



AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

MATCHMAKER

BY NATHAN WAYNE

A STORY OF TRAFFICKED WOMEN IN DIAPERS

Chapter 1

The brightly lit pier jutted out into the still, murky waters of the Hudson. A large cruise ship sat like a miniature city against the much grander and iconic skyline of New York.

A small park sat in the glow from the ship and city lights where a man in a rented car sat in darkness. The black Honda sat inconspicuously among other empty cars in a small parking lot next to the river's edge, while the man watched his surroundings intently.

The six-foot, athletic frame of the man filled the compact's front seat a bit more than it was designed for. On the passenger's seat sat a digital camera with a large telescopic lens and a duffle bag.

He twisted in his seat as a silver SUV pulled into the park and nosed into a spot about a hundred yards down. After the lights shut off, almost ominously, a man emerged wearing a tailored suit. The suit seemed to stand out in contrast to the man's obvious military demeanor. His blonde hair matched his posture in a tight and neat flat top cut and even without the telescopic lens at that distance, the man in the Honda recognized the precise and measured body language of the man in the suit.

Shifting in his seat, the man in the rented car grabbed his camera and began to watch the scene unfold, snapping pictures along the way.

Five minutes passed as the blonde man sat unnervingly still, waiting without a hint of emotion. Then, a matching SUV pulled in to the adjacent spot.

The man that exited the second silver vehicle was very different than the blonde man. This man may have matched the military man's height and wore an expensive suit, but that was about where the similarities ended. The second man was slightly

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balding and had a bulge above the belt that indicated his physical exercise regime could be improved and he seemed almost squirrely, but not with fear, but with excitement. Like a kid on Christmas morning, the man approached the statuesque blonde man and shook his hand vigorously.

Still clicking away with his camera, the man in the black car watched as the two discussed the deal they were making. Through the lens, the man couldn't read their lips or hear the conversation, but he knew what was being discussed in its most basic format. An exchange of money for a person.

Slavery, to put it simply.

The blonde man seemed to threaten the excited balding man, bringing his excitement down to a more somber tone, but then he smiled and shook the blonde man's hand once again.

Then, the man giddily went to the other SUV, the one the blonde man drove up in, and climbed in the back seat.

The blonde man went to the other SUV and entered the front passenger seat. With that, both SUVs fired up and began backing out of their spots.

The man in the black Honda quickly grabbed two final shots, capturing each license plate, then set the camera down, eased his own car out of the parking space, and began tailing both of the motorists.

He knew they would likely split up, so when they did, he already knew which silver SUV he was going to follow.

The traffic was light, but there were still enough cars that the man's black compact didn't seem out of place. Keeping a couple of cars between them as a buffer, he watched the SUV travel down towards the pier that housed the large cruise ship.

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They turned at the entrance to the pier and pulled up to a gated entry that they were quickly allowed through.

Lacking a way to enter the lot without causing a scene, the black Honda drove past casually. The man searched for a place to pull over and, after a quick glance around, he jumped over a lane and made a left turn to a side street with parking.

Without bothering to pay the meter, the man grabbed his camera and rushed to the corner where he hoped he would have a view of the SUV.

Looking through the lens, he scanned the parked vehicles finding multiple similar silver SUVs. The parking lot held various cars of travelers looking to escape the city on a boat to paradise, but then he spotted his target vehicle.

He watched and noticed no movement through the tinted glass, but watched for a moment longer. The vehicle sat still, content without passengers.

Nothing.

He moved his focus towards the ship's gangplank and noticed the balding man walking hand in hand with a girl. Her face was looking the other way and she wore a large coat, probably his, that hid her frame. She was almost out of sight when her face turned towards the shoreline, taking in the sights and allowing the man's camera to capture a fleeting image of her face before she was out of view.

The man patiently waited for any further opportunities to show themselves. Alas, when it was obvious that they weren't coming, he walked back to his car, camera in hand.

Sitting back in the driver's seat, he looked at the final picture he captured. The young woman looked about twenty, and she looked healthy enough, based on her face since the coat hid her

body. Her shiny brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail and her cheeks were red with color.

