

Monday, November 7th, 2016

Scotland

That afternoon

The brief visit to London had been fun and seeing Harper for the first time in weeks was a bonus.

They all knew that their friend was alive, but actually seeing her, touching her, and talking to her, had made it all so much more real. Naturally, their rowdiness had increased, so that by the time they were being roused for school, they were still hyperactive. In fact, by the time Cassie had turned up to collect her two girls from school, Kaitlin's teacher looked a little tired. Cassie had seen her youngest daughter's enormous grin and she had seriously contemplated running for the hills.

"You not run out of steam, yet?" Cassie asked.

"She's doing my head in!" Naomi grouched as she stalked past her younger cousin.

"I embarrassed her," Kaitlin explained in a very loud voice. "There's this boy - he's called Jimmy - and Naomi thinks he's 'nice'."

Naomi groaned as Kaitlin used her fingers to accentuate the word 'nice'. Cassie chuckled as she herded the girls to the car. Kaitlin slithered to a halt.

"What is that?" Kaitlin demanded.

"Where's the Audi?" Naomi asked.

"It was time to change," Cassie commented as she unlocked her new VW Tiguan R-Line.

Neither girl appeared very impressed as they climbed into the back. However, Kaitlin did brighten up as she examined the panoramic sunroof.

"It'll do, I suppose," she grumbled.

**Vengeance Training Centre - Wolf
Sub-Level One**

Disorder. Chaos. Pandemonium. Mayhem. Havoc. Furore. Anarchy.

Take your pick - all applied in an equal amount to the maelstrom of youth which threatened to explode into something nasty and unpleasant. The adults present were laying bets on who would come a cropper first out of the seven youngsters running around the training area. Each wore their duty uniforms, even the new members who had been speedily quipped.

"Order!" Drift bellowed, and all eight kids froze in place. "Form up, please."

The seven kids formed up into a single line across the training area. Before them, Drift, Crimson, Nemesis, Scorpion, and Raptor stood watching while Chief, Sleuth, and Doc, stood over to one side with Q.

"Welcome back, Vengeance!" Crimson announced loudly, and everybody cheered.

"We have done well," Drift said. "We are all safe, even Polaris. You all deserve a rest, but we have the Central Belt to protect. We have our organisation to put back together again. We have bad guys to put down. We also

have some new members who need to be integrated into *Vengeance*. Therefore, we shall begin with the newbies."

"Before things went bad, we had three Trainee Operators and a single Senior Trainee Operator. Now, we have six Trainee Operators, of which five are present here today, and a pair of Senior Trainee Operators - only of whom is here," Crimson explained. "Ajax, Forager, Overrun, and Harrier - we welcome you all to *Vengeance*. You all handled the extremes of being dragged from your lives and being thrown into the harsh life of the vigilante very well. Ajax, for one, suffered more than most. However, you all supported her through what had to be a shocking experience."

Ajax grimaced as memories flooded through her mind. Glide rested a reassuring hand on her and Ajax smiled.

"You are each made *Vengeance* Trainee Operators, congratulations," Crimson finished, and she handed each of the new vigilantes their *Vengeance* identity card."

Once the applause had died down, Crimson spoke again.

"Our other Trainee Operator is, of course, Belle. She will receive her card when she visits in a few weeks. Now, we have promoted Rigour and Prowl to become our new Senior Trainee Operators."

There was more applause as Prowl received her new *Vengeance* identity card.

"Rigour will visit in a few weeks for her card," Drift explained. "Our former Senior Trainee Operator, Polaris, has been promoted to join Stripe as a Junior Operator. Naturally, she is not here - and she will not be for a few more weeks - but we are looking forward to her return."

Polaris received her own applause which almost lifted the roof off the facility.

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The rest of the evening was spent showing the newbies around and explaining the rules that went with *Vengeance*.

Naturally, Stripe spent a lot of time with Ajax and he insisted on showing her the sleeping quarters. Chief kept an eye on the two lovebirds to ensure that they kept their clothes on for the evening. It was a fairly casual evening to allow everybody to get used to being back at home. For the newbies, it was one hell of an experience as they found themselves official members of *Vengeance*. For each of them, the past few weeks had been amazing - scary, but amazing. For Ajax, it was very special and well-earned. She had suffered badly at one stage and she had been close to dying to protect *Vengeance*. She had been stupid, very stupid. She so wished that she could go back in time and not screw up so badly. She had been humiliated and treated like shit, but her friends had quickly rallied around her the moment she had been cleared.

