

*This is the continuation of the storyline from **Chapter 266: Storm Clouds Building – Part II of Forsaken.***

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***April 16<sup>th</sup> 2016***

***Saturday***

***Scotland***

The Wayne Enterprises CN-235 transport aircraft touched down at Edinburgh Airport shortly after seven that evening.

Almost immediately, it taxied over to an isolated corner of the airport where it was met by two armoured Range Rovers and a pair of Iveco EuroCargo 4x4 fifteen-tonne curtain-sided trucks. Four fully loaded HCU-6/E cargo pallets were offloaded from the aircraft by forklift truck and carefully deposited on the back of the two trucks, two per vehicle. All movements were carefully monitored by the occupants of the Range Rovers, without alighting.

Once loaded and secured, the two trucks moved off in convoy, with a Range Rover taking up position in front and another behind. They headed out onto the A8 and then onto the M9 motorway, heading south to a secret destination.

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Forty-five minutes later, the convoy drove around the back of a large mansion and then directly into an enclosed yard where they were quickly unloaded into a building. No unnecessary noise or light was emitted until the job was completed.

Edinburgh Airport had seen three Wayne Enterprises aircraft transiting the airport over the space of two days – way more than usual. The first two flights had been a pair of Gulfstream G450 business jets landing an hour apart. Their flight plans showed that they had departed Gotham City International with a short layover in Chicago before flying onto Scotland.

Only eleven people had travelled aboard the two aircraft, five on the first and six on the second, which indicated a somewhat heavy cargo load on each aircraft.

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***Later that night***

***Glasgow***

The four Superbikes accelerated through the night zipping past the other road users.

Due to the late hour there was very little traffic. Of the four high-powered machines, it was the all-purple Ducati Superbike 1299 Panigale S that seemed to attract the most attention. Riding to the left of and slightly behind the purple Panigale was an all-black Honda Fireblade SP CBR1000RR. To the right of the Panigale and slightly behind was another very similar Superbike 959 Panigale in dark blue. Behind those machines was a fourth, that one a Kawasaki Ninja ZX-6R ABS in a tan colour scheme.

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The four motorcycles took the ramp that led from the M80 onto the M8 at almost seventy miles-per-hour, heeling over as they each negotiated the tight turn, before they accelerated into the City of Glasgow and through the underpass at Charing Cross; their engines roared and echoed in the enclosed space before the four motorcycles sped onto the Kingston Bridge. They took the first exit, peeling off to the left, one after the other. Surprisingly they had not attracted any official attention – such as the unwanted attention of the Police.

They caught a green light at the base of the ramp and after a turn to the left they went straight before they slowed to take in the scene before them. The four riders had stopped only a few yards from the south bank of the River Clyde. On the north bank there was a fight underway between two armour-clad vigilantes and half a dozen or so large men.

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“You two having fun?” The black clad rider with purple markings astride the purple Panigale called over her communications system.

“About damn time you fucking lazy gits arrived!” Came the accented reply in our ears.

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The bridge was intriguing – the strange arrangement of the supports was very different to what I was used to but it worked for me.

One hundred yards away to the north, I could see the two armoured vigilantes as they laid into the half a dozen or so men – I had to admit that the fight seemed a *little* one-sided, so we took our time walking over the bridge. Did I say ‘one-sided’? I meant that the fight was fairly evenly matched!

It was a different style of fighting to what we were used to – in Chicago, it was a free for all with guns, rockets and bombs. In the UK, fighting seemed almost civilised, *don't you know!* It was time to add some American charm to the night's entertainment.

That was when we were blindsided...

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*Fusion*, blindsided?

Hey, first night in a new city – a different country and a different continent, too – give us a damn break... We heard engines revving behind us and saw three cars and a van pull up – an even dozen men appeared, no, I tell a lie – nine men and three women.

“Shadow, Petra, Jackal – take the cunts to the south; I'm gonna go assist my pals...”

With that, I ran over the bridge and elbowed the first man in the face – he was bald and carried what looked suspiciously like a four-foot long fence post! He drove his right fist towards my side but I flipped backwards and the idiot lost his footing and fell over the side into the water.

The cunt could swim – that sucked...

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As Hit Girl vanished across the bridge, we faced off against the new opposition.

“Who's first?” Jackal snarled.