Most surprising of all, she was smiling.

It could have been an act. Maybe she was threatened in the vehicle, or maybe she was on some sort of drugs, but in the fleeting moment that his camera had captured, she looked truly happy.

The man shrugged and started the car, beginning the trek across Manhattan towards JFK. His flight was in the morning, but his motel was next to the airport, so he headed that direction.

Winding through the traffic, he pondered what he had just witnessed. The blonde man's name was Jace Allen. He was a former Marine and FBI agent. While in the FBI, he had taken down human traffickers for five years before falling off the radar. As far as the electronic world was concerned, Jace Allen had disappeared seven years prior. He was off the grid and liked to keep it that way - with one notable exception that wasn't widely known.

Five years ago, the man who now was meandering through Manhattan in his black rental, stumbled across an ad on a certain website. When he replied to the ad, he went through a questionnaire and then was told to expect a response in one to two days. Anxiously, he waited and when no reply came, he went back to find the ad only to see all trace of it was gone.

Six months later, on a similar site, another ad appeared. The username was the same and the ad read similarly to the one he had responded to before. This time, he grabbed screenshots as he moved forward. Once again, he was told he would receive a reply in a couple days, but never heard back.

For the next two years, similar ads appeared once every six months, only to disappear without a trace within twenty-four hours.

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These ads soon became the man's obsession. He spent every moment he could, researching and trying to trace the source, when he finally made a breakthrough eighteen months ago.

When the ad popped up, he was able to hack the account that created the ad and traced it back to an email account. That email account was registered to a server that was owned by a company listed as being owned by a Mr. Jace Allen.

The man parked his car and went into the New York hotel, a Holiday Inn that was buffeted by the constant whine of the jet engines that came and left JFK International Airport.

"Hello sir! How may I help you?" the bubbly blonde said, as she smiled broadly to the man.

"I have a reservation," the man's deep voice answered.

"Name?" she said, tapping away at the keyboard in front of her.

"Bruce Fillion."

The girl quickly finished the process of checking the man in and handed him a room key.

"Let me know if you need anything Bruce!" she said, her voice professional, but still adding the barest hint of something more.

The dark-haired man scratched his stubbly chin after grabbing the key and thanking the girl. He carried his duffle bag to the elevator and soon was on his floor and entering the generic hotel room that overlooked the parking lot and the runway and terminal where he would be headed to in the morning.

Bruce grabbed his camera and a laptop from his duffel and began uploading all his pictures. It took a bit for all three hundred

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seventy-eight high-resolution photos to upload, so he decided it was time to relax.

Some guys relax by going to the bar. Some lift weights. Some run. Bruce enjoyed all of those things, but for Bruce to really relax, he enjoyed something a bit different.

Bruce walked over to his duffle bag and pulled out a thick white diaper.

Chapter 2

Bruce was just a kid, probably five or six, when he was watching an episode of Looney Tunes featuring Daffy Duck and Porky Pig. In the musically timed show, the two were running a factory that sent babies to their new families and, in typical cartoon fashion, they were utilizing conveyors, robotic arms, and storks. Hijinks ensued when both characters fell onto the conveyor. The conveyor took them down an assembly line that transformed the two into babies. Now, Bruce thought it was funny, and the baby appeal never really stuck with him, but there was one part that did.

Diapers.

Even as a child he felt the butterfly feeling in his stomach when he watched the machine diaper his cartoon entertainment.

The feelings for diapers never quite went away for Bruce and, once he hit puberty, the curious feelings for diapers manifested into a sexual kink.

For obvious reasons, Bruce kept these feelings to himself and, to anyone else, he was as masculine as any teenage boy. He played football as the varsity running back both his junior and senior years. He drove a rusted-out muscle car like he was Bo Duke. He dated the prettiest girls and he was big into hunting, being proficient with many assorted firearms and bows.

Bruce was the epitome of a man's man while growing up, except in the deepest corners of his mind. He wanted to wear diapers. He wanted to relax and enjoy the padding between his legs. But ultimately, he wanted a girl to share this with.

