

# CHAOS IN MONACO

**24th May 2025 – Monte Carlo, Monaco**

There was something that Sebastian loved about Monaco – always had. As a child he'd been fascinated by the yachts – likely where his fascination with boat shoes had come from. As he'd grown older it had been Monte Carlo and the Grand Prix that had caught his attention – the fast-paced lifestyle was a jarring contradiction to the cold, calm and cautious nature of his father's own kind of wealth. The Monegasque were a less careful breed of rich, with a penchant for the lavish and the vulgar – in the very best of ways.

If it hadn't been for status, his father would never have visited at all.

And now, having missed last year's event, Sebastian had accepted the invitation of his friend and former rival to take part in an event designed to mix the fast and furious Formula One with the frivolous and fraught sport of professional wrestling. On the surface, the two couldn't have appeared to be more different. Though, both physically demanding, Formula One was a sport designed for precision whereas so often, Wrestling was a sport of blunt force.

And yet, there were definite crossovers.

The pageantry, the rivalry, the reality that competition could take place in the evening and then combatants would spend the night sharing drinks and stories of conquests past. But the one thing these two sports had in common more than anything else was the requirement for those who partook to feel nothing but unbridled self-assurance that they were better than everyone else that they may compete with.

Or at least, that is the face they show to the world.

It was late Saturday – Qualifying had ended hours before and Sebastian had spent the afternoon and the evening taking in the plethora of famous faces that had chosen to attend the event. And as the night had drawn to a close, Sebastian had

found himself looking out over the Track and the harbor from a balcony with a glass of Brandy in one hand and cigar in the other. It was a gloriously warm night, and he was enjoying the movement of the boats. He could see their owners sat upon the decks, and late-night parties taking place into the small hours. Ten years ago, he'd been on one of those boats. At one of those late night parties.

With Kinsey and Grant.

"Wish you were here," he said quietly before taking a drag on the cigar.

"You know they're bad for you, right?" said a voice behind him. Seb let out a deep breath and turned around, his back to the harbour as the blonde woman stepped from inside the building.

"Well if you're lucky, they'll do their job and finish me off," Seb said.

"Don't be dramatic," said Sloane, rolling her eyes as she walked towards him. She was wearing a ball-gown, not all too dissimilar to the one she'd worn back in February at Clemence's ball. But this was burnt orange - not a shock. In their one and only visit to watch the a Grand Prix, she had fallen head over heels for McLaren - mainly because of the colour of the car, but also because 'that guy has amazing hair'. She wasn't wrong. But, it had coincided with Seb's choice of team and... Well...

"Hello, Chaos," he said, "Still sporting Papaya I see?"

"His hair is still pretty," she said, shrugging, still looking out over the yachts.

"That it is," said Seb, taking a sip from his brandy. He stubbed out the cigar.

"You don't have to do that on my account," Sloane said, "Your terrible life choices have nothing to do with me."

"Indeed," said Seb, taking another sip. "I'll finish it once we're done - why are you here?"

"Oof, I assume that means it wasn't me you were wishing was here," Sloane said, mischievously. "Tony invited me - told me that even though I'm not wrestling right now, he still wanted me to know I was welcome given that I fought here last year."

"Of course he did," said Seb, smirking. "So you've come to see me win."

"I've come to watch some racing and some wrestling," Sloane said, with a level of certainty. "But mostly, I've come to see why I've not heard anything from you in over three months."

"You expected a weekly phone call? A Zoom call perhaps? Or did you want me to fly in so we could have tea?" asked Seb.

"No need to be a jerk," said Sloane, rolling her eyes. "But given... What happened at our last meeting? I thought *maybe* you'd reach out."

"Given what happened at our *last meeting*, I assumed you'd know that I had no interest in you staying involved in any of this," said Seb. "I wasn't lying when I said you'd just cause more trouble. It's what you do. Chaos."

"Stop calling me that," Sloane said, before she turned to Seb and folded her arms. "And it's not up to *you* if I stay involved, it's up to *me*. That's what he said. And if you think I'm just going to run..."

