

Author's Note: Yes, as the astute amongst you will probably notice, it is August 2018. However, here comes the 2016 Christmas season for the **Forsaken Universe!** (Yes, I am a little behind!) This storyline will be interconnected across three of my stories: **Forsaken, Fusion: Los Angeles, and Vengeance.** There will be seasonal happiness, seasonal mayhem, and some seasonal sadness.

Two days later

Friday, December 16th, 2016

Los Angeles, USA

"Why are you two idiots grinning like that?"

Maddie looked from one twin to the other.

"Because. . . ." Sky began.

". . . it's fucking . . ." Chrissy continued.

". . . CHRISTMAS!" they both yelled.

"There's still a week to go," Maddie pointed out to the overexcited sixteen-year-olds.

"Party pooper!" James commented as he appeared with a Santa hat on his head.

"Leave her alone," Erika ordered. "Or none of you get a stocking! Now get a move on, or we'll be late."

D-JAK: LA

"Oh, wow!" Cara announced.

"Dreamy or what?" Kristen added.

"Eyes off!" Maddie growled.

"Ooh!" Cara declared. "Maddie has a crush on the new boy."

"Do not!" Maddie exclaimed.

"Do too!" Cara responded.

"Girls!" Sky called out. "Line up, please!"

Kristen and Cara were still giggling as they lined up with the other girls. Maddie ignored the both of them, but inside, she knew that they were right - what was she doing?! Maddie opted to concentrate on the training, ignoring the boy in the next class which was being taken by Chrissy.

Erika had noticed the exchange and she chuckled as she went back into her office.

..._...

Once Mollie was happy that the classes were underway, she grabbed two cups of coffee and made her way to join Erika.

There was something a little off about her boss, and she was determined to find out what, if only for her own curiosity, but she wanted to be able to help Erika if she could. Mollie pushed open the office door and she sat down, placing a cup of coffee down before Erika.

"You seem a little skittish, this evening, boss," Mollie Hendricks commented to Erika.

"I've just taken a giant leap and I'm worried that I might have made a huge mistake."

"I'm listening," Mollie said as she sat down across the desk from Erika who passed over a small sheaf of papers.

Mollie took the papers and she studied the top sheet.

"Holy shit!"

Earlier that week

Monday, December 12th

Department of Children and Family Services

It had taken all of her courage and determination to drive into the city and then walk to that building - twice she had turned back to the car.

Then, she had paced backwards and forwards outside that very building for almost forty minutes as she had built up her courage and determination even further. She berated herself for being so indecisive and for being a fucking wimp. Finally, she marched towards the building and she hauled open the cheap aluminium glazed door and walked into the cheap-looking government-chic reception area. A few deep breaths later, and Erika stood at the reception desk.

"I'm looking for Amber Tyler, please," Erika asked the bored-looking receptionist.

"Third floor," the receptionist droned without even looking up from her magazine.

Erika took the elevator up to the third floor and exited out, then she grinned as she saw her destination, just ahead.

..._...

Erika stormed straight past the secretary cum receptionist.

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No!"

She strode directly for the office of Mrs Tyler where she found the woman sitting behind her desk. Before her, in two chairs, sat a man and a woman.

"Excuse me," Erika said to the man and the woman as she slammed a piece of paper down before the surprised Mrs Tyler.

"Sign it!"

Amber Tyler smiled as she read the single page form: *GC-211 Consent of Proposed Guardian, Nomination, and Waiver of Notice*. It was the first step towards Maddie's future life. Without hesitation, the woman signed the relevant box and she pushed the sheet of paper back at Erika.

"You'll find my husband two doors down - now, if you don't mind, I have an appointment."

Erika was met with the same cold indifference, two doors down, as Kramer Tyler nonchalantly signed the same sheet of paper before moving onto seemingly more

important things. Erika struggled to control her temper as she stormed out of the offices before she killed somebody, however, as she crossed over the busy main road, she felt different. A smile forced itself into her angry expression and by the time she was halfway to the car, the smile had turned into an enormous grin which could not get any bigger. She felt relief and she laughed out loud as she considered how stupid she had been to hesitate a short while earlier.

As she dropped into the car, she whooped with joy.

D-JAK:LA

"I can't believe it Erika - I know you've been looking after Maddie, but I had no idea that her parents were so . . . so callous and cold."

"I wanted to strangle them, Mollie."

