

Saturday, November 12th, 2016

Glasgow

The night was cold, and it was dark, as was usual for the time of year.

Three young women prepared themselves for a night out on the town but with very different expectations. The two sisters, each wrapped in a fluffy pink towel, helped each other to strategically apply makeup to their faces as they made crude comments about what the night might entail depending on what sort of young men the two girls came into contact with that night.

Elsewhere in the city, another young woman, of indeterminate age, but somewhere between seventeen and nineteen, prepared herself for the night's exploits. She pulled on a pair of tight but flexible black jeans and secured them with a black leather belt. Over her black sports bra went a dark green, long-sleeved, hooded top. Both the top and the jeans accentuated the young woman's figure which was full and curvaceous. After pulling on a pair of dark blue socks, she pushed her feet into a pair of light-weight, black leather, heeled ankle boots. After adding some other accoutrements to her outfit, she pulled on a black leather jacket and a custom designed mask which covered the area around her hazel eyes. The mask was skin-tight and black. Her long, dark brown hair was secured in a ponytail high on the back of her head. After a short look in a mirror to confirm that her outfit was complete, she flipped up her hood and dived out of an open window and down a conveniently placed fire escape.

The young woman was looking to settle some scores that night.

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The two other women were looking to score that night, only their idea of scoring was very different.

Every Saturday night was the same; they went out, got drunk, and hoped to wake up next to some perfect male specimen - well, they could dream! They began their night on St Vincent Street at a bar, downing various combinations of alcoholic concoctions. Neither had any inhibitions when it came to drink - after all, that was what life was about when you were young; having fun. They met a couple of nice guys and they laughed and giggled their way through the late evening and into the night. None of the guys were very appealing and they all fell by the wayside, leaving the two girls, Julia and Nicola, to entertain themselves as they went from bar to club to bar.

Their intoxication was well past anything which would allow the girls to protect themselves from seemingly innocuous events . . . such as the fact that they were being followed.

Fifty miles to the east

Edinburgh

The man had just finished his dinner when there came a knock the door.

He frowned - who could be knocking so late at night? He arose from his comfortable chair and walked across his living room and out into the hallway. He could see a single shape beyond the frosted glazing of his front door. For a moment, he felt concern for his safety, but then he remembered that he was an MSP - a Member of the Scottish Parliament - and pretty much untouchable. He pulled open the door, ensuring that the security chain was secured.

"Yes?"

"Robert Finch?"

"Yes."

"Security Service. May I come in, please?"

Robert Finch examined the proffered identity card - it was genuine - and he figured it was something of great importance, considering the late hour. He released the security chain and opened the door. In stepped a tall man with an air of authority wearing a smart suit and overcoat. Once the door was secure, the man turned to Finch.

"I am Jasper Collins, Finch, and I am here to collect on behalf of the Prime Minister."

Glasgow

The armoured Range Rover, known as *SABRE*, tended to blend into the darkness of the city as it drove around the streets, attracting very little attention.

Drift and Ajax kept to the plentiful back alleyways of Scotland's biggest city, avoiding the drunken revellers as they kept to the often-darkened accesses between the tall buildings. They came across all sorts. A woman allowing her self to be fucked stupid by her boyfriend.

"Ewww!" Ajax commented.

The pair found couples almost comatose with alcohol or drugs - they requested Q to dial 999 for those people - as they rode across the uneven cobbles and random sections of rough tarmac, avoiding the prevalent potholes which were a key, if unpleasant, feature to the roads of the sprawling city. The motorcycle easily handled the rough streets as Drift expertly manoeuvred around the obstacles laid out before him.

"There!" Ajax almost shouted.

"Would you like to tell my surviving eardrum what you just saw?" Drift asked.

"Sorry . . . I just saw something cross the alleyway behind us - it was black and hooded. That's all I saw, sorry."

"Don't be sorry. You saw something which piqued your interest and you reported it - that was good. Don't second-guess yourself . . . Q?"

"Hello, Mr Drift, how may I help you, this fine night?" Q responded from the Command Centre.

"Q - Ajax saw a hooded figure heading south behind us - you got anything?"

Q quickly ran through available CCTV images from around Drift's location, then he froze an image. He was looking at the image of a hooded individual, dressed all in black.

"I have an image of a hooded figure, dressed all in black. I think it's a young woman. I have her making for the river, veering east."

