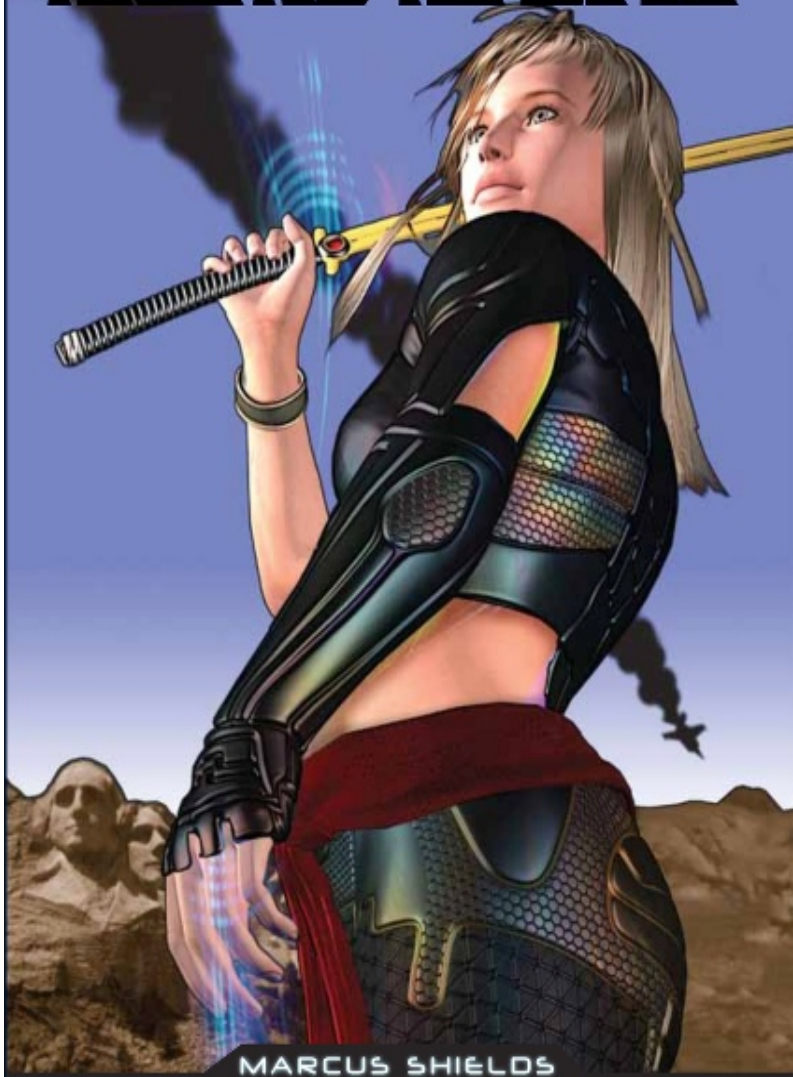


THE ANGEL BRINGS FIRE BOOK III

# ANGEL AND THE EMPIRE



MARCUS SHIELDS

## Sample Chapter

*To be freely copied as widely as possible!*

***The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)***

***The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)***

ISBN : (978-0-9939221-6-9)

***The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)***

## Stalker

### Blood On The Carpet

“Yes, young lady?” requested the white-haired emcee, as a hotel orderly promptly walked over to stand on her right side. “Here, stand up please – okay, there’s the microphone. Go ahead.”

Sweating, Misha searched desperately for an escape route.

*There will be at least four, probably ten, trained CIA assassins firing at her – and at me,* he nervously realized.

A second later, another feeling – one of, he considered, half-insane power and confidence – infected his soul, as he perceived a haunting tune, in the back of his mind.

Regally, the Storied Watcher slowly came to her feet, and the SVR-man noticed that she had advanced forward, by perhaps a half-meter.

