

**PREVIOUSLY  
ON  
VENGEANCE**

***Thursday, October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2016***

***Southern England***

The BMW surged forwards, throwing Glide into the windscreen and knocking the pistol from her hand. The pistol skittered across the bonnet and vanished over the side into the mud. Glide grabbed hold of the windscreen wipers and she held on for dear life as the vehicle slithered and swerved. Glide lost her grip and she was thrown through the air as the vehicle struck a rut and she came down into some mud before she rolled into a large pool of water from where she did not show any sign of further movement.

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***Off the coast of Southern England***

***CALEDONIA***

It was only when Craig began to go through Olivia's personal effects that he found something of interest and he grinned dangerously.

"What have we here?" Craig asked rhetorically, then he looked closer at the item he had found. "What - the - fuck!"

Craig turned on Olivia, his facial expression such that Olivia stepped back, away from the boy, in fear for her life.

"Traitor!"

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**VENGEANCE**

**PART II**

***Friday, October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2016***

***Saint Helier, Jersey  
The Channel Islands***

Keira Sharp stood staring out at St Aubin's Bay.

She had been standing there for two hours, shivering in the cold breeze that blew in from the southwest. She was angry. She was scared. She was alone. Her sister was gone. Her sister had been taken, just as she had once before. Was she alive? Was she suffering? So many questions which nobody had answers to. Keira had left the yacht, almost the moment she had been moored.

Deep inside, Keira wanted to kill the girl who had betrayed them all. More importantly, she wanted to kill the girl who had cost her Harper.

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"Keira."

"Keira."

"Keira!"

Keira jumped as reality called and she turned to see her friend standing a few feet away. Sarah Perrin grinned, if only to show her friend support. She remembered the happiness a little over four months previously when Keira had

returned to their shared cabin, a signal in her hand. Sarah could remember the tears of joy and the simple comment: "Harper - my sister . . . she's alive!"

Now, all that happiness had gone up in smoke - all because of one stupid girl. For Sarah, the whole *Vengeance* thing was still a novelty - at least it had been until a nine-year-old girl had been taken and two members of the Royal Family had suddenly come under attack. The whole affair was freaking nuts! Sarah would do everything that she could to help her friend, but what could they do?

"Hey, Sarah!"

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Cassie came bounding up, full of energy.

"I want you both to come with me, if you please."

Sarah chuckled.

"Very formal, Cassandra."

The glare from Cassie had no effect on Sarah, not one bit. Cassie hated *anybody* using her given name and her big sister knew it. Cassie led the way and they made for the Radisson Blu Waterfront Hotel a few yards away. Cassie headed inside into blissful warmth, leading her sister and Keira into a comfortable lounge and towards where four people sat on a pair of couches. Cassie pushed her sister into another couch and waved Keira to sit down before she herself sat in a chair.

"Hello, Cassie, good to see you again."

"Jason."

"Hi, Cassie."

"Nicky. Jason, Nicky, please meet my sister, Sarah, and our friend, Keira Sharp. Sarah, Keira, please meet Jason and Nicky Bourne."

After the introductions were exchanged, two loud coughs were heard, and everybody turned to look at the two youngsters sitting on a couch.

"Hi," said the boy.

"His name is Timothy. . ." said the girl.

"Tim!" the boy snapped back. "Her name is Nats."

"God! You are so annoying!" the girl replied snarkily. "I prefer: Natalie."

"Hello, Tim. Hello, Natalie," Cassie said.

Further introductions were exchanged.

"I understand things have taken a turn for the worse," Jason commented. "Mindy was not very specific in her phone call for obvious reasons."

"Keira's younger sister - a *Predator*, by the way - was taken yesterday during an attempt on Prince Robert and his daughter," Cassie explained, and she saw eyes darken, especially those of the two young *Predators* present.

"I have to thank you for helping to recover my sister," Keira said. "I have heard about your part in the Toulouse operation."

"I had to help make things right. The program was based on me, just as much as it was based on Mindy," Jason explained.

"Still - without you and the others who took part, I might never have seen my Harper again."

"Let's go see what we can do to help," Nicky suggested.

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## **CALEDONIA**

Olivia Kensington was totally miserable.

