

## *Passion's Reward*

*Love has a place in the warrior's heart*

*By Wrathé W Aceing*

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*01/09/19*

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### *Note to my Critiques*

I appreciate your generous review of my works. This is a novella (partial) destined to be part of *Shadow Soldier 4*. You will find characters that have been in a number of adventures in the previous books and may feel as if you are stepping into the play at act three. While this cannot be helped, you can get a FREE summary of all the published *Shadow Soldiers Series* at <https://books2read.com/u/bQZRNV> and get a better understanding of the series. I can also email you a PDF version if that is easier...

Please feel free to email me at [Bill.Joyce@vismgt.com](mailto:Bill.Joyce@vismgt.com) with any questions you might have. I appreciate your assistance and look forward to your response.

Wrathé W. Aceing

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### *Chapter 01 – New Mission*

I flew out of bed. The crisp December air of Fort Worth adding to the excitement I felt. I had a new mission and it was going to be epic. I knew it in my bones.

Three days ago, I was instructed to be at the cabin near Rocky's RV Park and Fishing Pier. It has been rented a number of times by the WCM team when our mission required easy access to the Gulf Coast. Now Emily Burke-Hansen was giving the orders and I knew that it would be an adventure. We had met on a few occasions, crossing paths and sharing information. She had settled in with Megs on the Golf Coast, piloting Megs' fishing boat and working cases with her. Each time we met, there seemed to be more to see and do. I have traveled the world and been on some mighty exciting adventures, but she was different and a mystery I would love to solve.

#### *The Mission*

A biker gang had marked its territory on the Gulf Coast between Houston and Louisiana. Wearing a flaming skull emblem on their leathers, the Daemon's Horde took over the Cajun Rest Bar, just east of Orange Texas. They spread their hate and drugs crossing the border between Texas and Louisiana.

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### *Chapter 03 – A Coastal Cabin*

The trip down the Texas highways in a solid muscle car is beyond enjoyment. It was December and winter in Texas ranged from icy cold to warm and beautiful. The last part of the trip, east of Houston was with the top down. I arrived at the cabin before the sun touched the western horizon.

The key opened a clean but empty cabin looking out past the sand dunes to a very calm Gulf of Mexico. The refrigerator needed supplies and the wood stove needed to be stoked. The cool breezes would chill the night air, making wonderful sleep beneath the piles of comforters. Friday evening along the coast in the winter is a study of silence. No merry beachcombers or rowdy fishermen. This is a time to truly appreciate the nature of the gulf and its rugged beauty.

The grocery list was made and a stop by a small eatery in Caplen, TX made cooking unnecessary until morning. I fired up the stove to brew coffee and sat on the porch watching the tide move in and out. By ten o'clock, I was ready for bed and left my unfinished coffee cup in the sink. KP duty could wait for morning.

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### *Dawn*

Jeans on and pullover shirt still untucked, I looked around the room for the socks from the night before. That was when I tensed. Something moved silently behind me. Before I could react, arms reached around my chest and held me still as a head rested upon my back. Her embrace told me a great deal.

The soft pullover I wore could not hide the fact that she was shirtless. Her approach was most likely shoeless. Her scent made my heart skip around uncontrollably. I knew who held me and I was amazed.

Now her hands instructed movement from me. I turned in her embrace to face her in all her glory. I looked down into the eyes of Emily Burke-Hansen and was overwhelmed. Then she pushed up on her toes until our lips crushed together. My stance steadied as her passion exploded and within uncounted moments shits and such were no longer blocking that which was desired.

I am no longer sure about life and love. I have lived and traveled enough to experience all that life provides but now, in the arms of this woman, I am lost. I remember deciding that a relationship did not fit my lifestyle, yet I still hold onto the dreams of wonderful

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episodic adventures with women I adore. My confusion now is focused. This—what I feel this moment—is not something I could ever give up.

I shifted under the blanket to find a place within her embrace and her movements indicated wakefulness. My mind thought of breakfast and then lost track of time and space as Emily sought more than food to sate her desires.

Time, marked by the movement of the sun in the eastern window filled with the memory of being in her embrace. Falling in and out of slumber and finding new enjoyable ways to connect, I was complete. More complete than at any time in my life.

The fresh breeze, making the curtains dance as the shadows indicated noon, brought reality to our retreat. I jumped up out of bed and headed for the kitchen.

“Hey Cowboy,” her laughter made her words dance. “That is not the required formal attire for breakfast.”