"I don't blame you - I'd want to do the same damn thing. Does she know?"

"No. That's the problem. I'm too scared to say anything. What if she's angry? What if she's upset? What if she hates the idea? What if she feels betrayed? What if. . ."

"Erika, shut up!" Mollie exclaimed. "Just talk to her. She's a great young girl and I am certain that she will look at this in a mature way and come to the correct decision. I'm certain she will agree with you."

"You sure?"

"I'm a mother, Erika; I know what I'm talking about."

"That's another thing," Erika whined. "I know nothing about being a mother."

"Well, that's horseshit for a start, Erika!"

Erika scowled.

"Maddie is doing very well under your current guardianship, so why not make it permanent. The twins are also blossoming under your care. You are a natural mother, Erika."

"Really?"

"Yes."

***The following morning
Saturday, December 17th***

Oak Pass Road

"Hi, Maddie."

"Morning, Erika . . . what's wrong?"

Erika had not slept all that well, the night before, as she had mulled over what she had discussed with Mollie. So many things could go wrong, but she had to find out.

"Maddie, could I have a few minutes of your time, please?" Erika asked a little timidly.

Maddie nodded as Erika sat down on the end of Maddie's bed. Maddie crawled out from under the duvet and sat cross-legged on top of the duvet.

"I know that you don't get on very well with your parents, Maddie . . . so, I wanted to see if I could do something about that, so you had . . . well, so you could have somewhere that you could call home with people who love you . . . I suppose."

Maddie hated any reference to her parents, at the best of times, but first thing in the morning was not exactly one of those times. Maddie was also very confused by what Erika was saying.

"I started something off, on Monday . . . I went to see your Mom and Dad."

"Oh, are they still alive?" Maddie asked with a grimace.

"I . . . well, I gave them this - and they signed it," Erika said as she handed over a form for Maddie to see.

Maddie took a few minutes reading it over - twice. The youngster knew what it meant - sort of - but she felt anger as she realised that her parents had actually signed her life away, so easily.

"Bet they didn't take much persuading," she said, tears forming in her eyes at the betrayal by her own parents.

"I won't lie to you Maddie - they didn't give it a second's thought."

Erika paused for almost a full minute as her trembling hands passed over a second form. Maddie took the form and she studied it.

"I received that, yesterday . . . I hope you aren't mad at me."

"Why would I be mad at you, Erika. You've been nothing but nice to me. I . . . I don't know what to say. . ."

Maddie began to sob as tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I wanted it to be a part of your Christmas present," Erika muttered. "I'm sorry if I've stepped out of line."

Maddie stopped crying and her face lit up with an enormous grin. Then Erika found herself flattened as the thirteen-year-old leapt forward and crushed Erika in a ferocious bearhug as the girl screamed out in delight.

"Thank you!" Maddie exclaimed.

"Woah - lesbian love fest!" Chrissy exclaimed from the doorway.

Maddie looked up and she scowled.

"I'm in a good mood, Christina, so I'll let that comment slide," Maddie replied.

"Ooh, she used your full name!" Sky laughed from behind her sister.

"What's going on, Erika?" Chrissy asked, ignoring Sky.

Maddie passed over the two pieces of paper and the twins examined them.

"Does this mean what we think it means?" Sky asked with an enormous grin.

"It says here," Chrissy read, "that one Erika Cho is appointed temporary guardian of the person: Madeline Alison Tyler . . . your middle name is Alison?"

"Do you want to drink your next meal through a straw?" Maddie growled.

Chrissy laughed.

"Congratulations, Maddie," Sky said.

"Thanks.

"Commiserations, Erika," Chrissy grinned.

"Huh?" Erika asked.

"Maddie gets the good end of the deal," Chrissy explained. "You, on the other hand, get a petulant, grumpy. . ."

"Don't forget: annoying," Sky cut in.

". . .annoying, teenager," Chrissy finished.

"Erika - could you buy some straws, please?" Maddie replied with a cheeky grin.

"Congrats, Maddie," James offered from behind the twins.

"Thanks, James."

That afternoon

"What's up, guys?" Maddie asked.

The twins were looking a little morose which was a little worrying, especially considering how happy the twins had been just the day before.

"We're nervous," Sky responded.

"Why?" Maddie asked. "You guys are never nervous about nothing."

"The last Christmas we had was when we were ten."

"You've had no Christmas for six years!" Maddie exclaimed.

