

**Monday, 2<sup>nd</sup> May 2016**

**Evening**

*Chloe took full advantage of every driving skill that she possessed but ultimately she lacked the experience to control the vehicle and as a result, she lost control completely and she became little more than a passenger as the car hurtled into oblivion.*

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**Chloe**

Nothing that I did made *any* difference.

While I was almost beside myself with fucking terror at what might occur, the car continued to feed me with useless information: The Lane Departure Warning indicator began to flash yellow and a chime sounded which indicated an 'unintended lane change'.

"No fucking shit!" I yelled at the Corsa VXR as we skidded sideways.

Then the Side Blind Spot Alert indicator illuminated in both mirrors as the car began to spin.

"I'm not doing this on fucking purpose!"

Then the Forward Collision Alert warning flashed up on the central display along with a red LED stripe projected onto the windscreen.

"Fuck me – I'm dead!" I yelled just seconds before I saw another vehicle directly ahead.

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The car's electronic systems had a thousand things to do in response to the sensor inputs coming into the computer.

With a bang the seat-belt pre-tensioner fired which pulled Chloe firmly into her seat just milliseconds before the front of the Corsa struck the oncoming Mercedes head-on and the airbag installed in the centre of the steering wheel detonated with another resounding crash and cushioned Chloe's face and head as she was thrown forwards against her seatbelt.

Chloe never registered the headlights that headed for the side of the Corsa as it rebounded from the first collision and was struck by another vehicle triggering the side airbags which exploded into life as the side of the Corsa was pushed inwards several inches. The impact lifted the right-hand wheels off the road and the car continued to roll over the Fiat that had collided with it.

Chloe felt like she was on a rollercoaster as she was flung from side to side, only her movements were greatly limited by the airbags – another of which detonated from the roof lining and covered the left hand side of the car.

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**The CIA**

The Jeep SUV moved slowly in the traffic as everything rapidly ground to a halt.

"Get out and move up on foot – make sure they're dead..."

"Yes, Boss!"

Four men dismounted from the SUV and they hid their assault rifles underneath their long coats. The rain soaked them to the skin within seconds as they trudged up the hill. They had to push their way through many gawking drivers as human nature overcame any thoughts of danger. Fifty yards ahead, the aftermath of the accident could be seen as it emerged from the rain. Several cars were smashed up; none a blue Corsa VXR.

“There!” One of the men yelled.

Beyond the obvious carnage was another vehicle. That vehicle was blue and it lay on its left side, the underside of the car faced them and the pounding of the rain was joined by steam as it erupted from the destroyed engine bay. As the men came closer, another vehicle was seen; it’s frontend badly smashed.

“If the girl or anybody else is in there, kill ‘em...”

“If they’re already dead?”

“Kill ‘em, again...”

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### **Chloe**

My head hurt.

My left leg hurt.

My butt hurt.

My heart hurt too – I had just crashed *the* most awesome car... It was my first car-crash too...

I was still strapped into my seat, but something wasn’t right... My head rested on a soft . . . airbag. I felt something cold on my left arm and that was when I noticed that the car was on its left side and gooey mud was oozing in through the broken window – ewww!

“Fusion, Shadow, over...”

“Fusion, Shadow, over...”

“Fusion, Shadow, over...”

Fuck!

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### **The CIA**

The four men fanned out as they approached the crashed car.

An excited Italian ran over: “Dobbiamo chiamare la polizia - qualcuno potrebbe essere danneggiato...”

“Somebody *is* hurt, I-Tie – you!”

The Italian was shot in the chest with a three-round burst, which thanks to the suppressor on the Heckler & Koch G36K, very little sound was heard over the pounding rain. At least, nothing was heard by anybody a distance away, but within the Corsa the sound had been unmistakable.

“Search the car and then we can get the hell outta this fucking rain – fucking shit country!”

One of the men used the butt of his rifle to clear away the remains of the rear window and he peered inside.

“Anybody alive in there?” He called.

“Red Mist!” Came the response.

“What the fuck...?”

The man was unable to finish his sentence as his head exploded violently.

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### ***Chloe***

I lay on the airbag, my pistol in my hand as somebody kicked out the remainder of the glass in the rear window.

“Anybody alive in there?”

The odds of somebody speaking English at a random car crash in Italy; the Corsa had German plates...