"I don't care what you do," said Seb. "But you can't make any more dumb moves if you don't know what's going on, and I have no intention of telling you."

"But... You said..." Sloane began, a look of protest in her eyes.

"I lied," said Seb. "Because I knew if I didn't I wouldn't be able to get rid of you - and look at where we are anyway. But hey, at least the last few months have been quiet."

"Yeah, sure, other than your sub-tweeting nonsense," she snapped, turning away to look out at the harbour again. "You know I can't just pretend I don't know what I know."

"You could try," said Seb. "Really, really hard. Just, you know, pretend none of it ever happened, Block it out, and just get on with your life. You have experience in that."

"You really do need to be a jerk, don't you?" Sloane said.

"I've always been a dick, Chaos. You know that," said Seb.

"Oh my god, will you stop calling me that!" said Sloane. "And I'm here now. So clearly your little 'wait it out' plan didn't work, so you may as well tell me what's going on,"

"Did you decide what you're going to do?" asked Seb.

"How can I decide when I don't have all the information?" asked Sloane.

"You have *enough* information," said Seb, with a scowl. "This doesn't involve you. It shouldn't involve you and doesn't *need* to involve you. So hands off, and go live your life."

"But Clemence said..." Sloane began.

"I don't give a fuck what Clemence said - you've been involved twice so far, and already made the entire thing worse both times," said Seb. "You're a fucking liability."

"And you're an arrogant ass!" snapped Sloane. "Because none of us... *NONE* of us... Would be involved if you hadn't stuck *YOUR* nose where it didn't belong."

"You lost the privilege of telling me where I should and shouldn't put my nose a long time ago," Seb said with the hint of a smile. But instead of getting flustered, Sloane squared her shoulders, stepped forward and looked him square in the eye.

"And you lost the privilege of making requests about what I do with my hands before even then," she said. Seb felt the sting of the words and the heat rise up his neck. He clenched his jaw, and tensed.

"Then there's no reason for us to continue this conversation," said Seb. "I wouldn't want to keep you any longer than I had to."

"Well tough," said Sloane, folding her arms again. "Because Clemence made it clear that the choice of whether or not I'm involved is mine. Not yours. So, I'm going to go and enjoy the nice hotel room that I have booked, and then I'm going to be your shadow until you decide you're going to tell me what I want to know."

"Chaos..." Seb began, but Sloane cut him off stepping forward.

"You always did suit a tuxedo, Sebastian... Very James Bond," she said, running her hand down the front of his shirt. Seb tensed. "Do you have one of those Rainfall showers in your room? I do. I love them so much. I'm looking forward to going and taking one right now..."

"I... That... You..." Seb stumbled.

"I think maybe you should take one too, Seb," she said, before winking. "I think yours might need to be a cold one though..."

She smiled and patted him on the chest, before turning and walking out the way she came, never looking back.

And Seb knew this, because he watched her the whole way.

"Fucking Clemence," he muttered under his breath, as he turned back to the harbor and drained his glass.

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## **22nd February 2025 - Lincoln Park, Chicago**

Sloane Taylor couldn't help but be happy with her chosen disguise. The big red hat, matching overcoat, and the sunglasses were exactly what she needed. Afterall, if Carmen Sandiago could evade capture across the entire world, then it had to be the kind of outfit that allowed the wearer to go unnoticed.

Sloane had also been watching YouTube videos that constantly told her to 'check her six' and 'remain vigilant' - though she'd learned that last one from Mad-Eye Moody, years before.

Yes, Sloane was disguised, and on high alert, ready to ensure that nothing and no-one would surprise her.

"Hello, Chaos," said a voice that made her jump AND shriek at the same time. She pirouetted, and found Sebastian Everett-Bryce already sitting on the bench at which they'd stopped many a time to look out over Lake Michigan.

"Seriously? How the heck did you know it was me?" asked Sloane, as she pulled off the sunglasses.

