the idea of telepathy. Of course, that could also be a product of too many Hollywood films.

But the General did not need to look at the biography to know the name of the man in the first photograph. Hayden Petersen was a familiar name to anyone with previous knowledge of the magical world.

At eighteen, Petersen had joined the military. He'd wanted to be army, the man on the front lines. The U.S. Military was glad to receive such a willing recruit and almost immediately sent him to basic training. A week before graduating basic and becoming a military man, Petersen was thrown out of the army. The claim was cheating and black magic, although the physical proof was sketchy. Yet there were too many witnesses claiming the magic side of it for Petersen to remain.

More digging had revealed Petersen's then uncontrollable telekinetic abilities. Whenever he was angry, Petersen threw things without touching them. His commanding officer reported Petersen's ability to injure someone from a distance with no firearm. Since the discovery of the paranormal world, humans with magic were sometimes treated as evil themselves. Petersen was on the wrong end of prejudicial discrimination, his military dreams dissolved.

The General had lost track of the boy after that. According to his biography, Petersen had gone to a small community college in

a small city where his abilities were unknown. After five years, the boy emerged a man with a degree in criminal justice. He'd started as a business major, changing his degree abruptly to criminal justice two years into school and causing him to spend an extra year in the university.

His biography showed why. Petersen's sister was changed into a vampire during a scandal in his hometown. Petersen had been at home for the summer break when the incident occurred, but the file didn't give much detail as to what happened to the girl. The two vampires that Changed her showed up dead two months later. No one had been accused of the two deaths, and the police were glad to be rid of the killers.

The year after college, during which the Federal Paranormal Citizenship Act passed, Petersen joined the police force in his own hometown. He lived in the upper rooms of his sister's house. She had adjusted to being a vampire, but still preferred a daytime resting place in her own space. Apparently, she was doing well for herself as a vampire.

Petersen was moving up in the police force, but many were still scared of him. He threw things without touching them, and he was ruthless. Fair and just, but ruthless. Three years in law enforcement showed that clearly. Yet most of his police colleagues spoke well of him and said he was kind to the little guy.

The General did not need to look at any of the other photographs. Accepted, again. Petersen's biography and photographs joined Ross's on the front of the desk. Another visit required, another potential member.

He wanted his team to number at least four, perhaps six. With training, this first team would become the model for other teams across the country. The General knew he couldn't aim too high at first, but he wanted this team to be the best he could find. He'd need to show results to the head of the FBI if he wanted his program to continue.

The last stack of photographs was topped by the picture of a kid the General had known for some time. He smiled just slightly when he saw Drake Maddox's familiar strawberry-blonde hair and devil-may-care grin. Drake's father was a good friend of the General's, ever since their rookie days at the agency. Scott Maddox had no magical abilities whatsoever; but when his son first woke up with frost on his fingers in the middle of a Texan summer, the

General reported his findings of the paranormal to his father. The boy was all of eleven years old.

After that, Maddox had put his son into all kinds of martial arts training. The boy didn't want to go military, and his father would never push him. Besides, the military wasn't the most beneficial place for an impressionable young witch, especially one as talented as Drake. Drake, now twenty-three, had played around in college. His father confessed to having no hope at all for his son's education. Surprising them all, Drake graduated with a straight A average with a degree in business.

Now, the kid was back to doodling around. He kept up with the martial arts, but nothing else seemed to hold his interest long enough for him to settle down. The General first approached his old friend about Drake three months ago, telling him about the new branch of the FBI and its function as policing of the paranormal population. Maddox was overjoyed at the idea of Drake finding a place that he fit where his magical abilities were beneficial rather than a hindrance.

The General placed the boy's photograph and unread biography into the stack with the other two. Starting first thing tomorrow, he would be on an airplane flying to Texas to meet with Drake Maddox.

Standing, the General looked around his perfectly neat office. Also, beginning tomorrow, this office would no longer be his. His current secretary was due to clean everything out of it first thing in the morning. She would not be going with him. New facilities were in the building process. A whole new staff would begin with the opening of the first headquarters of the Federal Paranormal Division.

With a sigh, the General slid the photographs, biographies, and cover letter back into the envelope, which was the only thing he carried away from his old position.

