

A SPECIALTY SERVICE

Chapter 15

Part 4

Searching for a friend

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With TC safe and sound in the hospital I went to oversee the farmhouse and her parents remains. David is going to tell her when she wakes up. The county coroner suddenly became extremely careful with the bodies of my friends when I arrived. By the end of the day I had an offer on the property and a tentative acceptance. After I got off the phone with the owner of the property, I got a call from TC. David told her what happened to her parents, so I figured she wanted to know I was out there hunting. Instead she asked, “*where is Sara and your children?*” A cold chill went down my back just as the rage started to boil in my head. She said she knew what was happening and she would explain but first I need to put my family in a safe place. I went to the house with Tina, so she could pick up her car. I left her there to supervise the site while I went home.

We were in the process of building a house. Sara was overseeing it. She wanted to know everything about the process as well as make sure she can feel safe. We met in Alaska. She was on the run from her husband’s family who wanted her head. No, they literally wanted her head. Sara’s husband was a verbally and physically abusive ass hat who used their religion as a crutch to abuse her. He went into a fit of rage after she was seen in public without her hair covered. She held a knife up to defend herself and the ass hat tripped and fell onto the blade. It was ruled an accident, but his family didn’t see it that way. A local police officer helped her meet up with a charity Daniel and Dom ran that helped at risk women escape violence. When it became clear she couldn’t stay, they helped her with an escape plan. Part of that plan was to move to Alaska while a permanent place was setup. I met her there and soon she and I were we. And we have been together ever since.

A few years and a few children later we now live on the big island. Sara wasn’t answering her phone. I broke every speed law on the way to Sara. Someone radioed ahead and soon I had a police escort. After years of dealing with local law we or I have a good relationship with them. It helps that the local sheriff was a former employee as well as a donor to the charity.

I hit the driveway and slid into a palm tree. And that was the end of the Ferrari California. Sara came running out to see what the sound was and saw the car. She was mad but more about how reckless she thought I was being than the destruction of the car. I ran up to her and hugged her. She could tell something was wrong. As I explained to her about the events of the last twelve hours, Jimmy came up in his car and crisp clean sheriff's uniform.

With the kids in her car we went to the hospital. She drove. TC and Sara insisted I get checked out. I think TC wanted some time to gather what she was going to say. After a way to slow quick exam I was released. TC said, "*those guys weren't after money.*" She hesitated then went on, "*they wanted the list.*" Sara asked, "*the list?*" TC replied, "*the list of all the relocated women.*" I could tell Sara wanted to ask the question, but she didn't want to step on TC's parent's graves. TC said, "*my mom and dad were no longer in with the charity and even if they were there is no actual list. Everyone's information helped are kept separate from each other unless there is a family connection.*" She wiped some tears away then said, "*they brutalized them for nothing. They hurt a woman who barely knew her own name.*" I broke a moment of silence and asked, "*are you still working with the charity?*" TC got a defiant look then replied, "*what if I am white boy?*" I said, "*you are connected to my family and you couldn't be bothered to say you were doing something that could expose them to this.*" Her defiance turned to worry then it got worse. Sara said, "*I have been working with them too.*" The next part turned into some words and screams that I just don't want to relive. When things calmed down we decided we needed to do something.

Dan did his thing and soon we had a car to track. The people who were doing this rented their van and a couple of cars all using the same company. After a very large cash incentive they activated the tracking system and soon we had a couple of targets. On the way-out Sara said, "*Jack come back to us.*" I said, "*always.*" I think I knew I was lying to her. I would do whatever I had to do to keep my family safe. Even at the cost of my life. There were two cars. A Toyota Corolla went west while a Chevy Suburban went east. If the two dressed like stereo typical rednecks were real rednecks, then they would want the Chevy. I wanted the man in charge. Dan gave me a ten-minute head start then he told Jimmy about the cars. I went for the Corolla and

Tina and Dan went for the Suburban. After a twenty-minute chase by Tina then the local law they stopped the Suburban and found it was being driven by two teenagers who stole the car and went on a ride. I followed the car to a private airstrip.

The car stopped and four men got out. Two of them were of middle eastern descent or maybe that was just my American bias. The other two were white men. They had the same build of the rednecks without the redneck attire. I took Sara's Porsche Cayenne and I forgot to check for a gun. In the back was her stainless Winchester 45-70 with a box of ammo. She liked the rifle for the range. Both the looks she gets and the feel of the round. I hid her car behind a building and made my move. The two other men were already in the plane, but the fake rednecks were on the tarmac making like they knew what they were doing. I got within twenty feet before dumb and dumber saw me. I hit one with a round in the knee then the other with the butt of the gun. The one I shot pulled a Glock 23 and I kicked it out of his hand. As he fought the plane took off. In the fight one of the men lost his wig and the Swastika tattoo on the side became visible. He said, "*you stupid fucking Jew bastard just who do you think you are.*" I kicked him in the nuts and said, "*my name is Jack Pressler and I am the stupid Jew bastard who you are going to spill your guts to.*"

A week later I received a DVD from a friend working at the Pentagon. The two men gave me everything we needed to bust the ring of men searching for their wayward women. Some of them had ties to terrorist so everyone was indicted as if they were terrorists. I would like to say it was over, but nothing is ever truly over. The lies have put a strain on our marriage that wasn't visible before. She first said it was to protect me then she said it was because she knew I couldn't stay away from the action. And in that she was right. If I knew, I would be in boots and on the ground. The events forced us to speed up the house. We move in next week. We also beefed up the security, but not to the point that it would be visible. We want our girls Trina and Jenna to live without fear of the outside world. Locking them in a prison and calling it home wouldn't do that. Jenna just turned one. She was not just walking, she was running.

Daniel and Dominique Cocks funeral was to be a quiet affair. That was until TC heard from three former Presidents as well as the leaders of several nations. It became this massive affair with one of the countries paying the bill. Because of all the press and the heat Sara couldn't go. I made sure to record the event. That is to say I made sure someone was there to record it. That night I stayed home with my girls and we watched Frozen. For the millionth time. We spoke that morning about starting up the other side of the business. She said yes as long as she could be a part of it.

Oh, yes that DVD. It was from a drone. It showed two familiar men going from a Mercedes to a house. Then it showed another drone firing a rocket into the house and the house going away. Trial by hellfire. What a shame no one brought any marshmallows.