

The Encounter Series Mysteries

Langley Air Force Base Hampton, Virginia

Lieutenant General Roger Benson's was not having a wide-awake dream. It wasn't a vision but the image of someone who had come back in time to present day – a tall mysterious stranger, from the future, known as the Turk.

A voice inside his head whispered; *Hey...how are you going to explain talking to someone from the future to FBI Agents, Tommy Smalls and Jerry Stone...you been talking to aliens.?*

He narrowed his eyes. He knew what he experienced wasn't some sort of dream. He could see the Turk – had conversations with this person from a different time. He was not in some sort of hypnotic trance.

On that uneventful day when he was first contacted by the tall dark stranger dressed in black – hat, trench coat, gloves, black suit and all, he'd never forget how the Turk was very clear about his intentions – his expectations.

At an empty building in Goodyear, Arizona, just after midnight, there was nothing but death silence as the Turk, his three female accomplices – *Triplette's* – a blond and two brunettes joined by; General Benson, Smalls, and Stone began to put their plan into action.

"We're gonna take care of our business." The general said then cut his eyes at Smalls and Stone. "We just need to know three things: Payment – when we gon' get the money? Why we're here and what's the fuck we gotta do?"

"Yeah..." Smalls frowned. "If me and Stone gon' throw our hat in this shit, I wanna know what's in it for us?"

"Damnnnn...right-right." Stone muttered. "No finance, no killing."

The Turk glanced at Stone, frowned at Smalls but it was General Benson he turned to and to him he said, "You and your men appear all in but only for one thing...the money. It seems to me and my colleagues that your men are confused about who we are and why we chose Virginia of all places to connect with you."

Stone could see that Smalls had that look in his eye. He glanced at the general, grinned and to the Turk, he said, “confused my ass. He narrowed his eyes. “Why are we here?”

General Benson glared at Smalls. “Secure that shit, Smalls!”

Smalls would not be deterred. He was determined not to go away quietly into the night. *The Disease of More* had taken over his sense of reason. He narrowed his eyes and to the Turk he said, “why don’t you tell us exactly what’s up? You can start with...when we gon’ get them dollars.”

Without warning, the Turk and his female accomplices began to transform. When Smalls turned away from General Benson, the blond took on a new identity. Seconds later, the two brunettes were coming out of there transformation.

Shocked, the general, reached out to nudge Smalls and that’s when they all realized that the females had assumed their identity. They were exact duplicates – same height, weight – right down to the clothes they were wearing – including the weapons tucked away underneath their suit coats.

“Sombitch...!” Smalls barked. “Stone...they look just like us!”

Stone rubbed his eyes with both hands. “I don’t believe...I-I-I b-b-believe it.”

“Would you look at this...!” Smalls barked. “Stone...” He continued. “That blond just shape shifted, and she looks just like you now! All she needs to do, now...is to start stuttering and shit!”

Shocked, they all froze for a moment – collecting their thoughts, no doubt. Before they could say anything, Turk made a hand gesture and the three females changed back to their normal state.

The silence was defining - scary.

Smalls and Stone knew they were out of their element. General Benson was left staring into space, wondering what he’d gotten himself into. Neither of them knew what to do – how to respond to what they’d just seen. The only thing they wanted to know is...why were they gathered inside an empty building in the early morning and what did the Turk and his two shape shifting females have in store for them?

Things got even worse when the lights inside the building kept changing from dim to almost dark to pitch black and back to dim.

Was it by design?

Was it a way to conceal their ability to shape shift?

What the constant changes to the lights inside the room didn’t do is affect their eyesight. They could see the Turk clearly.

He was tall – physically fit.

His overall appearance was intimidating, unsettling and not because his features were changing constantly. Particularly his eyes – dark, hypnotic, sunk deep into their sockets.

Still, Smalls wasn't impressed.

Ready to push the envelope – anxious to get down to the business at hand, Smalls cleared his throat and said, “this thing with the lights, your women assuming our identity and you and them eyes ain't saying nothing.” He snorted then spit. He glanced at the general and continued. “Where y'all from, what's the deal with the money, and what do y'all need us to do? That's all I want to know.”