"Who else would come to the park dressed like Carmen Sandiago?" Seb asked, before pausing. "Why *are* you dressed like Carmen Sandiago?"

"Because I was TRYING to make sure I wasn't seen meeting with you - you know, so we could keep things low key?" Sloane said.

"Oh right, of course, incredibly subtle," Seb said.

"Oh shut up," Sloane said, dropping onto the far-end of the bench, about as far away from Sebastian as she could muster. She eyed him, then raised her eyebrows. "Well?"

"Well what?" asked Seb.

"You asked me to meet you here," Sloane said. "I assume because you were finally going to tell me what the hell you were doing at that Gala."

"I was invited," Seb said. "I told you - Clemence and I have some business to work out. Security and what-not,"

"I don't believe you," said Sloane. "I refuse to believe that you're working with THAT MAN after everything that's happened with your father."

"You don't know what happened with my father," said Seb, his jovial look turning darker.

"I know that he's in prison - where he deserves to be," said Sloane. "And I heard rumours that you helped put him there."

"Thad has a big mouth," said Seb. "Or Tyler. One of them. I don't really care who - point is, you have no idea what I'm doing, or what I want."

"So tell me," Sloane said. But it came out more antagonistic than she'd planned.

"No," said Seb.

"Ugh!" said Sloane. "Then why the heck did you ask me to come here if you're not going to tell me what's going on."

"I came here to tell you to stay the hell out of my business. And Clemence's business," said Seb. "It has nothing to do with you, and its going to get you hurt."

"What do you care?" said Sloane, and she realised too late that it sounded a little sulky.

"I don't care. But my gramps does. And Kit does. And I care about them - and that's just about enough reason to make you see sense and tell you to stay... the fuck... out," said Seb. 'Ouch' thought Sloane. But it was too little to expect that it would be anything other than trying to keep Bastian and Kit from getting hurt.

"And what if I don't?" asked Sloane. Seb turned to face her.

"This isn't a choice, Chaos," said Seb. "For once in your fucking life, do as you're fucking told."

"When have you ever known me to do that?" asked Sloane.

"You're right," said Seb, sneering. "Because Sloane does what Sloane wants, and it doesn't matter who gets hurt in the process."

"You've got some nerve saying that to me," said Sloane. And she too rounded so they were glaring at one another, both on the verge of breaking out into yells. They both open their mouths to continue the fight, when they're interrupted by the sound of a voice behind them.

"Well isn't this a thing to behold," said the voice. Seb froze, and Sloane's eyes widened as from behind the bench upon which they were sat steps Clemence Jessops. "It warms my heart to see the two of you side by side again. Though, rumour has it, this isn't the first time is it?"

Clemence smirks, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat.

"What are *you* doing here?" asked Sloane, her eyes boring holes through their uninvited guest.

"Well," said Clemence with a smile. "That rumour I heard wasn't just a rumour – you were at my little soirée last week. And once I knew that, I had to know what you knew. So, I've had you followed."

"You've had me *what?!?*" asked Sloane. Sebastian remained silent, but his eyes focused upon Clemence.

"It wasn't that difficult really – you really do lead a terribly dull life. Your apartment, that book shop, your mother's house... Other than a pit stop or two for what I can only assume is a herbal refill, your days are terribly... Ordinary."

"Nothing wrong with liking a routine," said Sloane defiantly. Though she was having to try hard not to look worried that Clemence had people watching her – and he'd named the book shop and her mom's house on purpose.

"My spy noticed that you stopped off for some new razors yesterday, and as far as I can tell, you don't have a beard... Preparation for the meeting?" asked Clemence, with a smirk. Sloane's eyes widened, and she turned a shade of pink.

"If you've got something to say, Clem, crack on, would you?" said Seb, trying to move the conversation along.

"You really are no fun," said Clemence.

"Oh we can make this really fun if you'd like," threatened Seb. Clemence's eye twitched, before he turned his head to Sloane again.

"I couldn't help but notice that you were the only one to enter or leave your apartment - no husband," he said with a smirk. "Trouble in paradise?"

