

Coming soon in 2018 for the **Forsaken** universe.

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 (usually, on purpose) and not necessarily in the right order.

Also, the below spans many chapters, so you may not see certain sections for quite a while, if at all.

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### VENGEANCE

Deep inside, Keira wanted to kill the girl who had betrayed them all.  
More importantly, she wanted to kill the girl who had cost her Harper.

...+...

"Jason, Nicky, please meet my sister, Sarah, and our friend, Keira Sharp.  
Sarah, Keira, please meet Jason and Nicky Bourne."

...+...

"I think she's telling the truth."  
"She's either a very good liar or she's scared to death."

...+...

The yell was full of fear and distress.  
Then came the sound of cracking and screaming as two of the  
four fingers on the girl's left hand were broken at the second knuckles.

...+...

They were at 70 hours and 24 minutes;  
Harper's life expectancy was quite literally ticking down to oblivion.

...+...

"She needs to suffer," Kaitlin growled. "I am going to make her suffer,  
just like Harper has suffered. First, we're going to break her fingers."

...+...

There was no challenge, just machinegun fire  
which came as a rude awakening to the watch on the bridge.

...+...

Sarah checked the starboard beam to find a larger yacht,  
flying the French Tricolour closing fast, tracer rounds  
striving to strike the pristine hull of CALEDONIA.

...+...

Five thousand tons of submarine heaved itself to the surface,  
shedding the tons of water from its hull as men appeared atop the conning tower.

...+...

Keira stepped out of the shadows from forward,  
a pistol in her hands. Debbie looked directly at her.

"We know where your sister is."

...+...

The smack was both loud and very, very painful.  
Harper fell to the floor, her head reeling from the impact,  
her vision blurred for an instant but before she could regain her feet,  
another blow came down, then another.

...+...

Despite her bravery and courage, she could not prevent the  
tears which welled up in her eyes and overflowed down  
her frozen cheeks onto her mattress.

...+...

*Her mind was losing focus and she could not think.  
She just lay there in the mud and she thought of her  
sister and how much she wanted to be with her.*

...+...

*The door opened, and a tray was brought in and placed before her. The man stood up.*

*"I'll take my leave and come back in a little while - enjoy the food."*

*The man returned as promised, just as Harper had finished eating - he was smiling no longer.*

...+...

*For a moment, Harper forced a grin, but fear soon overtook her. The woman was  
a face from her past; one which she hated - one which scared her to her core.*

...+...

*They came for her soon after ten o'clock.*

*Harper screamed as her badly-damaged left hand came in contact with something hard.*

...+...

*She screamed, and she screamed as she writhed but the man had her neck in a vice-like grip from  
which she could not escape. The pain was enormous, and Harper was being pushed very close to her  
pain threshold which was much higher than that of the average nine-year-old child.*

...+...

*"Welcome, William - you're looking a lot better."*

*"The wonders of modern medicine."*

...+...

*My team are under intense suspicion at the moment.  
You are all not exactly welcome on the mainland, either."*

*"Screw that - we can sneak ashore and do what we need," Cassie commented.*

...+...

*Harper was beside herself with fear and desperation.*

*"Keira! Keira! Don't leave me! Please . . . KEIRA!"*

...+...

*"As you can see," the familiar voice sneered,  
"Little Harper has served her purpose. Have a good day."*

...+...

*The Police BMW overtook and for a moment, the young vigilante thought that it was all over, but  
instead, the BMW raced ahead and stopped the traffic at the next junction, allowing their  
vehicle to blast through the red light at speed while another police officer waved them through  
the junction with a broad grin on his face before the BMW moved to block the pursuing vehicles.*

...+...

*"We thought that you might be needing these."*

*It was a simple statement from the Army officer as the covers were hauled off the vehicles being  
hauled by the Royal Logistic Corps low-loaders. The first trailer was carrying Sabre and  
Scimitar. The second trailer bore two humps at each end, but the shapes soon became familiar  
once the covers were removed. Twilight and Scourge were present and correct, rotors folded.*

...+...