“A few modest questions, have I,” she began, her eyes gazing straight at Abruzzio and Ramirez, “And behold them now... why does your President refuse to speak honestly, with the one who you call an ‘alien’? Why does he mislead this world, about what she has done at great risk, on behalf of all those who call the Earth, their home? Why do his sycophants torment her poor friends in well-hidden dungeons? And... last but, certainly not least... why has he tried to *murder* her, for no sensible reason, whatsoever?”

Misha noticed several dark-suited men and women muttering quietly into mobile communicator units, while they discreetly moved from one position to another.

“We... uhh... well, Miss, what’s *this* all about?” complained the emcee. “This meeting concerns the alien from Mars, not the President. Do you have a question that’s on topic, please?”

“Oh, I am ‘on topic’, I can *assure* you of that, sir,” purred Karéin-Mayréij, as she stood, proud and straight.

With a saturnine smile, she doffed the baseball-cap. Her hair – now as gold-yellow as the Sun – fell in long, flowing locks over her shoulders, matching in perfection, her complexion and eyes, which had also reverted to their true, not-far-from-godly norms.

“Hi, Hector, hi, Sylvia,” called out the Storied Watcher, with a half-curtsy that would have only been familiar to a select few. “I am so happy that we can finally meet, in person. Do you remember how I promised that we would, ahh, ‘do science’, together?”

*What’s that music coming over the intercom,* noted a big, tough-looking, long-haired man, several rows back.

*Fuckin’ great rock – but what band, and where?*

Abruzzio’s jaw dropped, and it was matched by Ramirez’ look of shocked, but overjoyed, surprise.

### ***The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)***

*Sylvia, Hector, open your minds to me*, the alien-girl tried to send in their direction. *Though I cannot properly prepare you, I pray that you can learn and keep the truth.*

Bewildered, the emcee turned quickly to whisper something in the direction of the two NASA scientists, while an agitated discourse went on at, and behind, the front platform.

The Storied Watcher turned her head, first to the left, then to the right, addressing the remaining crowd.

“Ordinary people of Tucson,” she calmly but forcefully pronounced, “It may not henceforth be safe for you, in here. I would advise that you should leave, as soon as possible.”

Torn between destiny, duty and common sense, Misha moved two or three chairs further to the left.

A few of the more perceptive attendees started to uneasily head for the exits, but a good fifteen or twenty more, evidently wanting to witness something 'exciting', hung around anyway.

“Did you not hear what I *said*?” she again broadcast to the crowd.

“What's the *problem*?” demanded the huge, square-headed, leather-faced, tattooed man with long hair and a goatee beard, who was nursing the last dregs of a cup of beer on the unoccupied chair next to him.

“So you mouthed off about the President,” he grunted with a shrug, flexing his bulging biceps. “Big fuckin' deal. Man's got a *point*, though – if you ain't got nothin' real to ask, lady, why don't you *say* so, so we can all go up and get us a few more autographs.”

“You have no *idea* how funny that sounds, sir,” answered Karéin-Mayréij, with a sharp, malevolent smile. “Very well – but I cannot be held responsible... you have been *warned*.”

“Warned about *what*? You mean, about you wasting yet more of everyone's day, young lady?” complained a waspish-looking woman, near the front of the audience.

*She is not even trying to hide them, anymore*, mentally noted the Russian.

*Even the Americans cannot be so stupid as to miss what that means.*

“Why not ask our two guest speakers, Madam?” remarked the newcomer. “I think that they will attest, that this is not wasted time.”

With a newly-pale complexion to match his hair, the emcee, his hands fumbling a note that had just been passed to him, stammered over the microphone, “Ladies and... gentlemen... I... uhh... have a special announcement... due to a terrorist threat that we've just received, we have to ask you to immediately leave this building, please line up in single file at the main exit, remain calm...”

A whiff of fear passed through the crowd, and most of the attendees started to stand and rapidly collect their belongings; but, at that precise moment, the Storied Watcher's eyes flashed, and every exit-door slammed loudly shut, as if kicked by some unseen force.

### *The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)*

Still fixed in her original position, Karéin-Mayréij called out to all of them, as the air became thick, electric with some kind of atmospheric adrenaline.