For Ajax and her sister, *Vengeance* was a dream come true.

The following afternoon
Tuesday, November 8th

Vengeance Command Centre
Edinburgh, Scotland

"Natasha, they have a favour to ask of you," Jasper began.

"Okay - now we're flavour of the month; they're asking?"

Jasper nodded meekly.

"Yes - *Vengeance* is back in the good books. Yes - they're asking."

"Well?"

"I told them that *Vengeance* is not a children's refuge . . . but they persisted. They have a boy - he's been in a home for the past several months. He needs to get out of there - only he's not the most ideal candidate for adoption."

"He's a *Predator*, I assume?" Natasha asked.

"Yes - he's been in the home ever since *Urban Predator* folded."

"But there's more?"

"Or less."

That evening

Vengeance Training Centre - Wolf

Sub-Level One

"I can take him!" Glide growled as she faced off against the new boy.

The thirteen-year-old new boy was a good few inches taller than the eight-year-old.

"I don't want to hurt you, little girl," the boy responded.

"You gotta catch me to hurt me. . ."

Glide began to move quickly, but the boy was able to move just as quickly, despite the barely perceptible limp in his left leg. Glide had caught the limp and she assumed the boy to be injured in some way. While Glide could be sympathetic when she wanted to be, a fight before her peers was not a suitable moment for sympathy. She went all out on the boy and she fought well, only the boy's skills were better - much better. Glide was struggling as she fought the new boy and she was being jeered by her 'friends' as she was repeatedly put down onto the mat. Glide was not one to stay down - despite suggestions from those who knew better. The new boy, his name was Jordan, smiled and then he brought his left leg up and towards Glide who blocked the oncoming limb with her right arm.

"Motherfucker!" Glide yelled out as she cradled her sore arm against her chest.

"Glide!" Nemesis exploded. "That'll cost you ten pounds, young lady."

"How could you. . .?" Glide demanded as she looked up at the young boy.

Prowl, Stripe, and Ajax all burst out laughing, much to the younger girl's chagrin. Crimson looked over at Nemesis who smirked.

"This is Jordan Hanley, he is a *Predator*," Nemesis explained.

"My question still stands," Glide growled.

"Jordan wanted to tell you in his own way," Nemesis went on.

"Tell us what?" Prowl enquired.

"I didn't want you all to see me as incomplete. Or as somebody who was incapable of keeping up with you guys. I also don't want any pity. . ."

"What is he talking about?" Ajax asked, and Stripe's expression mirrored that of Ajax.

In response, Jordan sat down on the mat and he pulled down his joggers. At first, the girls smirked as they saw Jordan's underwear, but the smiles vanished almost immediately. Everything below the boy's knee, on his left side, was artificial and very hi-tech.

"I lost everything below the knee during Phase 2 training - it got infected after I was wounded during a major exercise," the boy explained before he paused. "One day, I will find the girl that did this to me - and I will return the favour . . . I'm not bitter - far from it; some days I just feel like I don't have a leg to stand on."

Prowl laughed first, followed by Glide and Ajax - Overrun did not seem amused, but she eventually joined in after Crimson and Nemesis.

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"You have a codename?" Craig asked the boy as he checked out the dagger behind Jordan's right ear.

"Viridian," Jordan responded as he towelled himself dry after a shower.

"That leg looks pretty cool," Craig commented.

"The best the CIA could produce - it's lightweight but very strong."

"You fight really well, Jordan," Naomi commented as she finished dressing a few feet away. "Have you no shame?" she demanded as her younger cousin sauntered past her and Jordan on the way towards the showers.

The youngster had a towel draped over his left shoulder, but otherwise, she was completely naked.

"I am eight - I have nothing to hide; my body is what it is," Kaitlin replied in a nonchalant tone as she barely broke her step before she vanished around the corner.

"She has a point," Jordan commented as he finished dressing. "Mind you - I wouldn't mind seeing that Jessica. . ."

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As the evening wound down, the boy appeared a little unsure of himself.

"Where am I going, tonight?" he asked Cassie.

"You're going home with Craig and his Dad - is that okay?" Cassie replied.

"That's great!" Jordan commented. "I thought I might end up with those girls."

"Careful, Jordan - two of 'those girls' are my daughters," Cassie grinned.

"You have two *Predators* for daughters?" Jordan asked. "You're brave!"

"I heard that!" Naomi growled.

"He's right," Cassie pointed out. "Predators are a damn nightmare - bloody lethal, too!"

