

Alexander Cartwright was dead.

We had been able to find out quite a bit about him; he was a British Citizen, and he worked for MI6, however, he had also worked for the CIA – a double-agent if you will. It seemed that his activities with the CIA were known to MI6 too, so yet again, I was being used! I had no complaints; *this* time I was happy to play assassin for hire – not that I was being paid. Mind you, as far as I could tell, nobody was exactly complaining about the twenty-six deaths and two unconscious CIA Officers a few miles northwest of Scotland's largest city!

A few well-placed blades and he had provided us with some very juicy titbits of information, not to mention some data devices. Abby had worked hours into the night digging through the information and she had sent most of it to Marty for further work. One interesting fact that we *did* find, was that he was aware of several CIA programmes, one of which he mentioned himself, which had been a big surprise, but a pleasant one. His final words before I was about to kill him:

"On this drive is information on a programme called Urban Predator, I don't know much about it, but it goes high up in the echelons of the CIA – MI5 too. If I give you the encryption key, will you let me live?"

I let him live long enough for us to confirm that the encryption key functioned...

Monday, April 18th 2016

The following morning

With the information that we had gained from our recently (and rather violently) deceased friend, we had geared up and very soon we headed south – mind you, from Scotland there were not all that many other options...

Exactly what, we would actually do once we got down to the southwest of England . . . well, I was still planning things as we travelled... It would be a long drive, in convoy, which would give me plenty of time to think and to plan. How much danger lay ahead of us? I had to assume plenty. What danger might I be leading everybody into?

I broke off from my thoughts as I heard a noise and turned to my left where Stephanie was grimacing beside me as I drove the Land Rover Discovery Sport south.

"They're snogging again!" She commented sourly with a sly glance into the middle row of seats, where Joshua and Chloe had been very (and suspiciously) quiet for most of the trip.

"They're young and they're in love!" I chuckled as I watched Joshua seeing how far he could stick his tongue down Chloe's throat.

"What could be so great about gagging on some douchebag's tongue?" Stephanie demanded, echoing my very own sentiments from a couple of years back.

I grinned at my eldest daughter.

"You're only nine..."

"Ten in eight and a half days!" Stephanie pointed out indignantly.

I chuckled.

“Sorry... You’re *almost* ten – but you’ll learn...”

“I *do* know about all that crap – I know where on my body the guy sticks his whatever...”

“Good to know,” I replied with a chuckle.

“I *am* still a virgin, you know!” Stephanie persisted somewhat forcefully and somewhat defensively.

“I never thought otherwise, Steph!”

“I should bloody well think not...”

“Some of us are just a little more dignified and private when it comes to making love...”

“*You!*”

“Yeah – we keep it private...”

“Like bloody hell, you do!” Stephanie exclaimed. “You and Dave are at it like bloody rabbits! I have *very* good hearing and the walls at home are *not* thick... I hear your goddamn screams of ecstasy echoing throughout the house – what Danny and Anne-Marie must think; I have absolutely *no* idea...”

I felt myself blushing badly and I focussed on the road, not looking at Stephanie.

“That shut you up, didn’t it!”

I ignored Stephanie’s gloating and instead, I concentrated on my driving; I enjoyed driving in the UK.

The roads were fun and much more of a challenge than those in Chicago for many reasons – you actually needed the steering wheel for one! Another one were the motorway cops... When I drove in the US and saw a cop in his car, I never felt much guilt – I was Hit Girl! However, in the UK, whenever I saw a fluorescent and blue BMW come up behind me, or when I was forced to overtake a similarly gaudy looking Mitsubishi Shogun at exactly 68 miles per hour, I felt guilty. Watching the speedometer – yes, I knew what one was – constantly as you drove two miles an hour below the speed limit – despite what Dave thought, I *knew* what a speed limit was too – until the cop car was over the horizon behind you or ahead of you.

All that concentration, well, it was draining and for the entire duration of the event you felt so goddamn guilty, for no good reason! What was it about British motorway cops? They just made me crap myself even though all I may have had was a tail light out!