"Thanks, Q."

Edinburgh

Robert Finch felt a chill shoot up his backbone and he shuddered for a moment before turning to run.

"I would not run if I were you," a ghastly electronic voice suggested.

Robert Finch stopped dead as he found himself looking into the face of a *Vengeance* vigilante, who had just emerged from his kitchen. Finch found himself shepherded into his living room and he fell back into his comfortable chair. He discovered his hands shaking slightly as he tried to figure out what was going on. The man from MI5 stepped forward before he stopped a few feet away from Finch. As the man, Collins, stood before him, Finch noticed the leather gloves for the first time - they somehow unnerved him even further. The vigilante stood a few feet away, clad in crimson body armour - it was a woman, he noticed.

"What is it that you want?" Finch demanded as he attempted to take control of the situation.

"What we want," Jasper explained coldly, "is for you to die. You have betrayed this country. You are a traitor to the Crown and you should pay the ultimate penalty for your treason. Unfortunately, we can no longer have you publicly flogged through the streets of London, nor can we have you hung by the neck until you were almost dead, before having your innards and genitals removed, and then burned before your traitorous eyes. You would then be hacked into four and your head removed. Unfortunately, the Prime Minister forbade such treatment, although I understand that there were some ready volunteers amongst the ranks of *Vengeance* and the Royal Marines."

All colour drained from Finch's face.

"So, I will be arrested and tried?" he offered hopefully.

"In your dreams, you fucking traitor," the vigilante growled.

"I am a Member of the Scottish Parliament, and if anything should happen to me, then there would be an investigation . . ."

"Let me stop you there," Jasper cut in as he produced a pair of small plastic phials, one blue and the other green. "I'm glad you brought that up. This substance remains in your system for mere minutes before metabolizing and vanishing. It is the very latest in binary compounds. Both parts are so innocuous as to be all but unreadable during an autopsy examination, yet combined, they kill within two seconds before vanishing from the target's bloodstream."

Jasper twisted off the top of the first single-use plastic phial, and he squeezed out the contents into Finch's partially drunk glass of whiskey. That was quickly followed by the contents of the second phial. Jasper pocketed the pair of phials before indicating the glass.

"Fancy a drink, Finch?"

"You can't do this. . ."

Crimson stepped forwards, an ominously sharp blade in her hand.

"We can, and we will," she growled.

With a brief look around his living room, Finch picked up the glass of whiskey with a shaking hand and he downed the lot in one gulp. Jasper swiftly caught the glass as Finch braced up for a moment and grasped at his heart, dropping the glass. By the time Jasper had returned the glass to the table beside the comfortable chair, Robert Finch was dead. Jasper looked up at Crimson who stowed her knife and headed outside.

"*Vengeance*, this is Sleuth - target eliminated."

Glasgow

It had been an enjoyable few hours.

They were very drunk and very giggly. Men and boys alike were shouting crude comments at the young women as they headed back to Central Station for the train ride home. Maybe their chosen route was not the best choice, but it was the most direct. Unfortunately, for the two young women, their fate was sealed the moment that they turned down that alleyway.

Not only *their* fate but also that of another.

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Apart from some overexcited boys being driven by their dicks, the young woman in the black hooded top was not troubled.

One glance into the shadows beneath her hood was generally enough to encourage even the most rampant male ego to seek a woman elsewhere. Her expression was one of death and most who saw it vied away. During her evening, she had kicked the crap out of two idiots who had been all but molesting a young girl around their own age. It looked like it had begun as a harmless game but then escalated as the boys' sexual wants had quickly clouded their judgement. Otherwise, it had been a remarkably peaceful evening. It had not exactly hurt her situation that Vengeance had vanished off the face of the earth for a few weeks and after a few attacks of her own, stories had begun to filter through the party-goers, out for a night's action. She had heard the rumours herself of a black-hooded figure who stalked the alleyways of Glasgow at the dead of night. Some said it was some long-forgotten ghost from a hundred years before - but that was just the story being embellished as it passed from mouth to mouth. However, one thing stayed the same - you met the black-hooded figure and you rarely survived the contact should you be misbehaving.

The woman had seen the drunken girls a few times, that evening. For the moment, she stayed with them, watching their antics as they laughed and giggled their way back to the station and hopefully home to a safe night's sleep and a hangover the following morning. The two giggling girls appeared to know where they were going, but they had picked a none-to-clever route to get to their intended destination. The pair were telling crude jokes and making cruder comments about the men and boys whom they had met that evening.