"We are what we are," Kaitlin commented.

Beacon Croft

"Hello, Jordan. I'm Amy Montgomery. I am Craig's mother."

"Hello, ma'am."

"Call me, Amy."

Jordan felt very welcome as Craig's mother smiled down at him. She pushed a mug of hot chocolate and a plate of chocolate biscuits across the table towards the boy.

"Supper, before bed," she explained as Craig dug into his own plate of biscuits and sipped at his own hot drink.

Jordan just sat there, eating and drinking, thinking about his life. The previous day, he had been in a children's home, down near York. He had not got on with the other kids - they saw the cripple as strange; even *before*, you took in his fake leg. Yes, he had been a Predator, and a crippled one at that. He had no idea how to get on with the other kids - and they did not want to get on with him. Jordan had often resorted to violence which had had him moved from home to home over a number of months. Somehow, he had found himself back with his kin and with people that seemed to want him around, despite them knowing what he was. Craig was vaguely familiar - they must have met somewhere in the past.

"You ready for bed?" Craig's mum asked kindly.

"Yes, please. That was lovely, err Amy."

"Off you go, then - mind you both brush your teeth!" she called after them.

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Jordan was amazed to find some new clothes awaiting him in 'his' bedroom, including some new pyjamas.

He changed and then went to brush his teeth in the bathroom next door. A new toothbrush awaited him, along with a tube of toothpaste. Just as he was finishing, Craig appeared, chewing on his own toothbrush.

"You, okay?" Craig asked.

"Yes," Jordan replied. "This is all a bit of a shock to me. Normally, people hate me within minutes of knowing me."

Craig flinched at Jordan's sad expression - he had been there.

"You're among friends, Jordan - nobody judges us *Predators*. You've seen Olivia - by the way, she's mine, so hands off - and she has nothing against *Predators* despite her being a normal girl. It's the same with the other normal kids - long story, but they accept us strange kids and they don't judge us."

"Thanks for telling me that. I think I'm going to sleep well, tonight."

The next morning

Wednesday, November 9th

Jordan awoke late, that morning.

He trudged down the stairs to find Craig finishing off his breakfast. Across the table from him, Olivia sat giggling.

"Hi, Jordan!" Olivia called out.

"Hi," Jordan replied. "Sorry I'm late for breakfast."

"Don't be silly, Jordan," Amy chuckled. "These two have school - you don't; until Monday that is. You'll be spending the day with David."

"See ya, Jordan!" Olivia grinned as she dragged Craig out the door.

Later that same morning

Vengeance Air Station - Thunderbolt

"What is this place?"

"An old RAF base - RAF Kirknewton. Used only for ATC gliders now . . . and us . . . we repurposed an ancient hanger; it was modernised and extended."

Jordan was looked on, amazed, as they passed through security fences and onwards toward a large hanger.

"They were returned to us, just the other night," David commented as they climbed out of his Ford Ranger.

The hanger was large, about 120 feet by 70 feet, and the corrugated iron structure covered an area of about 8,500 square feet. The main hanger doors stretched 96-feet, from end to end, and faced in a southerly direction onto a large reinforced-concrete hardstanding of about the same area as the hanger itself. The perimeter was an eight-foot tall, razor-wire-topped, chain-link fence which enclosed an area of about seven acres in total. David walked up to a door, over to the right, and he punched in a code, twice, before the door clicked open.

"Welcome to Thunderbolt, Jordan. This is Flight Operations. Through that door is the galley and then the pilot lounge. Through here. . ."

Jordan followed David out of Flight Operations and into an enormous hanger all but filled by two awesome looking helicopters. The closest machine was smaller than the other.

"McDonnell Douglas MD530F," Jordan breathed.

"Correct - Scourge, we call her. Beyond that, we have Twilight."

"Agusta-Westland AW109LUH - very nice."

"We think so - she's got us out of more than one scrape in one piece," David commented. "We need to inventory the weapons, today. We'll start with the guided munitions."

"You got it!" Jordan replied, excited to be involved with *Vengeance*.

That evening

Blairhoyle

"Where the hell did you go?" Kaitlin demanded.

"Err, Kaitlin - manners!" Naomi prompted.

Kaitlin growled as she rolled her eyes.

"Mummy, why didn't you pick us up from school today?" Kaitlin said sweetly, with a fake-as-shit smile.

Naomi burst out laughing and Cassie could not help chuckling at Kaitlin's drama queen sweetness.

