

**Three days later**

**Saturday, November 12<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**OAK PASS ROAD**

Sky opened one eye before promptly closing it again.

One thing that the twins had yet to properly learn was that Erika did not like being ignored. Sky's eyes flew open as a searing pain shot through her left nipple and as her hand flew over said part of her body, she glared up at the grinning Erika.

"Protruding nipples deserve to be flicked," the unrepentant Erika chuckled as she headed for Chrissy's room.

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In the kitchen, Maddie smirked as there was another scream of pain from Chrissy.

"Not one word, geek!" Sky growled as she shuffled into the kitchen.

While the semi-awake twins sought out coffee and cereal, Erika breezed in and she smiled at the twins.

"I want you two girls to meet me at the location which Marty has uploaded to the satnav in the Colorado; be there by noon - have fun!"

"What time is it?" Chrissy asked as she looked outside where it was suspiciously dark.

"Five A.M.," Maddie proudly declared.

The two girls simultaneously dropped their heads to the countertop with a bang.

"You have a 215-mile journey ahead of you, girls - you better get dressed," Erika directed over the twins violent swearing. "Let's go, Maddie."

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The heavily customised Chevrolet Colorado had arrived just the day before and the large black vehicle was parked behind the house.

The twins noticed that Erika had taken her Corvette. Why did they need an SUV? Needless to say, they followed directions and by seven, they were heading north on the 405. Sky hated driving the vehicle - it felt like a tank; a comfortable tank but still a tank.

Chrissy gazed out of the window, more than a little concerned by what awaited them in the middle of nowhere.

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**Burbank Bob Hope Airport**

While the girls were getting to grips with the Yukon, Maddie was being introduced to *GRIFFIN*.

The single-engine helicopter was painted a metallic silver overall with the engine shroud, upper tail boom, and upper tail, a glossy dark blue. The FAA registration number was depicted in white on the engine shroud directly beneath the main rotor.

"She's gorgeous!" Maddie exclaimed. "You fly?"

"Hope so - or it could be an interesting flight," Erika deadpanned.

"Funny!"

Inside the cabin, there were seven seats - three in the first row, with two seats for the pilots in the front left pair of seats. Maddie was directed into the centre seat where she kept her hands and feet clear of the cyclic control in front of her. Erika conversed with a man beside the aircraft which sat on the concrete hardstanding outside a large hanger. Then Erika walked around the aircraft and she returned with several red items of cloth which were attached to steel pins. Erika climbed in and she handed Maddie a headset to wear before putting on an identical headset herself. Maddie strapped herself into the five-point harness with assistance from Erika who then strapped herself in after checking her door was securely closed. Erika reached up and forwards to release the rotor brake and she closed the fuel shut-off lever to allow fuel through to the engine. Maddie watched as Erika ran through a checklist.

Engine starting selector - off.

Twist grip - IDLE position.

Battery - on.

As Maddie followed Erika's movements, the full colour screens before her sprang to life. Erika flicked on the instrument lighting system and set it to DAY.

ICS - on.

GPS - on.

Erika next tested all the warning lights, the digital gauges, and the fire warning lights. Erika pushed the pedals forward and back with her feet, then she moved the cyclic and the collective. Then the fun began as Erika flipped on the fuel pump, followed by the anti-collision lights. Next came the engine start selector - it was moved to the ON position. Maddie watched in awe as the N1 (fan) gauge moved upwards and as it hit 25%, the main rotor began to rotate, followed by the Fenestron tail rotor. The vibrations and noise steadily increased as the turbine wound up and the main rotor blades increased their rotational speed. Once the engines were coming up, Erika engaged the generator, moving the electrical load from the battery.

After a curt exchange with the tower, Erika gently increased power and she moved the helicopter upwards in a vertical climb to about 1,000 feet before the nose tipped forwards and Maddie found herself airborne and moving across the airport, heading west before they made a gentle turn to the right and headed northwest at one hundred knots.

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It was Maddie's first time in a helicopter.

She loved it!

The vibration was a pain as was the noise, but the view was spectacular. Maddie struggled to take everything in as they flew over the Carizzo Plain. The weather was good and the flight relatively smooth.

"You okay, Maddie?"

"This is so awesome, Erika - thanks for bringing me."