"Not what you would call Christmas, anyway," Chrissy growled.

"We had the day off . . . if we were good - but. . ."

"You were never good?" Maddie guessed.

Sky cringed.

"We got a Christmas dinner, but that was about it. Nobody got presents or any of that sissy shit," she finished.

"Well, I am going to make sure that you two sorry bitches get a Christmas, okay?"

"Me, too?" James asked from behind Maddie.

"Of course, James."

That night

"That was a good thing you did, Maddie."

"Somebody has to help those girls - and James."

"There is a lot more to you than many recognise, Maddie."

"Thanks, Erika."

"Now, we need to figure out how to make this Christmas extra special for those *Predators*."

Over the next few days, everybody went very secretive as Christmas Day drew ever closer.

Various rolls of wrapping paper and many miles of sticky tape vanished into bedrooms, and doors were locked against peeping eyes. The twins were being ultra-secretive, as was Maddie, which annoyed the twins no end as she had threatened each of 'the bitches' with bodily harm should they break into her bedroom. Indeed, Sky received an electric shock when she tried to pick the lock on Maddie's bedroom door which everybody thought was 'fucking funny' - at least, that was James' comment which Chrissy thought was 'right on', much to Sky's annoyance.

Maddie appeared to be the happiest of everybody, and at almost every opportunity, she would give Erika a hug. Erika began to find that distinctly embarrassing, especially when Maddie hugged her in the middle of Walmart while Erika was checking out the meat counter. Erika decided to just bear the embarrassment as Maddie was happy, and that was what was most important to Erika. There was still a lot to be done, as far as buying presents for the young teen which Erika was finding a little difficult. The same for the boy; Erika had no idea, whatsoever, about teen boys and their desires . . . beyond the fact that James wanted to get into Maddie's knickers - that was blatantly obvious.

That was another subject that worried Erika. Yes, Maddie had needed a friend, and Mindy had suggested a boy, but in hindsight, Erika thought that a bad thing. Was that the motherly instinct which Mollie had gone on about? Erika felt like she should do something each and every time James came within two feet of Maddie. She trusted Maddie, but Maddie was also very naïve, and Erika was worried that she might allow James to guide her into something from where there was no coming back from - no pun intended. Maddie was her charge and had to be protected as such. Erika felt strong protective urges when it came to Maddie and that often went as far as protecting the girl at mealtimes when Sky and Chrissy teased the thirteen-year-old. Sky and Chrissy thought it was very sweet and they had told Erika as such - in private.

James was still a mystery, but it was still very early days. The boy was fun to have around, but he could be moody at times - nothing outwardly bad, though. He liked to spend time alone which Erika figured was normal for *Predators*, but he also needed a friend, and he would often sit with Maddie and talk. The youngsters would talk what appeared to Erika to be total rubbish, but it often had them laughing. Laughter was good, Erika thought, and seeing Maddie giggling happily was okay. Sometimes, the laughter would get too much for Maddie and her wound would start to ache, causing plenty of tears, but the healing process was still underway.

Erika hoped that the coming year would be better for them all.

Saturday, December 24th

Out on the streets of Los Angeles

It would be the final patrol before Christmas, and the team were determined to ensure that the streets were safe for everybody.

Bane was a little unhappy as she was not out on her beloved motorcycle. Part of her figured she was still mourning the loss of her first motorcycle which had been sacrificed to save Team San Diego. Venom was happy astride her own mount and thankful that she still had it. Not that Venom would stoop to winding up her twin sister about the destroyed motorcycle.

"It's so good to be back astride something comfortable," Venom called out as she rode along Venice Boulevard toward the sea.

"You referring to your dildo, bitch?" Bane growled in response.

"I don't. . ." Venom responded.

"Bullshit - it's that big twelve-inch fucker," Bane cut in. "How the fuck you fit it in, I have no idea - considering we are both built vaguely the same, there is no way something that big would fit inside *my* vagina. Or, maybe it goes in your mouth - it's certainly big enough!"

"Bane - just concentrate on not scratching your current ride, or we'll all wake up dead one morning," Crypto commented over the radio link, reminding Bane that she was riding Hit Girl's numbered special-edition Ducati.

Bane began to wish that she had not been so eager to try out Hit Girl's pride and joy - just one scratch, and she would die instantly, she figured.

