

## Chapter 2: The Conception

“Tempestt?” I turned to look at Francis as he sat in his chair a few feet from the couch. Francis was a bald, Hispanic, and in his forties.

“Yes, Doctor Moriel?”

“I was saying that you appear to be handling the traumatic experience well. In fact, I would say you are clear to return to duty.”

I sat up, head lowered not to meet his eyes. “Well, you are the expert.”

“I am, do you not feel up to it?”

“I do, I just, some times, I can’t get over how close I came to being raped.”

“I know, but you know it wasn’t your fault. We’ve discussed this.”

“I know.” I stood up. “Thanks, I’m fine, really. Once I get back in the saddle, I’ll be fine. It’s just going to take time.”

“Good, because I wasn’t sent here to only help out your department.”

He passed me a folder with the words Police Officer Specialist Team. “Police Officer Specialist Team?”

“Codename, Post” He smiled. I’m gathering a group of some of the best police officers to be part of this operation. You have worked as a conservation officer in several harsh locations. Alaska, Arizona, Nebraska. I mean, these locations had crime, but the weather is a crucial component. I don’t think I meant an officer who has dealt with droughts, floods, blizzards, and tornados.”

“I always was fascinated with weather and protecting others, just went hand and hand. I don’t see how this would be a benefit for this team.”

“Well, there may be sometimes when the weather plays a hand in our operations.”

I looked through the folder. There were notes on other positions with pictures of potential recruits.

“What is the point of this operation? I mean, every law enforcement has a SWAT or something related. Even on the national government level.”

“This is off the books. Financed by many years of investments. A police force that can operate outside of the law. An underground, paramilitary company. I want you to be the second in command. You interested?”

I thought I could always do more, but the constraints of the law always tied my hands. “Is there a mission?”

“Taking down the Los Deimos.”

“How many members are you looking for?”

“8. You are the first recruit.”

“But you want me to be second in command behind someone else?”

“You can always say no, Tempestt.”

“But you already know I won’t.” I gave him the folder back. Looked into those brown eyes. We were the same height. “You know I want to get back at those rapists.”

“I know that you are of sound mind and will be great at helping with operations.”

“I assume the rest of the team will have some ties to the Los Deimos?”

“If by that, you mean everyone will have a like-minded alignment...yes.”

I nodded my head. “Where do I sign?”

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