After Craig had rooted through her personal possessions and discovered the mobile phone, her feet had barely touched the deck as she was seized by Cassie. Olivia found herself being stripped naked, her hands bound with duct tape, and a black bag pulled over her head. Kaitlin and Naomi were ordered forward and a few minutes later, she was dragged up a deck, forward, and then down a deck before being thrown into one of the bow cabins. She then heard the door slammed shut and locked. Then she had heard Craig's voice.

"She tries to escape, kill her," he ordered.

She had lain on the deck sobbing for an unknown amount of time as the yacht had continued on its voyage. Olivia was angry, confused, humiliated. So many emotions, none of which helped her understand what was going on - why had everybody turned on her? Yes, she had had a mobile phone, but she rarely used it - just to text some friends. She had turned it off after each use, so what was the problem?

What was going to happen to her?

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"What are you doing to my sister?"

"She's a traitor, Jessica - are you?" Naomi growled angrily.

"No, I'm not and neither is she," Jessica retorted, just as angrily. "So, she had a mobile - what's the big deal?"

"Because you can track a mobile phone, even when it is turned off, you dumb bitch!" Kaitlin explained.

"But . . . Olivia would never betray any of you."

"There is a slim chance that she's just as stupid as you, yes," Naomi replied. "But, until we can be absolutely sure, she stays locked up."

"How can we be sure?" Cassie asked.

"I don't know. There has to be more to all this," Jasper chipped in.

He was angry that his step-daughter was implicated in the abduction of Harper, but both he and his wife knew that there was something off, just not what, and for the moment, Olivia was safer locked up - for their safety as well as for hers.

If they could prove her innocence, then all was well . . . if not . . .

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Craig volunteered to question Olivia.

He had two motivations. She had betrayed them all, but for him, she had betrayed his heart. As far as he had been concerned, she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and despite having seen many girls naked as a *Predator*, his first time seeing her naked while she was stripped that afternoon had

proved to him that she was also the most beautiful when naked, too. He had been dismayed that the first time seeing her naked had been under such circumstances – he had wanted it to be special. He was angry, very angry, as he made his way forward, with Mary beside him. Craig had insisted that she come along as an objective witness. For Mary, Olivia's behaviour was the reason behind her and her father almost being kidnapped . . . or worse. It had been a shock to see her friend hauled stark naked through the main deck with her hands bound behind her back and a hood over her head.

Whilst Olivia was her friend, Mary was undecided as to her guilt, but she knew that her position as a relative outsider in *Vengeance* allowed her a different perspective.

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As Craig and Mary approached, Kaitlin unlocked the door to the cabin and she pushed it open.

Olivia lay on the floor of the cabin, naked as the day she was born – except for the black hood and the tape around her wrists. She was shaking, and her head had turned towards the sound of the door opening. Craig yanked off the hood and he was shocked at the sight of the thirteen-year-old girl. Her body was perfect, but her face was streaked with tears and her hair was a mess.

"Why did you do it?" Craig asked in as even a voice as he could manage.

"It was just a few texts – I had no idea I was doing any harm. I turned the phone off . . . I thought that would be enough."

"Well, it wasn't!" Craig yelled. "Are you just moronic or incredibly stupid?"

Olivia burst into tears, sobbing violently.

"I didn't mean it, I promise, I swear on my sister's life," Olivia begged. "I am not a traitor . . . I just made a mistake."

"A mistake that almost got people killed and one of our number kidnapped," Craig shouted back. "You really are fucking worthless, Kensington!"

"Please, believe me . . ."

Mary's heart went out to the girl – she was in one hell of a state. She finally came to a decision and she grasped Craig's arm and pointed outside the cabin. Craig glared at the sobbing girl as he left the cabin and Kaitlin slammed the door shut, locking it. The sobs beyond the cabin door got louder as the girl wallowed in her own despair.

"I think she's telling the truth," Mary said. "She's either a very good liar or she's scared to death."

"I hate to admit it, but I agree," Craig said as Jason appeared.

"I agree, too," he said as they strode back up to the main deck.

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***The following morning***  
***Saturday, October 8<sup>th</sup>***

***Counter Terrorism Command Headquarters***

***London, England***

Sergeant Woodward walked into her boss' office.

"Good morning, Sergeant," Commander Haig said in welcome.

"Sir, you've received a videotape, in the post."

"Oh? Didn't know anybody still used the things. Is it clean?"

"As far as we can tell, yes, sir."

