

CHAPTER ONE

“I’d like to speak to Michael Charon.”

A fit man in his early thirties, with a military style haircut, smiled at the attractive young woman standing in front of him. “Do you have an appointment?”

“Nope,” she answered brightly as she batted her eyes in his direction.

“I’m sorry but Mr. Charon doesn’t see anyone without an appointment.”

“Okay,” she said with a sigh. “I’d like to make an appointment to speak to *Mister* Charon.” She glanced over her shoulder at the digital clock on the wall. “I’m available at 1 o’clock.” The clock indicated it was currently 12:57.

The man behind the desk studied the woman more closely. If he had to guess he would have pegged her at most at twenty-two, but in the wrong outfit she would probably get carded at every bar she visited. Close to six feet tall -- with most of it legs -- she had the lean, toned body of a distance runner, and with her sun-bleached and closely cropped blonde hair and darkly tanned skin, she would be right at home on any Southern California beach. Having worked for nearly a decade profiling passengers for the Israeli Secret Service for El Al at a variety of international airports before being recruited by Sariel International, David Rosenberger was an expert on body language and threat analysis. With her he started at the bottom and worked his way up. He didn’t need to get far.

She had on thin sandals, and the lack of tan lines indicated she was usually barefooted when she was in the sun. His first alarm went off when he saw the heavy calluses on her feet. She was a bit large to be a ballerina. Despite being relaxed, there was obvious muscle tone in her strong calves and thighs plus numerous bruises, in varying stages of healing, on multiple places on her legs. A quick glance at her arms confirmed similar injuries on the outside edge of her forearms. Her hands were strong and also bruised. Rosenberger didn’t need to guess what had caused this combination; he saw it in the mirror every morning as he got ready for work. Rosenberger moved his foot slightly and pressed a button on the floor.

Without changing expression, Rosenberger asked, “Name?”

She shook her head and wagged her finger at him. “That would take all of the fun out of it.” Her smile was infectious.

“I see,” he said. “Why do you wish to see Mr. Charon?”

“A personal matter related to Mr. Charon and me.”

“I see,” he said as he began typing on his keyboard. “Let me check to see if he’s available.”

The instant Rosenberger’s foot had touched the warning button, the main security center sprang to life. Four men, all former Navy SEALs, started reaching for flak jackets and weapons. The oldest member of the team, a graying man who looked like a Marine Drill Sergeant out of uniform, tapped twice on the connecting door.

“Come,” said a deep baritone.

The team leader opened the door and entered. “We may have a situation in the lobby.”

Michael Charon was behind his desk and put down the report he was reading. "Show me." The 120 inch plasma TV on the far side of the room sprang to life. The young woman at the front desk was being photographed from six different angles. "Camera 3," Charon said softly and in less than a second it was the only image, and it filled the entire screen. She was dressed in tight shorts that were simultaneously cut both too high and too low, leaving little to the imagination. Her dark running bra was clearly visible under her thin white t-shirt, which had "Daddy's Little Girl" printed on it. "Wow! She's beautiful."

"And then some," said Kevin Fox, Charon Industries' resident techno-geek, as he came in through a different door with an iPad in his hand.

"What's the problem?" Charon asked.

"It may not be anything, but David's radar went off." Fox read the message Rosenberger had typed as he pretended to check Charon's schedule. "She engages in full contact sparring on a regular basis. When asked her name she said, quote, *That would take all of the fun out of it*, end quote. When asked why she wanted to see you, she said, quote, *a personal matter related to Mr. Charon and me*, end quote." Fox looked up from his iPad. "Have you ever seen her before?"

"She looks familiar," Charon said as he got up and walked closer to the screen. "In that outfit there's not much chance she has any hidden weapons on her."

"She went through the metal detector and she has a few body piercings but nothing else," Fox added. "We're going to run her through facial recognition as soon as we get a usable, what the..."

The mysterious lady in the lobby was now looking directly into the camera. She flashed a bright smile and waved. Next she squared herself to the lens and scowled as if she had been picked up for a DUI and was posing for a 3 a.m. police mug shot. She stood perfectly still for about five seconds and then turned ninety degrees so the camera could get her profile.

Charon laughed out loud as he took another step closer to the screen. "I've seen that smile before," Charon muttered to himself. For a moment he got a faraway look in his eyes before snapping back to reality. "No, it can't be. She's too young."