Mind you – one thing about the British Police that I just *could not* take seriously, were the cars their local cops used... Who could take a diesel-powered Vauxhall Astra or Ford Focus seriously as it came ‘roaring’ around the corner?

Mind you, Crown Victoria’s were a little bit big for UK roads, but then I always thought that the BMWs and the Audis, plus an occasional Jaguar looked awesome with blue lights and the awesome paint job.

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Then came my next British annoyance – fog!

As we wound our way up and down the M74, winding through the Scottish Borders, we climbed and suddenly I could see nothing; the car a dozen yards in front – it just seemed to be swallowed up by the mists.

“You still there?” I enquired over the radio.

“Quite the pea-souper!” Josh laughed from one of the other Land Rovers.

I began to feel nervous – there could be anything up ahead and I would never know it until I actually hit it. I reduced speed considerably and strained my eyes to see through the thick fog. It was an exhausting five minutes before we finally began to descend and then I could see the other side of the motorway, and then the other cars.

I was relieved to be alive.

There was another problem too; we seemed to stop every hour, or so it seemed to me!

“Do you all have tiny bladders, or what?” I demanded at the second stop of the morning.

The first stop had been Abington – with only forty miles covered. Then Gretna, fifty miles later. We had not even got out of Scotland!

“Ah, the pleasant aroma of men’s’ toilets!” Joshua grinned. He had just walked out of the men’s toilets and he was in the process of drying his hands off on his jeans.

“Hope you washed those...” Megan growled and she looked disgusted.

“Smell ‘em...” Josh suggested and he shoved them into Megan’s shocked face before she could recoil away from him.

“He washed them,” Megan confirmed somewhat reluctantly with a scowl.

“Why do females all go to the toilets together?” Joshua enquired.

“Pack instinct...” Dave replied. “They like to talk shit...”

“Ignorant gorillas,” Chloe commented. “We may talk shit, but you men talk *about* shit – you just *have* to compare who took the biggest dump!”

“Well, it’s fun to see the plumbing struggle to get it down...” Cameron cut in with a grin.

“Dirty fucker!” Natasha hissed as she slapped her brother who just laughed at his sisters outraged expression.

“Anybody fancy a burger?” Josh asked.

“You only had breakfast an hour ago!” Chloe reminded her boyfriend.

“Your point is...?”

“Men!”

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“What you reading, Mathilda?”

“Guns and Ammo... Pinched it off Stephanie.”

“Never mind!”

I had noticed Mathilda getting strange looks from other patrons, not that she was bothered, although what a nine-year-old girl was doing reading that magazine, I had no idea!

“Where are Abby and Eric?” I asked, looking over at Hailee who was working her way through several doughnuts.

“We left them in the car...”

“Glad I’m not riding with you, then... What have you two got there?”

Stephanie and Anne-Marie looked a little guilty, but they showed me what they had bought from the shop. I recognised them straight away.

“Pinky-pie and Twilight Sparkle?”

“You want to make something of it?” Stephanie bristled.

“No,” I chuckled and I raised my hands defensively.

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Finally, we all returned to our vehicles – Abby and Eric were pretending to look innocent, of course, but Abby was very pink in the face and her hair was a mess.

I grinned at them both, but said nothing, then I groaned. Joshua, the greedy fuck, was chomping into a Burger King XL Bacon Double Cheeseburger, much to Chloe’s obvious disgust!

“Hey, I’m a growing boy!” Joshua mumbled between enormous mouthfuls.

I ignored him and noticed that Danny was hauling a decent supply of candy and soft drinks.

“You get that lot on the seats; you’re cleaning them – same if you throw up!” I warned the young boy.

He just smirked and climbed into the seat with his haul. Stephanie had swapped seats with Chloe, so that Chloe was now beside me. Stephanie was seated in the rearmost seats with Anne-Marie while Danny sat with Josh, who was finishing off his burger.

“Greedy git!” Chloe moaned with a grin.

We had travelled barely ten miles...

“Mommy!”

I recognised the insistent and urgent tone of my youngest daughter; I groaned.

“No – you can wait!”

“I can’t; I gotta go...”

“She does,” Stephanie confirmed as she laughed. “She’s jiggling up and down with her hands between her legs.”