"He looked like he was twelve and his dick must have been tiny - he hadn't a fucking hope."

"He said he was sixteen - no fucking chance!"

"What about that dickhead who tried to get you to give him a blowjob - he was fuckin' manky."

"I have my bastard standards, Julia!"

"Yeah, but it wouldn't have been the first time you dropped your scratty knickers in a back alley for a quick fuck! Hey, what's that?"

The two girls stopped dead on a dreary street which stank of rubbish from a nearby wheelie-bin and where several of the street lights were not actually functioning. The girls, despite their drunkenness, instantly sensed danger.

"We're down the wrong street, girl," Nicola stated.

"Not necessarily," a voice chuckled. "You two gals may be just what we're lookin' for."

Three men appeared out of the shadows, two smoking cigarettes. All appeared to be in their very late teens or their early twenties, and none of them seemed to be worried about the girls' safety. They moved to ensure that the girls had no way to escape. Julie and Nicola were suddenly feeling very sober as all their happiness rapidly vanished and fear moved in.

"What do you want?" Nicola demanded.

"I want something juicy and wet for my giant cock to slip into, bitch," the obvious leader of the group responded as he grasped his manhood. "I'm itching to fuck somethin'."

"Well, go fuck yourself!" Julia offered angrily.

The three men chuckled as one moved forwards and slapped Julia around the face. Julia screamed as she fell to the damp tarmac. Nicola moved to help her friend, but she was grasped around the waist and forced to the tarmac. She screamed as she felt hands on her groin. She could not reach those hands as she fought against other hands which had grasped her wrists, holding them above her head. Then, as she felt the coldness of the damp tarmac on her bare bottom and the breeze through her pubic hair, she looked up as the leader began to shove down his trousers and then his underwear. He was grinning, and Nicola felt fear like she had never felt before as the man, his penis sticking out, made to kneel down between her legs, but he hesitated as a voice called out from behind him.

"You call that a 'giant cock'?" the voice jeered. "I've seen bigger on a twelve-year-old!"

"What the fuck?" the leader demanded as he turned around.

Nicola had no idea what was going on, but Julia screamed as something hard collided with something not quite as hard and there was a yell of pain followed by the sound of something hitting the tarmac. Then her wrists were suddenly released as she heard men yelling. Nicola sat up, pulling her legs together and hugging her knees. She looked up and she was amazed to see one of the men on the ground, blood oozing from a head wound; he looked to be the leader as he was naked from the waist down. A black hooded-form was fighting the other two men with a pair of what looked like wooden sticks. The men had drawn large knives, not that they seemed to be having an edge as they were being repeatedly struck again and again. As Nicola and Julia watched, first one, and then the second man was put down hard - neither man moved once they hit the tarmac. The hooded-figure came closer and knelt down beside them. She spoke a few words, telling them her name and that they were safe, but she could say no more as there was the roar of a powerful engine when a large vehicle turned into the street.

The girls turned back to look at their saviour, but she was gone.

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Nicola and Julia remained frozen as the large black 4x4 pulled to a stop a few feet away.

Doors opened, and four individuals in body armour stepped out. They were heavily armed, and they scanned the area for any more trouble. The tallest came over to the two girls.

"Are you both okay?"

"Yes - she stopped the attack before anything could happen," Julia explained as she was helped to her feet by Nicola.

"Who was she? Did she say anything?" Nemesis asked.

"She said her name was 'Storm' . . . and that we were safe."

"Storm?"

The two girls nodded.

Forty minutes later

It had taken a while to find Storm on the CCTV cameras and track her.

For Storm, it was a bad end to an otherwise successful evening protecting the city. She had not realised that *Vengeance* was back on the streets and seeing one of their armoured vehicles happen upon her so quickly after a fight, had unnerved the young woman. She had watched as four vigilantes had checked out the unconscious men and the two women - at least they were safe. She had to get out of the city, and fast. She figured that she was being tracked via the CCTV. She was not equipped to just dive into a building and remove her disguise and mask - she figured that *Vengeance* was too much on the ball for that to succeed. Her true identity was all that she had, so she would guard that with her life. Storm ran down A street, east of Central Station, racing for the shadows and relative safety of the east end of Glasgow.