Erika grinned. It was good to see a proper smile on the girl's face for a change. The standard resident scowl was gone, and the resultant smile was a considerable improvement. As they passed to the south of Atascadero, a city in San Luis Obispo County, California, about midway between Los Angeles and San

Francisco on U.S. Route 101, Erika began her descent and she reduced speed. As Maddie watched, they approached a valley and descended to 300-feet. She could see a long narrow runway set into the valley floor and at the far end, a hanger with a large house on the hill behind.

"Welcome to 'The Strip', Maddie."

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### ***Ninety minutes later***

It had been a long and tiring drive, though, they had swapped over part way to ease the tedium.

Neither had any idea what they were heading north for nor what was awaiting them when they arrived at wherever it was. They had a distinct feeling that Erika was fucking with them, but they had no idea if that was true or not. Nevertheless, they followed instructions dutifully, as they turned up a narrow road called Shadow Canyon Road.

"Are we in the right place?" Sky asked as she saw the 'NO THROUGH ROAD' sign.

"That's what the satnav says," Chrissy pointed out as she reduced speed.

To the right, they passed a large wooden barn. They continued up the narrow road which was lined quite thickly with trees and bushes. A couple of driveways wound off the road to hidden properties, but there was otherwise very little life. They began to move uphill steadily and then the satnav pointed them down a switchback before winding beneath the trees and further up the valley before emerging out onto the valley floor. Chrissy followed the road around and she scowled as she saw a silver helicopter setting beside the road. She smelt a rat . . . and sure enough, as they pulled up the drive, the two girls saw Maddie waving down at them from a sundeck.

"How the fuck did *she* get here?" Sky demanded.

"Something tells me they flew in that chopper," Chrissy pointed out.

"Erika's a bitch!" Sky declared.

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For some reason, the twins appeared upset.

"Hi, Sky! Hi, Chrissy!" Maddie offered with a smile.

"How come we just endured hours on the damn road while you two drifted up here the easy way?"

"You would be?" Maddie asked with a grin.

"Sky - we are not *that* identical, Madeline!"

"Our bodies might be almost the same, but our hair and clothing are very different," Chrissy pointed out.

"Sorry, girls - it's a geek thing," Maddie grinned.

"I am beginning not to like her," Sky commented before she turned her attentions to their mentor. "So, Erika, what is this place?"

"Yeah," Chrissy added as she looked around.

"This place is, The Strip," Erika declared.

"Is that because we're going to be naked?" Chrissy smirked.

"Or is it like the Vegas Strip," Sky added.

"Can I slap one of them?" Maddie asked.

"You do - they'll slap you back," Erika warned. "So, no. As for Mouth One and Mouth Two, this is a safehouse. It is also where we store our fixed-wing air asset."

"Fixed-wing air asset?" Sky repeated.

"Spare me from knuckle-dragging Neanderthals!" Maddie exclaimed. "Dumb and Dumber - this way."

"I really don't like her," Chrissy complained.

"You hold her, I'll take her dinner money," Sky suggested.

"So tempting."

Erika grinned. She knew that neither of the twins would lay a finger on Maddie - at least, not in malice. However, if Maddie pushed them too much . . . well, she'd learn. Sky and Chrissy saw Maddie as a little sister to them and part of the family, even after such a short time.

The four of them left the building and they headed down the drive.

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At the bottom of the garden, they headed left up a short dirt track which led onto the northern end of the north-south runway.

At the end of the runway, off to one side, a metal-clad aircraft hanger sat, dug back into the hillside. The professional eyes of Chrissy and Sky noticed that the hanger was well-built, and Sky was certain it was armoured. Erika flipped open a small panel, embedded into the wall of the hanger, to the left of the main door and between that and a smaller door, to reveal a blank pad which looked like a touchscreen. Erika placed her hand on the pad which illuminated a dull green before the numbers zero through nine appeared, along with the letters A through F. Only, they were not arranged in any normal fashion; the sixteen characters were arranged randomly on the screen. Erika proceeded to punch in an eight-character code and the smaller door to the left of the keypad clicked.

Erika waved the girls onward and Maddie pushed open the door. Once inside, with the door shut, Erika pressed some switches on a panel beside the door and lights snapped on across the roof. All three girls looked on in amazement as an awesome-looking aircraft was revealed. The aircraft sat on a tricycle undercarriage and had a single propeller at the nose. The aircraft bore a very fetching white over purple livery. Under the fuselage, extra storage was fitted in a belly-like structure.