“I’m not stopping.”

“Mommy!”

“Look, Anne-Marie, you can use my cup,” Joshua offered as he turned and held out his now-empty Burger King cup.

Stephanie laughed and I tried, honestly I tried, but I burst out laughing at the appalled look on Anne-Marie’s face.

“I’ll hold the cup for you, but you get one drop of wee on my hand...” Stephanie grinned.

Anne-Marie scowled.

“Not happening, Stephanie!”

“Cross your legs,” I advised.

“I can’t; I really need to go or I’m gonna pee myself...”

Fucking hell!

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As soon as possible, I turned off the motorway into Southwaite Services.

“Stop!” Anne-Marie yelled.

I did exactly that and slammed on the brakes in a layby, just within the entrance to the services. Anne-Marie dived out of her seat, crawled over her brother and threw open the back door. The moment the young girl was out of the vehicle, she scurried way from the car before she pulled down her pants and knickers. The poor girl blushed as she peed in full view of us all *and* the passing traffic. Chloe managed to stop giggling and laughing just long enough to hand the embarrassed eight-year-old some tissues to wipe herself.

“I’m not gonna hear the end of this, am I?” The disgruntled girl grimaced.

The look on her big sister’s face spoke volumes in reply to *that* comment.

That evening

We finally made it to London with only about two hundred stops!

Anne-Marie had to have the weakest bladder humanly possible, too. We arrived at the house in Mayfair late in the evening. It was a bit of a tight squeeze for eleven people, but we managed it and after some Pizza, everybody went to bed and fell asleep very quickly.

I was the last to go to bed and I happily cuddled into Dave.

Tuesday, April 19th 2016

The following morning

Mayfair

We were all tired but very relieved to be able to slip into the cool waters of the swimming pool.

I was first up and I was able to float around, sorting out my thoughts. It was about a year ago that I had been blackmailed into coming to London to kill for MI5. It would be nice to have a peaceful visit to London for a change. Maybe...

I screamed as something landed on top of me!

“Morning – Mommy!”

My response was not very ‘Mommy’ like! But Anne-Marie did not seem to care; she was just happy that she had caught me unawares and she swam around giggling. I was about to chase her when I caught movement out the corner of my left eye and then there was a splash behind me as Stephanie dived into the pool and the girl swept my legs out from under me.

A coordinated attack – very smooth!

I span in the water and tried to grab hold of Stephanie, but she was too fast and there wasn’t much to grab hold of anyway. Anne-Marie was now laughing; she seemed to think something was funny! Then everything seemed to explode as there was yet another splash and I was knocked off my feet again – it was Chloe. I was able to grab hold of Chloe and then I threw her across the pool, and narrowly missed Stephanie who scowled at me.

“Hey – not fair – stop using unguided Chloes!”

I laughed at that comment as a not very amused Chloe resurfaced and pushed her hair out of her eyes. Before the teenage girl could properly focus, I dived forwards and took her legs out from under her, plunging her back underwater. I noticed another body join in and then a struggle before we all surfaced again.

“Give them back, you little British fuck!”

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Stephanie was smiling fit to burst and then she giggled before diving away, waving something in the air as she went. The ‘something’ looked suspiciously like Chloe’s bikini bottoms... I turned to look at Chloe who was pink in the face and she looked rather annoyed. I laughed; I tried not to and then I ducked below the water to check – yeah, Chloe was now only wearing one part of her two-piece bikini...

“This is not funny, Stephanie – when I get a hold of you, I’ll...”

“Hi, guys!”

It was Dave, Joshua and Cameron.

“Oh fuck . . . no!” Chloe screamed.

“I got Chloe’s bikini – well half of it!” Stephanie yelled out from where she stood at the side of the pool, waving the skimpy item of clothing in the air.

I saw smiles appear on Joshua and Cameron’s faces before they both jumped in and swam towards an unhappy looking Chloe. Dave followed and swam over to me where he gave me a very nice morning kiss.

“All of you, no going underwater...”

Chloe screamed as Joshua picked her up and threw her through the air. Before she came crashing down, everybody got a good look at the teenager's offerings as she crashed back into the water. The girl seemed more than a little embarrassed when she resurfaced.