As he matured, Bruce found that he also enjoyed a bit of bondage. He found himself comfortable in the role of a dominant and later, found that he felt drawn to being a girl's Daddy Dom.

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That's how he found that ad that Jace had put up. Bruce had been browsing one of his frequent sites. He generally checked his list of favorites once a day to see if there were any new messages, see if anything interested him and maybe update something.

When he saw the ad that Jace - using the guise of ThrallRedeemer – had posted, he couldn't help but check it out. The title of ThrallRedeemer's ads was always something like, “Baby girl looking for forever home.”

Usually, the post would include things the girl enjoyed, things they were already trained to do and things they could be trained to learn. The post always said they were trained, but you could tell after a few ads, that they were different girls. Each ad would include something the girl liked or excelled at and a few hard limits.

Bruce couldn't deny that he enjoyed the imagery of a girl of his own in diapers, and that's how it became his obsession. He felt the pull, this deep-seated need to find a girl he could care for, share his life with and explore his fantasies.

Then his view on those ads dramatically changed. On one of the forum boards, a member started going on about how the ThrallRedeemer had tried to get him to pay for the chance to take a girl home with him permanently. The man's post was taken down within hours of him posting it, but Bruce had seen it and decided to look into it even deeper.

The obsession grew, but instead of being about finding a girl, it became about shutting down the culprits behind the heinous act.

After Bruce had found out about these criminals, he tried to go to the FBI, but he never had proof. He could show a screenshot for an ad or even a picture of a guy and girl, but the evidence never held any actual confirmations of his suspicions.

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So, Bruce dedicated his life to chasing down this group and finding proof to put them away.

Unfurling the diaper, Bruce laid it on the bed and pulled down his jeans and boxers. He left the black T-shirt on as he laid his bare bottom on the thick padding and pulled it up between his legs encasing him in the comforting garment. Fastening the four tapes so that the diaper now fit his trim frame perfectly, he ran his fingers down the leak guards to check the fit and relish the feeling.

As he patted the plastic with a dull thud, he felt instantly relaxed, like he just shed a hundred pounds from his back.

He walked back to the laptop, seeing the little loading bar approaching the hundred percent mark. He moved the generic office chair in front of the screen.

The bar hit the end and Bruce sat down to begin scrolling through the pictures.

Going through each one, he saved certain ones that captured a clear license plate, or a good shot of a face in a certain folder for quick viewing. Then he uploaded the whole works to a private server, so he had them to go back to if the need ever arose.

Two hours later, he finished the task and stretched out his arms above his head. It was after midnight and he could feel the need for sleep approaching. Standing up, he felt a pressure on his bladder and without a second thought, his once pure white diaper was saturated with the warm liquid that pooled and then was wicked away by his padding.

He pulled his shirt over his head, exposing washboard abs leading down to his now wet undergarment. He walked over and flopped onto the bed, grabbing the blankets and pulling them over him, as the darkness took hold.

Chapter 3

Jace Allen strode towards his private jet sitting in the hangar at LaGuardia Airport. His second in command, Craig Dawson, was returning the second SUV and soon would be joining him.

Jace enjoyed the heft of the briefcase. The five million dollars would be enough to fund him for at least two more years at his current size and he was debating on expanding his operation.

He stepped aboard his plane and found his seat, a plush leather recliner.

Opening the briefcase to once again confirm the dollar amount, running his hands through his blonde hair, he began counting.

“Mr. Allen, so good to see you're back,” came a soft, but confident voice.

Jace finished counting ten seconds later and looked up with a genuine smile.

Standing in the aisle was a beautiful redhead girl. Her hair was down around her shoulders and freckles dotted her cheeks. She had an hourglass figure that was accented by the white blouse and her black skirt. She wore high heels and her blouse was unbuttoned to give Jace an ample view of her cleavage.

“Hello Sara,” Jace said. “Are we about ready for takeoff?”

“Yes sir,” she said, smiling. “Mr. Dawson will be aboard in a few minutes, and the pilot is ready for takeoff as soon as he is aboard.”