A few minutes later, Sergeant Woodward had found a TV and a VCR to play the tape. She pressed play and they both stared at the TV screen.

"Oh, my God!" the sergeant exclaimed.

"Get that tape converted into something digital and keep it quiet," Commander Haig ordered, his face very pale.

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## **CALEDONIA**

Eric called the senior staff to the Command Centre around ten that morning.

"I received an encrypted email from Commander Haig, this morning," he said as everybody squeezed in. "The Commander said that the attached video was very graphic and was 'proof of life'."

"Harper?" Keira asked tentatively.

"Yes," Eric replied.

"Put it up," Cameron directed.

Keira was shaking before the first minute was over - it was only a little over two minutes long, but it was beyond harrowing. Natasha and Sarah were holding Keira tightly for support by the end and she was in acute distress. Nobody spoke for several minutes at the end of the short video.

"I think everybody needs to see this," Jasper commented.

"It'll be very hard on the kids," Lynn warned.

"They need to see it," Keira agreed.

"I'll set it up," Eric promised.

"And I want that bitch to see it, to see what she has done," Keira growled with barely contained anger.

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"This is going to be harrowing, but we think that you all need to see it."

"See what?" Kaitlin asked.

"It's a 'proof of life' video we received this morning," Cassie explained.

"Harper?" Kaitlin ventured.

Cassie nodded before she turned to Mary.

"Mary, please go get Olivia. You may remove her restraints and give her some clothing. Bring her up here and sit her in a chair, please."

Mary went below, and she grabbed up some of Olivia's discarded clothing before she headed forward.

"You can head aft, Naomi," Mary directed the youngster on guard duty as she unlocked the cabin door.

Olivia was slumped against the bunk; her tears had stopped but she looked thoroughly miserable. Yvette and Marinette had visited Olivia the previous evening and they had fed the girl. They had also helped her use the toilet in her bound state. So far that morning, nobody had visited her apart from to check that she was still alive.

"Stand up!" Mary directed the naked girl.

Despite Olivia being innocent of treason and only guilty of being stupid, Mary was angry at the risks everybody had been put under. Olivia followed instructions, standing up but not looking Mary in the eye. Instead, Olivia just stared down at the floor. Mary produced a knife and she cut the tape from around Olivia's wrists.

"Look at me," Mary directed.

Olivia forced herself to look her friend in the face, but it was almost impossible due to the unbearable humiliation and shame which she felt.

"I am going to give you some clothes and then we are going to head aft. You will sit where I put you and you will not talk or look at anybody - you understand me?"

Olivia nodded as tears began to fall down her cheeks again. Mary handed her a T-shirt and a pair of shorts, nothing else. Olivia struggled to pull the clothing on, but she needed help from Mary who felt compassion towards the girl despite her actions. Mary held Olivia by the upper left arm and she marched her friend aft.

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Olivia felt angry eyes following her every move as she entered the deck and she feared for her life.

She kept her eyes to the floor and she allowed herself to be guided into a vacant chair, well away from pretty much everybody. Then the video began, and Olivia's eyes went wide. She could not watch it and she put her head in her hands. That lasted mere seconds as a pair of hands grabbed her head.

"Watch!" Craig growled as he forced Olivia to look up at the TV screen.

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Harper stared up at the camera.

She was wearing a T-shirt and underwear, nothing else. Her skin was dirty, as was the clothing she wore. Her face was streaked with tears and she appeared tired and strained. Her eyes were dark but there was still some fire left in the girl. She looked very dishevelled after barely twenty-four-hours captivity, however, she appeared defiant as she knelt on the floor

"Is this what you want, dickhead?" Harper called out.

Then the nine-year-old screamed and fell back as she was struck violently around the head by a large hand from off camera. Harper got back onto her knees and she held up a copy of the previous day's Daily Telegraph with her right hand. Her left appeared to be out of sight, held up against her chest.

"Tell them how much fun you are having, Harper," a cultured male voice directed from off camera.

"Fuck you!" Harper yelled back.

"You are not learning, are you, Harper."

With that Harper was pinned down by a large woman who appeared from the side, her face turned away from the camera. Harper struggled violently, then she screamed out as somebody else grasped her left hand which was red and swollen.

"NO!"