## Chapter 2

### Maddox

When the General stepped out of the car, the Texas heat assaulted him like a sledgehammer. His black business suit, perfectly tailored, was now slightly wrinkled from the two hour flight and following drive. The General shut the driver's door with a slight click. Opening the door to the back seat, he pulled out his black leather brief case. The case had been a birthday gift from Scott Maddox several years ago, so in a way it had come full circle.

Pushing his nostalgia aside, the General walked up the short driveway and down the concrete path leading to the front door. A small roof over the door hinted at shade but provided no relief from the relentless heat. The General didn't mind the heat, he'd been raised in Texas himself. He rang the doorbell.

Moments later, a woman's voice called out for him to wait just a second, she would be right there. The General allowed himself a small smile at the sound of Deidra Maddox's voice through the door. He'd been at their wedding, Scott & Deidra. True to her word, she was right there, opening the door to allow him inside.

"Connor, what a pleasure to see you," she said, waving him into the house. The air conditioning created a noticeable difference between and outside and inside, almost like walking through a wall. "To what do we owe this honor? You will stay for dinner, right? Scott will be so pleased to see you."

"Of course I shall stay for dinner," the General responded. Deidra was well known for her cooking. "And I am here to see Drake, if he's in."

The request caught her off guard. The General had been something of a second father to the young Maddox boy, but he had

never traveled from another state on a whim just to see the boy. Maybe he should have called. But then, he'd never had to phone ahead before. Deidra shook off the confusion.

"He's upstairs," she answered with a smile. "I'll get him. You go right on into the living room and have a seat."

"Thank you, Deidra," the General answered, following her instructions.

Deidra's graying hair shook as she walked towards the stairs. She was tall, almost as tall as the General himself. In her younger days, she'd been an athlete. Motherhood and age had rounded out her figure some, but she could still touch her toes without bending her knees. Her apron seemed as at home on her slightly wrinkled skin as her soccer jersey had looked on her younger frame.

The living room looked just as it always had. Slightly worn furniture but perfectly maintained. Deidra was particular about cleaning. Everything was always clean, if a little disorganized. The General sat down on the well-loved greenish brown sofa and leaned back into its cushy softness.

He didn't have to wait long before Drake Maddox was bounding down the stairs with his usual exuberance. The boy's strawberry blond hair took after his father, but his blue eyes were from his mother. Drake was taller than the General, but he sat down almost immediately and slumped in the recliner.

"Hey, Connor, Mom said you wanted to see me," he said. The General sat his briefcase at his feet, leaning it back against the couch. He put his elbows on his knees and leaned forward to look Drake in the eyes.

"Drake, I want to speak with you about your magic," the General began. Drake sat up straighter, face taking on a defensive set already. "No, you mistake me. I'm not here to lecture you. I'm actually here to see if you'd be willing to help."

"Help with what that has to do with magic?" Drake asked.

"The FBI is starting a new branch," the General explained. "The new branch is called the FPD, the Federal Paranormal Division. The purpose of such a division is to monitor the paranormal crime in our country. I've been put in charge of the operation."

"And you want me to do what?" the boy asked.

"I want you to join the team. I know this is a big decision, and I'll give you some time to think it over. The team will be comprised

of other paranormals, mostly witches,” the General continued. “The program will involve some training in crime, but I’m hoping that this team will have some advantage against paranormals, as they’ll be magic themselves.”

“I’m in,” Drake said. “When do I start?”

The General leaned back to hide his shock. This Maddox was not known for his motivation to do anything so this instant agreement was somewhat suspect. “You will be required to move to Atlanta, where the new headquarters will be located.”

“Dad briefed me about the new division,” Drake said. “I didn’t figure you’d ask me to be a part, but I’m ready to go.”

“Are you sure you understand completely what I’m asking you to do?” the General questioned.

“Not really,” Drake answered truthfully. “But I know I’ll finally be able to use my magic for a good reason rather than hiding it all the time. I’m ready to be a witch. I don’t want to hide anymore. As for helping solve crimes, well I’m sure I’ll pick up on it with some practice. My dad talks about it often enough.”