“Thank you, Sara.”

She nodded and walked back to the rear of the plane.

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Craig soon joined them on the plane, his six-foot three-inch frame ducking in the tiny tube that was the plane's fuselage. Sara gave the pilot the "all clear" and Craig settled in across from Jace.

"All good with the cars?" Jace asked.

Craig nodded his bald head. "Both cars are back, and we are all set. The other driver has been paid as well, cash of course."

"Good," Jace said, sitting back in his seat.

"Would either of you like something to drink before we take off?" Sara asked.

"I'll take a scotch," Craig said.

"My usual please," Jace said, then noticing a damp spot on Sara's skirt. Without warning he reached over and felt her skirt just under her ass. "Sara, are you wet?"

The redhead's face also turned bright red. "Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you change before you leaked?" Jace asked, his voice stern but caring.

"I didn't think I'd have time, sir," she replied, eyes downcast.

"Do I need to change you right here?" Jace asked.

Sara's eyes flitted to Craig, who sat passively like nothing was going on.

"No sir," she responded.

"Good girl. Go change," Jace said dismissing the girl.

As she walked back the plane lurched as it began taxiing to the runway. A moment of silence passed between the men, Jace seemingly oblivious to the awkwardness.

"Sir, not to question your tactics, but I've seen you spank other girls for such infractions, why not her?" Craig asked.

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Craig had worked with Jace for the past four years and had seen things that made zero sense to him. A long time ago he quit wondering why his boss liked his girls in diapers and why he did certain things to them.

“It's all about the person, Craig. Certain girls respond better to physical pain like spanking, yes. But others, like Sara, respond better to humiliation. Everyone is different, and knowing someone helps you work with them,” Jace explained. “Take you for example. I know you have zero kinky desires and sex is just sex to you. You respond better to money and would rather not deal with the girls, so I try to place you in positions where you don't have to deal with them as often. If you upset me, I don't hit you. No, instead I withhold pay. Sara enjoys spanking, so if I spank her, it's not a deterrent, but instead an encouragement to misbehave.”

Craig nodded understandingly. “So, it's manipulation?”

Jace thought about it. “I like to think of it more as training.”

The flight dragged on as they headed west across the country.

“What have you found on our next target?” Jace asked the bigger man.

“I reached out to a PI that was recommended by a contact I have in Southern California and he sent over pictures scouting out the property. Abandoned warehouse, fence surrounding the place, and about a half a dozen guards. There is a car that comes and goes about twice a day and a truck pulls in every other Friday.”

“Cameras or any other security measures?” Jace asked, studying his laptop which was showing a satellite image of the place.

“At least four cameras, but nothing too high tech with plenty of blind spots. Definitely a night op. The building is dark, and in the

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heat, thermal is all but useless before breach. I'd say early morning would be our best bet. There is activity then, but the lights on the place are pretty minimal and give lots of shadows for moving in," Craig explained.

Jace nodded. "We will touch down and we can get a car and head out to case the joint right away. It should be still fairly early and give us a good idea for an early morning breach. Then we will get our supplies, get some rest and plan to head in at 0400."

Craig agreed.

"Go prep the gear before we land. It'll save us some time," Jace commanded, watching Craig move to the back of the plane where a small armory was located behind a secure door.

Once Jace heard the door lock behind the bald man, he clicked over to video chat and dialed his partner.

A beautiful face appeared on the screen. The woman was tan and had raven black hair. Her big brown eyes were filled with joy as she recognized the man she loved.

"Daddy!" the girl exclaimed.

"How's my Sabrina?" Jace asked, his face, normally void of emotion, grinning with sheer happiness.

"I'm good," Sabrina said. Sabrina was Jace's wife and she was also his *little girl*.

Early in in their relationship, they had discovered a dynamic they both instantly fell in love with. They weren't related in any way and they didn't pretend he was actually her father, but he loved, protected, cared for and cherished her in a way that was both like a lover and like a father. Hence the title *Daddy*. Neither cared if anyone else understood their choice because it was their lives and it was what they wanted.