"Jasper and I went for a trip down to Peterborough - well, a place a few miles to the northeast, to be exact," Cassie explained.

"Why?" Kaitlin persisted.

"Not telling you."

"Why?"

"Not telling you."

"Why?"

"She'll do this all night, Mum," Naomi pointed out.

"I - am - not - telling - you!" Cassie said pointedly. "If you are good girls then you may find out on Saturday morning."

"But it's only Wednesday!" Kaitlin declared unhappily.

"At least you know the days of the week!" Cassie chuckled as Kaitlin stormed off up the stairs, stamping on each step as she went.

"Moody," Naomi grinned. "Muum. . ."

"I'm not telling you, either."

Three days later

Saturday, November 12th

Blairhoyle

"Tell me, tell me, tell me!"

"KAITLIN!" Cassie exclaimed, and the youngster flinched.

"Sorry. . ."

"What are we doing here?" Jessica demanded.

There was a loud rumbling sound from outside and an enormous green-painted, Army 6-tonne truck pulled up beside the house. Kaitlin and Naomi ran outside with Olivia, Jessica, and Christopher close behind. Jasper and Cassie followed on behind. The five kids were very surprised to see two men they recognised climbing down from either side of the cab.

"Hello, kids!" Sergeant Billy Martin called out.

"Morning all!" Lance Corporal Jerry Nicol added.

Neither Royal Marine had been seen since the attack on Radford's airfield. Kaitlin, Naomi, and Olivia all grinned happily and rushed forwards to say hello. They then introduced Jessica and Christopher who had spent the attack on the *Caledonia*.

"What are you guys doing here?" Kaitlin asked.

"Making a delivery," came the Sergeant's cryptic response as he walked around to the rear of the truck with Nicol.

The two men released the catches on the tailgate and then gently lowered it downwards. Nicol jumped up onto the load-bed and he threw back the green load

cover. Naomi's eyes went wide as she saw two large pallets stacked with large bags of something.

"What is all that?" Naomi asked.

"Kibble."

"What?"

"Your Mum says you need to change your diet," Nicol chuckled as he began to offload the twelve-kilogramme bags, passing them down to Jasper and Martin who piled them on the ground.

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The men offloaded sixteen of the massive bags before the pallets were cleared and then the two men moved further into the truck.

Naomi heard scuffling from inside the truck and she exchanged a quizzical look with her cousin. Then came the sound of breathing. Naomi and Kaitlin moved closer, peering up and into the darkness of the truck's load-bed. Then a snout appeared and something growled, then something else growled. Both girls jumped backwards, Kaitlin falling into Oliva who caught her. The two men reappeared, and each held a dog lead in their right hands. The animals, themselves, were peering off the load-bed and their snouts wrinkled as they snarled at the assembled people before them. But then, one of them, a handsome male with a thick grey/white and white coat, stopped snarling and the piercing blue eyes gazed at Cassie before the animal whined. Nicol passed the lead down to Cassie who stepped forwards.

"Down, Sasha," Cassie ordered, and the young dog easily jumped the three-feet to the ground before stopping beside Cassie and looking up at her.

Cassie stroked the dog who seemed very happy to see her. Kaitlin took one small step forward and the dog turned and put itself between the young girl and Cassie, growling menacingly. Kaitlin jumped backwards, fear written into her expression.

"Sasha!" Cassie ordered, and the dog stopped growling. "Naomi, Kaitlin, this is Sasha, he is our new pet. Naomi, step forward, slowly."

Naomi moved very slowly towards the dog who followed her every move. She slowly raised her right hand and the dog followed the movement. Then the dog put his head down and he allowed Naomi to gently pet him.

"He's soft," Naomi said with a smile.

"Kaitlin - very slowly," Cassie directed.

Kaitlin was very hesitant, but she stepped forwards and slowly raised her right hand. Sasha growled quietly, but he allowed Kaitlin to pet him along with Naomi.

"Sasha!" Cassie commanded, and the dog looked up at his mistress. "No eating the girls - unless they've been really bad."

Naomi and Kaitlin laughed, but they both looked uneasy. Jasper stepped forwards and he grabbed the lead from Martin as he called out to the other dog.

"Down, Nika!"

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The other dog, a beautiful female with a thick white coat and a black saddle.

The eager brown eyes peered down at Jasper and the dog jumped down to stand beside her master who patted her on the head. Both animals were young, maybe a year old. Jasper turned to smile at Olivia, Jessica, and Christopher.

"Guys, meet Nika. She is *our* pet."