"Let's just keep things pleasant, girls," Mist ordered as she cruised twenty yards behind the miscreant twins. "How is the new boy?"

"Getting on my tits," Crypto replied. *"He keeps asking me stupid questions."*

"You'll survive," Mist chuckled.

"You haven't got any tits," Venom threw back. "Either way, keep his hands off your chest."

"Does anybody want to see what else Venom bought along with the, '...Pipedream King Cock Dual Density Dildo with Balls - 12-inch...Massive 12-inch realistic dildo with balls...Soft, flesh-like material with firm inner core for a fully erect feeling...Strong suction cup for hands-free. . .'"

"Shut up!" Venom yelled out, interrupting Crypto, and everybody laughed.

"So, you like that fully erect feeling, huh?" Mist chuckled.

"Fuck off!" Venom growled.

"That sorted the new boy - he's on the floor unable to breath from laughing," Crypto advised the team."

..._...

Near the Venice High School, Bane indicated for Venom to pull up beside her.

The two girls quickly forgot their bickering as they studied the scene before them. Youths - nothing more. About nine boys and six girls. They had obviously decided to head out and have some fun, maybe steal some shit to make their Christmas just that little bit better. Only, the scum was picking on hard-working members of the American public who were trying to stretch their meagre incomes to provide for their youngsters. Bane and Venom removed their helmets and made for the group of yelping youths. Nobody saw them approaching as they blatantly mugged two women who were obviously on their way home from some last-minute Christmas shopping. Mist kept back, but close enough to provide support should things go bad. The two women were sobbing as they handed over everything that they had . . . which was not very much, to be brutally honest.

"You disgust me," the electronically enhanced voice growled from behind the youths.

The fifteen youths turned to find themselves face to face with a *Fusion* vigilante. The vigilante was clad in a skin-tight armoured suit with a mask. The suit was grey, and weapons were very obvious around the waist. What gained attention the most, were the red eyes which glared out of the semi-darkness.

"You disgust me," the electronically enhanced voice repeated.

"What the fuck are you going to do about it, bitch?" the obvious leader, a boy, shouted.

"Very brave, aren't you?" Venom continued as she slipped off the hood of the car she was sitting on and she strode towards the boy who had spoken. "Do you think fifteen to one bothers me?"

"Or even fifteen to two," another electronically enhanced voice growled, and the youths looked to their left to see Bane leaning on a parking meter.

"You motherfuckers disgust me," Venom said as she came face-to-face with the leader.

The boy did not like having someone like Venom so close to him.

"Maybe, I should rip your fucking throats out, and feed them to the dogs. Maybe I should have Bane whip some sense into you fucking lesbian bitches. How the fuck could you stoop so low as to mug people on fucking Christmas Eve?! I want each one of you to return what you took . . . and I want each fucking one of you to apologise to each of these nice ladies."

"Go fu. . ."

The words never fully left his mouth as his universe was turned upside down and he found that the sidewalk was very painful when you landed on it face first. Two of the girls made to attack Venom, but they quickly found themselves joining their leader on the sidewalk with bloody noses from contacting the concrete. Before anybody else could move, Bane had begun to shove the youths into a line along the kerbstones. Everything was kept friendly, and weapons were still sheathed. The fight had gone out of the youths at the sight of three of their number lying flat on their faces on the sidewalk. One by one, each youth returned whatever they had taken from the women and they were forced to make a humiliating and very humbling apology to both women.

"Thank you."

"Yes, thank you."

The two women were very thankful for the timely intervention from Venom and Bane. The youths were leaving the area, taking their wounded leader and his bitches with them.

"We will ensure that you both get home," Bane said.

True to her word, the vigilante hailed a cab for the two women and she followed the cab with her twin, just under a mile to the apartment block where the two women lived.

"Well done, the both of you," Mist radioed. "However, we have work to do."

"I have an officer down and another requesting assistance at Venice and Superior - move those butts, girls!" Crypto radioed.

Directions flashed up into the visors of each vigilante as the three high-powered motorcycles raced a little over half-a-mile to the intersection.

Venice Boulevard and Superior Boulevard

The scene was not exactly carnage, but it was serious.