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“What is my girl up to?” Jace asked, watching his wife's face intently.

“I just finished helping the other girls into bed and was going to go lay down myself,” Sabrina said.

“How is everyone?” Jace asked.

“Everyone is good, except Hallie. She is still having nightmares and was afraid to go to sleep,” Sabrina said concerned. “I gave her a sleep aid and Angie agreed to sleep with her, so I waited until they both were asleep.”

“That was nice of Angie. Hallie is still new, it'll take time for things to get better,” Jace said.

“If they ever do,” Sabrina said, her face and tone changing from the light carefree attitude she had to that of the adult she was.

“Don't worry baby, she will get better in time. I'm not saying that the scars will ever go away, but they will heal,” Jace consoled, but even still, she had a weight on her shoulders that wouldn't just disappear.

“Where are you?” she asked.

“Somewhere over the Midwest. I think Nebraska or something,” Jace said. “Should land in LA in a couple hours, around two in the morning their time.”

“That's just crazy. It's not quite ten here,” Sabrina said. “When will you be home?”

“We will see. I'm thinking we will be heading back tomorrow... or the day after tomorrow for you,” Jace said smiling.

A moment of pondering passed over Sabrina's face as she thought about it. “So, Thursday then?”

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“Yes, Thursday,” he confirmed. “Now, is my girl ready for bed?”

“Yep,” she said. Jace could still sense the weight on his wife's shoulders. Taking care of the girls was very rewarding, but not always easy. He knew that she needed to get into her little headspace to relax and sleep soundly.

“Since I'm not there to check, I need you to stand up and show me your diaper, little one,” Jace said.

Sabrina blushed. After the two of them got together, Jace had told her about his desire to be with a girl who needed diapers and so, he persuaded her into wearing diapers twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, but even after their seven years of marriage, Sabrina still blushed when he checked her diaper.

The woman stood up, her 5' 2" petite body now filling the screen. She wore a halter top tank that was a deep purple and a pair of pajama pants that were a plaid pattern that matched the purple with black lines carving squares down her legs.

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of the pants and pushed them down, bending over in front of the camera giving Jace a beautiful view of her considerable cleavage. Standing back up, Jace saw his wife's thick nighttime diaper. The white plastic covering was adorned with teddy bears, and its thick padding forced her thighs just slightly apart.

“Turn around,” Jace commanded, and the diaper clad woman shuffled around. Obviously, she hadn't removed her pajama pants, but just had them around her ankles.

The white plastic showed no signs of use and so he allowed her to sit down.

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“That's my good girl for getting your night time diaper on,” Jace said. This wasn't unusual, but also not an everyday occurrence. Jace had done this just to put this girl, his wife, back into her little headspace.

“Go grab your stuffie, pacifier and blankie to show me you're ready for bed, darling,” he said. She stood up, pants still around her ankles and shuffled off camera. He could hear her rustling around for a moment and then she came back on screen, diaper still showing. In her arms she carried a black and white stuffed animal pig and her ultra-plush pastel blue blanket. Her lips were closed around a purple, adult sized pacifier that hid most of her smile.

“That's my good girl,” Jace said, his heart melting even further. “Now go to bed and get some sleep. I love you, baby.”

“Wuv you too, Daddy!” came her little voice around the pacifier in her mouth.

Mentally saving the picture, he clicked end call and sat back in his chair. He wanted to be home with her right now, but he needed to pull this job first and then he could be with his darling Sabrina.

Chapter 4

The warehouse fit its surroundings all too well. The entire area looked abandoned. Graffiti covered everything that could be used as a tagger's canvas and half of the streetlights were burned out casting long shadows.

Even the streets were neglected and filled with so many potholes that to have a half smooth ride you were swerving across both lanes of traffic. Luckily, the streets were almost void of travelers, so you could drive wherever without fear of being in a head-on collision.

The windowless Ford van fit the area without a second glance, while the two men sat in the front seat scoping out their intended target.