"She going to eat me?" Jessica asked.

"Only if you're bad," Jasper chuckled, and the young girl scowled.

All three kids stepped forwards, very slowly. Nika stared directly into Olivia's eyes, but Olivia never faltered. She stared Nika down as she stepped forward and gently placed a hand on the dog's head. Her hand was quickly joined by Jessica's and Christopher's. The two dogs let out muffled woofs as they looked at each other.

"Go on," Jasper and Cassie directed, and the two dogs ran to say 'hello' to each other, their tails curving happily over their backs.

Along the way, they each allowed their respective masters and mistresses to stroke one another, unhindered - except for Kaitlin who was allowed to pet them both, but both animals growled at her touch.

That afternoon

Jasper had taken his kids and Nika back home leaving Sasha to wander around the house, sniffing at everything and everything.

Cassie just left him to it and she suggested that the girls leave the dog alone, too. Kaitlin was only too happy to leave him alone as she was scared that she might get eaten.

"Now girls, we have a dog in the house, so there will be some new rules. So, if we have an animal in the house, we should do what?"

Naomi grinned facetiously as she looked down at her long-suffering cousin.

"If you have an animal in the house, you say: 'Kaitlin, sit! Kaitlin, bed!'," Naomi grinned.

Cassie tried not to laugh as Kaitlin did not seem to see the funny side and she stormed off up the stairs. But before Cassie could remonstrate with Naomi, they both heard a yell, and they both recognised Kaitlin's dulcet tones. Naomi bolted for the stairs with Cassie close behind. The focal point for the noise was the girls' bedroom. They found Kaitlin yelling at the top of her voice.

"You bad dog! How dare you touch her! How dare you rip her head off! You - are - a - bad - dog! Get! Go on - get!"

Sasha came out of the bedroom at speed and he had his tail firmly between his legs and his expression was one of extreme guilt. The dog hid behind Cassie's legs and whined. Cassie and Naomi walked into the bedroom to find a miserable-looking Kaitlin sitting on the bedroom floor, her Princess Twilight Sparkle pony in two pieces, the head evidently having been forcibly removed from the body. Tears flooded down the eight-year-old's cheeks and even Naomi did not dare make a nasty remark. They both knew how much Kaitlin loved her toy stuffed pony.

"Kaitlin," Cassie said, but Kaitlin got to her feet, threw the remains of her pony to the floor and then ran off down the stairs.

Cassie looked down at the equally miserable dog and she just shook her head.

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Kaitlin was beside herself with sadness and anger.

First, the dog growled at her and then it destroyed the most special thing she owned. She was fuming. Her mind filled with ways to harm the dog, but Kaitlin refused to contemplate them any further as she loved animals far too much to hurt them. She was a *Predator* and *Predators* only hurt humans, not animals. Kaitlin heard movement and she looked up from her corner of the paddock where she sat. There, just a few yards away from her stood Sasha. The dog looked miserable and repentant. However, in his mouth, he held both parts of the destroyed pony. Kaitlin scowled at the dog who moved closer, paw by paw, then dropped the pony to the grass. Sasha looked at Kaitlin and whined. The dog then used his nose to push the remains of the pony towards Kaitlin. He pushed the pony sections right up against Kaitlin's right leg before he lay down and rested his head on Kaitlin's right thigh. The big blue eyes gazed upwards, full of sorrow . . . and hope.

Kaitlin tried to be angry with the dog, but she realised that it was not his fault, he was only young. She also realised that Sasha was doing everything he could to try and say sorry in the only way he knew. Kaitlin rested her right hand on the dog's head and he whined for a moment before he licked Kaitlin's face. Sasha waited for the heavens to fall on him, but when they did not, he licked her twice more. Kaitlin giggled, and she smiled down at the dog as he rolled onto his back and Kaitlin gently rubbed his tummy. The powerful tail thumping on the ground told Kaitlin that Sasha was pleased he had been forgiven.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you, Sasha, but you did something wrong. I promise not to yell at you again, okay?"

Sasha licked her again, causing more giggles.

Moss-Side Hall

The three kids were over the moon - they had a dog!

Jasper was driving Lynn's Land Rover Discovery instead of his customary Jaguar XJ. That was because of the one-year-old female dog who sat happily in the boot, staring out the back. Nika was a beautiful animal and the youngsters had instantly fallen in love with her. Olivia had asked the obvious question.

"Sasha and Nika are attack dogs, right?"