I eyed one of the bitches as Shadow eyed up another – the bitches were ours! They were large and muscular – was that normal for Scottish women? They definitely had attitude...

“Hey, yer fuckin’ pussy – looking for a piece of this?”

“Just a piece – which piece did you have in mind?” I growled, reaching over my left shoulder and seizing the complete Katana/Saya combination with my left hand.

We were in a different city, with different rules – Mindy had warned us against indiscriminate killing. The Saya was as much a part of the Katana as the blade – it could be just as lethal and fighters were taught to use the Katana and the Saya in a partnership. The woman before me never flinched...

I was aware of Shadow diving for another equally brave woman as Jackal attacked the men.

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The woman was taller than me and about twice as wide, but she could move and she used that in a positive way for her. I kicked out, shoving the woman backwards and I planted the Saya hard in to her right side and she yelled out, but I had *not* slowed her down.

I would have to be creative – I could do that – I remembered some of Tommy’s teachings; fight dirty... Almost immediately, I found that I was onto something as I was able to duck and swipe, using my Saya as a club. I had to be careful as every now and then a man would attack me and I would have to defend myself from two different directions – not much of a challenge for a seasoned fighter like Petra, you would think.

It was a challenge, but I knew that I could cope, despite the different kind of fighting and I was a very fast learner.

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“Fucking junkie, bastard!” Crimson growled.

“Come on yer fuckin’ wee *vagilante* twat!”

“Get to fuck!”

Crimson struck out with her fist, catching the man in the face. The man drove his massive fist back in return, but Crimson twisted out of the way, sending her own fist into the man’s kidney; he bellowed out in agony.

“I’ll fuckin’ turn you into a steak bake for that, you red twat.”

“That’s *Crimson* to you, yer fucking sheep shagger!”

“When I’m done with you, I’ll be pounding yer fuckin’ fanny; bet its tight as a Jaffa cake...”

“That dinna make sense!” Crimson growled as she drove the end of her bō-staff into the man’s crotch which, not surprisingly, resulted in a burst of crimson blood staining the man’s trousers.

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“Colourful language, these fuckers have!”

“Aye, Hit Girl – that be Glasgow!” Drift growled as he kicked the legs out from under another cunt.

I dodged yet another fence post as it came flying towards my head and I rammed a fist into the man's gut.

"Yer fuckin' cunts; yer like a fuckin' turd that won't fuckin' flush – why don't ya stay the fuck *down!*" The large man growled after knocking Drift off his feet for the third time.

I ran forwards and dived beneath the fence post, and I drove a short blade into the man's thigh.

"Yer fuckin' purple scab; yer need a ruddy great shaftin'," the man laughed. "I'll shove this wee post here right up yer tight..."

I had no desire to find out *where* he wanted to shove the post – although I had a shrewd idea – so I kicked him hard between the legs and doubled him over. That gave me the opportunity to seize the four-inch to a side, square post and take it across the back of his head with a satisfying thump.

He went down hard and he was quickly joined by his post.

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I breathed out – relief obvious.

They were all done; our side was clear.

"Ready for some more?" Hit Girl enquired as she turned towards the far side of the bridge.

"You guys can't hack it?" I grinned. "Ow!"

Hit Girl had punched me on the shoulder and it had damn well hurt!

"Don't go soft on me, Crimson!" Hit Girl laughed.

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It was all but over as we arrived on the south bank of the River Clyde. Petra, Jackal and Shadow appeared to have everything under control. I could see eight prone forms on the ground who were rapidly joined by four more.

"No more?" Jackal enquired enthusiastically.

"Wait until the pubs turn out, then you'll have plenty..." My dorky brother advised.

Jackal was breathing heavily, but he just laughed.

"Let's get these lightweight Yanks home to bed," he chuckled.

"Lightweight?" Shadow demanded.

"You know what I mean, my love..."

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"What the ruddy hell?"

The call had been for a disturbance near the Tradeston Bridge that had then been upgraded to a fight. On arriving at the scene, the two Police Scotland Officers climbed out of their BMW 5-series saloon and studied the scene before them that was bathed in the blue illumination from their strobe lights.

On their side of the Bridge – the north – there were eight men, some groaning, the others out cold. All were alive, but injured – another struggled to climb out of the not so warm waters of the River Clyde.

“Help!”