Ahead of her, the same large black 4x4 turned into the street, lights ablaze. Storm hated being in so much light which, in her mind, just made her into a target. She darted down the nearest alleyway where she quickly ground to a halt. It was a fucking trap! She found herself facing three *Vengeance* vigilantes. One was a tallish male while the others were shorter females. Storm was under no illusion that their size meant that they were unskilled. She turned to run but she found her path blocked by another vigilante - this one a taller female with a red plume on her head. Her eyes also glowed red in the semi-darkness which was menacing in itself. Another vigilante appeared - a man.

"We mean you no harm, Storm," the man explained in his electronically enhanced voice. "Your identity is your own. All we want is to be able to coordinate with you. We like what you are doing, Storm, and we will not stand in your way. I promise that you can trust us."

Storm never lowered her guard as she listened. Could it be a trick? She knew enough about *Vengeance* to know that it was not in any way territorial. She also knew enough to know that *Vengeance* was not to be trifled with. However, if they had wanted her dead, then she would be dead. Ultimately, she had no choice but to do what they asked.

"Okay," she replied. "What happens now?"

"We have been away," Drift replied. "But we are back. You can continue about your business, for the moment, but do not interfere in any of our operations. I would also advise you to take direction from a member of *Vengeance*. We will not interfere with what you are doing unless it upsets one of our own operations. If we can, we will notify you ahead of time, of our operations. It would be good to be able to communicate with you, but I leave that up to you. Good night, Storm."

With that, the vigilantes remounted their vehicles and they left her standing in the alleyway.

Later that night

Blairhoyle

Two very tired young girls literally fell into their beds.

Cassie grinned as they both fell asleep almost instantly as they snuggled down under their duvets. Beside her, Sasha stood watching. He looked up at Cassie who nodded at the Gerberian Shepsky. Sasha stepped into the bedroom and then looked from bed to bed for a moment before he jumped up onto Kaitlin's bed and curled up at the bottom, beyond the little girl's feet. Cassie left the two girls and one dog sleeping before retiring to her own bedroom.

"They asleep?" Andrew asked.

"Yes, they are," Cassie replied as she shrugged off her clothing until she was completely naked.

"Very nice," Andrew commented as Cassie slipped under the duvet beside her fiancé.

Cassie giggled as hands began to touch her body and her lips kissed his.

The following morning

Sunday, November 13th

Cassie groaned as she rolled over in the bed.

She had slept well, after almost an hour of carnal enjoyment. She had awoken just then to her right nipple responding to a gentle caressing. By the time she opened her eyes, the nipple was hard, and her left nipple was being brought to the same state.

"Morning, gorgeous."

"Why are my nipples sticking out?"

"I thought that they should be just as hard as I am, my love."

Cassie giggled as she felt around with her left hand under the duvet before finding something else which was very, very hard. She moaned as she felt a hand pushing through her pubic hair and manipulating her labia. Damn, she wanted him so badly. She felt her legs spreading without conscious thought and she shuddered to his gentle touch. His lips moved from her own down to her breasts, kissing them and then nibbling each nipple in turn. She felt the pulses of arousal shooting through her body as her lover and fiancé rolled on top of her. She gasped as he pushed deep inside of her, then gently thrusting in and out, increasing speed and Cassie wrapped her arms around his body, pulling him closer as she kissed him. She looked up into his brown eyes filled with love. She moaned again at the thought of how much the man loved her. Andrew kissed her again and again, rising up onto his muscular arms as he continued to thrust again and again. Cassie entangled her fingers into the hair on his chest, tugging and then pressing hard against that chest as she felt the orgasm building and building before she knew that she could not take any more. Then she felt the red-hot liquid exploding inside of her as Andrew came and came.

Then she herself screamed out as the orgasm overtook her and she was paralysed with the sensations which attempted to tear her body apart.

That same time

Kaitlin came awake with a start.

She looked around the bedroom, trying to identify what had awoken her. But she saw nothing untoward; Naomi was fast asleep, murmuring to herself, and Sasha was curled up at the foot of the bed, his tail gently moving from side to side.

"Did you wake me?" she asked gently.

Sasha moved up the bed and licked Kaitlin's outstretched hand, eliciting a giggle from the young girl.

