

Monday, October 3rd, 2016

South of Benbecula

Position: 56.6697° N 7.3429° W

Course: 176°, Speed: 12 knots, 139.7nm logged

1202 hours

The watches had just changed.

Electra, Craig, Olivia, and Naomi had reported to the bridge just a few minutes previously, relieving their friends who were headed off for a brief break before lunch at 1300 hours. Keira had the watch and she was taking over from Sarah. Once the watch had been handed over, Keira turned to the four kids.

"You will follow every order that I give. You fuck around on my bridge and I will throw you overboard - no fucking shit!"

"Aye, aye, ma'am!" Craig offered and the others repeated the response.

"I don't mind a little fun, just remember, we have a vessel to keep safe along with everybody aboard."

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The kids settled into their four-hour watch, Keira explaining the radar and the plot - the moving chart which showed their exact position and course - as well as the engine controls and wheel.

"I assume that you've had a fun few weeks?" Naomi said to Electra. "Happy Birthday, by the way - sorry its late."

"Thanks - I never thought I'd make it into double figures! As for a fun few weeks; not really - I got myself into trouble more than once. You heard about my Dad?" Electra replied.

"Yes - I'm glad he regained consciousness - that must have been brilliant."

"It was."

"So, what would a goody-goody like you do to get into trouble?" Naomi queried with genuine curiosity.

"Well, it's a long story but I think we have time," Electra said. "I met a new vigilante in jolly old London."

"You did!" Craig exclaimed.

"She was called, Belle."

"So, how did you meet?" Craig asked, intrigued.

"We kind of ran into one another."

Friday, September 16th, 2016

London

Electra was getting restless.

She wanted to be out there, doing some good. Her time spent with *Fusion* and *Vengeance* had shown her what she wanted for her future. Stephanie had given her a choice: she could return to as normal a life as possible, or she could use her skills to help others, much as the other *Predators* were doing. The *Vengeance Predators* were getting the best of both worlds; they enjoyed family

time and although they had not seen as much action as the *Fusion Predators*, *Vengeance* was still active. The breakout of Stephanie's brother had shown Electra what she could do and that she could be a *Predator* - something she had yearned for, ever since she had first come across the young Stephanie Walker.

Electra knew that her grandfather would not agree - not a chance in hell! Electra had retained her slimline combat suit - 'just in case' - and she had a selection of weapons, too. She was living with her grandfather in his flat in Battersea. It was close to where her father was in hospital and very well located for what the youngster had in mind. Her brother was off at boarding school, so he would not be a problem. Her grandfather worked nights quite a lot so that just made things so much easier. He would also text her to say that he was on his way home, too.

That Friday evening, Electra gathered up her equipment and she headed out into London. It was slowly getting dark; the nights were closing in as autumn edged over the horizon - it was also getting colder. The youngster caught the Tube to Elephant & Castle - she had deemed it a good place to test out her plan. Once out of the Tube station, she found a dark passageway where she quickly pulled off her outer clothing to reveal the combat suit before pulling on a set of black joggers and a matching black, hooded top. She pulled on her mask and then secured the utility belt around her slim waist. She pulled on her gloves then checked her pistol, knife, and spare magazines.

Within minutes, Electra had become Rigour - London Town's newest vigilante.

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Rigour kept to the shadows, ignoring those who were openly enjoying their evening without causing any trouble.

She kept her eyes and ears open for anything untoward. Most ignored the young girl - one or two made a snide comment but she was otherwise left to her own devices. As she strolled along Penrose Street, she passed some flats where she found her first call to arms, so to speak. She could hear arguing - male voices mainly but there was another, weaker voice being drowned out by the men. Rigour knew that she had to be careful - she was but nine-years-old, and if she wanted to make it the two weeks to her tenth birthday, she would have to be careful - she knew full well that if she got herself killed, Stephanie would kill her . . . again!

Rigour remained in the shadows, moving towards the arguing. She passed under a raised section of flats and into a grassed area. Over to the right, there was a tree and under the tree were four people - two men, and two women. One of the women appeared to be the point of attention - she was pinned to the tree and one of the men was running his hands over her body while the other man teased the woman by pulling open her blouse and exposing her bra. The woman was complaining bitterly about her treatment but she was being ignored and the other woman, she was encouraging the men. It took almost a full minute for Rigour to move closer without attracting any attention.