"Nice!" Cameron commented as he smiled at Chloe.

"Well, that's the only free look you're getting, cunt!" Chloe growled before turning on Joshua. "You fucking bastard – I will..."

Joshua easily kept himself out of arms reach as Chloe tried to maintain some form of dignity as she chased her boyfriend. Stephanie was dancing around on the side of the pool waving Chloe's bikini bottoms in the air and she laughed at the trouble that she had caused. I swam over to Chloe and whispered into her ear; she smiled at my suggestion. I moved down the pool while Chloe shouted at Joshua, but then she lurched towards Stephanie.

Stephanie realised that she was in trouble and she began to run... But I grabbed her as she ran past me and she screamed as I pulled her into the water. Chloe caught up and after a brief struggle, Chloe triumphantly held two items of clothing in the air. After pulling on her bikini bottoms, she grabbed the now naked Stephanie and completely ignored the foul language and threats as she carried her in full view of everybody down to the far end of the pool and then dumped her on the side.

"What are you doing, Steph?" Danny demanded as he stood beside his very naked big sister.

"Nothing, Danny – just another plan of mine that went very badly wrong!" Stephanie growled as she ignored Chloe's triumphant laughter.

Stephanie went bright red and she ignored the other laughter that came from Megan, Abby, Natasha, Mathilda and Hailee as she walked to where the towels were piled. She also had to endure the jeers of Joshua, Cameron and Eric as she walked past them.

"Payback's a bitch, huh, Steph?" Chloe called out.

Stephanie just smiled sweetly as she wrapped herself in a fluffy towel.

After breakfast, we opted to go out.

Our first port of call was to be London itself. There was no way that we could travel all the way to the UK and *not* visit London! Only, this time I hoped for it to be a much more peaceful visit... Cassie and Natasha led the way. The boys stayed at the house and they said that they were going to do their own thing. Danny, Stephanie, Anne-Marie, Abby, Megan, Hailee, Chloe and I followed.

"Right guys, we're going to take the tube. These are Oyster cards," Natasha commented, passing us all a credit card sized piece of plastic. "They will get us on and off the tube. I obtained a few and topped them up online. You swipe them at the ticket barriers, in the tube stations."

"Tube?" Hailee and Megan enquired.

"The Underground," Natasha replied. "It's like the New York subway; only the trains travel in tubes, hence, 'The Tube'."

"Oh, right we understand!" Both girls replied.

I walked down the road, alongside my brother.

“Where we going?” I asked Mom.

“Green Park tube station.”

“What are we doing when we get there?”

“We will catch a train south to Westminster...”

“Cool – then?”

“Let’s just get to the station first...”

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We entered the *very busy* station and I stared up at the various signs and coloured symbols.

“Which line?” I asked.

“You *are* full of questions today!” Mom chuckled.

“Jubilee Line,” Cassie called. “The grey one.”

“Keep hold of my hand, young lady!” Mom growled, grabbing my right hand tightly. “The rest of you, grab a kid!”

Chloe grabbed Stephanie’s hand and Hailee had Danny’s – Mom was obviously not taking any chances . . . not this time! We headed towards an escalator and swiped our Oyster cards. We descended two escalators before we all gathered on a platform to wait for the train. For some reason, Stephanie did not seem very amused about holding hands with Chloe.

“We’re good now?” Stephanie asked as she looked up at Chloe, a hopeful expression on her face.

Chloe looked down at the younger girl and smiled like a Crocodile would as it stalked its prey.

“Not even close, honey...”

“But I only took your bottoms – you stripped me stark naked!”

“You ain’t got anything anybody wants to look at...” Chloe retorted nastily as Stephanie scowled and blushed a decidedly nice shade of pink. “Now, be nice, or I shove you in front of the next train...”

Stephanie’s expression was hilarious as she took a large step back from the edge of the platform and put Chloe between herself and the trains.

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After a few minutes a train pulled into the station; it was red and silver and was not much smaller than the tunnel it ran through. Mom shoved me onboard ahead of her as soon as the doors opened. She was not allowing me to move any more than an inch from her side!