“Red Mist!”

The challenge was not answered correctly; I aimed and sent four bullets into the man’s skull. Then, just as I expected to hear bullets strike the wreckage of my beautiful car, I heard muted gunfire and a body hit the car before it slithered into the mud. I was cold; the mud and water was soaking through my trousers and top. The combat suit underneath provided some warmth, but not enough.

I heard more movement close by the car and then a voice.

“You gonna stay in there *all* night?”

It was Dave! Only, I was not one to take chances – bullshit!

“Red Mist!” I called out again.

“May the bastard burn in hell!”

I scrambled eagerly towards the back of the car and I was hauled out by the strong arms of Dave. I felt relief as I allowed him to hug me; I needed that hug. My legs were weak and they threatened to collapse under me but Dave held me up. I reached up to touch my head where it hurt the most and my hand came away red – at least until the driving rain washed the blood away.

“Let’s get the fuck outta here,” Eric suggested and he grabbed the bags from what remained of the Corsa’s trunk and he threw them into the Golf’s trunk.

Dave casually dropped a pair of grenades into my Corsa, before he dived into the Golf and accelerated away; they had obviously made their way in from the opposite direction and as such they were able to drive away from the scene quickly.

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### ***Thirty minutes later***

## **The CIA**

“Red Golf, tag number: MAA1811 – I see it coming, boss; they’re as good as dead...”

The four men had blocked the road with their Jeep SUV and they ignored the infuriated protests of the inconvenienced and irate Italian drivers. Their boss was a few miles away, alone – the other men had been shot dead and his Jeep was blocked in by the traffic.

The target came closer and at fifty yards range, they opened fire...

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## **Dave, Eric, and Chloe**

“Fuck!” Dave yelled as he slammed on the brakes and he took a hard right turn.

Bullets shattered the rear driver’s side window and peppered the bodywork.

“Everybody okay?” Eric enquired.

“Yeah – I’m cool!” Chloe replied dryly.

“Changing from French to German plates didn’t seem to work...” Eric mused.

“They following us?” Chloe asked.

“Not yet...” Dave answered. “Wait . . . yeah, they’re following...”

“This road is deteriorating,” Eric warned. “They have four-wheel-drive which will give them an advantage...”

“So . . . we face them?” Dave asked.

“The two of us?” Eric queried and he looked none too pleased with the suggestion.

“I’m still here...” Chloe reminded them both in an annoyed tone of voice.

“You’ve just been in a car crash, girl...”

“Fuck you, Dave . . . I’m fine; I can still fight...” Chloe interrupted vehemently.

“Chloe...”

“Take your damn tampon out, Dave; I can and I will fight...”

Dave looked at Eric who just shrugged.

“I gave up arguing with hormonal bitches a *long* time ago.”

“You saying that Abby and Nats are hormonal bitches?” Dave replied with a chuckle.

“Oh yeah...” Eric laughed.

“Let’s do it...” Chloe growled as she inserted a magazine into the G36C she had just picked up and pulled back on the charging handle.

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## **The CIA**

The Red Golf was stopped, apparently stuck in the mud.

“Go see what’s happening?” The man in the front passenger seat ordered.

“No chance, you seen the way these people shoot?” Another man demanded.

“You don’t live for ever, man,” the driver pointed out.

“I’ll go!” The remaining passenger growled and he shoved the rear door open.

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As the man moved forwards through the mud, his pistol raised, he blinked away the rain that was coming down in buckets. He almost missed the movement beside him as a virtual shadow came out of the rain and grabbed him around the neck. The legs of the shadow wrapped themselves around his waist and a face appeared barely an inch from his own.

“Gotcha!”

The girl’s momentum carried her forward and the man fell backwards. They both splattered into the deep mud.

“Time to go bye bye...” the girl growled.

The last thing that the man ever saw were the piercing green eyes as they bored into his own, just as the trigger was pulled on the FN Five-seveN Mk2 pistol and the 4.6-millimetre bullet tore through his brain and then continued on deep into the mud.

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### ***Eric***

I was shitting myself.