"Yes, Olivia, they are," Jasper replied.

"They will be part of *Vengeance*?" Christopher asked.

"Yes - their skills will be very welcome," Jasper confirmed as they turned into the drive.

"Lynn, we have a dog!" Olivia exclaimed as Lynn came out to meet them.

"I can see that," Lynn commented as Jasper opened the rear hatch and Nika bounded out. "Hi, Nika!"

With a reassuring glance at Jasper, Nika approached Lynn and sniffed at her outstretched hand. Nika's tail started wagging and Lynn received a sloppy 'kiss' to her hand. The kids ran onto the front lawn, calling Nika to chase them. There was a lot of screaming and barking as the two girls, one boy, and a dog ran riot.

Lynn and Jasper were very pleased with their new dog.

That evening

Vengeance Command Centre

It was all business as *Vengeance* came back online.

The new computer systems were up and running. They were better and faster than previously while still being connected to the superior systems in Chicago. Q was feverishly preparing systems for the night's activities. Each vigilante received new communications packs for their combat suits - they were cutting edge and were as secure as secure communications systems got.

"Even the US Military doesn't get anything this good," Q chuckled. "Okay - we have a government tasking, direct from COBRA" he went on. "Crimson and Sleuth will be visiting an ex-government minister who is soon going to be ex-living."

"Funny," Crimson chuckled.

"As for the rest of you," Eric continued, "We have a patrol in Glasgow - there is a new something or other in the city. Looks like another vigilante, so find out what it is and if it can be brought under our control."

"Drift will be handling the Glasgow trip," Nemesis announced. "He has suggested that Ajax may like to ride pillion."

There was a muted squeal which sounded like Ajax approved! Nemesis chuckled.

"I will be out, too, with Stripe, Glide, and Prowl," Nemesis went on. "We're taking *Sabre*."

Stripe did not appear very happy with the arrangement.

"Just think, Stripe," Prowl commented. "You can stare at Ajax's bottom all night."

Stripe scowled at the young girl, but he grinned when he heard a giggle from Ajax. He vanished off to ensure that his girl was ready for the night's action.

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The thirteen-year-old girl could not believe what was happening.

Her new combat suit had arrived that very morning by courier. Cassie and Naomi had helped her dress that evening. They had provided her with some comfortable black underclothes and a dark grey undersuit which fitted her body perfectly and felt like a second skin. The undersuit weighed very little and it allowed the skin to breathe during extreme activities; it was also stab and bullet resistant to Type IIA standards.

The actual combat suit was full-body and made up of sections. The modular contoured armour, in navy-blue with a broad silver trim, clipped onto the undersuit and joined to the other sections of armour to form a semi-rigid Type II and Type IIIA armour that covered the important parts of the human body. The Type IIIA armour covered the chest and upper back. The armour was ultra-flexible and ultra-light which suited the teenaged vigilante. The full-face mask was fitted with an anti-lift feature as well as being fitted with the standard voice changing technology as used by the other members of *Vengeance*. Ajax's mask was primarily navy-blue, but it was marked out in silver to resemble a Trojan helmet with protective sections covering her cheekbones and nose. For intimidation purposes, the eyes of the mask glowed a dull red. Atop

the mask, a short plume of red ran from the top of her forehead over her head and down to her neck. A lightweight black utility belt trimmed with silver was fitted with a compact, integrated encrypted communications system. Ajax carried a pair of Glock 19 Gen4 pistols in nine-millimetre in holsters on either thigh with six spare fifteen-round magazines mounted around the back of her utility belt. To protect her hands, a set of armoured gauntlets were supplied. They had silver backs, while the palms and fingers were black. On her back, she carried a Roman gladius sword in a scabbard along with a short pilum which fitted into the same scabbard.

It was still early days for the girl and she had a lot of training ahead of her and there was still the opportunity to add other weapons.

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Drift was ready, astride his Triumph Tiger Sport.

Ajax pulled on her motorcycle helmet and was shown how to mount the rear of the motorcycle. Stripe held up his right hand, his thumb extended. Ajax held on tightly with her arms around Drift's waist. She was nervous as hell but she was really looking forward to her night out in Glasgow. Behind her, Stripe climbed into the front passenger seat of the armoured Range Rover Sentinel known as *SABRE*. Prowl and Glide climbed into back while Nemesis jumped into the front seat. Beside *SABRE*, Sleuth and Crimson climbed aboard a twin vehicle known as *SCIMITAR*.

"Vengeance, roll out!" Q ordered.