Both watched without a word, studying the layout of the lights, the general behavior of the men that occasionally went outside for a breather or a smoke, and the few security measures. Both men also made notes of possible security measures they might not be able to see and where they might be located. Jace also made a scan with the thermal camera and grabbed a few pictures that he could later examine in more detail.

After a half hour scouting the site, the two men wordlessly agreed it was time to go and they began the trek out of the abandoned neighborhood.

After an hour drive back into the more civilised part of Los Angeles, they found their motel and rested up.

A few hours later, the two men were back on the move. During the late morning hours, Craig went to talk to the private investigator he had hired, while Jace went on a supply run to get a few final items. Most everything was on the plane, and so he made the trip out to the hangar.

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He boarded the plane and went to the back room, typing in the code to open the door. An audible click announced the correct code and he swung the door inward.

He pulled down a duffle bag from an upper shelf and began loading the bag. Night vision goggles with a thermal setting. Two tactical helmets and vests along with a pair of leg holsters. Four flash bang grenades, a pair of tasers, two 1911 pistols equipped with suppressors and two ARs with red dot sights, suppressors and flashlight attachments. Grabbing extra magazines for everything, restraints, and first aid kits, Jace figured he was stocked up. He had one final stop.

Jace found a street about a half a block from a small strip mall. Looking around, he didn't see any security cameras and figured this was a safe place to park.

He donned a generic black coat that hid his build, a pair of aviator sunglasses and black ball cap. He exited the van and pulled the cap down low. Walking with a fake limp, he rounded the corner to the mall and headed to the generic drug store.

He went inside, continuing his false limp and without raising his head more than necessary, he scanned the place for security cameras and mentally noted where to hide his face.

He found the prepaid phones and grabbed the most basic and the cheapest plan, then headed to the front. When checking out, he made sure to pinch the bills he used with his knuckles, not his fingertips, just in case someone wanted to dust them for prints. Jace was paranoid, but only because he knew how he would be hunted, if someone came after him.

At least, he knew how he used to hunt criminals that tried to evade him when he was in the Bureau.

Quickly exiting, he mentally forced himself to continue the limp.

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Seeing the van, he climbed inside and removed his disguise, glad to be done with the errand.

Twelve hours later, Craig and Jace once again were in the van outside the warehouse, but this time both were armed.

Each man was well equipped and wore masks under their helmets to hide their identities. Covered in body armor, weapons at the ready, the two exited the van and moved towards the warehouse. They stuck to the shadows, working their way to the fence. When they were up against the chain link, Craig went to work with a pair of bolt cutters, while Jace covered him. Exactly thirty-four seconds later, the two men were through and moving across the large expanse between the fence and the building. The area was devoid of light and so they moved quickly, because they knew they were out of the line of sight from any cameras.

They approached the building and hugged the wall. Above them was a large cluster of windows, most of which were broken. They were a good five feet off the ground, allowing plenty of room to hide below, but also allowed them the ability to look inside.

Switching to thermal, Jace slowly looked in through the panes of glass. He spotted three heat signatures that were obviously just a single person walking. More than likely, guards. A room on the far wall held multiple heat sources. The quantity and intent of them was difficult to tell, but there were definitely warm bodies there.

“Three on patrol, unknown in room in southwest corner,” Jace whispered.

Craig nodded acknowledging the information. Then using hand signals, the two moved towards the door. They tested the handle and found it unlocked. Silently, they eased inside and closed the door. They waited, hearing one set of footsteps approaching their location. Craig pulled his 1911 and trained it on the doorway,

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while Jace grabbed his taser. Posting next to the door, Jace prepared for the man to come inside.

Just as the feet appeared in the threshold, Jace pounced. One gloved hand gripped the taser sending fifty thousand volts into the man's neck. The other was followed quickly, going to the man's mouth to keep him quiet. It was all about timing, so that he didn't shock himself as he incapacitated his quarry.

The man went rigid then limp and Jace moved his hand that held the taser to keep him from hitting the ground.

With practiced ease, Craig grabbed the unconscious man's feet and they moved him to a corner of the room, where they quickly gagged and restrained him.