"The Cessna 208B Grand Caravan EX," Erika explained proudly. "We can equip her for many missions - passenger transport, cargo transport, strike, reconnaissance, patrol - you name it. Currently, Echo X-Ray is equipped for patrol. Mount up!"

The hatch at the rear on the starboard side was pulled open and they climbed up the steps fitted to the lower half of the hatch. Inside, they found a very plush interior with seven seats in the rear, and two in the cockpit. An eighth passenger seat had been replaced by a large computer console with a twenty-two-inch wide-screen computer display and two more mounted vertically adjacent to it. The screens were currently blank. Mounted vertically and horizontally, were

various other controls and readouts. Prominent on the horizontal surface was a joystick.

"Take a seat, ladies," Erika directed as she made her way forward.

The twins took up facing seats to starboard adjacent to the computer console. Maddie, unsurprisingly, chose to sit at the computer console. Erika flicked a few switches in the cockpit before she jumped out of the aircraft and she pulled away the wheel-chocks before hitting a button beside the main door which silently motored open. After a brief check outside, Erika returned to the aircraft, closing the rear hatch and making for the cockpit. In the cockpit, the aircraft was fitted with a digital cockpit in the form of a pair of fourteen-inch Electronic Flight Information System (EFIS) displays. Erika began the start sequence which took less time than on the helicopter. The engine was not a turbine, as on the Airbus helicopter. Instead, it was a standard Pratt & Whitney PT61A0149 piston engine. After a few checks, Erika started the engine and the propeller began to rotate.

After a few minutes, the aircraft was up to temperature and everything was 'in the green'. Erika waved a headset in the air and everybody pulled on a wireless headset.

"You guys ready for take-off?" she asked.

"Bring it on!" Sky responded.

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**Position:** 35°35'14.51" N 121°10'8.20" W

**Altitude:** 12,000 feet

**Speed:** 195 knots

**Location:** 4.5 nautical miles east-north-east of Cambria, over the Pacific Ocean

The view was awesome and Maddy had her face glued to the adjacent window.

They were only sixteen nautical miles into the flight and they had just left the land before turning north-north-east. They continued in a northerly direction, keeping over the ocean as they skirted the land which remained to their right. They made landfall, over an hour later at California's North Coast, west of San Francisco. The curved north of Rohnert Park and then over Sonoma. About twenty minutes into the flight, Maddie fired up the instrumentation before her and she pressed a button which lowered their surveillance pod from the underslung storage. The L-3 Wescam MX-15D sensor unit was fitted with high-resolution HD colour cameras which were functional in both lowlight and darkness with Infra-Red capability.

The system could also designate a target with a coded laser to guide missiles which could come from the mother aircraft or another aircraft.

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As they turned towards Napa, Maddie tracked the system ahead of the aircraft.

The larger, left hand screen showed a moving satellite image and their exact location in relation to their surroundings. The other pair of screens showed a pair of images which appeared to be the same, however, the lower screen was in full high-definition colour while the top screen was displaying a monochrome image. As they approached, Napa, the image stabilised on a ridgetop ranch. The image on the lower screen was a sharp image in colour while the above screen began to show colour, but they were bits of colour.

"What are we seeing?" Sky asked.

"That," Erika explained from the cockpit, where she could see the same images, "is Panther Ranch - the home of our good friend, Dieter Mannheim. We recording, Maddie?"

"We are," Maddie confirmed. "The image on the top screen shows an Infra-red view of the ranch, specifically, the bodies - how many people live and work there."

"We gonna strike him at his home?" Chrissy asked apprehensively.

"No - we would need a much larger force than we can provide, but we want to be prepared," Erika replied. "We thought it was time to learn more about our adversary - he is a slimy bastard and it will be good to be one step ahead."

"This plane is awesome, Erika," Chrissy commented as she watched the image remain locked on the ranch as Erika turned towards south towards Middleton and then east towards Cordelia.

The camera remained locked on the ranch until the image finally faded and Maddie unlocked the camera and began to check the images before uploading the captured images and video to a communications satellite orbiting many miles overhead.

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They headed south over Suisun Bay and then over the mountains as they headed back to The Strip.

The flight passed quickly with each of the girls staring at the beautiful scenery which passed swiftly below them. There were no more snide comments from the twins as they stared out the windows, transfixed by the beauty of the mountains which passed beneath them. They could look to the left and see Fresno and the mountain range beyond, including Mount Whitney, the highest summit in the contiguous United States. To the right, they could see the Pacific Ocean vanishing over the horizon.