The yell was full of fear and distress. Then came the sound of cracking and the yacht was filled with the sound of screaming as two of the four fingers on Harper's left hand were broken at the second knuckles. The young girl fought and screamed for a little longer before she passed out from the incredible pain. Harper was left lying on her side, her left hand swelling up even more, but she was still breathing, tears streaming down her red face.

"As you can see, she is not in prime condition, but then she *has* been rather difficult and not forthcoming with the answers which we have requested. I will give her one compliment, though - her training *is* impressive as she has not broken . . . but we are working on that," the cultured voice commented.

"*Vengeance* will cease all of its activities. Every member will hand themselves in to the nearest police station where they will be arrested. Should that happen, then young Harper shall be released more or less in one piece. If not, then she dies. You have seventy-two hours as of noon. Good day."

The video faded to black.

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As the video finished, there was total silence aboard the yacht.

Then Kaitlin stood up and she turned towards Olivia. The teenager began to shake as Kaitlin came closer. Behind Kaitlin, Naomi followed, her expression full of murderous thoughts, just like her younger cousin. Jessica moved forwards, but Kaitlin punched her in the face, sending the eleven-year-old to the deck, blood pouring from her nose.

"Leave her alone!" Jessica called out through her tears of pain.

"She needs to suffer," Kaitlin growled. "I am going to make her suffer, just like Harper has suffered. First we're going to break her fingers."

Kaitlin reached out for Olivia's left hand but then she found herself yanked into the air and dropped onto a couch.

"None of you will touch that girl."

Everybody turned to face who had spoken and they were very surprised to find that it was Keira, of all people, who had come to the defence of Olivia. Keira moved to stand directly in front of the cowering, sobbing, thirteen-year-old.

"Anybody touches Olivia, they answer to me. She may have unwittingly fucked us all up and caused Harper to be taken, but I can see the remorse in her and I know that Harper would not want Olivia to be hurt in retaliation. My sister is enduring the worst pain conceivable, and we are more interested in hurting ourselves. We have less than three days to find Harper - so, let's get to work. Kaitlin, take Jessica below and clean her up - touch her and I will break you. Mary, help Olivia below so we can get her cleaned up."

Keira glared at everybody present, then her command voice echoed around deck.

"Olivia has suffered enough. I want everybody to be crystal clear on that. She is part of this crew and a part of *Vengeance*. Anybody treats her as anything less and I will break them."

With that comment, Keira followed Mary and Olivia below.

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Olivia sobbed non-stop as Mary helped her undress before she was then pushed into the warm water where she slumped to the tiled floor of the shower, still sobbing.

Keira sat on the bathroom floor with her head in her hands. She had so much to think about. Mary hesitated for a minute but then she stripped off and she joined Olivia in the shower, forcing the girl to her feet and handing her some soap while Mary washed Olivia's hair.

"I don't blame you, Olivia. I wanted you to pay for what you did, but I watched your face while that video was played, and I saw the horror as Craig made you watch every moment."

"I am so very sorry, Keira," Olivia said in between continued sobbing.

"You are just a silly girl who made a mistake. You are not like Harper, Kaitlin, or the rest - you never went through any of that. You have not had rules and directions slapped into you by some nameless instructor intent on turning you into a cold assassin. You have no idea about the world in which you have been plunged. You were dragged out of school and forced to leave your home. You discovered the world of the vigilante and you had no idea how serious life in *Vengeance* was."

Olivia stepped out of the shower, taking the towel offered by Keira. Mary followed picking up another towel. They both sat down on the bed in the adjoining cabin. Olivia looked over at Keira as she sat down beside them.

"I try so hard to be part of the team but all I do is fuck up. I fucked up during the assault on the house and now I've put everybody at risk because of something which I should have known."

"None of us are perfect, Olivia - least of all me," Kaitlin offered as she entered the cabin with Naomi and Craig.

"I pushed you too far, too fast," Craig offered. "I hope we can still be friends, despite the things I said to you."

"Words can't hurt me," Olivia said. "But I still have a lot to prove to all of you. I may not be a *Predator* - and to honest, I'm glad that I am not - but I can be a vigilante . . . with . . . the help of all of you."

"We can help you, Olivia," Craig said. "And you have our trust."

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### ***Later that evening***

They departed Jersey that afternoon, around two.

"You have seventy-two hours. . ."