“So sorry, my lady,” I bowed and picked up the worn brown cowboy hat I used when out and about. Putting it on I twirled, making her laughter reach new heights, “always willing to please Miss!”

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She found the soft pullover I wore before our embrace. The sleeves fell past her hands and it covered her down to mid-calf. She also found her seat at the kitchen table, accepting a cup of microwave coffee while I brewed a new pot.

“Breakfast will be Tex-Mex Scrambled Eggs with Pulled Pork and Cornbread.” I already had the bowl filled with ingredients for the corn bread and the oven was preheating.

“Give me 30 minutes to have your breakfast on the table.”

“As leader of this mission, I claim this as my nightshirt. Understand!” She came over to the stove and kissed my cheek. “I get the shower first. Most likely you will only get cold water, boy!”

Watching her saunter off to the back rooms indicated cold water was going to be necessary if any work was going to be accomplished.

### *Stories by Wrathe W. Aceing*

**Wrathe W. Aceing is a pseudonym, an anagram created to remove celebrity from the author and place the focus on the central message of these adventures and other books contemplated. The "e" is silent. So is the warrior. But the vigilance, while silent, is real.**

*Book 1 - <https://books2read.com/u/mvY5ye>*

*Book 2 - <https://books2read.com/u/b6QWao>*

*Book 3 - <https://books2read.com/u/3J8vda>*

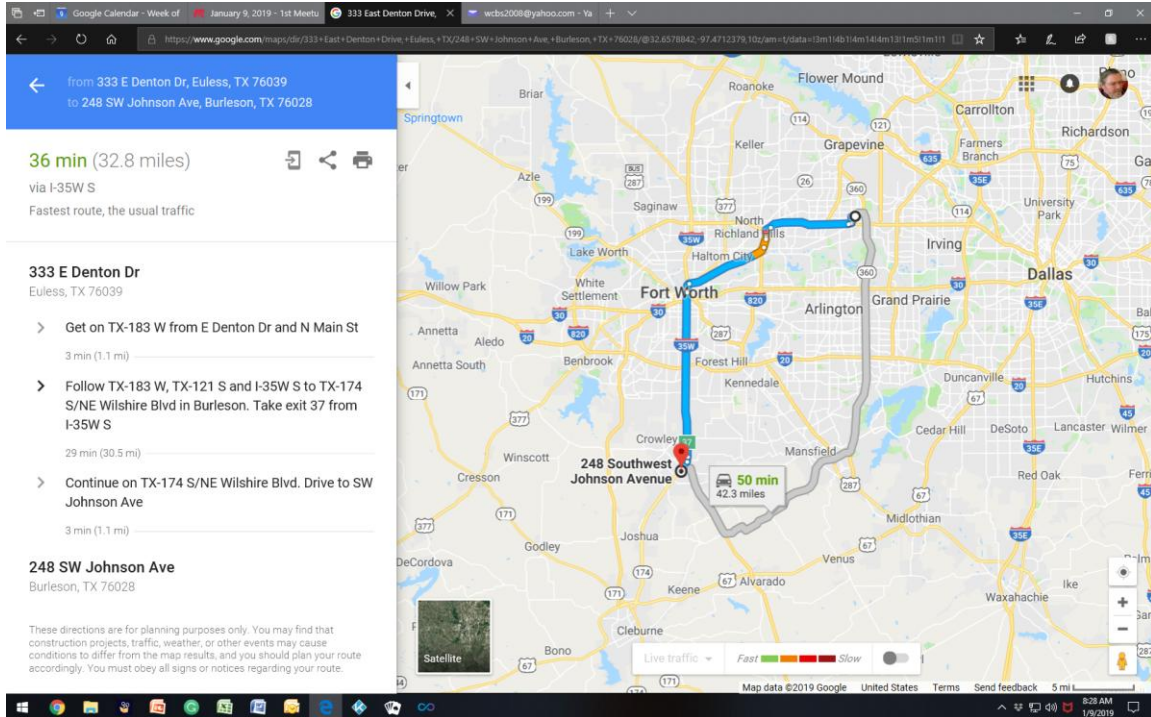
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👉 Follow TX-183 W, TX-121 S and I-35W S to TX-174 S/NE Wilshire Blvd in Burleson. Take **exit 37 from I-35W S**

👉 Continue onto TX-174 S/NE Wilshire Blvd - 0.6 mi

👉 Turn left onto NW Renfro St - 0.2 mi

👉 Turn right onto SW Johnson Ave - Destination will be on the right - 0.3 mi

248 SW Johnson Ave  
Burleson, TX 76028