"That's none of your business," said Sloane, her cheeks heating. "As *HE* asked. What exactly do you want?"

"I've told you," said Clemence, "I wanted to know what you know - but judging by what I overheard as I was arriving on the scene, it would appear that Sebastian isn't all that keen on sharing."

"You could say that," said Sloane, shooting Seb a look. He did his best not to react, but his hands balled into fists.

"Well, let me help you," he said, addressing Sloane, but looking at Seb.

"Clemence," said Seb, with warning in his voice.

"Sebastian, here, came to me several months ago to offer the opportunity to work together," said Clemence.

"Clemence," said Seb again, more dangerously.

"Of course, I accepted," said Clemence. "Afterall, the Everett-Bryce name is invaluable. And his attendance at the gala last Saturday has convinced some of our more shy clients to agree to be more amenable to my suggestions. Which means greater investments, and a greater pay off for the company - specifically, myself and Seb here."

"What?" said Sloane, a touch of hurt in her voice. "You stood there telling me to stay out of things that didn't concern me and all this time its because you're trying to protect your little business venture? You're afraid that I'd get in the way - is that it?"

"Sure," said Seb, rolling his eyes and tossing her a bored look. "That's exactly what it is - you caught me. My father's in prison now, and I saw the chance to step in make a future for myself,"

"A future including Veneras," said Clemence. "Did you know he's supplying all of our clients now? That's a huge business deal - one that likely increases the share price of the company that he screwed you out of last year."

"Wait, that was real?" Sloane said, her eyes widening. "I thought you were just saying that to get me out of the way... You're really using Veneras to protect *him* and *his* people?"

"Oops?" said Seb, a smug look upon his face. Sloane's shoulders sagged - the realisation that Sebastian had taken the company from her so he could make some kind of shady deal to make more money was... Was...

"Okay, as much as I would love to stand here and watch poor little Sloane's heart break, I also like to throw a spanner in the work," said Clemence.

"Jessops, I swear..." said Sebastian, getting to his feet.

"Ah, ah... Don't be foolish. Do you honestly believe I came here on my own?" Clemence asked. "She deserves the truth, does she not?"

"What *truth*?" asked Sloane.

"Sebastian's yarn about wanting to work with me was a ploy to get close to me - likely to feed his father lies in an attempt to destabilise me. Because if an Everett-Bryce isn't in charge, there's a tantrum being thrown somewhere," said Clemence. "He was trying to fool me into believing he was on my side. But really, he wanted his people around my clients so that they could feed him information - I know his true game. I wasn't lying though - having Sebastian on my side has helped to improve business."

"Well then, you're going to have a difficult conversation with those clients, aren't you?" said Seb.

"Oh I don't think so," said Clemence. "Not now that I have leverage over the both of you - now that I know who and what is truly important, we have some choices..."

Seb and Sloane glance at each other, then Clemence, then each other, and then Clemence before both bursting with laughter.

"*Him?!"* said Sloane, "You think threatening him is going to make me do what you want? Oh no - I can assure you, you're very much mistaken. You could toss him into Lake Michigan and I'd barely bat an eyelid,"

"Right?" said Seb laughing. "You can fuck around with her life all you want - because I'm not a part of it anymore."

"Oh... Wait... You think I mean..." This time it's Clemence who begins to laugh. "You think I meant each other? Oh no. No, no, no. I'm talking about the reason that both of you were even at my party last week. Bastian. He's the weak point... For both of you..."

This time, it's Sloane's turn to lurch to her feet.

"If you even look in Bastian's direction..." Sloane said, advancing, but Seb gripped her wrist stopping her from going too far. It was subtle, and whilst her instinct was to drag her arm from his grip, she felt the urgency with which he did it, and noticed him glancing around at their surroundings.

"There it is," said Clemence joyously. "Bastian is perfectly safe... I promise. So long as you both make the smart... Choice."

"What choice?" asked Sloane. Seb glanced in her direction, an unspoken warning not to ask. But it was too late.