The phrase echoed within Keira's mind constantly as she periodically checked her watch. There were less than seventy of those hours remaining and Harper's life expectancy was quite literally ticking down to oblivion. They knew that Harper was in the UK, so that was to be their destination. An hour before departure, they had received an encrypted email from Commander Haig directing them to make for the east coast of the Isle of Wight and a rendezvous.

What they would find, on their arrival, they had no idea.

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**26nm south of Swanage, United Kingdom**

**Position: 50.1607° N 1.9947° W**

**Course: 011°, Speed: 14 knots, 670.8nm logged**

## **CALEDONIA**

### **1846 hours**

They still had another three or so hours to go.

Despite certain comediennes best efforts, smiles were few and far between. They were on a mission, only, they had the desired result - the successful rescue of Harper - but not the when, where, or the how. The unknowing was what was killing everyone. They all wanted Harper back - in one piece. The video had been shocking to them all, but to actually witness Harper being tortured . . . that was bad, even for the *Predators*.

All those not on watch tried to sleep, but sleep was not quick in coming.

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## **HMS TRIUMPH, ROYAL NAVY**

### **TRAFALGAR CLASS SUBMARINE**

As the nuclear-powered hunter-killer submarine moved through the English Channel at a little over a hundred feet beneath the surface, Commander Jimmy Adams Royal Navy paced the limited space available in the control room.

"Revolutions three zero, six up, keep twenty-one metres . . . up scope!"

As the submarine gently planed up to periscope depth, the Commander was unable to see very much until the head of the periscope broke the surface of the water, but his target was visible, hull-down about four thousand yards distant, slightly off to starboard. There were numerous contacts held on the plot, most of which were merchant vessels plying their trade up the English Channel. Others were private yachts, one of which was about five thousand yards to starboard.

"Down scope!"

"Captain, sir!"

The Commander turned from the lowering periscope to find one of his Communications and Information Systems Specialists waiting to report.

"Sir, we're receiving that signal again - strong."

"OOW, call the WEO."

Less than a minute later, a lieutenant entered the control room and reported to his Captain.

"WEO, we have a strange signal being received irregularly - currently, it is strong; any ideas?"

"Frequency?" the WEO asked of the communications specialist.

"2.45GHz, sir."

"UHF, eh? Could be an RFID - supercharged - but still an RFID."

The captain picked up a phone and he called the communications room. The radio ESM mast was still above the surface, hoovering up signals.

"Current bearing for that signal?"

"Green 017, sir."

"Plot, what do we have at 017?" the duty Warfare Specialist Tactical reported.

"Sir, we hold contact Sierra 36 on that bearing - the *Caledonia*, sir."

"You certain?"

"Yes, sir - the *Caledonia*, sir."

"Can we jam it?"

"Yes, sir, but we will need to radiate and expose ourselves."

"Do it - keep the ESM and ECM masts raised."

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Barely twenty minutes later, the Commander was awoken by the tannoy.

"Captain to the control room!"

Commander Adams bolted from his bunk and he was in the control room less than twelve seconds later.

"Report!"

"Sonar has gunfire, bearing 015, sir!" the Officer of the Watch reported.

"Up scope!"

After a quick sweep of the horizon around the submarine, the Commander focussed on the relevant bearing.

"I think the *Caledonia* requires a little assistance," he commented as he studied the scene before him.

After the six-second peek above the surface, the periscope slid down into its stowage at a hand signal from the officer.

"Standby to surface! Gun crews to the bridge!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

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## **CALEDONIA**

The yacht bearing down on them was larger than CALEDONIA and painted in a dark red hue.

There was no challenge, just machinegun fire which came as a rude awakening to the watch on the bridge. Sarah was on watch and she triggered the Action Stations alarm. The bridge/deck watch, consisting of Natasha, Cassie, Kaitlin, Jeremy, and Yvette jumped to life. Natasha with Kaitlin mounted a 7.62-mm GPMG to port while Cassie with Jeremy mounted an identical weapon to starboard. Yvette remained on the helm under the command of Sarah.

"All engines ahead full, steer course zero-five-three!" Sarah ordered.

"All engines ahead full, steer course zero-five-three!" Yvette repeated dutifully as she set the speed controls to full and altered the helm to starboard.

The twin MTU 12V 4000 series M93L 51.7-litre marine diesel engines increased their output with a loud roar as they sucked in more and more air, building up the 7,000-horsepower required by the bridge. The twin shafts spun at high

speed, churning the wake into a white maelstrom of heaving water as the 260-ton vessel surged forwards, increasing speed from fourteen knots to thirty plus in mere minutes.