"If she drove here, she didn't park in our lot. We're currently expanding the search area. We tried to do a magnetic scan for credit cards or a driver's license and came up empty."

"Smart girl," Charon said as he nodded his approval.

"Apparently," Fox answered. "She made no efforts to hide her combat injuries, which means she wanted us to notice them. She knows our identification protocol, which was sure to get our attention. Without those the front desk would have probably have sent her on her way."

There was a sharp beep and the image on the screen changed to an expired Virginia driver's license. "Ah," Fox said, "Olivia McIntosh. She lives at . . . Michael. Michael!" Fox shouted, but it was too late. Charon was out the door on a dead run.

The security team, caught completely flatfooted, was scurrying to catch up. Charon was the former head of a covert division of the CIA that did so many "wet" jobs it was code named the "Water Works". Decades earlier, when one of his projects went bad and the media caught wind of it; Charon fell on his sword without embarrassing the people above him. After seven years of wandering in the wilderness, he suddenly had resurfaced in Washington. With never fully explained financial backing, he started what quickly grew into the world's highest paid boutique security firm. From a hostage extraction in Bogotá to dealing with a celebrity stalker in Malibu, for the right price, he would have a solution.

With a proven track record of both results and the ability to keep his mouth shut, Michael Charon and his services, despite the outrageous fees he charged, were very much in demand by a

variety of governments, multinational corporations and well-heeled individuals. Mostly he provided high-end protection services in some of the world's worst neighborhoods for the powerful and famous. However, his primary revenue source was never mentioned in the printed marketing material or on the company's webpage. He would collect obscene fees for "specialized" contracts from elected officials who lacked either the skill or the will to do the job themselves. It was a win-win for both sides. If Charon failed to deliver on a contract or something went wrong, it would be a headline for maybe one news cycle and then be forgotten. If a politician or bureaucrat were caught red handed, governments might fall.

Through the years Michael Charon had made many friends and his fair share of enemies. There were some who felt he had over-stayed his welcome in this mortal coil and wouldn't shed a tear at his passing. With that in mind, it was a clear breach of protocol for him to be out of the bubble when the threat level had been elevated. The rule applied even when he was in the World Headquarters of Sariel International surrounded by a small army of mercenaries all willing to take a bullet for him.

Charon turned the corner and slowed as he approached the beautiful young woman. "Are you related to Val McIntosh?"

A smile broke across Olivia's face. It was the kind of smile that could give a teenage boy early onset carpal tunnel syndrome from repetitive hand action. "I am."

"I thought you looked . . ."

As soon as he was within striking range, she drew back her right hand and delivered a vicious right cross which landed squarely on the point of Michael Charon's chin. The unexpected impact sent him sprawling backwards to the floor.

As his security detail grabbed her, she flexed her hand to be sure she hadn't broken it. With an even bigger smile she said, "Hello, Daddy."

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Charon led the way down the corridor in silence with his new-found daughter bracketed by four men two steps behind. Olivia was surprised when, instead of being taken to Charon's office or a security cell, they arrived at a massive exercise center. Painted on one of the walls in six foot letters were the words *Redemption or Retribution*.

Despite it being a weekend, word of what had happened in the lobby had spread through the building like wildfire. Staff members were already filing in and jockeying for positions around the red pads on the floor that designated the sparring area. Olivia was surprised by the number of women in the room. She had expected Sariel International to be a place where men could be men and women could be sex objects. If this group was any indicator, the boys still out numbered the girls by two-to-one, but it was less sexist than she had expected.

Without a moment's hesitation Charon kicked off his shoes, ripped off his black three button golf shirt with the company logo on the left breast pocket, and unbuckled his khaki pants. Boxers not briefs. Olivia noted every woman in the room craning her head and licking her chops at the sight of Michael Charon in his skivvies. And why not? Basically he had a body that any woman above the age of consent and still possessing a pulse would have fantasies about. At six one, one eighty, he had broad shoulders and a washboard stomach. He was in amazing shape for any male regardless of age. If you only saw him from the neck down it would be easy to guess him as being no older than 30. The only give away to his true age was the salt mixed in with the pepper on the top of his head.

"What's going on?" Olivia asked.

"Round two," Charon answered as he slipped on a pair of exercise shorts.

"What does that mean?"