Clemence walked past the two of them and sat down on the bench they'd vacated.

"Simple. Sebastian honours his word to work with me and does so without feeding his father any information - he helps me to secure new business and takes his place at the head of the firm so it remains profitable." said Clemence. "You have a wider



range of choices. Either you can go home and pretend none of this ever happened, or you can help Sebastian to do his fucking job. I don't care which. If you're not meddling in my business, I leave you and yours alone."

Sloane tensed, but Seb stepped forward.

"I don't need her involved. Just tell her to stay out of it," he said. "She's a liability – and you don't need the risk."

"No, but I do need the entertainment of you having to work twice as hard to make sure she doesn't fuck things up," said Clemence. "Besides, some of our clients don't like the idea that you're some kind of playboy. Having dear Sloane close at hand may dispel that myth."

"Ha. Yeah right," said Sloane. But Clemence didn't laugh. Instead he climbed to his feet.

"I don't honestly care what you choose to do, but if I even suspect that you're doing anything to undermine me, I'll make sure Bastian's heart attack a few years ago will seem like indigestion."

"You little prick," said Seb. This time it was Sloane reaching out to stop Seb advancing. "You know, at some point, there isn't going to be any leverage. And I'm going to make what I did to my father look like a Spa Retreat gift card."

"Maybe," said Clemence, stepping forward. "But until then, you're going to be a good little soldier and do exactly what you're told, alright kiddo?"

He reached out and gave Seb's cheek a little slap. He turned and looked Sloane up and down, from head to toe and back again.

"Miss Taylor... I assume it's Miss Taylor again, anyway? Its a pleasure as always," he said.

Sloane's face heated again, and Seb's hands shook. Clemence turned and walked away. When he was clear of earshot, Sloane rounded on Seb.

"What exactly are we supposed to do now?" she asked. Seb didn't take his eyes off Clem until he was out of sight. And then he turned to look at Sloane.

"You're going to do what you should have done from the beginning," Seb said. "Stay the fuck out of it."

"And if I refuse?" Sloane asked, her arms folding.

"Then you're going to have to play along – but things would be much, much easier if you just went home and forgot about all of this like he said," Seb added.

"Will you at least tell me what's *really* going on?" she asked. Seb glanced at her, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

"I'll think about it," he said, "Once you've decided if you're going to make the smart decision."

"Sebastian!" said Sloane, as Seb turned to walk in the opposite direction from which Clemence had left.

"Oh," Seb said, pausing and turning around, he walked towards Sloane and leaned down towards her, to whisper in her ear. "I'm sure you were just preparing for Summer dress season, and not the fact that you were coming to meet me."

"I... Uh..." Sloane said, her eyes widening again. Seb smirked.

"See you round, Chaos," he said, tossing his hand in the air - a nonchalant wave. She shook her head clear of any lingering haze from the conversation, and watched Seb walk away into the distance.

"Well that's just great," she said to herself, throwing her hands up. "How the heck am I supposed to decide what to do when he won't tell me what's going on?"

Sloane folded her arms across her chest, and realised she'd have to hope for the one thing that she'd not been able to rely on for a long, long time.

That Sebastian would do the right thing by her, without her needing to ask.

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## **25th May 2025 – Monte Carlo, Monaco**

Raceday in Monaco was unlike any other day. The sun shining, and thousands descending on Monte Carlo to watch one of the most famous races on planet Earth. Sebastian was dressed in his finest - a stone suit, with a simple white shirt and sunglasses was the order of the day. The alcohol free champagne was a marker of the events of the evening - the Monaco Wrestling Grand Prix event in which Seb would take on Vance Isaac Parker in the co-Main Event.

But first, there would be racing.

Sebastian sipped from his glass and sauntered here and there introducing himself to the rich and famous that attended the event. From a distance, Seb had spotted his quarry - one of the investors that Clemence had noted would be at the event. Still very much on the fence about his future dealings with Everett-Bryce Holdings and, in turn, Clemence Jessops and his ongoing dodgy dealings. Seb had been sent to schmooze, and as much as he hated the idea... Bastian's health depended on him at least appearing to play along.