A short time later

Cassie heard a scream - for a change she recognised it as Naomi's scream.

Nonetheless, she made for the sound, wondering what trouble the two girls had conjured up that had resulted in the normally non-screaming Naomi, screaming. Cassie found Kaitlin laughing in the girls' bathroom and on following her gaze, she found Naomi in the shower, covered in soap and shampoo, looking very annoyed. Naomi simply pointed at her feet. On looking down, Cassie found a very wet Sasha, who was curled up in the bottom of the shower, attempting to lap up the streams of hot water.

"He just burst in and almost sent me flying!" Naomi explained indignantly.

Cassie laughed for a moment before looking directly at the miscreant dog.

"Sasha!"

Sasha obediently looked up at Cassie and woofed before stepping out of the shower. Kaitlin, wrapped in just a towel from her own shower, screamed as Sasha shrugged off the copious amounts of water in his thick coat. Cassie laughed as the dog walked out of the bathroom and headed out onto the landing towards the stairs.

"Get dressed, girls; breakfast will be ready soon," Cassie pointed out.

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As was usual on a Sunday, Alexandra Perrin had cooked a full English breakfast - with black pudding, of course.

The two girls were ravenous when they appeared in the kitchen. First, though, Kaitlin gave Andrew a big hug before moving onto Cassie and then Alexandra. Naomi did the same but in a more mature manner. They all sat down to enjoy enormous platefuls of hot food. Alexandra loved to cook, and she loved to have a full house. It always worried her when they went out as their alter egos, but she knew that it was unavoidable. It was the same as when her husband went off to sea; she would worry about if she would ever see him again. She was very pleased for her youngest daughter with her little family. The girls were lovely, despite what they had been trained to be. She also approved of Andrew who loved Cassie dearly as well as the two little girls who would, in due course, become his daughters.

"Kaitlin!"

"Yees."

"Stop feeding Sasha under the table - he has had his breakfast," Alexandra responded. "Sasha - bed!"

The dog dived out from under the table and dived into his capacious bed located in a corner of the kitchen. His tail wagged from side to side as his eyes sparkled while he watched everybody eat. He had enjoyed the bacon that Kaitlin had given him.

Kaitlin grinned as she continued eating.

That afternoon

St Thomas' Hospital, London

The Fifth Floor, Children's Wing

Both Keira and Harper were very happy.

The joint dream of the other night had been a surprise and it had been wonderful to find out that both could remember everything. It was like their parents were back in their lives - it had all felt so real. Keira would visit her little sister when she could, but Harper was happy to have her space. She would spend her days talking with Diana or Scarlett. That afternoon, however, there was an argument going on across the corridor and the ever-inquisitive Harper hobbled off to investigate.

"No . . . I don't want to go."

It was Diana's voice and she sounded very upset. For a change, it was Harper who was listening at the door, instead of Diana.

"I'm sorry, Diana, but it is out of my hands. You are healed and therefore you have to leave until you are called for your prosthesis."

It was Doctor Schneider.

"Please . . . I like it here. I feel safe."

"I know you do, Diana. I will miss you, very much."

Harper could hear the tears coming for the distressed girl on the other side of the door. She would miss Diana, too. Diana was a big help when Harper endured her nightly nightmares. Diana would come through and they would talk - not that Harper could go into her nightmares in detail; they were partially classified! Harper hated those nightmares. She would wake up covered in sweat and often screaming. The nightmares were vivid and would focus on everything bad which had happened over the previous weeks. That had also included Scarlett and her dismemberment. On top of the torture nightmares, she now endured nightmares where she lost a hand, an arm, a leg. It was all so very real and scared her to death.

Harper retreated back to her bed, wondering what, if anything, she could do to help the orphaned Diana Price.

Blairhoyle, Scotland

"Why aren't you wearing a bra?" Kaitlin asked.

"I'm a little sore," Cassie explained briefly.

"Would that be Andrew's fingers on your nipples?" Naomi asked with a grin.

"Never you mind, young lady - how would you even know about such things?"

"I read things and I hear things," Naomi responded with a nonchalant wave of her hand.

"Are you blushing?" Kaitlin wanted to know.

"I blush when people start talking about my boobs, okay?"

Naomi giggled at Cassie's discomfort.

"Now, you two concentrate on what you are doing, please."