By that time, the woman had lost part of her dignity as her blouse had been torn open and her bra had been ripped open exposing her breasts to anybody who wanted to see them. The other woman took great joy in slapping the exposed breasts eliciting a yell of pain. There was laughter as the men moved to the next level and the woman was dragged to the ground and her jeans were yanked down her long legs.

"If I have to shoot you, I will," Rigour growled as she secured the suppressor to the muzzle of her pistol. "But where's the fun in that. . ."

The men turned towards the electronically enhanced voice and they found themselves facing somebody very short which made them laugh and somebody who showed no skin which just unnerved them.

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As the men took in the pistol, the grins and smiles faded and turned into wary expressions, but only for a moment until they saw the pistol returned to its holster.

The expressions turned questioning before the grins and smiles returned. They no longer felt threatened by the little over four-foot personage before them and for a moment, they considered returning to their almost naked woman who was huddling on the ground.

"No, you don't, bastards!" Rigour growled as she went on the attack.

The first man went down hard as a boot struck him in the side of the head. Where Rigour lacked in strength, she sure made up with her speed and agility. The men were amazed at how fast their attacker moved. They both tried to punch the aggressor but she moved too fast for them, getting in some very painful strikes of her own. The woman tried to intervene only to receive a fist to her nose which exploded in a cloud of blood. A couple of amazing flips later, the first of the men went down permanently, losing consciousness as his head struck the tree and he slumped to the ground.

The other man paused and he raised his hands in surrender. Rigour drew her pistol again and advanced on the man who was breathing heavily.

"Please - no . . . I have kids."

"Then I pity them," Rigour growled as she reversed the pistol and took the butt across the man's forehead, knocking him senseless.

Rigour heard shouts and she heard a siren - she bolted across the grassed area, holstering her pistol as she ran.

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Rigour ran for quite a distance before she stopped for a few minutes to catch her breath.

She had hoped to rest for a little longer but she saw a police car a dozen yards away, its blue lights flashing as it drive slowly down the street. She bolted, heading north. . .

**** WHAM ****

It was like Rigour had walked into a wall. She fell backwards onto the ground and she yelled out in pain at the unexpected collision. Her yell was matched by another as somebody else crashed to the ground a foot away from her.

"Bloody hell!" came a hoarse-sounding voice.

Rigour focussed on the other person - they must have both collided with each other as they had come around the very same corner from different directions. Surprisingly, the other person wore a costume and Rigour grinned behind her mask - she recognised a vigilante costume when she saw one; she had seen enough of them.

The predominant colour was a dull yellow, the rest was black. From the curves and obvious bust, the other person was a female - a young girl, possibly, from the size of her frame - maybe thirteen, or so. She wore a figure-hugging suit, much like a wetsuit which covered her body from neck to ankle. She wore sand-

coloured desert boots on her feet and yellow kid gloves on her hands. Over the suit, she wore a knee-length, black and yellow coat which hung open. A utility belt was visible around her waist with various accoutrements. Under the belt was what appeared to be a short kilt which came part way down the thighs and was mainly yellow. Her identity was protected by what appeared to be a gold-coloured mask from a masquerade ball. And she wore a dark brown wig of hair which hung down her back.

As for weapons, none were readily visible but they had to be there.

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Rigour could see obvious surprise in the face before her as she herself was checked out.

Then she realised that her hood had slipped to reveal her mask. She saw apprehension and a hint of fear in the other vigilante. Rigour was glad that her own mask covered her face completely as her own emotions were hidden.

"Who are you?" Rigour asked.

"Who are you?" the girl asked in a hoarse tone.

"I'm Rigour - you?"

"Belle."

"Vigilante?"

"I'm not out here for my bloody health!" Belle retorted.

"Touché!" Rigour responded.

"Hello, Belle," Rigour said, extending her hand.

Belle hesitated but she held out her hand and Rigour took it, shaking it firmly. Both braced up as their corner became bathed in blue lighting.

Then without another word both fled the scene.

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That first night, Electra made it back to the flat and her bed, literally minutes before her grandfather walked through the front door.

"You okay?" Patrick Haig asked his niece as she lay in her bed.

"Yeah - boring evening."

"Boring's good."

"Night, Grandpa."

"Night, Electra."

It had been a good night, Electra thought as she closed her eyes.

Three days later

Monday, September 19th

Electra had gone out the next three evenings, looking for the elusive yellow vigilante.

