

Super-Divine Intervention



Novelette #3 in
the *Divine Intervention* Series

By Debbie Johnson, Best-Selling Author
and Award-Winning Filmmaker

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Website and Contact Info: DebbieJohnsonBooks.com

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The Golden Chalice, Inc.
P.O. Box 277
Victoria, MN 55386

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Super-Divine Intervention:

Book Three in teen love story beyond this world. Ava is still working for Canadian Intelligence and Mendo, her boyfriend, is now on her team. They run into one scary problem after another as they complete their official training to become full-fledged agents, cementing their relationship as well.

Bonus: Chloe's wedding!

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Chapter 1

"How in the world could anyone capture a martial arts master? Even if he *is* an old one!" I was sitting at the conference table with my CSIS (the Canadian intelligence agency) boyfriend, Mendo, and our superiors, including my dad, Freeman, who was currently on our team.

Thom spoke up first, as he was working closely with our new "Dream Team" which included me (dream-detective), Mendo (tech-detective), and Freeman (amazing-actor-detective). "Ava, I know this situation is super strange, but that's why we're testing the Dream Team on this mission. I don't know how anyone else would handle it, but your team has the best chance with your talents and skills combined."

Mendo looked excited, almost bouncing in his chair. What is it with guys and really complicated problems? They love them! That did make me feel better, though, because I knew he and my dad would have my back. "If Ava gets the dream intel on the neighborhood they're keeping Master Lu in, from her dreams, and the country of origin of the perps, I can pretty much find out the exact building with a combination of hacking into the car-rental agency they're

using and satellite images.” He sat back and smiled like a cat who had just caught a mouse.

“Okay,” Thom said slowly, crossing his arms and looking like he didn’t believe it. I knew my boyfriend’s extreme talent . . . but even I had a hard time believing he could do that. “How do you plan on finding them in a rental-car database,” Thom focused intensely on Mendo, “since they’ll be using a fake name?”

Mendo leaned forward and bounced the toes of his sneakers on the floor. “No problem. Once Ava ID’s them in her dreams, we’ll know what nation and state they come from. If they are Mandarin Chinese, for example, think about this: How many Mandarin Chinese have rented a car today in Toronto? Sure they’ll use a fake name, but it would be a Mandarin name in that case, if they have any brains—and obviously they do, to pull in Master Lu as a hostage.”

Thom nodded his head. “You’re right. Good thinking, Mendo. So, once you find the building, how will you get in?”

“No problem. I’ll just put on my plumber’s uniform.” Dad smiled and took a sip of his coffee. I was learning how much he loved it. We’d just found each other after many years apart. “If I can just get them to open the door, we’ll be set. Backup plan will be pizza delivery. No one can resist the seventy-five-percent-off coupons!” We all laughed, knowing Freeman could definitely pull off the acting job. He’d just have to set up a temporary phone number for the pizza-order call-in.

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Mendo took my hand and looked at me, trying to gauge whether or not I was nervous. I was! He's so good to me. *I should just chill.*

We had to work fast, not knowing if the Mandarins who held Master Lu would kill him, or try to. He was world-renowned for all kinds of karate tricks. That's why I couldn't believe he hadn't escaped, unless he'd let the kidnappers hold him on purpose . . . to help us discover these criminals.



I drank some natural herbal tea for sleep, and started lucid dreaming. In case you don't know what means, I was awake in my dream, aware of what was going on. I had learned to do this with lots of practice. The first thing I saw was a ship and a beautiful, huge Chinese vase. At least I think it was Chinese. Then I saw two men who seemed to be Asian. I couldn't see their faces very well. They stuffed some bags inside it, and hurry onto the ship. *Oh, there's Master Lu.* He was hidden in a corner, observing the perps, who looked back at the last second!

The smugglers (I assume they were) did a U-turn and both of them grabbed Master Lu. He didn't even fight back! *Amazing.* But I had to hear them speak! We were all trained to figure out the sounds of a foreign languages.