The Officers looked up and saw movement on the other side of the hundred-metre long bridge. As another vehicle arrived, blue lights flashing, they both walked over the bridge to find a further twelve injured people.

“Hey – it’s Jessica and her boyfriend, Damien – they’ve got warrants out!”

“Fuck off, pigs!” Jessica moaned.

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### ***Much later that night***

#### ***Vengeance Command Centre***

##### ***Location: Ashley House***

“They’re back!”

Anne-Marie jumped backwards as the garage door slid open noiselessly and the rain hammered down outside. Six motorcycles rode past the two parked trucks, entered and quickly braked to a crawl before edging forwards slowly into their allocated parking slots. The door slid closed behind them, just as noiselessly, and only when fully closed did the overhead lighting snap on.

All six riders removed their helmets and masks before smiling at each other and then they dismounted their machines. Anne-Marie ran forward, took Hit Girl’s helmet from her and led the way into the armoury. Weapons were passed to Cassie and Dave who placed them into the relevant slot in the rack. Everybody then moved upstairs to remove and stow their combat suits.

“Natasha!” Anne-Marie squealed as she finally got a chance to hug her friend.

“Hi!” Natasha replied happily. “You’ve grown, I’m sure of it!”

Anne-Marie blushed a little as she helped put the equipment away.

“She’s been desperate to see you both ever since she arrived!” Cassie laughed. “She’s so cute when she gets anxious too...”

“I know!” Mindy laughed as she hugged her eight-year-old daughter.

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Twenty minutes later, everybody was in the capacious kitchen/family room, where they enjoyed some hot chocolate.

“Hey!” Mindy complained. “Where the fuck are the marshmallows?”

“Sorry!” Cameron laughed as he dug a large bag of miniature marshmallows from a cupboard. “I forgot about you and marshmallows!”

“That could have ended badly!” Dave quipped.

“I see that the two geeks are otherwise occupied...” Chloe commented with a grin.

“They shacked up in the Control Room as soon as Abby arrived... Heard some squealing earlier, but decided *not* to investigate!” Megan announced with a grimace.

“So *you* are Mindy’s latest acquisition, eh?” Natasha commented as she studied Stephanie.

“I am, and very proud to be keeping the British end up in *Fusion!*” She replied smugly.

“Good for you, Steph – keep it up!” Cameron said encouragingly.

“Okay,” Mindy announced. “We start fresh tomorrow; so let’s all get some sleep.”

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The house was large, but we filled the bedrooms easily.

Mindy and I had the Master Suite at the west end of the house. Chloe and Josh were as far away from us as we could get them, at the opposite end of the house! On one side of Chloe and Josh, was Abby and on the other was Danny. Against our better judgement, we had put Stephanie, Megan and Anne-Marie in a room together. Hailee was next door to us.

Mindy and I had our own bathroom while the others would share a pair of bathrooms and a shower room. Cameron and Natasha had driven home to Falkirk, about twenty minutes’ drive away – ten if Natasha was driving! Eric had also driven home to where he lived in Edinburgh; Abby had been very unhappy when he had left...

After calming down the younger girls – Danny had complained about the incessant giggling, I had joined Dave in bed. As I curled up with Dave, I felt a little weird going to sleep in a foreign country again.

We had a lot of work ahead of us, but we would prevail – we had to; we had no choice.

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***Sunday, April 17<sup>th</sup> 2016***

***The following morning***

I awoke early, as was my custom – especially in a strange place.

Dave was snoring happily, so I left him and went to check on the kids. They looked so sweet when they were asleep – even Megan! It was difficult to see Stephanie and Megan as two hardened killers. Mind you, even the eight-year-old Anne-Marie had blood on her hands...

I left the girls sleeping – I wanted a quiet morning for as long as possible! Danny was awake when I checked in on him and he wriggled out of bed and gave me a hug. Danny was the only person in the house that morning who was still wholly innocent of murder; a disturbing thought!

Nobody else was up, so Danny and I went downstairs and then outside to begin some exercises. After twenty minutes, I heard a drawling voice behind me as I was almost bent double.

“Damn fine sight, first thing in the morning!”

Then, as I stood up, I felt my husband’s muscular arms as they wrapped themselves around me and then the roughness of his unshaven chin against my cheek. I went weak at the knees. Danny looked up at us both, a squeamish expression on his face.