Sarah checked the starboard beam to find a larger yacht, flying the French Tricolour closing fast, tracer rounds striving to strike the pristine hull of CALEDONIA. Then her attentions were attracted to a churning maelstrom of water midway between the two vessels and something huge, black, and menacing heaved itself out of the water. Five thousand tons of submarine heaved itself to the surface, shedding the tons of water from its hull as men appeared atop the conning tower and a White Ensign broke from a short mast. Weapons were seen to be mounted on either side of the submarine's bridge.

*"French vessel, French vessel. This is British submarine off your port bow. You have opened fire on a British vessel under our protection. You are directed to desist, or you will be fired upon."*

The incoming gunfire ceased, as the radio message was repeated twice more before the incoming yacht turned away and picked up a course for France to the south.

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"How the hell did they find us?" Cassie demanded.

Sarah ordered the weapons unshipped and returned to their stowage, pleased that they had not been required. The submarine was still on the surface and was moving on an intercept course. Sarah had reduced speed back to fourteen knots, but then dropped back further to eight knots as the submarine came onto a parallel course and an officer with a megaphone called across.

*"Ahoy, Caledonia. Any injuries?"*

Sarah pulled out a megaphone of her own.

"Negative."

*"Any damage?"*

"Negative."

*"You have a tracker aboard. Make a search on two point four five Gigahertz. Do you have a suitable scanner?"*

Eric nodded at Sarah.

"Affirmative."

*"Good luck - we will be nearby."*

With that, the submarine altered course away from CALEDONIA. The weapons, ensign, and men vanished as plumes of spray appeared from the upper hull and the submarine began to dive below the waters of the English Channel.

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Below decks, Eric was making adjustments to a security scanner, one of several they had aboard.

Once ready, Eric began moving from compartment to compartment, scanning for the 2.45GHz signal. He found traces on the main deck and he stopped when the signal was strongest. He looked up to see a very white Olivia Kensington.

"No. Not me, please."

The girl was hysterical, and she sank to the deck crying. Craig was horrified by Eric's expression and the fact that the search had zeroed in on Olivia.

"Is the tracker *inside* her?" Craig asked. "We checked her fully - Naomi did a full cavity search."

Jasper began to chuckle.

"What's so damn funny?" Craig growled.

"The clever bastards. A technique to get past security checks. You bury a device inside an existing wound - nobody would think twice about the scar."

"You mean we'll need to dig it out?" Craig asked.

"No!" Jessica yelled as she ran towards her sister.

Olivia just fainted at the suggestion.

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Thirty minutes later, Eric was examining the slightly bloody device which was residing within a Faraday bag.

A few feet away, Lynn was busy closing up the scar on Olivia's stomach, just above her groin. Lynn had operated under a general anaesthetic, cutting open the appendectomy scar on the girl's right side and digging around inside before producing a slim card, a little bigger than a large SIM card, maybe a little thicker. The device's signal was effectively blocked by the Faraday bag and Eric had scanned everybody aboard to ensure that nobody else had an embedded transmitter. They had double-checked Jessica's own scars, just to be on the safe side. Olivia awoke about ten minutes later, feeling very groggy.

"It's over, Olivia," Craig said as he held the girl's hand. "You're safe - we all are."

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***4.5nm southeast of Sandown, Isle of Wight***

***Position: 50.6022° N 1.0656° W***

***Course: 023°, Speed: 6 knots, 714.9nm logged***

***CALEDONIA***

***2100 hours***

They came aboard from a small inflatable after a challenge was satisfied.

Cassie and Jasper met the man and woman on the portside and led them into the empty main cabin. The two adults unbundled before introductions began.

"I am Debbie Grey, and this is my colleague, Jack Foster - we're Five."

"I never did return your pistol," Cassie chuckled as she shook hands with Debbie.

"Hope you didn't get in too much trouble for the bullet in your CCTV equipment?" Jasper added as she shook hands with Jack Foster.

"Took a lot of explaining and enough paperwork to sink a battleship, but we muddled through," Jack conceded with a smile.

"Is Keira about?" Debbie asked.

Keira stepped out of the shadows from forward, a pistol in her hands. Debbie looked directly at her.

"We know where your sister is."