The two men just kept dragging Master Lu away, and hid with him in the cargo hold of the ship. Speak! I kept hoping I wouldn't lose the dream before they gave me the cultural clue I needed. I tried to keep myself in the scene by exam-

ining their clothing. *Oh! One of them has a ruby and gold ring. I have to tell Dad so he can confirm the perp.* Amazing how God always keeps me waiting for something I *think* I need, while He's trying to show me something else. I just have to learn more patience, not my strongest skill.

Finally. One of the guys spoke, but not very loudly, because, well, they were hiding! It was Cantonese. I was sure of it. So they were from southern China.

I pulled myself out of the dream and tried to wake up. I had to wake everyone else up, too, if they were sleeping.



When I walked into the kitchen with my hair in knots, Mendo was at the huge kitchen table eating a piece of the yummy cherry pie we'd had for dessert that night. The CSIS chefs were almost as good as our FBI buddy Cole. And neither Mendo nor I had much money growing up, so our food wasn't the best, if you know what I mean, and I hope you never do!

"Hey, Ava-bear. You must be awake for a reason. What's up?"

"I've got the country of origin, and probably the province, just not the place their hidden yet. But we know Master Lu was on the ship headed to Toronto, so can you start a search for Cantonese names and the car rental agency they might have used at the time of the ship's arrival?"

"That's pretty smart thinking for being asleep on your

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feet, girl. I'll get right on it. See if you can go back to your dreams and find a hotel or building they might be holed-up in." Mendo jumped up, leaving his pie unfinished. *That's a first!*

Without even answering him, I yawned, turned around, and went back to bed.

It didn't take me long to see a small, old white building that wasn't very white anymore. There was a bar across the street with flashing lights, missing letters on its sign. Not a great neighborhood. Mendo would find it easily with satellite images. I was that sure of him. And just as sure of his love, even though we still didn't know if we'd get to keep working on the same team. That meant that he could be on assignment in Norway while I was in Hawaii . . . about the longest-distance relationship you can imagine! Not good.



Freeman tried his plumber act, but they wouldn't open the door for anyone. On to plan B, the pizza coupons. We waited an hour, then I slipped a flier under the door, as it that was my job. It had a coupon for 75% off a large pizza order.

We knew none of the abductors would dare leave Master Lu to pick up food. Not with just one of them to cover him. Too risky. And they had to eat, right? We were sleeping in shifts, waiting. They must have been stocked up on eats, because it took twenty-four hours for them to order the pizza!

Freeman was on it! He zipped to the pizza place with

lights blazing and sirens blaring, showed them his badge, paid for the order and even the warming pouch, then took off to the old building, cutting his siren and lights long before he got there, so as not to arouse the kidnapper's suspicions.

Mendo and I were already waiting behind the building, and when Freeman texted us that he was about to knock on the door, we listened carefully for it to open in front, then double-kicked-in the back door. Master Lu would have been proud of us!

The element of surprise was what made both men easy prey for us, and Master Lu helped, of course! He kicked guns out of both men's hands and karate chopped both necks at the same time to get them dropped to the ground instantly! I saw the ruby ring that I'd spotted in my dream. Yeah, we busted the right guys.

With the martial-arts master there, we really weren't even needed, it seemed, except to be witnesses to the crime. *Whew!* I was relieved when it was all over, but was this really the best test of the Dream Team? A baby could have sprung Master Lu! Well, if she knew where he was being held, that is.

I can't wait for the next test . . . not! I thought. Oh, and by the way, as you may have guessed, the Chinese criminals had smuggled drugs here, as well as some lethal poison which could kill almost instantly. I would not want to be their enemy! *Oh yeah, I am.* Well, good thing I have the training and protection of the CSIS. Oh, and God, of course!



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About Debbie Johnson

Author Debbie Johnson is best-selling author of Think Yourself Thin (Hyperion), award-winning filmmaker (Soul Survivors Angel-in-Training series on Dove channel) and a big kid who has never grown up, but is still in love with love!

<http://debbiejohnsonbooks.com>