“Are you guys about to kiss?”

“Oh, yeah...” We both replied together and I giggled.

“Gross...”

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“Where are Mom and Dad?”

“Kissing...” An appalled sounding Danny replied to his sister’s question.

“Gross...”

“That’s what I said... Come on, you guys, that’s totally gross – we’re about to eat!”

Josh smirked and he kissed Chloe even harder; Chloe moaned which just seemed to horrify the twins even more.

“God, that’s a horrible sight for first thing in the damn morning!”

“Morning to you too, Steph...” Chloe chuckled as she released her hold on Josh to an audible sigh of relief from Anne-Marie.

“I have to agree with the Brit – it’s too early for snogging...”

“You missing my cousin, are you, Megan?”

The eleven-year-old scowled, but I could see from her expression that I was right; she did miss Curtis.

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“It’s weird being back here, after so many years – I lost a third of my life, near enough...”

“I know what you mean, Steph – I felt weird when I came back to Britain last year. We Brits need to stick together for mutual support.”

Josh pulled Stephanie into a hug and the young girl returned it; she loved hugs despite her being a cold, ruthless, CIA trained, assassin.

“Hey, keep your hands where we can see ‘em, Stephanie!” Chloe grinned.

Stephanie’s short, but very crude response left Chloe blushing.

“That’ll be four pounds!” Dave commented as he came into the kitchen with Mindy.

“What the fuck?”

“Five pounds...”

“You got a travelling swear jar?” Stephanie enquired as she looked around the kitchen.

“No, but it’s still valid, my profane mouthed daughter.”

“Hang on... You’re charging me a quid, every time that I swear?”

“Yeah.”

“But, that isn’t fair – a quid is almost a buck fifty!”

“The exchange rate sucks!” Mindy laughed.

Stephanie muttered under her breath for a few seconds.

“Shall we just call it quits at a tenner?” Dave queried.

“I’ll tell you what I think of the exchange rate *and* where you can stick your tenner... I’ll *kick* it up your...”

Stephanie was abruptly cut off as Joshua clamped his hand over the almost ten-year-old’s mouth to prevent her indebtedness from getting any worse. The girl’s mouth was still moving behind Joshua’s hand and it was obvious that she was *very* angry.

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Breakfast was fun.

We were all able to chat freely about the previous night and just to be normal – well normal for us all anyway! Midway through breakfast, our hosts arrived.

“Hi, guys!” Natasha called out as she arrived in the kitchen.

“Hi, Abby...” Eric grinned at Abby who went pink and she looked distinctly uncomfortable.

“You all slept well, I hope?” Cameron enquired.

“We did, thank you,” Dave replied for everyone.

“Is it true that you guys captured Shadow and held her?” Anne-Marie asked.

I saw Chloe look uncomfortable and blush deeply – it was a part of her life that she was not all that proud of.

“Yes, it is true – it was a bad mistake on our part,” Cameron explained. “Although, in hindsight, if we had not taken her, then we might both be dead. Mindy took pity on us – I think she has a soft spot for Brits...”

“Yeah – fucking four of you now...” I groused good-naturedly. “A complete fucking set!”

“She loves us dearly,” Joshua teased and he grasped me in a bear hug.

“Put – me – down,” I growled as dangerously as I could but Joshua fucking ignored me.

“We love her too,” Joshua finished and he gave me a big kiss on the cheek.

“Wow – she’s gone purple!” Stephanie laughed.

“Her signature colour,” Megan teased.

I was trying to look angry, but I felt embarrassed more than anything else.

“Fuck you all!” I exclaimed as Joshua released me.

“You’re so sweet when you pretend to be mad...” Dave said and he hugged me while I sank into his warmth.

“Who’s pretending...?”

“Oh no, they’re gonna kiss...” Danny whined.

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After breakfast, we all ended up out the front of the large house.

“I’m going for a spin in the Jag!” Mindy announced.

Natasha looked very unhappy with that proclamation, but Mindy hugged her and said that she would treat it tenderly. Natasha was not convinced, but she had followed Mindy outside to where her pride and joy sat.

“You can’t even open it; it’s locked!” Natasha announced happily.

“Oh!” Mindy exclaimed as she pulled open the driver’s door.

“How...” Natasha began, but then she scowled as she checked her pockets. “The bitch felt me up and pinched my key!”