“Alright,” said the General. “Then we begin in a month’s time. I’ve prepared some documentation for you to review. Please bring it with you when you arrive in Atlanta at the beginning of September. Everything you need to know is here; and if you have any questions, you have my cell number.”

The General handed Drake Maddox a manila envelope with his name across the front in neat block letters. Drake reached for it eagerly and opened it to spill the contents over his lap. Within seconds, he was lost in another world. The General knew that look. Any further argument with this Maddox would only result in more stubbornness. Drake may not pursue much; but once he decided on it, he was set until he decided otherwise.

Agent Number One, Recruited.

## Chapter 3

### Petersen

The General stood outside a nice two-story ranch house in rural Tennessee. A white picket fence surrounded the yard and flowers grew in the bed near the door. Obviously, someone paid careful attention to the yard. Careful to stay on the path, he walked up to the green front door. The color set off the surrounding brick very nicely, giving a homey feeling to the house.

He rang the doorbell and stepped back off the paw print welcome mat. A deep woofing came from inside the house and the General frowned. He wasn't a dog fan, although he had nothing against the species in particular. Of course, it wasn't his house so he wouldn't complain.

The door swung open. A woman stood framed in the doorway. She had long brown hair that was currently tied on top of her head in a messy bun and partially covered with a bandana. Her clothes were paint splattered many different colors. She had the dog by the collar, and didn't have to bend at all to reach his collar. The dog was easily as tall as her waist. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'm here to speak with Hayden Petersen," he said. He was more fascinated by the dog than the girl. After that initial bark, the dog never tried to approach him. No barking or racing for the door. He must be well trained. "My name is Connor McCall."

"Ah, the FBI guy," the girl said. And he finally noticed the barest hint of fangs in her mouth. This must be the sister.

"Yes, ma'am, may I speak with him?"

"Sure, come in." She stepped away from the door and waved him inside. He stepped through to find the inside was as neatly kept as the outside. The girl led him to a living room and waved him inside. He took a seat on the brown leather sofa seated near a window that looked out over a neatly manicured back yard full of flowerbeds.

"I'll get Hayden," she announced before turning to go up the stairs. The dog, however, didn't follow her. Instead, it came in and laid down across the room from the General, so he studied it. The dog was male and all white with black splotches. Not neat round dots, but more like wet paint splashed on his sides. The dog stared back at him, as if studying him in return.

“Hello, I’m Hayden Petersen,” came a smooth male voice from the doorway. Petersen showed his army training in his stocky, yet fit body. His light brown hair was even cut military short and his face showed a kind of polite kindness that covered the hardness in his eyes. He glanced once at the dog lying in the corner before returning his focus to the General.

Standing to offer his hand, the General introduced himself: “I’m Connor McCall, from the FBI. It’s a pleasure to meet you Officer Petersen.”

“Hayden, I’m off duty,” the man corrected as he shook the General’s hand. His shake was firm, strong without being overbearing. The General liked him even more now that he’d met the man. Although, he did have the strangest taste in jewelry. A leather collar with inch long silver spikes adorned his neck.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that I’ve been watching your career for several years, Hayden,” the General explained. “And I believe you are perfect for what I have in mind.”

“And what would that be,” Hayden asked as he gestured to the sofa and took the opposite recliner.

“I’ve been tasked with beginning a new division of the FBI called the FPD, or Federal Paranormal Division,” started the General.

“If this has anything to do with my sister...” Hayden interrupted.

“It doesn’t,” the General assured him. “My initial team will be made up of individuals with extraordinary abilities. Hayden, you have a military background with police experience on top of the fact that you’re telekinetic. I’d like you to join my team.”

“You want me to join the FBI?” Hayden asked. “The last time I tried to work for the government, it didn’t go so well.”

“Yes, I realize,” said the General. “However, this is a little different. The entire team will be witches of varying abilities. We’re tasked with policing the paranormal world, so we need people who can handle such situations. You’ve proven that you’re able to handle paranormal situations without losing your head. You’d be a valuable asset.”

“I don’t think I can leave right now,” Hayden started.

“You should go,” came a female voice from the doorway. Both men turned to see Hayden’s sister standing in the doorway. “I’m

sorry, I don't think I introduced myself. I'm Valerie Petersen, Hayden's sister."