But, it wasn't until the Monday evening that their paths kind of crossed again. Only, it wasn't a simple collision and Rigour almost found out if her combat

suit really was bulletproof. That night, she was in the backend of Lambeth where the streets were seeped in darkness punctured by the seemingly random scattering of street lights. Lambeth had the dubious pleasure of being the top-rated borough for homicides in London during the first decade and a half of the 21st century. Knife crime had also gone through the room making Lambeth a dangerous place after dark.

Rigour had done her homework, naturally, and was targeting the more dangerous boroughs - she figured that Belle might be doing the same thing.

Belle was running hard.

Things had not been going all that well but she had a target in her sights and she was *not* letting it get away. She pounded down Borough Road, ignoring the glances that she received as her wig and coat streamed out behind her. The reason for the young vigilante's hot and fast pursuit? She had witnessed a rape with robbery thrown in. The man was running as fast as he could - he was genuinely scared as Belle had already taken a Tonfa across his stomach and she had promised the rapist cum thief much, much, more. The man raced towards St George's Circus, yelling into his mobile phone as he went. He was desperately calling for help from his fellow gang members . . . and they were responding.

However, Belle never appreciated what the man was doing until it was far too late . . . far . . . too . . . late.

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At St George's Circus, the man ran into two women enjoying a night out and he fell against some secured bicycles, rolling on the ground.

The fall allowed Belle to close the gap considerably as the man scrambled back to his feet, ignoring the women who were yelling obscenities after the retreating man as he ran towards London Road. There was the squeal of rubber as a white Mercedes van narrowly avoided squishing the man who bolted across the street with very little apparent thought for his own safety. He vanished between two buildings and Belle continued the chase as she bolted across the street during a brief lull in the traffic.

She found herself at a tall grey-painted steel gate which the man had just climbed. Belle leapt up the gate and scurried over it like it was not the eight-foot obstacle to entry which it was intended to be.

Bingo!

Rigour was pleased to see Belle running across the road, up ahead, and vanishing between two buildings. Rigour ran hard to the same point but she skidded to a halt and took cover behind a tree as a car skidded to a halt and four men dived out and they all ran in the same direction which Belle had taken. It did not bode well as Rigour closed on what she thought might be a passageway but instead, she discovered it to be the entrance to the London Road Depot of the London Underground, or more specifically the Bakerloo Line.

Rigour struggled a bit with the gate but she scrambled over it in time to see Belle pursuing a man down a long, inclined, ramp at the base of which were a dozen train tracks, six on each side of the ramp, many of which were occupied by long, seven-car, Bakerloo Line Tube train sets. The nearest train was to the left of the ramp which stopped about midway down the train. The extra men ran

down the ramp and they yelled at Belle who stopped dead and she turned to face them, her face displaying shock at their unwelcome arrival.

"Oy!" came a yell and a security guard came lumbering towards them from a building down to the left and between the ramp and the train.

One of the men ran at him, kicking him to the ground and savagely kicking him in the face until the man passed out - or died, Rigour could not tell. The doors to the nearest train were open and a four-person cleaning crew were onboard working from end to end. They turned as they heard the yelling and they quickly vacated the train and ran for the ramp as two men seized hold of Belle and they threw her inside the third car from the front.

Rigour ran down the ramp startling one of the men as she kicked him to the ground and punched him in the face.

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Belle landed on the hard steel-ribbed floor and she felt a sharp pain in her bottom from the impact.

She narrowly avoided cracking her head on the opposite doors of the car as she scrambled back to her feet, a Tonfa in each hand, the longer section of the weapons extending up her lower arms. She was attacked by the men who had thrown her into the car. They threw punches at her which she expertly dodged, or battered to one side with her Tonfas. The men were typical men, believing themselves superior to a 'girl', especially one in a seemingly ludicrous costume. However, the 'girl' may have been scared by the unexpected encounter, but she was also overflowing with courage and the desire to put down bullies, rapists, murderers, thieves - basically anybody who went against her ideals for how she thought the country should operate.

Belle grinned openly when one of the men fell backwards, his face bruised and bloody from a strike by her right Tonfa. The sight of his pal, bloodied and beaten, was enough to enrage the other man and wipe the grin off his face as he punched harder and faster, turning the fight from something he was enjoying to something more serious and very nasty. He caught Belle with a kick which sent her reeling down the car where she dropped a Tonfa and grabbed a vertical pole for support just as a third man fell through the open doors, followed by Rigour who punched him in the side of the head.