"Erika - this is amazing," Sky commented as she looked over the pilot's shoulder.

"I need to train you how to load the missiles onto the wings," Erika grinned.

"Is it anything like loading bullets into a magazine?"

"Not even close, honey."

"You mean we have to study?"

"Oh, yes, young lady - lots of studying!"

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### ***The Strip***

The girls assisted Erika with securing the Cessna in the hanger and ensuring it was safely tucked up until they needed it next.

Erika showed the three girls how to fuel the aircraft and connect up the external power cart ready for instant use. Once the aircraft was ready, the hanger security systems were explained - including the double-ring of Claymore mines among other more creative protective arrangements. After a meal in the house, and some good-natured ribbing between the girls, Erika reminded the twins that they had a drive ahead of them.

"No way!" both girls exclaimed together.

"See ya at home, bitches!" Maddie grinned as she bolted for the helicopter.

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**Two days later**

**Monday, November 14<sup>th</sup>**

**Main Street, Santa Monica**

"Why couldn't we have stayed in bed?"

"Which one is she, again?" Maddie grinned.

Sky growled at Maddie who just stuck her tongue out in return.

"This, ladies, is your 'after-school' job," Erika explained. "Welcome to D-JAK: LA!"

"Oh, wow!" Chrissy stated as Erika let them in the back door and they stepped onto the main floor.

There were two large exercise mats, one off to one side over on the left, and the other to the right. There was lots of natural light as the front and left side of the building had two storey windows. There were a good ten feet of height allowing plenty of headroom for the mats. There was an upstairs changing area with bathrooms on a second-floor mezzanine. It was nowhere near as large as D-JAK: Chicago, but it was a start. The place was already fully equipped and the windows had banners proclaiming that the new Dojang would open in less than a week.

"You two will be lead instructors," Erika advised the twins. "You will each have a dark-blue Gi to wear - I get a black Gi."

"This place is great - what will I be doing?" Maddie asked.

"You, young lady; you get a white Gi," Erika explained. "You will learn how to defend yourself."

Erika turned as there was a knock on the back door.

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Mollie Hendricks was twenty-eight-years-old and very keen to show she was up to the job of running the Dojang.

She had endured a challenging telephone and then Skype interview with a lady called Paige Williams in Chicago. After that, she had received a pleasant phone call offering her the job. She was not so recently separated from her husband whom she had not seen in nearly five years. She had two young kids - a boy and a girl - so a steady income was very important. Mollie was welcomed inside by a young woman who waved her towards the main area.

"Hello, Mollie. I am Erika Cho. These two girls are Sky and Chrissy Abbott - they are our senior instructors. This is Maddie - she is living with us at the moment and she will be training here. Welcome to D-JAK: LA."

"Thank you, Miss Cho. Hello, Girls."

"Mollie, please call me Erika. Did Paige explain things?"

"Yes. She explained my duties and what D-JAK is all about."

"Good. The owner, and some of the instructors from D-JAK: Chicago will be arriving before the end of the week for the grand opening. Paige will be here

too. Here are a set of keys and I will show you how to set/unset the alarm while I show you around. Girls - amuse yourselves."

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Maddie decided to go for a walk as the Dojang was not her seen - at all!

She left the twins messing about on the mat and she pulled open the back door. Then she stopped dead. Two kids were leaning against the wall outside, looking very bored. The eldest was a girl of about twelve while the youngest was a boy of about seven or eight.

"Hi," Maddie said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Kristen and this is my brother, Ben - our Mom is inside; she's starting work here," the girl said.

"Mollie? Cool!" Maddie replied. "I'm Maddie - come on in. You fancy a can of something?"

Maddie led them inside and then into the staff kitchen. She opened the fridge and pulled out three cans of Coke. She handed a can to Kristen and Ben.

"It's my birthday, today," Ben announced.

"He's eight," Kristen confirmed.

"He's cute," Maddie said. "Happy Birthday, Ben."

"No, he's not," Kristen corrected. "He's a menace!"

"Ben?"

The boy turned to see the twins approaching.

"We're Sky and Chrissy - Happy Birthday!"

"Thanks."

"How'd you like to learn to put your sister on the mat?" Sky asked as Maddie rolled her eyes.

"Yes, please!" Ben announced and the twins led Kristen and her brother onto the mat.