"Nice to meet you, Miss Petersen," said the General, standing to offer her his hand. She looked startled for a moment.

"I'm a vampire, Mr. McCall, you might not want to shake my hand," she admitted. Her eyes drifted away from him as she spoke.

The General took a step closer to the shy girl that so readily admitted what she was. "I am aware, Miss Petersen. I would still like to shake your hand."

She looked up, startled, to meet his eyes. He knew he shouldn't meet her eyes, but he did. She seemed almost fragile. Slowly, she reached out to shake his hand. He didn't squeeze too hard, but he gave her a firm shake just like he would anyone else. Her hand was cool to the touch, but he didn't let that stop him.

Shaking her head, she turned back to Hayden. "You should go, Hayden. This is exactly why you went into law enforcement. To stop what happened to me from happening to others."

"Val, I can't leave you," he started. The General felt like an outsider watching something private. Hayden moved toward his sister, hands out.

"I'm a big girl, Hayden," she assured him. "This job is tailor made for you. You'll be able to use your magic to help people."

For a long moment, brother and sister just stared at each other. The General stayed quiet, completely irrelevant to the decision being made. He watched the dynamic between these two who so obviously cared deeply for each other.

Finally, Hayden turned to look at the General. "I have to be able to come back at any time if Val needs me."

"Of course, I wouldn't come between you and your sister," the General assured him. He let his complete sincerity show in his voice. "We can even relocate Valerie closer to Atlanta if it becomes an issue in the future. For now, you'll be able to return on the soonest flight if something were to require your attention."

Hayden looked back at Valerie. She smiled and nodded at him. "Alright, I'm in."

The General opened his briefcase and pulled out a manila file folder with Hayden Petersen written across the front in his usual block letters. He handed the packet to Hayden.

“This should tell you everything you need to know,” the General told him. “If you have any questions, my number is in the packet. Feel free to call me.”

“Of course,” Hayden said. He held out his hand for the General to shake once more.

“I’ll show him out,” Valerie volunteered. Hayden nodded absently and crouched beside the dog. He started to rub the dog’s back with a familiar gesture and the dog laid its enormous head on his thigh. The General followed Valerie towards the front door.

“Thank you, Mr. McCall,” Valerie said as he stepped out of the door. He turned back to look up at her, hovering in the doorway. “Hayden needs to get out of this town and do something with his life. This is exactly what he’s always wanted to do.”

“I heard that, Miss Petersen,” the General answered. “Believe me, it’s my pleasure.”

She gave him one more smile before shutting the door. The General turned to walk back down the pathway between the flowerbeds towards his car, still thinking about Valerie Petersen’s gratitude for her brother’s sake.

Agent Number Two, Recruited.

## Chapter 4

### Ross

Another trip. This one ended at an apartment complex in Virginia. The complex was neat and clean, but lacked personality. Of course, the tenants didn't have a say in the apartment decorations so it told nothing of its residents. The General knocked on the door of apartment 472, which was the home of one Fletcher Ross.

He waited for several minutes before he heard someone on the other side of the door. A jagged scratching noise with a jangle was the chain sliding back. Then there was a click as the lock was released. The door cracked open and a set of bleary eyes looked out.

"Agent Ross? My name is Connor McCall, we have an appointment?" the General told the blurry face behind the door.

"Yeah, yeah, come in," said the hoarse voice of Fletcher Ross. The door swung open and the General stepped inside. The room was dark and dingy with no lights on. As soon as Ross flicked the light switch, the General wondered why it'd been off. The room was perfect. He'd expected a mess, but there wasn't a thing out of place. Even in grief, Ross was meticulous. Ross indicated the couch and sat in the recliner.

"Agent Ross, I'm from the FBI," the General began.

"So I heard," Ross commented. "I've been through this before, so you might as well get it over with."

"No, I think you misunderstand," the General explained. "I'm the head of a new division called the FPD, or Federal Paranormal Division. I'd like to recruit you to transfer to the new division."

"I'm on leave from the FBI," said Ross.

"I understand," continued the General. "You may complete your leave. We begin on September first. This new division will work with paranormal crime, Mr. Ross, so I thought you should be prepared. The focus is to solve paranormal crime."