The man stayed down as Rigour leapt up and swung around another vertical pole, driving both of her booted feet into the back of Belle's attacker.

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Belle screamed as the man coming towards her suddenly fell forwards and landed on top of her.

She struggled to fight her way out from under the heavy and very angry man. He was yelling obscenities at her and she suddenly realised that her life was very much at risk. She saw a fleeting movement behind the man and then noticed the vigilante from the other night - Rigour. She was fighting another man over near the set of doors Belle had entered by. She felt relief that she seemed to have an ally and somebody who was fighting on her side.

Belle smashed her fist into the man's face, breaking his nose. The livid male smirked through the bloody mess and he made to headbutt the squirming girl but she moved at the last second and his head smacked into the floor, stunning the man long enough for Belle to scramble out of harm's way. For good measure, she smashed her remaining Tonfa into the man's head ensuring that he would not get back up for a while and when he did, he would have one hell of a headache.

Belle jumped over the man and ran towards where Rigour was bouncing off the walls and ceiling as she attacked two men simultaneously.

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Rigour saw Belle running towards her and she was very glad that the girl was alive and apparently uninjured.

The inside of the double-glazed window smashed as Rigour kicked an already wounded man backwards and his head collided with the glazing. The final man was kicked backwards by both girls and he fell to the floor banging his head on the steel-ribbed flooring and joining his friends in unconsciousness. After a brief check to ensure that there were no more attackers, the two girls turned to look at each other.

"Where's the dick I was chasing in the first place?" Belle demanded.

"He's outside, unconscious," Rigour advised in her electronically enhanced voice.

"Cool!"

The two vigilantes stepped out of the car and they saw the man kneeling on the ground, his hands on his head. Belle frowned for a moment but then she yelled out as she was grabbed by the arm and thrust against a wall while Rigour's world turned upside down and she crashed to the concrete beneath her feet.

Rigour lay on the ground, staring up into the gaping barrel of a .40-calibre Glock 22 Gen4 pistol.

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"Give me a reason to shoot you - or better yet, give me a reason *not* to shoot you."

The voice was serious and brooked no argument. Rigour held both hands out, palms up, beside her head, ignoring her weapons.

"No!" came Belle's hoarse voice.

"I'll deal with you, later!"

Belle looked mad at the put down but she took it for a moment before trying again.

"She's a friend."

"What!"

"We met a few days ago . . . she's called Rigour."

"Why should I trust you . . . Rigour?"

Rigour took a stab in the dark as she studied the woman behind the pistol.

"You heard of a *Predator*?"

The expression told Rigour that, yes, the woman *had* heard the name. The pistol moved away and the woman holstered it.

"*Vengeance*."

It was more of a statement than a question.

"You'd better get up, *Vengeance* - there are many who think you should all be in prison . . . only I am not one of them."

Rigour got back to her feet and looked over at Belle who just shook her head.

"Go! The Police will be here within minutes - I need to get 'Belle', here, to safety."

Rigour did not need telling twice - she ran.

The Haig Flat

Battersea

Electra was about to dive into a shower when her Grandpa returned.

Instead, she quickly pulled on some clean pyjamas and dived into her bed.

"Hi, sweetie," Patrick Haig said with a smile.

"Hi, Grandpa. You have a good day?"

"It was okay - successful in part."

Patrick looked around his granddaughter's bedroom - it was a tip! Clothes and books were everywhere - Electra liked to read. At times, the girl was quite slovenly, but then she was barely ten. However, he was a policeman and his eyes were always sharp, despite his years.

"Is that blood?"

Patrick knelt down and he pulled a hooded top out from under the bed, followed by Electra's combat suit.

"Maybe. . ."

"Goddammit, Electra!"

Electra was struggling with what to say next - she was busted, that was obvious, but in her own mind, she had not really been doing anything wrong.

"Electra . . . I know what you are. To be honest, I hate what you are but I know you had no choice. I hate what they did to you. I hate what they did to my little granddaughter, my little Electra. I know what you can do and I have a fair idea what you are capable of - but that is *not* what you are now. You have a chance at being a normal little girl, Electra. You are not even ten-years-old."

Electra considered those points before she responded.

"When I was a Yellow, I had a very short lifespan ahead of me. If I had not met Stephanie and if she had not taken me under her wing, I would have received a bullet in the head, somewhere around my eighth birthday. Thanks to that girl, I am still alive. Yes, during my darkest moments, I have cursed my skills and the things which I have both done and witnessed. But I am thankful that I am still living and I am thankful that I could see my family again. I will always owe Stephanie a debt that I doubt I will ever be able to repay.