Jeez, you get yourself kidnapped, just the one time...

The trip did not take long, but it was very noisy and the train rattled!

I was glad to be able to get off the rattling death-trap and after a couple more escalators I was over the moon to be back out in the fresh air again. Westminster Tube Station exited out onto Bridge Street beside Portcullis House and opposite...

"Big Ben!" Danny exclaimed.

I smiled as the kids stopped talking and just stared up at 'Big Ben'.

Stephanie had been to London before, when she much younger, but she had told me that she could not remember a lot of it. I had seen it before, the year previously, as had Chloe, Cassie and Natasha. It was the first time that Anne-Marie had actually shut up since she had awoken that morning – which was one hell of a relief for *everybody!*

When the kid's necks started to hurt, we walked down the street, past the Houses of Parliament and onto Westminster Bridge where we stopped to look up and down the River Thames.

"Wow!" Danny exclaimed as he took in the London Eye.

Anne-Marie moved down the bridge – despite her only being a few feet away, I started to feel anxious and uneasy.

"Get your skinny butt back here!"

"Maybe you should just get a leash, Mom..." The eight-year-old shot back with a smirk.

"Don't tempt me, girl – you can borrow Megan's!"

It was harsh, but it was fun to see Megan as she scowled and then stalked off down the bridge while Chloe laughed nastily. I followed on behind and kept a very tight hold on Anne-Marie. It was actually pleasant to be able to enjoy the views; London had many pleasant sights and I was determined to enjoy them as much as possible.

The twins were really enjoying what they were seeing too.

Stephanie was keeping us all amused.

Her antics as she tried to get Chloe to give up any of her retaliation plans that she might have had, were fun to watch.

"So, Chloe, we're even, right? What do ya say; let's let bygones be bygones..."

"You exposed me to everybody..." Chloe growled.

"Aw come on – I've seen that DVD of you and Erika in Gotham – everybody saw a *whole* lot more – not to mention the hardcore full-on lesbian action, which I will admit was pretty hot...!"

"You're not helping your case, Lizewski..."

"Okay, okay – one free revenge shot; I won't fight back or defend myself..."

Chloe smirked – Stephanie was playing right into her hands!

"Okay, but I'm *not* gonna tell you when its coming..."

Stephanie looked unhappy – after me, Stephanie was only really scared of Chloe and she respected the older girl for her proven capabilities.

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By that time, we were walking along the south bank of the River Thames, past St Thomas' Hospital and a few hundred yards further on, we reached the next bridge across the river: Lambeth Bridge. We all paused and I pointed out a large building over to the left on the far bank.

"That building, there, is Thames House. Who lives there?" I queried. "Not you Chloe; I know you know..."

Stephanie piped up.

"The Security Service, more commonly known as MI5."

"Well done, kid!" Natasha said.

"Bang on," I confirmed. "Now – we have some reconnaissance to accomplish."

We flagged down a pair black cabs and climbed in.

"Where to luv?"

"Waterloo Station, please..."

That evening

Mayfair

It had been a busy day and we were all tired after all the walking.

"So," Stephanie asked Dave at supper. "What did you guys get up to?"

"We were scouting and taking photos, ready for the next phase of the operation," Dave explained.

"Things should kick off in the morning, if all goes according to plan," I added.

"We going to get our hands dirty?" Megan asked.

"Yes, Megan, you might but I hope not."

"Steph – I am not going to do anything to you until this entire operation is over," Chloe said as she gave the younger girl a genuine smile.

"Thanks, Chloe," Stephanie replied with a smile of her own. "I am sorry for doing that to you."

"You were just being a kid and I can't fault you for that... Besides, just about everybody has seen me naked, so no harm done..."

"Am I in the clear then?"

"We'll see . . . but I can't let people think Chloe Bennett has gone soft."

That got a laugh from around the table.

After Supper, I sent all the kids to bed early; they would need their rest for the next day's activities.

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There came a knock on our bedroom door; it was after ten.

“Mindy?”

“Yeah, Abby...”

“That name Cartwright gave us – Roger Granger – we have a number for him as you requested.”

“Thanks, Abby – night...”

“Night, Mindy.”