The two girls were in the paddock, wearing motorcycle leathers and boots, along with leather gloves and boots. They were practicing manoeuvres on their Honda motorcycles. Both girls were fully capable of riding their machines on most surfaces and were now learning some more of The Highway Code, so that they could ride safely - if not exactly legally, on the main roads. Kaitlin was surprisingly careful and agile when it came to riding the motorcycle and she had impressed the adults. Naomi was good, but she tended to try and ride too fast from time to time. Both could ride in formation with Cassie and Cameron without any issues. They could also ride one-handed, allowing their other hand to operate a weapon of some sort. They were all steps towards them both being allowed to ride operationally with *Vengeance*. Both girls were also learning some maturity and that often resulted in some pleasant days with little mayhem.

That day, Andrew Bedford sat on a fence watching his fiancé and his future children ride around the various obstacles. The previous weeks had taught him much about his fiancé. He had discovered that the young woman he loved, who had just turned twenty, two days previously, was a real-life vigilante with very real 'notches' in her gun belt. Was he concerned? A little. Did he care? Not really; he knew that she was out there risking her life for the good of the country. He worried about her, but he had seen her combat suit, and he knew that she was well protected. He also knew that arguing with Cassandra Perrin was generally a waste of time. As for the little terrors - they were adorable if you ignored what they were trained to be. Kaitlin was fragile - despite how she tried to behave - and she needed to be loved and cared for. Naomi was only slightly less fragile and despite her attempts at maturity, she also needed to be loved and cared for. Cassie was a perfect role model for the young girls and he hoped that he would be too. Both girls were a handful, but he enjoyed a challenge, and while he would have loved a son, the two girls were the next best thing, considering their tomboy behaviour.

Andrew laughed as Kaitlin somehow managed to ride directly into a hay bale, resulting in Sasha bolting to the rescue.

Moss-Side Hall

Olivia Kensington lay on the floor of the living room beside Nika.

The thirteen-year-old was busy telling Nika all about her trip to Glasgow the previous evening. Nika actually seemed to be listening, although she would have preferred to be playing rather than listening to a story. Nonetheless, the dog was enjoying her new life with her new family. Nika was rescued from her forced story-time by Jessica who came in and began to pet the dog who soon rolled onto her back, her tongue hanging out of her mouth. Olivia scowled as she gave up telling Nika all about the new vigilante known as 'Storm'. Then Nika growled as Olivia's new mobile phone began to vibrate across the living room floor. Jessica got to it first.

"It's lover boy!" she advised the room. "Time for phone sex!"

"Jessica!" Olivia growled as she seized her phone. "Hi, Craig. . ."

"Hope the phone's water-tight," Jessica laughed as her sister vanished upstairs to her bedroom. "I'm sure she uses it as a vibrator."

"Jessica!" Lynn exclaimed.

"Just pointing out the obvious," Jessica commented as she went back to rubbing Nika's tummy.

"Don't be nasty, Jessica. You know, full well, that Olivia suffered very badly. She was humiliated before all of you. Would you have enjoyed being stripped naked before a large group of people, including boys, then handcuffed and frog-marched below to a holding cell?" Lynn challenged.

"No," Jessica replied. "I didn't mean that."

"Think, before you speak, please."

Jessica felt slightly jealous of her older sibling - but only so far. She wanted what she had; a hot boyfriend and to be going out with *Vengeance*. There were times that she hated having a big sister, but there were also times that she was glad to have her there for support.

"Jess?"

"Yeah, Chris."

"You want to come walk Nika?"

Nika jumped up enthusiastically, shoving Jessica out the way.

"Coming," Jessica called as she got back to her feet.

That evening

St Thomas' Hospital, London

The Fifth Floor, Children's Wing

Diana blundered in that evening.

"Hello, Diana," Harper grinned as she dug into her bowl of porridge - yes, it was evening, but Harper was on a limited diet.

"I've finally figured it out."

"Figured what out?" Harper asked as she rolled her eyes.

"I know what you are. . ."

"A girl?" Harper interrupted with a slight snigger.

Diana did not look amused although she was obviously bursting to say something amazing.

"I know what you are," she repeated, and Harper's eyes narrowed.

"What do you *think* you know?" Harper asked guardedly, her eyes flashing dangerously.

Diana took a deep breath before she spoke.

"I think that you are a vigilante, Harper Sharp, and I think you are part of *Vengeance*."