"You have your man, Agent McCall," Ross responded. "Say no more."

"Then report to Atlanta on September first," said the General as he handed Ross a manila envelope complete with his

information. "Since you have experience with the FBI protocol, I'd like you to lead the new team."

"I'd be delighted," Ross answered. "Does this contain information on my new team?"

"Yes, it does," the General said. "You need to understand that your new team are mostly witches. I understand you're a sensitive yourself. I've put together a team I think has the potential to work best with the paranormal. None of them have FBI experience. The procedures of this new division are somewhat undetermined."

"I'm sure protocol can be established quickly," Ross replied as he opened the folder to thumb through its contents.

"My contact information is included, should you need more information," the General told him. "When you arrive, we will sit down and discuss policies and procedures for the new division. I'd like your input in the situation."

"Of course," Ross replied. "I'll review this information and get back to you."

"Thank you," said the General as he stood and offered Ross his hand. They shook once and Ross walked him to the door. File folder still in hand, Ross nodded to the General as he closed the door behind him.

The General started for the stairs to head back to his car. He thought Ross would be the most valuable asset on this new team since he was the only one with FBI experience. However, the General did worry some about Ross's personal vendetta against vampires. He wondered if that would affect his rationality on cases. Of course, it might make him more determined, which was the General's hope.

So, Agent Number Three, Recruited.

## Chapter 5

### Hooper

The General stepped out of his car at the construction site of the new headquarters for the FPD. Construction was scheduled to be complete in a matter of days, but the General wanted to see it before it was finalized. Pulling on his hard hat, he started for the site for a walk through.

“Agent McCall?” asked a voice behind him. The General turned to see a somewhat tall man hovering behind him. Studying the man, he guessed military background from the sturdy stance and well-muscled chest. But it was more than that, it was the bearing of the man.

“Yes, can I help you?” the General asked.

“Yes, I understand you’re organizing the new FBI division, the FPD. I’m here to join,” the man stated calmly.

“I’m not sure how you know that.” The General remained calm. “That is classified information.”

“I’m Cole Hooper,” introduced the man. “I’m clairvoyant. Trust me when I say you’re going to want me on your team.”

“Clairvoyant?” asked the General. He’d heard rumors of clairvoyants in the paranormal community, but he’d never been able to pin down anything specific. Supposedly, they could see the future. Even after all his experience with the paranormal, the General was skeptical about seeing the future. It just seemed too far out.

“You’re going to need an example,” Hooper sighed. He pointed to the construction site. “Watch the door. Three men are going to come out and talk for approximately thirty seconds. After that, the one with the blue shirt will go to the right and the other two will turn left. Then one of them will drop a pen and lean over to get it. His buddy won’t wait on him.”

And ten seconds later, three men walked out the door. The General looked down at his watch as they talked for twenty-nine seconds. One with a blue shirt split and walked to the right, headed for something around the corner. Of the other two, one dropped something small and leaned over to pick it up. The other kept walking, oblivious to his friend’s predicament. The General turned back to Hooper.

“Very well done,” the General said. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. Opening it, he pulled out his business card and handed it to the man. “Call me on Monday. I’ll mail you the information you need.”

“September first, team of four, Agent Fletcher Ross is the leader, training will start immediately, don’t bring any furniture,” Hooper rattled off. “Trust me, I probably know as much about the team as you do. I’ve done my research, General.”

The General was impressed, but he had enough training not to show it. “Yes, indeed. I will expect your call on Monday.”

“You’ll get it,” Hooper said as he turned around and walked towards a beat up old Honda parked a few spaces down. The General watched as he got in and pulled out of the parking lot. This was an unexpected development, but not unwelcome. He’d wanted a team of four, and now he had it.

Agent Number Four, Recruited. Mostly.

## About The Author

Loren Weaver is an engineer for an oil company as her day job. Although she currently lives in Wyoming, she's a Georgia girl at heart. She loves crazy sports and has her black belt in Tae Kwon Do, master SCUBA diver certificate, and motorcycle license. Although engineering pays the rent, she writes because she loves to hear and to tell a good story.

You can find out more about Loren and her writing at [www.loreweaver.com](http://www.loreweaver.com).