"It means," Charon said as he tossed Olivia a set of sparring pads for her feet and hands, "you're pretty good with a sucker punch. Let's see how good you are when someone sees it coming."

Olivia chuckled as she sat on the floor and reached for the foot pads he had tossed her. "Is your Medicare insurance paid up, old man?" This taunt drew a few "oohs" and "aahs" from the rapidly growing crowd in the exercise center. She had used foot pads before but never any this nice. They were designed to offer some protection to an opponent by cushioning the top of the foot while leaving the bottoms bare so they didn't restrict movement or cause the loss of any traction. The last person to use these pads had broader feet than Olivia, so she had to take a second to adjust them. The hand pads were like small boxing gloves and fit comfortably without any further tightening other than the Velcro on the wrist.

"He's got a sneaky quick left hand," offered a compact woman a few years older than Olivia, "keep your right up."

The man to her left, large and likely of Nordic heritage gave the woman a shove in the shoulder. "No coaching."

The woman obviously had been in the gym for some time prior to their arrival because her chestnut hair was pulled into a ponytail and she was dripping sweat. She shoved back with both hands, knocking the larger man off balance. “Bite me, Lars.”

“Maybe latter, cupcake.” Lars blew kisses in her direction as he said, “after you’ve had a shower and fixed your makeup.” She flipped him off.

Olivia nodded her approval. Any woman whose idea of a fun-filled Saturday afternoon included vigorous exercise and not taking any crap off men was her kind of gal. Still, this was not at all what she had expected. From the quick research she had done earlier in the day, she knew that Sariel International had more former Navy SEALs on their payroll than the Department of Defense currently had in uniform. While she only had time for the *Reader’s Digest* version of Sariel and Charon, one analytical report she had hacked off a poorly secured Pentagon server had speculated that with the right air support and no outside interference, Sariel International could likely defeat the Belgium army. While this was still a “Boy’s Club,” there was enough estrogen around that it clearly had potential.

Charon had been another case entirely. He had some really really talented online scrubbers who had managed to pretty much erase all of his footprints from the internet. What little she had been able to find had glaring gaps with entire years of activity missing. She hadn’t even been able to find a photograph of him anywhere, which was amazing for the CEO of a company with the far reaching influence of Sariel International.

“That’s enough,” Charon said with enough authority to silence the room. “Judging by the crowd, I assume you all know what happened.”

“Ya,” said a massive man with a bright red beard, who was leaning against the wall away from the others, “you got your arse kicked by this little girl here.” A round of applause from all of the women rippled through the gym. Olivia nodded in the big man’s direction, blew him a kiss, and with a dramatic flourish, curtsied.

Charon shot Shane O’Reilly a nasty look, but considering the number of times his old friend had saved his life, he let it go. He motioned for Olivia to join him in the center of the ring. “Okay, pumpkin, let’s see what you’ve got.”

For the next minute or so father and daughter circled each other, only throwing tentative punches and half-hearted kicks.

“Your mother never told me about you,” Charon said as he sent out a slow probing left hand that Olivia easily picked off with her right arm.

“That’s convenient.”

“What does that mean?”

“Oh, I don’t know, let me think,” she said as she sent a vicious roundhouse right foot in the direction of Charon’s ribs. The strike came with such unexpected speed that he was only able to get his left elbow down enough to partially block it. He grunted and took a step back. “With all the women in your life, it must be hard to keep track of them. It’s not like you have the resources of one of the world’s biggest private protection agencies at your finger tips or anything.”

“Fair point,” Charon answered. “I do have the resources, but when your mother and I split up, we made a deal to stay out of each other’s way.”

“Why is that?” Olivia said as she tried to set up a front kick, but Charon took a step back and circled out of range.

“We didn’t want to be in a position where we had to kill each other.”

Olivia snorted and shook her head. “That is so romantic I think I’m starting to mist up.”

“In my defense,” Charon said, “I never knew your mother was pregnant . . .”

“The way I heard it,” Olivia said as she cut him off in mid-sentence, “is when she went to tell you about it, you had vanished and didn’t pop back up again until I was about to turn seven. She figured with the diapers already all changed, what the hell did she need you for?”

“That may be true, but when I asked her to marry me . . .”

“What!” Olivia stopped circling and dropped her hands a few inches. Charon tapped her on the top of her forehead with a lightning left.

“Don’t drop your guard,” he chided. “I asked your mother to marry me, and she not only turned me down, she told me to get out of her life forever.”