*"Time to die..." the man growled with a look of supreme pleasure as he squeezed the trigger.*

*"Just what I was going to say!" an electronically enhanced voice countered as  
a dark blue shape dove out of the darkness and put himself between the woman and the pistol.*

Both hit the ground as another form, this one crimson, followed the other and put several bullets into the gunman who fell into a pool of his own blood. The man in dark blue armour stood up and helped the woman to her feet.

"Are you injured, Prime Minister?"

...+...

The gated entrance to Downing Street was cordoned off by four red BMW X5 police 4x4s but two of them moved smartly to allow Sabre to sweep through with just the DPG Range Rover following.

...+...

The Corporal pulled back a dusty, dirty blanket, and he indicated for the Marine with the torch to bring it closer. Then he looked more closely at the shape.

"Medic!" he bellowed.

...+...

The Mondeo's left front corner lifted, rolling the car over and thrusting it upwards. The front end of the car crashed down, bending the entire engine compartment backwards towards the windscreen.

...+...

"Hello."

"Hello."

"I'm Diana."

...+...

She looked downwards, and her eyes went wide as she noticed that the girl who rested on crutches was missing something - quite a bit, really.

...+...

Stephanie sank to her knees at the graveside.

She held her head in her hands and she sobbed loudly for over a minute as Jamie hugged her, tears running down his own face.

...+...

Stephanie turned on Electra and the eyes burned into Electra's, causing the girl to shake with fear.

...+...

Vengeance faced off against the close on sixty enemy and the eight armoured vehicles.

...+...

A pair of giant Challenger 2 main battle tanks roared up the beach, escorted by four Warrior armoured fighting vehicles.

...+...

Prowl did not answer.

The girl looked up at Nemesis for a moment but then she fell to her knees, hesitated, and fell the rest of the way to the ground.

...+...

"Is something wrong, Lucius?" Bruce enquired.

"That is the armour of a Vengeance vigilante.  
The girl wearing it almost died. My armour failed."

...+...

Without warning, there was a chain of ear-splitting explosions and Scimitar appeared to fly through the air. The heavily armoured vehicle was pushed

upwards and outwards by the explosive force before it came crashing down onto its roof, the support pillars of which telescoped under the weight of the large vehicle.

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### FORSAKEN

It had been almost a week.

They had won a great battle, but they had suffered a great loss.

...+...

"Why would Tommy have a pair of your panties?" Mindy asked with a raised eyebrow.

...+...

"Well, well, I never thought it might come to this . . . goodbye, you Irish slut."

...+...

"This level hasn't been used for decades."

"But it is the only place where we can house sixteen troubled kids."

...+...

There was an equal split, seven girls and nine boys. The boys were all in the large space, together, while the girls were split into two groups, of four and three.

...+...

Jake sidled up to Stephanie.

"Hi, hot stuff - how about you and me. . ."

"Do you want to lose this pathetic excuse for a dick?" she growled.

...+...

"You are all here under punishment, so expect a lot of crap over the next few weeks."

...+...

Shannon was just ten-years-old. Willow was just twelve-years-old. For Leo, who was thirteen-years-old, it was a struggle. Christina and Sky were ordered to strip each offender - a task the twins from hell relished.

...+...

Joshua came back into the room and he shook his head angrily.

Summer Frasier aka Sunset Phoenix was gone.

...+...

Her Predator sense told her that something was wrong. She checked the bathroom - it was empty. The bedroom door was open, so Stephanie headed out onto the landing and then down the stairs. She found Rachel in the living room. She sat on the couch, a pistol in her right hand.

...+...

Stephanie couldn't think of anything to say, so instead, she just ran forwards and gave Mindy a big hug.

...+...

"Her stature speaks volumes and that man behind her? He's CIA, a minder . . . much like Miranda was for me . . . he's worried . . . if I didn't know any better . . . yes - I'm sure."

...+...

"Is this wise?"

"I . . . well, I think so."

"You have concerns, though."

"What makes you think that?" Mindy asked.

"Every adult is carrying at least one Taser - you are carrying a pair."

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Mindy had cringed at the amount spent but she saw it as well worth it and after Christmas, they could replenish the money spent in a couple of evenings when some drug dealers donated their income to Fusion.