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"Any questions, Mollie?"

"No, thank you, Erika . . . oh, my God!"

Mollie had just seen her twelve-year-old daughter being thrown down onto the mat . . . by her eight-year-old son!

"Look, Mom, I just put Kristen down!" the boy exclaimed happily.

"What are you two doing?" Erika exclaimed as she glared at the twins.

"A free lesson?" Sky tried. "It's his birthday."

"His sister was saying nasty things about him," Chrissy added.

Mollie chuckled.

"So, you talked your way into this mess, Kristen?" she asked her daughter.

"I said Ben was a menace," she admitted as she got back to her feet. "That was really cool, Ben."

"Do my kids get to learn self-defence?" Mollie asked Erika.

"Of course, and the lessons will be free for the both of them," Erika confirmed with a smile.

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After Mollie and her kids had gone, Erika turned to look at the sweaty twins.

"You two need to go shopping," she said.

"Cool!" Chrissy replied.

Erika chuckled.

"For the first part of the evening, you will both be wearing party frocks."

Maddie fell to the mat giggling her head off as the twins scowled at her and Erika. The girls had not worn party frocks since they were about nine and they were not amused at the suggestion.

"You'll both look beautiful," Erika chuckled as Maddie began howling with laughter.

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### ***That night***

#### ***Mesquit Street***

As far as Maddie was concerned, the twins were angry and working off their anger on anybody who committed a crime within a hundred yards of them.

Maddie could see no problem with wearing a pretty dress - she was a girl, and at last glance, so were they. The dresses which Erika had forced upon them were beautiful and Erika had promised to help them with their makeup - that had just made the twins angrier. Maddie had tried not to laugh . . . only, it was good to see the twins suffering instead of her. She knew that they would get her back . . . and to be honest, she welcomed it; having somebody prank her made her feel welcome. She also knew that the twins cared about her - deep down - and would not actually harm her . . . too badly. As for the gangbangers - they were getting harmed - and badly. Venom and Bane had purposely chosen to take on about a dozen large men who had been getting ready to go cause trouble elsewhere in the city. Maddie was plugged into a system where she had access to the Los Angeles Police Department computer, and more specifically, their intelligence.

While the Chicago Police Department had a tolerance for their crime-fighting partners, the Los Angeles Police Department had yet to formulate a policy on *Fusion's* arrival in their fair (crime-ridden) city. So far, the twins had not crossed paths with the uniformed law-enforcement, but that was only a matter of time. For the moment, they were keen to be useful to the LAPD, so taking down some gangbangers who would otherwise thwart attempts to take them down, legally, might appear welcome from some vantage points. Maddie did her best to guide the twins and Mist away from danger which also included potential entanglements with the LAPD who had standing orders to arrest the illegal vigilantes on sight. Nonetheless, Venom and Bane had no fear of being apprehended by the authorities, they were focussed on one thing only, and that was eradicating the city of its underlying criminal stench.

Maddie enjoyed her ringside seat as she stared at her (everything in the command centre was 'hers', as far as she was concerned) computer screens, each with their myriad of windows displaying everything from her team's locations to

the temperature of the motorcycle engines. She also received full-colour, high-definition imagery from the onboard cameras which every *Fusion* vehicle carried. As long as Venom, Bane, and Mist were within line of sight of the vehicles, Maddie could watch every movement - and every kill. It sure beat an evening at the movies - Maddie loved action movies and seeing that Hollywood shit *live* was 'fucking awesome'! Maddie was also able to tap into street cameras that belonged to various agencies and view their content. While they were not high-definition, they were better than nothing.

Maddie could see Mist watching the show from a few yards away, watching her team's backs while they fought.

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Venom laid into the nearest cunt, bringing her knee up into his groin and following through with a kick to the side of the head.

Bane chose to make use of her armoured lower arms, blocking punches and driving her elbows and lower arms into fragile faces. Both girls could smell the blood and after several minutes, they could smell the fear. The adult men feared for their lives. They each had a vague idea who - or what - they were fighting, but they saw their attackers as the weaker sex and therefore easy to put down. But they were much mistaken as their number dwindled until. . .

"And then there was one!" Bane growled as she moved closer to the last man standing.

Venom circled the pair, ensuring that the man could not escape her sister's clutches. The man stood his ground, glaring down at the circling vigilante in her black skin-tight body armour. Part of the man liked what he saw, but he also knew that he was looking at death. Though some of his colleagues were still alive, groaning in pain, at least three were no longer moving, their limbs bent grotesquely.