“My mother always was smart.”

“Was?”

“Dead,” Olivia answered. This news caused Charon to stop circling and Olivia immediately caught him on the point of the nose with a left jab. “Don’t drop your guard.”

Charon shook off the punch and started circling again. “What happened?”

“A Crazy Sonya,” said Kevin Fox. All heads in the gym turned in his direction as he walked through the door looking at his iPad.

“What’s a Crazy Sonya?” Olivia asked.

Charon’s brow furrowed. “Was she run over multiple times with a car so the only means of identification was her dental records?”

“Yes,” Olivia said as she swatted away a weak left jab from Charon.

“That’s the trademark of Sonya Belliconi.”

“Why have I never heard of her before?”

“She was before your time,” Charon answered. “Twenty-five years ago she was your mom’s biggest rival. They were mortal enemies from the first day of training.”

“Seriously?” Olivia said as she absorbed this information. “They worked together?”

“Only for a year or two; then I had to cut Sonya loose,” Charon answered.

“Why did you let her go?”

“Which part of crazy was unclear? Besides, you wouldn’t have any reason to cross paths. She has been inactive for years.”

“Why do you think this Sonya person would come after my mother now?”

“Your mother has . . . had, an amazing capacity to piss people off. If Crazy Sonya was the hitter, it means that, as usual, Val was up to her neck in something and treading water.”

“Did Sonya still work for the CIA?” Olivia asked.

Instead of Charon, Kevin Fox answered. “She has been completely off the grid for nearly twenty years,” Fox said as his fingers danced across his iPad. “She had to have someone backing her to be erased like that.”

“You think this was a sanctioned contract?” Olivia asked.

Charon shrugged “Too early to say, but if I had to guess, I’d say no. The Company is now run by a bunch of paper pushers who are always in CYA mode. They’re not going to sanction a contract to be delivered on American soil without the approval of someone very high up.”

“How high?”

“High enough they would normally have turned to me for fulfillment,” Charon answered. “But they knew better than to even ask.”

A puzzled look covered Olivia’s face. “Why is that?”

“Everyone in the business knows that if I discovered the underwriter of a hit on Valerie McIntosh, they would need to get their black suit to the cleaner because there was about to be an unfortunate accident.”

Olivia paused as she contemplated this turn of events and got another forehead tap for her lack of attention. “Yeah, yeah. Keep my guard up.”

“Apparently Sonya has gotten soft in her golden years,” Fox said while reading from the hastily prepared dossier. “They found the car three blocks away and it was empty.”

Charon could see the puzzlement in Olivia’s eyes. “Sonya liked to watch the body as it got pulverized, so she would hire a local driver. When they found the car, the driver was usually in the trunk.”

“Rule One,” Olivia said, “never leave anyone who can identify you to the police.”

Charon held up his hand indicating he wanted a break and Olivia relaxed. Charon, in a loud clear voice addressed all of the spectators. “This young woman claims to be my daughter which has yet to be verified. What is known is that her mother was Valerie McIntosh, a person who worked for me for many years and she has been killed. Valerie McIntosh was on the Sariel International ‘do not touch’ list which makes her murder not only an affront to me but to everyone in this room. This insult will not go unpunished. As of this moment we have launched operation *Wrath of God*.”

He waited for a few seconds before continuing. “This moves to the top of everyone’s to do list. I want the driver of the car involved in her killing found. Today. I want the name of the person who put out this contract, and I want to know why.” Charon slowly circled and made eye contact with the thirty or so people in the room. “Under no circumstance is this person to be touched. This bastard is mine. Clear?”

“Yes Sir!” came back an enthusiastic chorus of voices.

Olivia nodded her approval. “Nice speech, old man,” Olivia said as she raised her hands and started circling again. “When I find him, I’ll send his head over on a pike.”

Charon nodded and then shot a quick glance in the direction of Kevin Fox. “Have Jackson put a team together and find the driver before someone else does.”

“What does that mean?” Olivia asked.

“As soon as word gets out I’m looking for him, whoever wrote the contract will have a lot of reasons for this person to be dead.”

Olivia nodded that she understood.

“Reward?” Fox asked.

“Start with \$100,000 and go higher if necessary. I want him found today,” Charon said without ever taking his eyes off of Olivia. “Also check our sources at Langley, Capitol Hill and the White House and see if we can get a line on this contract. Make it clear to everyone you talk to that whoever is responsible for this had better be getting their affairs in order. No subtlety.”