...+...

Willow's dress was off the shoulder and above the knee, showing off the sixteen-year-old's ample breasts and thighs. As with the other ex-Marauders, the hair was growing back slowly.

...+...

"I last saw you with Electra, in the woods . . . you . . . you cared about us Yellows. You used Duct Tape on Electra's wound."

"That's good enough, Billy - it's him. You want to get out of this place?"

...+...

Stephanie seized Billy's right hand with her left and she bounded forwards out of cover sprinting directly at the exit with Chloe and Mindy providing covering fire as they followed. The boy was all but dragged forwards, keeping up with his rescuer.

...+...

"Move it!" Mindy yelled at the pilots who immediately firewalled the engines sending the jet accelerating down the runway and into the air.

...+...

"Rachel - what did you say your greatest Christmas wish was?"

...+...

Rachel simply froze as a young boy appeared from behind Stephanie. Jamie looked up at his sister in surprise; Stephanie just grinned. The fourteen-year-old girl was struggling to speak, to move, to do anything.

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#### **FUSION:LA**

"Who are you?" Maddie asked.

"You hacked a file which got you pinched. You want to know what is in that file?"

"How would you know what is in that file?"

"Me, is in that file."

...+...

"I want you two girls to meet me at the location which Marty has uploaded to the satnav in the Yukon - have fun!"

...+...

Just days before, she had been in FBI custody on a serious charge of Cyber Hacking, then, she had been awoken at 5am from a troubled sleep in the detention facility.

...+...

"I am trusting you to do everything in your power to help my team and to never reveal anything that you see, that you hear, that you think, or even what comes to you during that moment of euphoria as you work your clit to orgasm."

...+...

"You having a midlife crisis or something, Erika?"

"Or something. . ." Erika replied coolly.

...+...

"Hello, Mrs Tyler. Your daughter is working off her misdeeds for me. She makes a mistake; she goes back to the FBI. So far, she has been true to her word and I trust her."

...+...

It looked like any other entrance to any number of businesses where the boss had no interest in spending money on non-essential parts of the building - like the reception.

...+...

"You guys do not fuck around when it comes to Safehouses, do ya?"

"Hit Girl has a thing for being prepared - she must have been a boy scout in a previous life!"

...+...

She sat at her computer station and her eyes flew around the various windows that she had open across the giant display screens. The most important of which was a display showing three flashing dots on a zoomed in section of Los Angeles. The dots were blue, red, and yellow. They represented, Mist, Venom, and Bane, respectively. Their lives were in the thirteen-year-old's hands and she was petrified of what they might do to her should she screw up.

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**. . . and something else**

What, you may ask, was she doing wading through a leech-infested swamp in Asia with the rancid water lapping at her snatch?

For the past six hours, Mindy had been asking herself the same goddamn thing.

...+...

"Apparently, the powers that be have other plans for the British arm of Fusion. In fact, they have been forbidden from taking part - a direct order, if you will."

...+...

Each and every punch sent pain shooting throughout her body. The man obviously knew his stuff as he pounded into her. All thoughts of being concerned about her dignity as she hung there, naked as the day she was born, were replaced by the thoughts required to keep her mind running so that she could resist and keep resisting

...+...

Mindy glared up at Chloe.

"We're in deep shit."

"Tell me about it!" Chloe growled.

"Could be worse," Stephanie added.

"How the fuck could it be any worse!" Joshua questioned.

"We could be dead," Stephanie pointed out darkly.

"Ah, Steph," Mindy chuckled as she gave Stephanie a hug.

"You're a dark horse, but we all love you."

...+...

The temperature was approaching minus twenty-five, and the eleven-year-old girl was almost buried in Artic clothing, with not a single piece of flesh visible. Suddenly, she dived down into the soft snow and raised her binoculars.

...+...

"You don't have a Safehouse in the Dakotas, do you?" Joshua enquired.