"I don't want to hurt you," Bane hissed as she ran her fingers across the man's jaw. "But I want you to go and find your friends and while you jerk each other off, I want you to tell them about Venom and Bane. Tell your masturbation buddies that we're coming for them . . . and then we're coming for their blowjob bosses. You go have fun now."

The man had closed his eyes, unable to stomach the mask with the glowing blue eyes. By the time he dared open them, he was very much alone. He sagged to the ground, remembering each and every word the bitch had said to him.

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The vigilante trio roared up East 7<sup>th</sup> Street, heading for the Financial District of Los Angeles.

The street was broad, adequately lit, but in the section west of the storm-drain but before you reached the more fashionable parts of Los Angeles, it was a hazardous place to be after dark. At the junction of Imperial Street, they found the usual drug-dealing bastards making people's life hell. Bullets began to fly, even before the vigilantes had stopped and they had dived off their motorcycles. Mist snapped off shots from her Walther P99C as she sought cover behind a panel van which may have been white, once upon a time, beneath the heavy coating of rust and body-filler. She was unsure if the van could actually stop a fly, let alone a bullet. Taking cover behind the next van up the street, Bane and Venom returned fire with their FN Five-SeveN Mk2 pistols. Their weapons produced a sharper report and punctuated Mists duller rounds as they fired. To a man, the opposition was using Beretta pistols.

The opposition was made up of five men who had no time for vigilantes and no time to waste talking to said vigilantes. The men were perfectly capable of looking after themselves and taking down any threat which came their way. Only, they had never come across serious vigilantes who knew what they were doing. They knew that the vigilantes might come their way - it was only a matter of time - so, they had prepared for such an invasion of their privacy. It was Bane who saw the danger coming from the east and she actually heard it before she saw it. Her head came around and she saw bright lights coming down the street towards them. The roar of a large engine cut through the night and even the gunfire. The truck was large and riding on massive off-road wheels giving it massive ground clearance and an imposing position from which it could threaten those it bore down on.

The reinforced bumper struck a pickup parked a few yards down from the panel van which Mist was hiding behind. The pickup was shoved into that same panel van from which Mist had just dived away from at a warning yell from Bane. The three vigilantes ran for cover as the truck bore down on them, the engine roaring, and the dazzling lights almost blinding them, if it were not for the embedded filters fitted to their masks which cut down the light passing through to their eyes. They were cut off from their motorcycles, so they ran up the street, away from the vehicle which then began to send bullets in their direction. Several bullets struck Bane, shoving her through the glass window of a Chinese Takeaway. She struck the floor, pain shooting through her from the bullet strikes, none of which had penetrated her armoured suit. Several patrons of the Chinese Takeaway screamed and moved out of the way as the window shattered and the vigilante exploded through. They had all heard the gunfire and they had hoped to remain out of the fight while they awaited their meals.

Bane groaned, and she struggled to her feet, her pistol held out before her.

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Mist lashed out with her seven-section four-foot long chain whip.

The pointed tip of the whip shattered the reinforced glass beside the driver who ducked as his window shattered. The truck swerved as the driver regained control of his ride while the three men in the load-bay turned towards the new threat, but not before the closest reached for his throat as the whip snapped back, sending blood spewing out across the cab roof. The man fell off the truck into a gurgling pool of blood while his colleagues opened for on Mist. Just a pair of bullets left each of their weapons as Venom dropped both men with her throwing knives - each had a knife embedded in their throats, killing them as they choked to death on their blood. The driver struggled to grab his own firearm, but he got no further than grabbing the butt before Bane leapt out of the window she had demolished, and she swiftly put three bullets into his skull. The huge truck with the now shattered windshield smashed into a parked SUV, coming to a rapid halt.

There was no respite as the enraged five men came running down the street, firing their pistols at the three armoured vigilantes who took cover behind the huge truck. The bullets continued to fly as police sirens began to pervade the area. Mist stepped out from beside the truck and she dropped the first man with a single shot to his head. Venom came close behind, dropping the next man and then the next. Mist took down the fourth and Bane put a pair of bullets into the fifth man's chest. The roar of gunfire was instantly replaced by the scream of sirens and the three vigilantes ran for their motorcycles.

They were rapidly leaving the area, heading southwest for safety.