The music, a subtly-rumbling rock beat, was now echoing in minds both inside the locked room and out.

“By now, you have all made your choice,” she taunted. “Sit down and enjoy the show. Oh, and... 'duck when necessary'.”

Misha could not help himself from laughing, although he silently prayed that none of the American spies would notice.

Aghast, some of the seminar-goers went back to their seats, while others clustered around the exits, which seemed to be quite impossible for even two or three grown men to force open.

“And now I address the many spy-warriors of the U.S. Empire, who hide in ambush, all around here,” called the alien-girl. “Leave me and those who I love alone, and let me just talk to my friends Sylvia and Hector. I promise that I will not strike the first blow, but, be of no doubt, I can and *will* defend myself. Try again to kill me, and *you will die*. Let us meet in peace, today, this I pray –”

Suddenly, there was a loud shout, from behind and to her right.

“*To Hell With The Devil!*” it screamed.

In quick succession, two shots rang out, followed by three or four more seemingly coming from different directions behind the Storied Watcher, as the panicked crowd dove under tables, chairs or anything.

There was the reverberating sound of a ricochet, and, with small sparks flying from the point of impact, the newcomer was instantly knocked forward over the chair directly ahead of her, as if punched hard in the small of the back, though no blood issued forth.

As she gasped and sputtered, dark-suited secret agents, guns drawn, issued forth from either side of the front platform. They advanced rapidly down the periphery of the room on either side.

Grimacing and reaching her arm around to feel her back, Karéin-Mayréij righted herself and wheeled in place, rapidly half-singing, half-chanting,

“*Ahn-JAY-YE! Faya-GAR-yoo! EE-YA-beh!*”

Her body disappeared for a half-second, and the clothes that had formerly adorned her, vanished in a dull flash; but, in the next eye-blink, a new and radically *different* creature, terrible in weirding war-garb, appeared before the amazed, frightened, overawed onlookers.

Ooo – Oooo – Ooooo – wailed an entrancing, electric-Celtic-sounding melody, its susurrating, pulsing, subtle back-beat issuing simultaneously from somewhere and nowhere.

Did her eyes glow more brightly than what adorned her frame? Such questions would be worthy of debate, for the mighty Storied Watcher was now clad, head to toe, in the fortress of *Virya Ahn'jě*, her thousands of tiny, infernally-hot, scale-mail plates each shimmering with a subtly different color : a translucent, shifting, black-and-silver-and-gold-and-everything else overall pattern, looking akin to a picture taken slightly out of focus.

### ***The Angel Brings Fire Book 3 : Angel and The Empire (Teaser)***

Arcane runes glowed dimly on the skull-cap that protected the head of this latter-day 'Destroying Angel', and crimson-red, admixed with blue and dark green, shone the blade of the former *katana* – now transformed into something radically more potent – named *Fàiaqàryuu*, who had secured himself to a belt-clasp on the right side of silver-black-gold-hued *Ahn'jě*. The shield, who she had named *I'ěà'b'*, was grayish-blue over black upon her left arm, while the yellow-orange-over-ebon dagger named *Ksé'l'ch'* was subtly affixed to the outside of the lower part of her left leg, with his 'brother', purple-and-navy *Ss'ěth'ch'*, taking an opposite position on her right shin-side.

Oddly, the cape part of *Vîrya Ahn'jě* was mostly rolled-up around the alien woman's shoulders, although enough of its scale-encrusted black-and-silver still flowed out to cover the top half of her back, while her hair was now bound in pony-tail-fashion, by still another aspect of the Storied Watcher's youngest war-child; securely hidden behind *Ahn'jě*'s body-armor was secretive *Vîrya Quü'j*, eldest and wisest of them all.

Striking a deadly-determined, martial pose, but wheeling in place without moving a muscle, the alien-girl looked quickly behind her and toward the concession-table, tracking the rapid advance of the spy-men on either side of the room...

***– End of Sample Chapter –***