Normally, I was safe and sound in the manor, well away from any danger. I was so far outside of my comfort zone that it was way beyond funny. I knew that Abby had killed before; in Gotham, she had told me. I held my FN Five-seveN Mk2 pistol out, just as I had been taught. I struggled to see through the rain and I was under no illusions that I was better than the CIA apes that were at that moment tracking us down. I had heard the single crack of a pistol some distance away and I hated not knowing who, why and what...

Then I saw something move, maybe a little off to the right...

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### ***The CIA***

The man smirked at the sight before him.

“Fucking geek is shitting himself – easy meat...” he chuckled to himself as he moved closer.

His prey turned slightly – ‘the geek must have had good hearing,’ the man thought as I raised his pistol but he then decided to make it slightly more personal and after he holstered the pistol, he drew a wicked looking blade from beneath his jacket.

“Never focus on your objective so much that you miss everything else that goes on around you...”

The man span around.

“Huh?”

“...Otherwise you might die.”

The CIA man braced up as a knife was rammed under his ribcage and he tried in vain to lift himself off the blade that was pushed relentlessly higher up into his internal organs. The knife was then twisted viciously from side to side before it was withdrawn.

The dying man fell to the mud and he looked up at another man whose face was contorted with rage.

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**Eric**

I had watched in horror as the man had emerged from the bushes.

Before I could do more than process his appearance, Dave had appeared and killed the man with zero hesitation. I was a bloody wimp! What use was I to Fusion if I could not kill when I was threatened?

“Help...!”

It was Chloe – she was in trouble... I ran towards the sound and as I went, I heard some noise off to my right and one of the CIA wankers appeared; he too ran towards Chloe. I snapped off two rounds; both missed but it had made the CIA man wary and he had slowed his pace somewhat before he vanished.

...\_...

I heard a scuffling ahead of me and as I got closer, I saw two people struggling in the mud – one was huge and CIA, the other was much shorter and a lot less stocky. I knew that Chloe was strong and that she had many other skills to make up for her seemingly diminutively feminine frame and her limited strength when compared to a grown man.

Unfortunately, Chloe was struggling and it was obviously due to the car crash that she had only recently survived. The man was pounding Chloe into the mud and he used his extra bulk to his advantage. I moved forwards with no idea what I was going to do but then Dave appeared and so did the roar of an SUV as it came around a bend in the track, lights blazing.

...\_...

The SUV bore down on Dave who barely dived clear in time, into some bushes. The large Jeep then turned towards me and I just reacted... I brought my pistol up, focussed on the driver of the SUV and pulled the trigger again and again – six times – before the SUV veered off to one side and smashed into a tree.

The CIA man who was pounding Chloe looked up at the sound of the gunfire and Chloe took immediate advantage of the distraction as she produced a short knife and stabbed the man in the throat. I ran forwards and dragged the man clear of the girl and helped her to her feet.

“Thank you, Eric – my knight in shining armour...”

“I have to agree with that...” Dave added as he came over. “Good shooting by the way...”

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### ***Dave, Eric, and Chloe***

We made our way out of the area and regained the main road as soon as possible.

Vossen and his team had holed up for the night in some diplomatic building in the city of Albenga so the bastard was safe until the morning. We were able to check into a hotel only a short distance away and we arranged a rotating watch on Vossen so we could all get some much needed sleep.

We did not unpack, we just took a shower and then slept in our clothes so that we would be ready to depart at a moment's notice.

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Naturally, Joshua was overjoyed at seeing Chloe safe and sound. He had wanted to be part of the team that went back for Chloe but Mindy had decided, quite rightly, that it was too personal for him and that fact would affect his judgement. Joshua had finally accepted that after a few minutes of kicking off.

Thankfully, Chloe was merely exhausted and she had no major injuries, just plenty of bruises and she was very sore – Joshua helped soothe her bruises in a shower...

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“You okay, Chloe?”

“Yes, Hailee... Joshua has checked out every inch of me – both inside and out – and everything works . . . oh, yes; it all works!”

There was general laughter as Chloe closed her eyes and smiled like a Cheshire cat, a pink tinge to her cheeks.

“It’s enough to make you want to throw up!” Stephanie growled as turned away in disgust.

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### ***Tuesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> May 2016***

It sucked.

We missed the bastard as he and his men escaped our watchers. It was nobody’s fault; Vossen had just got the better of us. We had all been on nearly constant operations for over two weeks and we were all tired, not to mention that some of us were injured. Surprisingly, I had managed to remain unhurt – a record for me!

