

Forsaken will be back in action, very soon. But for now, some upcoming **Forsaken**.

Please be advised that some of what you see below may not actually appear in the story, or may be changed considerably. Most of the below will be out of context (on purpose) and not necessarily in the right order. Also, the below spans approximately 80 chapters, so you may not see certain sections for quite a while.

...+...

I heard the sound of the explosions – four in all. I grabbed Anne-Marie and dragged her to the floor as the glass from the windows exploded into the room

...+...

Without any further hesitation, Megan reached forward and she pushed a button on the console.

“Hound, Sentinel, this is Wildcat – we have explosions, move in and assess the situation,” she ordered smoothly as she took charge. “Petra – keep an eye on the situation here; Leon, let’s gear up – we’re taking Brute!”

Despite her tender age, Wildcat was the ranking Fusion operator present in the Safehouse that night.

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The ten-year-old girl instantly braced up as the knife embedded itself an inch or two into the archway, a mere three inches from her left ear.

...+...

“What the hell is that racket?” Office Pete Howser exclaimed as his voice was all but drowned out by the sound of many powerful motorcycle engines.

...+...

It had been almost six months since her kidnap and attack – I refused to say that word; it scared me. Lauren had cried most nights for over a week after it had happened. I had tried to help her but Lauren would hug me on some occasions and on others, she would push me away – at times violently.

...+...

That had also been around the time that Chloe had been mysteriously wounded.

*Her explanation had been that she was mugged – bullshit!
I would love to see the mugger that could better her – that girl could fight!*

...+...

The thirteen-year-old girl grinned sheepishly as she grabbed her mask and we headed downstairs to the armoury. There, the young vigilante drew a SIG Sauer P239 Tactical pistol in 9-millimetre calibre and a 7-inch combat knife. After checking the weapons over, she picked up her utility belt and inserted the pistol into the holster on her right hip and the knife into the scabbard on her left thigh.

...+...

“Too much?” Foxtail asked as she dropped the man’s body to the ground.

“It was great up until the point where you near enough ripped his damned head off!”

...+...

“Well, hello, Hit Girl...”

“What the fuck are you?”

“I – am – FEAR...”

...+...

“Oh, dear,” FEAR laughed. “Did the little kitty’s claws fail?”

...+...

“Why is everybody determined to kill me?” Psyche growled dejectedly.

“I’m not...” Wildcat replied supportively.

“She did – three fucking times – no offence...” Psyche said as she indicated Foxtail.

“None taken!” Foxtail growled back.

“Well, you do have a certain effect on people...” Kick-Ass chuckled.

“Not helping!”

...+...

“Woah, they’re butt naked!” Wildcat commented inappropriately.

...+...

I just figured it all out – it was like a bright flash of light inside my head as everything became remarkably clear. Should I say something to her; would she kill me?

...+...

“I can’t – she’d kill me...”

“Stop talking crap – what have you done?”

“I know who Shadow really is...”

...+...

There were noises all around us as we sat on bare concrete, the hood scared me even more. The only good thing was that I could feel Riley’s hand as she gripped mine tightly. My face was wet with tears and I had been crying ever since we had been abducted. I had lost track of time but it didn’t feel all that long since we had arrived where we had arrived.

...+...

This time the boots were dark grey with . . . with purple highlights... I was going to die.

...+...

“As most of you know, Paige has been lugging something around inside her, for the past nine months. Please raise your glasses to the newest member of our little community.”

...+...

*Saoirse went bright red and her eyes almost popped out of their sockets.
Then she turned on Stephanie.*

“Can’t you keep your big gob shut?”

...+...

*Stephanie instantly realised her mistake and tried to correct her error
but to no avail as for about the third time that afternoon, she hit the mat.*

...+...

“Does she get on well with her siblings?”

“Oh, yes,” I replied as another image of Psyche appeared in my mind. “She’d kill for them...”

“Metaphorically speaking, of course...”

“Of course...”

...+...

“This one is a definite call for help: ‘Fusion: Discord in trouble. Need extraction ASAP.’”

...+...

“Still – that was a very private moment...”

“Private?” Stephanie demanded incredulously.

“You ate each other out in front of two hundred people!”

...+...

My life was bothering me. We seemed to lurch from one crisis to another . . .

...+...

