

## **Missing Partner**

The unrelenting chill threatened to strangle him. He pulled his thick winter coat closer to warm his body. He gazed at the black mountains covered with snow. They sat in the backdrop poised, ready to take your life if you dared challenge them. The fist of God sat here, he thought. The yellow glow from the gazillion city lights could blind a 747, he thought. Secret Service Agent, Robert Shamlin, gazed at the majestic sight. He climbed out of his SUV and looked around. He sucked in the cool crisp air.

“Hey, you’re not welcomed here. We know who you are and believe me; you’ll never find her, Shamlin.”

He turned around and saw a bear of a man standing before him.

“How do you know my name?” Robert asked.

“Samael knows everything about you monkeys,” the man snickered.

His eyes widened. Samael, monkeys? Oh, great an angel, really, he thought.

“You’re leaving now, it comes as no surprise.”

He saw the man glide away.

“Wait, did he just quote the song, Only Time Will Tell from Asia?” He shook off the madness.

Robert walked in the hotel. People brushed up against him and mumbled words as if they had known him his whole life. He shivered. He strode to the counter and stared at the beautiful young lady pushing on the keyboard in front of her.

“Hi beautiful, you have a reservation for Robert Shamlin,” he smiled. His hunter green eyes stared at her hourglass figure. “Hey, if you’re not busy later, maybe we can get a drink,” he gave his signature smirk.

She giggled and pushed the long blond bangs from her eyes to check him in.

“Sir, your room is ready. Here are your keys. The number is six, sixty, six.”

“Seriously?”

She nodded with a devilish grin. “Enjoy your stay sir.”

“Yeah, remind me not to fall asleep,” he chuckled.

He grabbed his key and strode to the elevator. He blew out his breath and rode the elevator up. He checked over the notes of where Natasha was last seen. She had been in this hotel. The elevator dinged alerting him he had arrived to the floor.

While he walked the hallway, his eyes gazed at the crimson red tapestries covering the walls. Finally arriving to the room, he slid the key down into the door lock. He flipped the switch and threw the key on the desk to the right.

“I knew you’d come Robert.”

He reached for his .38. Stunned, he saw the angel sprawled on his bed in its gorgeous human form.

“Who are you and what have you done with Natasha?” Robert asked.

“We knew she would lead us to you. That was why we took her. We’ve come to recruit you.”

Robert laughed.

With a wave of his right hand, Natasha appeared before them. Chained to a devilish wooden fixture, she cried out for Robert to save her. The young agent leapt to her aid. However, he was met by an invisible force.

“Release her!” Robert demanded.

“Not until you say yes.” Samael said.

Robert turned a quick gaze to Samael who rose up from the bed spreading his white majestic wings. With another wave of his hand, a fiery whip cracked against his flesh.

The young agent screamed from the unrelenting harsh sting.

“Thank you, Natasha, for your help. You will be rewarded.” Samael said.

The whip wrapped tightly around Robert, strangling the soul from his body.