There must have been some form of concealed exit from the building that he and his cronies had used.

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Eric had taken the opportunity to check the dead CIA bodies for evidence while Dave had briefly searched the smashed SUV.

I was very impressed by Eric and how he had responded to the impromptu action. Abby had – well, let’s just say that she had found her own way of rewarding him and it must have been one hell of a reward as the screams had been way beyond *anything* that we normally heard from Chloe and Josh!

Chloe had actually cringed as her best friend had screamed out...

...\_...

We hit the road the moment that we found out Vossen had fled. Thanks to the intelligence found the night before, we believed that they were headed for Nice. There was only one reason to head for Nice and that would have been for the port... We had nothing else to go on, so we headed southwest towards Nice.

It was a short drive – a little over 112-kilometres – and we managed that in a little over an hour, easy.

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***Several miles outside Nice***

“Dave, something just came to me...”

“Oh, God – do I really want to hear this?”

“In the past three weeks, I’ve had sex in six countries: the US, the UK, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy . . . Paris was the best...”

“May I go on record as saying that after listening to that conversation I feel violated!” Stephanie growled.

“Oh, I don’t know – sounds cool to me; we only managed three countries...” Jason cut in over the comms.

“We managed *six*!” Chloe added from several miles down the road.

“Only five; that finger fuck in Munich doesn’t count...” Josh challenged.

“Hey, Dave – do you fancy slipping into Austria and then into me so that we can make it seven...?” Mindy asked.

“Hey, kids present!” Stephanie growled as Anne-Marie pretended to be sick and Danny laughed.

“What about you, Abigail?” Chloe demanded.

There was silence.

“Either she’s still counting or she has Eric’s dick in her mouth and she can’t talk!” Chloe chuckled.

“Oh, wow – I never knew somebody could go so red!” Natasha laughed from the Renault.

“Five – you bastards happy?” Abby called out with an embarrassed giggle.

“Ooh – tied with the two nymphomaniacs!” Mathilda laughed.

“Can we please change the topic of conversation?” Stephanie begged. The young girl was going slightly pink in the face.

“I have to agree with the Brit – it *is* disgusting...” Megan chimed in.

“Bet you’ll be getting some the next time you see Trojan...” Hailee teased as Megan exploded into back-to-back expletives and insults which caused much laughter and it nicely eased the tension as we headed closer to Nice.

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### **Late morning**

"I have them on CCTV – just entering Nice from the north..."

"Thanks, Marty!" Dave replied.

"I think they might be headed for the docks..."

"Marty, can you notify the navy, please," I requested.

"Consider it done, oh fearless leader!" Marty replied.

"Please!" Megan cut in in a disgusted tone.

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We caught up with the two Mercedes-Benz sedans on the Boulevard Jean Baptiste V erany.

They made us, just as we closed in on them and the chase began... The pair of S-Class sedans accelerated hard and we followed suit. The roads were tight and it was a struggle to make progress through the thick traffic. Despite that, we never let the target vehicles out of our sight.

As we made our way through the city, it became certain that the docks were our ultimate destination.

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### **Quai de Docks**

The two cars slammed on their brakes about a hundred yards ahead and several men dove out of the vehicles.

"They're getting away!" Chloe exclaimed as the men were seen to head towards a large yacht which was moored stern-in at the adjacent dock.

As we got closer, the men were seen scrambling aboard a giant mega-yacht which started to move away from the dock almost immediately. Chloe was then shocked to see Mindy steer *away* from the dock and they continued around to another, empty dock where Mindy slammed on the brakes. Chloe jumped out of the car the moment they stopped and she watched the large yacht departing with their prey. The yacht was huge!

"We'll catch 'em..." Mindy said confidently as she stood beside her best friend.

"You know, Mindy, if we're gonna be chasing that thing – the *Atlantic Storm* just ain't gonna cut it – you're gonna need a bigger boat!"

Mindy smirked and Chloe groaned knowing the expression.

"*What* have you done...?" Chloe demanded.

As if on cue, Mindy turned seaward and Chloe simply stared, her mouth open, as a behemoth came around the headland at speed. Within two minutes, it passed through the breakwater, backing down hard as it spun and slowly came alongside the dock.

"No fucking way!" Chloe exclaimed.