"No, I don't," Mindy replied. "Not yet, anyway. Besides nothing ever happens in what has to be two of the most boring states in the entire Union. Both could drop off the face of the earth and I doubt if anybody would actually notice for six to eight months that they had gone. Even those living there probably wouldn't notice if they suddenly ceased to exist for a week or two."

"Ooh, scathing!" Dave laughed.

...+...

Mindy threw down her pistol and she glowered at the Russians.

She was so angry. She felt tears in her eyes with the utter frustration of what was happening. She felt anger at the knowledge that she had failed. She felt sadness as she realised that she might never see her kids or family again.

...+...

The pair of General Electric GE90-115B turbofan jet engines increased power to produce over 500kN of thrust, driving the Boeing 777-300ER down the runway at ever-increasing speed. The countermeasures systems scanned the area around the aircraft, searching for signs of incoming missiles, gunfire, or tracking lasers. With a bump, the giant aircraft leapt into the air and climbed steeply, clawing for safety in the skies, well away from the ground threats.

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**... and maybe something else again**

The other vessel began to emerge from the early morning mists.

The vessel was a deep blue from bow to stern with a light-grey superstructure. A bulbous bow was visible each time the vessel rose on a wave and a large anchor was housed on each bow. The superstructure rose four decks, the top three able to clear the containers on the foredeck. A mass of small masts and antennae mounted on the bridge roof were overshadowed by a mini pyramid mast rising about fourteen or so feet above the bridge roof before being terminated in a flat top on which was mounted a rotating egg-shaped structure with four spikes emanating from the top of the egg. Immediately below the spinning egg were several spiked protrusions which encircled the eight-sided main mast. A light flickered from the port bridge wing.

The captain read the Morse Code signal in his mind, letter by letter.

V ... A ... L ... I ... A ... N ... T

...+...

"Damn, it's cold out there!" Captain Ryan Bennett announced as he pulled off his mittens and was handed a steaming mug of coffee by the duty bosun's mate. "Any news from our friends in their icebox?"

"No, sir," Lieutenant Mayhew, the duty officer, replied.

"Damn crazy to be out on that bloody ice - it's approaching thirty below! I want them back aboard by 1600."

...+...

"What's out there, Wes?"

"I have no idea, skipper."

...+...

"Air contact! Approaching at speed, attack profile . . .  
second contact! Same speed, same profile!"

...+...

"First contact, coming down the starboard side, zero feet!"

Captain Bennett ran out onto the starboard bridge wing and with the engine's off, he could make out the sound of gas turbines and rotor blades and a helicopter blazed past at 150-knots, barely a dozen feet above the waves. Captain Bennett found himself looking down on the Royal Navy attack helicopter as it blazed past.

"Port side!"

Captain Bennett appeared outside just in time to see an identical helicopter streak past the starboard side of his ship. The weapon pylons were heavy with ordnance.

...+...

The vessel was large. The masthead was visible long before the rest of the ship which began to come into visual sight despite the large waves. The masthead was reminiscent of the older Type

23 frigates, but the radar was of the Type 26 frigate. After the radar became visible, the white top of a Phalanx gun system appeared mounted above the superstructure. The bridge atop the forward superstructure was massive with obvious gun platforms at each bridge wing.

...+...

*Life-giving fuel flooded into the dry tanks of the destroyer and she sank lower in the water as 140,000 gallons of fuel filled the tanks. Only twenty minutes into the refuelling, the GTGS units were cranked and they began to provide electrical power to the ship, relieving the emergency generators and the all but exhausted battery backup systems.*

...+...

*"What's that flag flying on the British vessel?" Jamie asked.*

*"I don't know," Abigail responded. "The flag keeps bunching up in the wind - hold on. . ."*

*The wind had changed, and the flag suddenly went taught.*

*"You seeing this?" Abigail asked incredulously.*

*"What're you two up to?" Mindy asked.*

*"Look at that flag, Mum," Jamie insisted, passing the binoculars to Mindy.*

*Mindy focussed the binoculars on the blue flag, assuming it to be an ensign, only it wasn't the naval ensign that she had been expecting.*

*It was dark blue with a pair of sabres forming a 'V' in the centre.*

*"Vengeance!" Mindy exclaimed.*