Fox nodded and then made eye contact with a man in his late forties who immediately rose to his feet. The man Olivia assumed was Jackson pointed in rapid succession in the direction of three others, two men and one woman, and they all immediately left.

“What else do you have?” Charon asked.

“Well, Olivia here . . .”

“Ms. McIntosh,” Olivia corrected as she feinted a left.

“I’m sorry. Ms. McIntosh,” Fox said with a nod of his head, “has had a colorful academic background.” Fox began counting as he ran his finger over his iPad to change pages. “Ms. McIntosh has been kicked out of nine of the best boarding schools on three continents.”

“I was not kicked out. I was politely asked to leave.”

“Switzerland?” Fox said.

“Okay,” Olivia said with a shrug, “I might have been kicked out of that one.”

“What happened?” Charon asked as he ducked under a slow left from Olivia and countered with a stiff right to her breadbasket which rocked her slightly.

“Apparently she hospitalized one of the male instructors . . .”

“Who was sexually molesting his students, and he got exactly what he deserved.”

“I see the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree,” Charon said with a laugh. “Except your mother would have done a lot more than that.”

“It gets better,” Fox continued. “The instructor was arrested a few days later on child porn charges. The tip came from an anonymous source. He claimed the porn was planted on his laptop. He’s currently doing nine years in a Swiss prison.” Michael Charon’s eyes twinkled; Olivia shrugged. Fox continued. “Despite this she was accepted at MIT when she was 17 before being yet again politely asked to leave less than a year later.”

“I got bored,” Olivia said as she tried a front kick that she knew was a waste of time before she even started her foot forward.

A broad smile broke across Kevin Fox’s face as he continued reading. “Nice. She’s the one who hijacked the school’s website and put up a few choice comments about some of the staff and instructors and more than a few students.”

“No sense of humor,” Olivia said in her own defense.

“I saw the bio of the head of the IT department you posted,” Fox said. “Brilliant. The picture of him having carnal knowledge with the sheep was priceless.”

“Thanks.”

“She speaks nine languages fluently and has a near photographic memory...”

“I visited my gynecologist yesterday,” Olivia said with a sneer. “Do you have my test results?”

“Yeast infection,” Fox answered without missing a beat and without the slightest change of expression. The men in the room all roared and hooted.

Olivia flinched. She hadn’t really been to her doctor but she was surprised at how quick Fox was with a comeback. Guys who could keep up with her were hard to find.

Fox continued. “Hardly surprising, she works for Valkyries Limited as a ‘consultant.’ We found her car . . .”

“Ha,” Olivia said. “That’s hardly likely. I haven’t even been here thirty minutes.”

“A power blue custom Mercedes convertible,” Fox said.

“What? How?”

The same instant she turned her head to look at Fox, Charon tapped her on the forehead again. “One of the advantages of having the resources of the world’s biggest private protection agency at your finger tips, pumpkin.”

Turning to Olivia, Fox continued. “We provide discount security to everyone within a ten block radius of the complex and you only parked six blocks away.”

“Of course,” Olivia said as she tapped herself on the forehead before Charon could. “Duh. That gives you the perfect excuse to monitor your perimeter with exterior cameras. You just used your cameras to backtrack me to my car.”

“Exactly,” Fox added, “and it also covers our costs while giving the locals a real value. With near instant response time from a team of well-trained paramilitary types, this area has the lowest crime rate for any comparable metro area on the east coast.”

Olivia nodded. “Be careful if you mess with my car.”

Fox turned his attention back to Charon. “It has some very nice custom anti-theft devices I’ve never seen before. We’re taking them apart in the lab now.”

“What?! How did you disable the security?” she demanded.

“I didn’t bother. I had them use a highly focused but very powerful EM burst, the kind they use to disable cars during high speed chases. It fried all of the electronics.” Fox chuckled as a mischievous grin covered his face. “The smell should go away in a few weeks.”

This news obviously made her angry and distracted enough that she allowed Charon to come in low with a leg sweep, which would have toppled her if she had not jumped back so quickly.

“I have her laptop and it has NSA level encryption so it’ll probably take us at least twenty minutes to crack.”