As far as the arriving vigilantes could tell, there had been a bank robbery, just as the bank was sending its reserves out for safekeeping, due to the large amounts of cash deposited for the seasonal holidays. An LAPD unit was stopped at one side of the intersection and the passenger side of the vehicle had been shredded like swiss cheese; an obvious sign of automatic weapons in play. Each vigilante removed their helmets and dismounted, pulling out stowed H&K G36C submachine guns and spare magazines from their rides. Mist suggested grabbing ballistic shields which the twins did. On the ground, beside the police car, there was a body in uniform with another uniformed officer crouched to one side, exchanging gunfire with an, as yet, unseen enemy.

Crypto was hacking into the nearest CCTV to get an idea of what was going on. Until then, the three vigilantes moved closer, scanning for anything which might assist them in putting down the attack as they closed to protect and hopefully extract the cornered officers. As they came out into the open, bullets struck the ground at the feet of Venom and Bane. Neither vigilante paid the bullets a second's attention as they moved forwards. Venom grimaced as a pair of bullets struck her shield with considerable force - the enemy were using an assault rifle. The police officer crouched next to his fallen partner had seen the approaching vigilantes, and despite an order to 'arrest on sight', he decided that getting out of dodge would be preferable before following his standing orders.

As Bane approached the fallen officer, she came under intense fire from a building maybe forty yards distant. She dived forward and landed flat on the intersection, her shield raised to cover the fallen officer rather than herself.

"Hi!" Bane yelled to the other officer. "Is he alive?"

"I think so - he took two bullets in chest, but he's still breathing, I think," came the response.

Bane placed her index finger onto the man's carotid artery at the neck, then checked the screen on her left wrist. The man's pulse rate was rapid - over one-forty - but the pressure looked off. The man was breathing rapidly, and his mental state was lethargic at best while his skin appeared pale and clammy. The man was obviously bleeding out from somewhere and the blood loss was causing major problems. Before Bane could ask about an ambulance, an ambulance screeched to a halt, a dozen yards off with Mist's hand a few feet from the windshield. Mist had probably saved the lives of the paramedics aboard as bullets struck the street where the ambulance would have been just a second later.

Together, Bane and Venom out down covering fire as the remaining officer was escorted away by Mist. That just left the wounded officer. Mist returned with a paramedic who immediately went to work, stabilising the officer for transport.

"He's bad - we gotta get him to the hospital in the next few minutes or. . ."

Venom nodded.

"Okay, team, I have the bad guys - forty yards to the northwest. They're hunkered down in a house, second on the left, behind a white mini-bus," Crypto radioed. "You can get in the back way down by the store on the corner."

Bane and Venom both took off at a run while Mist kept up a steady return fire to keep the gunmen busy. The twins leapt over a six-foot brick wall at the back of the property, running across the lawn and stopping at the back of the house.

"Best I can find, guys," Crypto reported. "Two back bedrooms, bathroom to the south, kitchen to the north, front room. Bullets are coming from the front room. Property has four people living there - two young kids."

"She's full of good news, tonight," Venom complained as she readied her weapon and checked her utility belt.

"You ready?" Bane countered.

"Always, Bane," Venom grinned.

Venom reached out and she grasped hold of the handle to the back door. She twisted - it turned, and the door moved.

"Back door is unlocked," she reported. "Entering now."

"Cops are arriving in force, guys," Crypto cautioned.

Venom led the way, her G36C at her right shoulder, Bane close behind, her own weapon to her shoulder. Both vigilantes moved forwards, checking left and right as they went, covering each other. There were friendlies in the property, so they had to be careful. They could hear the gunmen shouting at each other in the front room - plus screaming from a woman. Venom pushed open the door to the first bedroom. It was for the adults and had a single double bed in the room, otherwise, it was empty. Bane took the lead and she entered the second bedroom.

"I have a male adult and two young girls," Bane radioed.

"They have my wife," the man explained. "Six men."

"Are you hurt?" Bane asked.

"Nothing worse than a few bruises."

"Stay flat on the floor until the police come for you, understand?"

"Stay flat on the floor until the police arrive - understood."

The good news was that there was only one friendly to be worried about, but six targets which could be a problem in the close confines of the small house.

..._...

Venom and Bane moved towards the front room, making very little sound.

Bane was able to get into a position from where she could see into the room. The men all appeared to be congregated around the large windows at the front and every few seconds a fusillade of gunfire rang out. As Bane's eyes swept the room, she saw the woman, on her knees, her hands covering her ears from the terrifying sound of the assault rifles. Bane was able to gain the woman's attention.

"Boss, I need a distraction, so we can get the woman out," Bane radioed.