It was all about what Smalls wanted. His behavior was starting to annoy not just Stone but General Benson. The general turned to confront Smalls but was cut off when the Turk said, “My team and I are from 50 years in the future. We have come back in time to secure our future.”

“The money...!” Smalls barked. *I could care less about your future.* “Talk to me about how we gon' get paid.”

“There are two men living in your world.” The Turk said. “We must eliminate their existence. Anyone connected to them must also be taken care of.”

“Shiieeett...” Smalls grinned. “You ain't gon' find nobody better.”

General Benson stood back – watched and listen. He had been watching the two female accomplices, closely. There was something about them that didn't add up. Although they were associated with the Turk, their aura gave the general pause. He could sense that they were not all in with the plan. *I know what I've with Smalls and Stone. They will never stop until they finish the job. Even if it's called off, they will complete the mission. It's who they are. I suspect if things really go sideways – too hot to handle, the women just may cut and run. I wonder if the tall fella is up on whats happening with these two.*

Meanwhile, Smalls had no plans to let go. He turned to the general. “You got us into this shit, general. But...” He continued. “Without that paper, me and Stone, we gon' hold fast. We were doing just fine out in Vegas with our rock-solid setup. Hollar if you hear me... Stone.”

“Sho' you right! He-hezzzz speaking facts, general.”

“All I can say...” Smalls grinned. He glanced at the general then at the Turk. “...things better start taking shape or me and Stone...we gon' bounce right on up out this bitch!”

General Benson stared at the two men for a long time. *This is starting to go sideways. Hell, I can control Stone, but Smalls...he is off the rails. The Turk is no one to be fucking with. I already*

made assurances that Smalls and Stone were the men he was looking for to get the job done. I can't turn back now.

Smalls and Stone are not back in Vegas. Their allegiance has changed. The Turk is now, their benefactor – making all the decisions – the one calling all the shots. I must get them back in the game. And I'm talking right now before this dude goes into flip mode.

General Benson was too late.

The Turk had seen and heard enough from Smalls. He'd had all he could stand, and he could stand no more. He turned and faced the three female accomplices. "Right now, general, I could kill the three of you." He raised both arms above his head – snapped his fingers. "...just like that." He went on. "I could do this without turning around – never laying a finger on any of you."

"That won't be necessary." General Benson breathed. "I can fix this."

"Fix what..." Smalls smirked.

"We are past that, now. You and your undisciplined simpletons have wasted my time. I can punish one if not all of you as an example of what I'm capable of."

One of the three women, the blond, stepped to the Turk. "Why don't you let one of us step in – see if we can get things back on track."

"You don't have a voice, here, Sta'sha." The Turk frowned. "Bring me one of the brunettes."

Sta'sha found herself at a crossroads. Of the three women, Sta'sha was the leader – the one the Turk relied on to have his back. Speaking out of turn, she knew she'd angered him. There would be consequences but what action would he take.

She was quiet for a moment. She smiled. "I can't do that."

"Bring me one of the brunettes, now!"

"Sta'sha stood her ground."

General Benson inched closer to Smalls and Stone. He glanced at Smalls, but it was Stone he turned to and whispered. "Your dumbass partner...got us in some serious shit right now."

"Yeah..." Stone mumbled. "Smalls ain't just got our foot in the bucket, he don' got t-t-the Turks women turning on him."

"I'll say this for the last time: bring to me one of the brunettes!"

"Sta'sha didn't respond."

"Wait," General Benson said. "We can work this out."

The Turk meant business. He turned around – reached forward, put his left hand on the neck of

one of the brunettes. While Sta'sha and the other brunette, Star, watched in horror, he pulled the other one closer to him. With his other hand, the Turk gripped her face like it was Mellon. Slowly, the unfortunate brunettes body began to lose shape.

She began to go into a spasm – drooling out of the corner of her mouth.

Her eyes widened then popped out of their socket. Her body went lymph.

The Turk released his grip.

Everyone in the room watched her lifeless body fall helplessly to the floor. He turned to General Benson giving him a death stare. But it was Smalls who broke the silence, “Ahhh, yeah...looks like you're running things 'round here.”