"Stephanie and Mindy both gave me a choice about how I handled my life. They have not pushed me down either route and I thank them for that. I want to be a normal little girl but I feel that I can do so much more with my life. You see me as your little girl . . . but I'm not a little girl, not anymore. You're right, they did take my childhood away, but I'm not so sure that was such a bad thing: I have a gift - Stephanie gave me a gift - a gift that I can't escape, no matter how hard I try. If I ignore that gift then everything I endured, everything I suffered . . . it would have been for naught. Each morning, I see

the scar that crosses my body, and I am reminded of everything that led up to Abigail slashing me. I want that suffering to mean something."

Patrick was impressed by his granddaughter's maturity, even at the tender age of nine. He listened to her mini speech and he took in her words.

"Well reasoned," he admitted. "Go to sleep . . . and please, no more Rigour."

"You know I need the outlet, don't you, Grandpa?"

"I do - Mindy said as much. You can't keep going out alone to fight. Get some sleep."

"Night, Grandpa."

Five days later

Saturday, September 24th

Electra was struggling with her emotions.

She was struggling with who she thought she wanted to be.

She was struggling with not knowing if her friends were safe.

Vengeance had left Edinburgh and they had gone somewhere safe - she had no idea where. Any thoughts of hunting for that vigilante, Belle, had left her mind - she did not want to openly disobey her Grandpa - however, while Belle had some good fighting skills, she really had no idea how to be a vigilante. Electra had deduced that if Rigour had not turned up the other night, then there was a very high chance that Belle would have, at best, have been badly hurt . . . or at worst, killed. Therefore, Electra had decided that Belle needed help. Her grandfather had told her, 'You can't keep going out alone to fight' - so she wasn't. Electra found herself out on the streets of London, yet again. Only she was not looking for trouble or people who needed their backsides kicked, she was out looking for Belle and Electra intended to find the wayward vigilante before the older girl got herself killed. She was armed, naturally - it was only prudent - but she would not actively go out of her way to engage a threat.

Electra was determined to find out more about the mysterious vigilante she knew as 'Belle'.

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For a change, Belle found Rigour first.

"You looking for me?" came the hoarse voice out of the darkness.

Rigour spun around to find Belle emerging from the shadows.

"Hi," Rigour said.

"Hi, yourself."

"You, okay?"

"Thanks for the other night."

"You looked like you needed help."

"I did, didn't I."

"You need to keep a watch on your surroundings at all times," Rigour advised.

"You're right on that one . . . can you teach me?"

"You think I can?"

"You're a *Predator* - you're something special. You have training that I could never have."

"Training that you would never want," Rigour said darkly.

"I have to go - maybe another night?" Belle said.

"Another night."

Rigour watched Belle go for a moment, before heading in the opposite direction and then doubling back to follow the other vigilante.

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Belle was obviously very careful.

She took four different trains when she could have taken but one. She also changed her appearance, *twice*, before finally arriving at Kensington Palace dressed like a teenager but with her features well hidden beneath a hooded top. She appeared to have no apparent trouble finding her way inside the Palace grounds which gave Rigour an idea as to the vigilante's true identity.

Rigour headed home to do some research.

Saturday, October 1st

Electra was awoken by the insistent beeping and vibrating of her mobile phone.

Her eyes opened grudgingly and they focussed on the offending device. She saw the name and she groaned as she swiped the green symbol on the screen.

"What is it, Stephanie?"

"*Happy Birthday, 'lectra!*" Stephanie yelled.

"*Happy Birthday, Electra!*" came another voice.

"Abigail?"

Electra sat up in bed and she pressed the button to turn the phone call into a video chat. She saw her two friends sitting on a bed, smiling and waving.

"Hi, guys - it's early!"

"*We wanted to get our congratulations in early,*" Stephanie explained.

"*How does it feel, being ten?*" Abigail asked.

"*Now that you mention it . . . it feels weird,*" Electra admitted.

"*Welcome to the double-digit-club!*" Stephanie laughed.

Electra saw Abigail's face pale.

"What's up, Abigail?" Electra asked but then she saw where Abigail's eyes were focussed and she looked down.

Her pyjama top was open and the top of her scar was readily visible. Electra quickly covered it up and Abigail grimaced.