The two men left the entrance and moved into the hall that attached the offices that lined the east side of the building. The large abandoned work floor resided on the west and their target was in the back corner of the work floor where a second large work area was separated by a large divider wall. Clicking to thermal once again, they confirmed the location of the last two men wandering the building. One appeared to be on the phone in an office a few doors down and the other was wandering the empty work floor to their right.

Again, using hand signals, the two men split up each taking a target. Jace worked his way down the hall, prepped for any new surprises and keeping his footfalls as silent as a cat on carpet. As Jace approached the door to the office he heard a dull *thwap!*
thwap!

He instantly knew Craig had used lethal force, not a problem in Jace's mind. Pulling his 1911 up, he kicked in the door and before the man on the other side could even register the motion, Jace drove two slugs into the man's chest. Before the man could even hit

the ground, Jace had crossed the room and put a final bullet in his head.

The crashing door was louder than the soft barks from the 1911 and so Jace went back to the door to watch for any activity in reaction to the noise. After waiting a moment and seeing no alarm, he went back to the corpse, holstered the pistol, and grabbed the phone the man had been talking on.

The screen still showed the line was connected although it was silent. Jace could have picked up and made some threat or tough guy quip, but instead, he just hung up. He removed the battery and sim card putting them in his pocket and then searched the man. Finding the man's wallet, he snapped a quick picture of his driver's licence with his personal phone and left it sitting on top of the body.

Jace pulled the strap that held the AR on his back and shouldered the rifle.

Keeping the red dot trained in front of him, he began to move down the hall.

A door creaked behind him and he whirled, gun fixed on the large man that stepped into the hall.

It was Craig.

A quick thumbs-up signaled that they were good to go and they moved towards the final room.

At the final door that lead to the room with all the heat signatures, both Craig and Jace switched to thermal to locate the bodies inside.

At this distance they could distinguish a dozen heat signatures. All but two of them were either lying or sitting on the floor, while the two upright figured paced between them.

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Jace gestured towards himself and the left and then Craig towards the right. Then pulling a canister from his vest, he held up three fingers to initiate the countdown. Silently he mouthed the words.

Three.

Two.

One.

Craig opened the door just enough for Jace to toss in the flash bang and then close it again, while they waited for the detonation.

BANG!

A half a second after the concussive blast erupted in the room, the door burst open as both Jace and Craig flew in rifles up and trained on their targets.

The two figures that had been upright now lay on the ground surrounded by girls ranging from early teens to mid-twenties. All of the girls were curled into balls in the most protected posture they could adopt. One man clutched at his ears while curled into the fetal position, while the other held a hand over his eyes and his right hand grasped for the semi-auto pistol in his holster. Craig was on the man in the fetal position in seconds, restraining him quickly, while Jace approached the blind target.

The blinded man finally pulled on the pistol and it cleared the holster. Without a second thought Jace fired twice, eliminating the potential danger.

He approached the body and held two fingers to his neck to feel for a pulse, but found none.

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“Time to move,” Jace commanded, pulling out his phone and dialing a number.

“Clear,” was all he said into the microphone before hanging up.

Then he began going to each of the ten girls and helping them to their feet. He had two of the older girls help and quickly had the girls, still temporarily blind and deaf, in the hall. Holding hands, a few could still see, and they slowly walked down the hall that the two men just cleared.

Jace led the girls while Craig, dragged the once captor, now captive, down the hall in his tight plastic restraints.

Outside, two white vans pulled up and the girls were quickly loaded inside.

Jace handed Craig the burner phone he had purchased earlier that day. “Record their confessions, then dial the cops. Leave them alive if possible and I’ll meet you back at the plane.”

Craig only nodded, having done this before and he turned to the two men they had tied up, while Jace went out to one of the matching Ford Econolines and climbed in.

“Airport,” he told the driver and with that, both vans filled with girls peeled out and headed to the hangar where Jace’s private place awaited.

If you wish to read the rest of this exciting story go to:

<https://abdiscovery.com.au/matchmaker/>