“Asshole,” Olivia said as she launched another roundhouse side kick in the direction of Charon’s ribs. Having seen this before, Charon moved his left arm down more quickly this time, which was a huge mistake. With his left hand and arm now protecting his body, he wasn’t ready when her foot suddenly changed trajectory in mid-flight, accelerated, and caught him flush on the cheek and ear. With her blood boiling, she had made no effort to pull her kick, and even with the padding on her foot, Charon was rocked to the point where he had to stagger backwards and use one hand to keep from being sent to the floor for the second time in less than an hour.

The dozen or so women, most of whom had been sitting passively cross-legged on the floor, jumped to their feet and shouted encouragement.

“You Go Girl!” said the woman who had advised her to keep her left up.

“That’s what I’m talkin’ about!” shouted an African-America woman roughly the same size as Olivia as she pumped her fist in the air.

“You’re losing on points already, Michael,” Shane O’Reilly taunted. All the women clapped again.

“Had enough, old man?” Olivia asked as she held her hands above her head and did the Ali shuffle.

Charon had quickly determined his newly-discovered daughter had some skills, but he had not expected her to be able to climb the ladder with her kick. For ninety-nine out of one hundred, once a kicked was launched, if it had to change direction in flight to counter a defense, it would slow down and be lower, not accelerate and go higher as hers just had. Charon could count on one hand the number of people he had ever seen who could deliver that kind of kick with that kind of authority. He wouldn’t underestimate her again.

Olivia flinched slightly when she saw the change of expression on Charon’s face. There was no emotion; the eyes which locked on her now were so cold they sent an icy shiver down her spine.

“Master Roshi,” Charon barked, “give me an evaluation of Ms. McIntosh’s skill level.”

A thin wisp of an oriental man who had to be well north of sixty eyed Olivia. “With her reach and the length of her legs, I would imagine she is a holy terror at a sparring session at a strip mall Taekwondo dojo. She would brutalize the average accountant or derivatives broker trying to get a bit of exercise. She could probably even hold her own against most muggers. Against a well-trained opponent she wouldn’t last 30 seconds.

“Bullshit!” she barked without taking her eyes off of Charon. “This old man couldn’t take me on his best day.” A hush fell over the gym as the mood in the room turned serious.

“Prove it,” Charon said softly as he kicked off his foot pads and gloves while she did the same.

“You really want me to embarrass you in front of all of your people?”

He didn’t answer. Instead with both hands he motioned her forward.

Without any hesitation she launched another lightning side roundhouse kick, but this time she was shocked when she got nothing but air. Charon, instead of blocking or backing up as she had expected, stepped inside the kick and dove to the mat. As her right leg went whistling over his head and brushed harmlessly across his back he pushed her swinging leg hard with his right hand, using her own momentum to spin her around. The moment she had her back to him, he was on his feet and sweeping her left foot from under her, causing her to lose what little balance she had left. She was on her way face-first to the mat and couldn’t do a thing about it. Olivia tried to extend her hands to break her fall but Charon had pinned her arms to her sides and he rode her to the mat. Taking the full brunt of their combined weight, the impact knocked the wind out of her.

Charon locked one powerful hand on her chin and wrapped his other arm around the top of her head. He then whispered in her ear, "Twenty-two pounds of pressure and I can snap your neck like a twig."

With his body weight on her back, her face buried in the red padded mat and no air in her lungs, she was completely helpless. She couldn't believe how quickly he had beaten her. Reluctantly she ran up the universally understood white flag; she tapped the mat.

A groan went up from all of the females in the room. All of the men in the gym nodded their approval, but considering the looks they were getting from their female comrades, any gloating to be done would be later in the privacy of their locker room.

Charon slowly released her and rose to his feet. "It looks like you were wrong Master Roshi. She wouldn't last 10 seconds." Charon extended his left hand to Olivia, who was still gasping for air. She eyed her new-found father for a moment before grudgingly accepting his offer of assistance as he helped her to her feet.

"You were toying with me the entire time," Olivia said, more of statement than a question.

Charon shrugged. "You've got some raw talent, and after you spend a few weeks with Master Roshi, I wouldn't be eager to fight you again in front of a crowd."

A man came in and handed Kevin Fox a document. Immediately his eyes grew large and his shoulders slumped. "Seriously?" he asked the man who had handed him the file. The man nodded.

"Boss, you're not going to believe this."

"What?"

"She's got a twin brother."