"I can do that, Bane - I'm bulletproof!" Mist growled back.

"Now!" Bane directed as she waved the woman towards her.

Outside, Mist jumped up, a shield raised, and she sent short bursts of gunfire towards the house. Naturally, she was engaged by the gunmen who saw her movements as an assault on their temporary refuge. Back in the house, the woman began to crawl forwards, making it a few feet, before a man saw her and he reached out to grab her, but Venom was too quick. The man felt a sharp pain in his throat as a titanium throwing knife struck him deep and he wasn't able to emit even a sound as his windpipe was blocked by the blade. The man sagged to his knees, dropping his weapon as he grasped for his throat. The man's face was turning purple as he gasped for air, none of which came. Bane pulled the woman clear and Venom told her to lie down flat in the kitchen until the police arrived.

"You guys coming quietly, or do we have to gut you thieving bastards," Venom growled.

The remaining five men turned away from the window to find themselves facing two angry-looking assault rifles. They also noticed their dead comrade and the missing woman.

"Hey, guys!" came an electronic shout and the men spun around to find Mist at the shattered window, her own assault rifle aimed at them.

Venom and Bane wasted no time in clubbing the men to the ground with the butts of their assault rifles. Nobody else needed to die.

"Clear!" Bane announced.

"Clear!" Venom confirmed.

"Clear!" Mist added. "Get that officer moving," she yelled out to the paramedics.

The first LAPD units, including SWAT, were rolling up, just as the three vigilantes accelerated away, heading southwest toward the beach.

..._...

As the sirens faded away, the three female vigilantes breathed deeply and steadily, allowing the adrenalin to subside from their bloodstreams.

It had been a busy evening, but a successful one. A man had died, but then he had been in the wrong place at the wrong time. The twins no longer enjoyed killing as much as they had done, once upon a time. Their time with *Fusion* had taught them that killing was not necessary in all cases. Their job was not to kill everybody who committed a crime. Their job was to protect the city of Los Angeles from itself. If criminals chose to harm innocents when a *Fusion* vigilante was watching, then they stood a high chance of dying. The message was out there - you want to live; keep your nose clean.

Pacific Avenue was busy, but not a problem. They received a few waves and cheers as they went. After a few minutes, they turned left onto South Venice Boulevard and they headed into the parking lot there. Bane and Venom both grinned, however, Mist scowled. The parking lot was packed with motorcycles, old and new, large and small, powerful, and the not so powerful. Some of the raging sounds from shouting and engine revving vanished as many eyes turned to stare at the new arrivals.

While Mist's Ducati SuperSport S in red attracted many admirers, and Venom's buccine grey Aprilia RSV4 RR did also, it was Bane's very limited-edition Ducati 1299 Panigale S Anniversario in black which stole the show. There were many open gasps and admiring looks, both for the black motorcycle and the armour-clad vigilante astride the same machine. Bane was glad she wore both a mask and

her helmet as both hid her face which she knew would be glowing bright red at all the attention. It was her sister that enjoyed putting herself out there. Her sister loved to be ogled and admired.

"Hey, dude, is that real, or a fake?" a man asked as he studied the Ducati Anniversario.

Bane grinned behind her mask as she indicated the engraved markings above the hub of the handlebars.

"Fucking awesome!" the man exclaimed to his mates. "She's got number four out of five hundred!"

"Wow!"

"Bloody Hell!"

"Lucky, bitch!"

The compliments kept flooding in, and Bane could sense that her sister was getting annoyed that she was not the centre of attention for a change. Venom decided to change that as she moved forward to an empty section of blacktop. As she moved her body weight over the front tyre, she gripped the front brake and clutch, revving the engine hard and then letting in the clutch. The rear tyre spun at speed, sending copious amounts of smoke into the air and emitting a lot of noise from the tyre. With a gentle nudge, she sent the machine into a doughnut, still spinning her rear tyre. Cheering erupted from the assembled crowd as they watched Venom burn rubber. Bane was very happy for all the attention to switch from her to her sister.

Mist pulled up alongside Bane and they both exchanged a brief glance at Venom's antics. They were harmless and good publicity. Venom stopped before her tyre was totally shredded, and Mist hoped that there would be no high-speed chases on the way back to the Safehouse.

"Well, that was a complete waste of over three hundred bucks!" Crypto commented. "Nice, though."