"Sorry," Electra said.

"*Don't be,*" Abigail replied with a weak smile. "*I'm still getting used to all this 'love thy enemy' crap!*"

"You love me?" Stephanie asked facetiously.

"You think way too much of yourself," Abigail grinned.

"She does, doesn't she?" Electra laughed.

"Bitches!" Stephanie growled.

That night

They both found each other and they sat down by the River Thames near to the Tower of London.

"Rapists and those who hurt children should end their lives in there," Belle said forcefully as she looked up at the towering edifice and symbol of London's historical form of justice.

"Yeah - they deserve nothing better than a long walk to the block followed by the thud of the axe," Rigour agreed and she relished the sight in her mind's eye of some poor bastard being led to the wooden block on Tower Green, his hands bound behind him while the executioner waited, the curved axe blade shining in readiness to end the criminal's life in a swift and efficient manner. "How did you know that I was a *Predator*?"

"My . . . well, that woman from the other day - she knew about you . . . well, about *Predators* and she explained what they were - I'm sorry, it sounds really bad."

"It was - thanks."

Before they could say anything else, a bright light shone in their direction.

"Oy! What'ya doing down there?"

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Rigour grabbed hold of Belle's gloved hand and dragged her along the dried-out bank of the River Thames, heading west.

They ran hard for several minutes before they turned away from the river and headed for Waterloo Station. Both girls were worn out by the running and they both collapsed to the ground in a dark passageway behind the station. After several more minutes of saying nothing but breathing heavily, they both calmed down enough to speak.

"That was fun," Rigour stated.

"Invigorating!" Belle agreed.

They made their way back towards the meandering River Thames where they snuck aboard a late-night river bus and headed south from Westminster towards Battersea.

"I love the river at night," Belle said.

"It's calming and relaxing. I often like to stand on the bridges and watch the water," Rigour added.

Almost forty minutes later, they left the river bus at Battersea and Belle followed Rigour before they stopped outside a small block of upmarket flats. Rigour turned to Belle.

"This is where I live. Look . . . I . . . I'm worried that you're not cut out for being a vigilante. . ."

Rigour held up her gauntleted hand as Belle made to protest.

". . .I know who you are, Belle, who you really are under that mask and costume. If you really want to be a vigilante then I can help you reach your full potential much as someone else did for me."

Rigour could see the worried look in Belle's eyes.

"I'm not out to hurt you and believe me, I can keep a secret - and yours is a big one!" Rigour assured the older girl. "Come in - my Grandpa isn't due back for an hour or so."

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"Nice bedroom," Belle said as she looked around the bedroom which was way smaller than anything that she was used to.

"Not quite like they have at Kensington Palace, eh, Your Royal Highness."

Belle's shoulders slumped. She considered fighting it but she knew that she had been rumbled and that she would catch hell for it from Ginny when she found out - and find out she would, it was just a matter of when.

"Please don't feel bad - err, Your Royal Highness."

"Call me Mary, please - none of that title nonsense."

"Okay, Mary - I'm Electra."

"Good to. . ."

"Shit!" Rigour exclaimed as the front door slammed. "He's back early. Get down behind the bed."

There was no time to move as her bedroom door was thrown open and her Grandpa walked in - he did *not* look happy!

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"What did I say?" Patrick Haig roared.

Electra pulled off her mask and she stared down at the floor, unable to meet her Grandpa's eyes.

"You picked a sorry time for this, girl - at least you have your armour; your friends are in trouble and I have a pair of helicopters ready to take us north."

Before Electra could comment, there was a noise from the corner of the room.

"You might as well come out," the Commander directed.

Belle stood up from behind the bed and she stepped forwards. She looked forlornly over at Electra who made a fast decision and she turned to Belle.

"You can trust my Grandpa - he's SO15."

Belle hesitantly reached up to remove her mask and wig.

"Bloody hell!" the Special Branch commander breathed as he saw the face before him.

Almost simultaneously, there was a sound from the hallway and a person appeared in the bedroom doorway. The person stepped into the room, a pistol held in her hands. She took one look at the scene and she groaned as she pointed the pistol at the ground.

"You, my girl, are going to be the death of me," the woman said in an exasperated tone.

Monday, October 3rd, 2016

Hull 67

"You know who Belle is, don't you?" Craig pushed.

Electra grinned fiendishly.

"Yes, I do.

"You're not going to tell us, are you?" Olivia asked rhetorically.

"Nope!"