Megan laughed as the engine of the Jaguar F-Type rumbled into life.

“Back soon!” Mindy yelled as she put her foot down and the Jaguar fish-tailed for a moment before it headed down the drive at speed.

“Bet you twenty-quid she gets a speeding ticket within twenty minutes, Dave!” Cameron laughed.

“Make it thirty on fifteen!” I challenged.

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The Jaguar was *very* responsive!

After leaving the mansion, I soon found myself on the M8 motorway, heading west in the outside lane. I was unable to resist the temptation and I planted the accelerator firmly to the floor and I soon found myself exceeding one hundred miles-per-hour. I rapidly reduced speed and kept to around eighty. I had only been going about ten minutes when I took a glance in the rear view mirror . . . and groaned.

A few hundred yards behind me, and closing fast, was a silver Audi A6 Avant – nothing out of the ordinary, only that particular Audi was equipped with non-standard blue strobe lights flashing on the roof and in the front grille, not to mention the wig-wag headlights. I could also hear the siren as the car pulled in behind me and flashed its headlights; I was busted!

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I slowed and pulled over onto the shoulder, then cut the engine once I was stopped. I immediately began running scenarios through my mind and producing options. The Audi had pulled in smoothly behind me and stopped a few yards back. A tall Police Officer had climbed out of the passenger side of the Audi and walked down the shoulder; he opened the passenger door and crouched down to peer inside the car.

“Good morning, ma’am – were you aware that you were going a *little* fast back there?”

I blushed!

“Yeah, sorry!”

“An American?” The Officer commented the moment he heard me speak. “May I see your Driver’s Licence, please?”

I pulled out the UK licence that I had been provided with on my *previous* visit to the UK – it still showed me as Mindy Macready, but never mind. I handed it over and the Police Officer studied it for a moment before there was an urgent beeping from the Audi's horn and I could see the driver waving frantically to attract his colleague's attention.

I watched as the Police Officer walked back down the shoulder and climbed back into the Audi. There was a rapid verbal exchange between the two Officers and then the driver was on his phone. They both seemed very unhappy about something and I contemplated flooring it and running. Then, to my surprise the Police Officer returned, this time all smiles and he returned my licence.

"Have a nice day, Mrs Lizewski – you need to get your licence updated with your married name and in future, please obey the speed limits where possible. Good morning."

With that the man returned to his car and the Audi departed with both Officers giving me a genuinely friendly smile and a wave! Three words came to mind immediately.

What the fuck?

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I decided that it would be a good idea to head back to base!

As I pulled up, Dave and Cameron appeared from around the side of the house, with Natasha trailing behind.

"You got pulled?" Cameron asked the moment I opened the door.

"Yeah..." I replied dejectedly.

"Less than fifteen minutes after you left?" Dave asked hopefully.

"Yeah, why?"

"Hah!" Dave exclaimed as he held out his hand to an unhappy Cameron who rather dejectedly pulled out his wallet.

"You bet on me getting pulled by the Police?" I demanded incredulously.

"Easy money!" Dave laughed and I just scowled.

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"Let's keep it moving..."

I glared at Hailee; she could be a real bitch! We had been training on the west lawn for over an hour and I was getting *really* hungry. By the expressions on the other faces, so was everybody else. I may only have been eleven-years-old, but I was Wildcat and I enjoyed training as much as the next vigilante – but Hailee tended to push things just a little bit.

There was only one person who actually enjoyed the abuse – guess who?

"Get with it, little kitty – you need the exercise..."

"Mindy – you're a bitch!" I laughed.

"So is Hailee – cool huh?"

"No, Mindy – she is *not* cool..."

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***Twenty minutes later***

“Come on, Chloe, banging your boyfriend every night does *not* qualify as ‘training’!” Stephanie laughed, using her fingers to accentuate the final word.

Chloe scowled and Hailee decided that everybody was losing attention so we headed inside for lunch. What annoyed me the most was that Dave and Josh were both handing Hailee ten pounds each.

“Would you two care to explain?” I demanded.

“Not really,” Dave replied innocently.

“We bet Hailee that she couldn’t run you guys into the ground...” Josh laughed.

“Worked like a dream!” Dave added with a chuckle.

“I hate you both, *so much...*”

What was it? Fuck around with Mindy day?