*“You know, one problem with having Hit Girl as your mother, it gives new emphasis to that common
expression: ‘Mom’s gonna kill you’...”*

So I’m just gonna come out and say it: Mom’s gonna kill you!”

...+...

“I had no choice – it just came out...” The wretched Stephanie replied.

“She tried to pull out my fingernails with pliers!”

...+...

*I had never touched a real live girl before, let alone removed the bra of one –
I was just glad it wasn’t a real bra; I had no idea how they worked...*

...+...

I knew what Marcus would have been thinking and I might have been on the same page to some extent. Marcus would have shot the man; I would have cut his balls off...

...+...

It was a pointless question as three kids suddenly exploded with joy as we walked to the car. It was a perfect day and I felt happier than I had in a long time. Maybe things were settling down and we could all enjoy life as a family – well, as a vigilante family.

...+...

However, that was not what had caught my attention; it was the spreading crimson stain that threatened to inundate...

...+...

“Thunder! Thunder! Thunder!”

The ‘Thunder’ codeword was reserved for a direct threat to Fusion and there was a special set of arrangements to be actioned when that codeword was triggered.

...+...

“Senior staff will go to Safehouse Zulu. We maintain a force here at Safehouse F and we send personnel to Safehouse W.”

...+...

“Time to go...” Marcus announced as he drew his pistol.

...+...

“Stats are dropping...”

“No breath sounds on the left . . . no pulse; coding . . . milligram of epi...”

...+...

...blood-soaked clothing was in a pile on the floor along with several bloody wound dressings and bandages. I could hear some of what was being said and none of it sounded good.

...+...

“Welcome to Zulu!” Marty announced with a flourish.

...+...

For the first time in a real long time, I was scared.

...+...

I ran into the Command Centre and Abby looked upset.

“Shadow’s been injured – she’s on the way back in with Jackal...”

...+...

As Josh touched Mindy’s arm he suddenly found himself on his knees as Mindy twisted his hand savagely and pinned him.

...+...

"Then let's go see Apollo and Artemis – I want to talk to those two..."

"Mindy," Dave cautioned. "Talk first, mutilate later. If they're guilty..."

...+...

Her paintwork gleamed as if it had only just been applied, which in all accuracy, it just had.

...+...

"Ocean Vigilante, you have a clear range for missile firing on bearing of two-four-zero..."

I turned from the chart and spoke to the helmsman.

"Helm, new course, one-seven-two, maintain eighteen knots."

"New course, one-seven-two," Hailee acknowledged.

I reached for the phone and pressed the button for ship-wide.

"All hands remain aft of the bridge and standby for missile launch..."

We were closed up at action stations and everybody was wearing a lifejacket and anti-flash hood with gauntlets.

Joshua turned a key from 'SAFE' to 'PERMIT' and a klaxon sounded. His finger hovered over a pulsing orange button.

"Missile one – shoot!" I ordered.

...+...

"Help me..."

"After what you have done?" I responded, coldly.

"She will kill me..."

"Maybe I should help her."

"I'll do anything..."

...+...

Titan was buried under tons of masonry and the last I saw of Foxtail was her motorcycle as it spun across the blacktop and smashed into a parked car.

...+...

"I am Stormtide – were you sent to kill me?"

I laughed. "No, I came to rescue you."

...+...

"You gotta help him – he is alone, please."

"Help who?"

“Rage – they’ll kill him.”

...+...

There were four kids to get up, showered, and dressed before breakfast.

...+...

She launched herself at Mindy and the younger girl shoved the older girl backwards so her mentor fell over and then she proceeded to punch Mindy in the face.

...+...

“I will not fight you... I know that you won’t believe me, but I did not do it because I am cold hearted; I did it out of love – out of love for you.”

...+...

“Damn; it’s like fucking Baghdad!”

...+...

Wildcat, Hawk and Raven were using their armour and shields to protect the paramedics and their patients as they worked.

...+...

An RPG powered in and struck a bullet-riddled patrol car. The car exploded and sent red hot shrapnel in all directions.

...+...

Raven screamed as the shrapnel dug into her armoured back and rapidly burnt through the armour.

...+...

Out of the blue, the 12.7x55-mm STs-130VPS 76-gram bullet cut its way through the air at over 300 metres-per-second. It tore through the armour like it was nothing and the lifeless body dropped.

...+...

‘If you are reading this letter, then I am dead.’

...+...