"Royston," said Seb with a smile. He held out his hand to Royston Clysdale - a multimillionaire who's fortune had come with the modernisation of the 'Milk Man' service in the UK. His company had been the first to branch out from milk deliveries to all manner of groceries. And whilst the Supermarkets had more than caught up, he'd managed to keep his head above water. But investment was the key to him maintaining his business.

And investment was what Sebastian was here to try and secure.

"Mr. Everett-Bryce," said Royston, "Good to see you - shame your father couldn't be here."

Ahhhh yes - a sentiment Sebastian had heard a lot this past year. His father's cronies had made it clear that they were less than happy with how his father had been treated. The way his life's work had been 'stolen'.

"Unfortunately, he's not quite rehabilitated enough for day release," said Seb with a smirk. "And call me Seb, please."

"Seb," said Royston, ensuring he emphasised the letter 'b', "I hope you don't mind, I don't plan on discussing business this weekend."

"Of course," said Seb. "I was just wondering if you were planning on attending the MWGP event tonight - I'll be wrestling."

"Not my scene," said Royston, "I'm having guests on the yacht after the race."

"Bring them too - I can have tickets left for you at the front desk," said Seb. "You really should take in the experience, it's exhilarating."

"Not in the mood for broadening my horizons," said Royston. "Look, son, I have no issue with you - and if your father was really as bent as you made him look, then I can't say he had anyone to blame but himself. But if that's the truth, I don't see why you think I'd slip into bed with his right hand man and let him give me the old corkscrew."

"Delightful image," said Seb. "But you're not getting into bed with Clemence - I'm at the head of the table. It's my company now - and I'm looking to ensure..."

"Due respect, you're not your father, you're not Clemence. Most of all, you're not dedicated. You just invited me to a wrestling event - do you really think I want my family's money being handled by a part timer?"

"I can assure you..." Seb began.

"I don't need assuring," said Royston. "I know people like you - and I don't want my family getting burned when you decide to sell the company, or if you end up leaving the whole thing to some fucking cat charity because you've no family to pass on your legacy to."

Seb swelled, and wanted to argue, but... It wasn't an unfair assertion. Afterall, Seb had no intention of ever having an heir.

"Look, you seem like a good man - and you may well do better for others than your father did, but I can't trust my family legacy to a man who sold out his own, and has no prospects of building a new one..." said Royston.

"Maybe not yet, but..." Seb began. But fuck - he wasn't going to win this business. He was fucking this up, and if he did god knows what would happen to Bastian. He could lie, but... Even if he did... There was no guarantee that...

"I think we just have a little growing up to do before we start to think about family, don't we Seb?" said a voice from behind him. Seb's heart almost stopped as a hand snaked around his waist. He lifted his arm as Sloane slipped beneath it.

"Yes," said Seb, trying to hide his look of shock. "Yes we do..."

"And who might you be?" asked Royston.

"Sloane... Sloane Taylor," she said. "And you're the great Royston Clysdale I've been hearing so much about?"

"Charmed," said Royston. "I know your name, I just... I'd heard that you two had been apart for some time..."

"We were," said Sloane, "But the heart wants what it wants - and we decided that all the little things that made no sense just fade away when you focus on what's important."

She gazed up at Seb with a look that said "what the heck are you doing, play along!"

"Exactly," said Seb. "I'd missed her so much, I just... Couldn't stand to live another day without her by my side. She's the only woman I've ever met that's made me actually want to carry on my family legacy."

Sloane's eyes flickered for a moment, and then they both looked at Royston again.

"But I don't want to take up too much of your time, Roy," said Seb, that arrogance slipping back into place. "I'm sure whoever you find to manage your finances will do a sterling job..."

"Yeah," said Royston, as he shook Seb's hand.

"Enjoy the race," said Seb, and he turned away, Sloane following him.

"That's it? We lost him?" Sloane asked.

"Wait for it... Three... Two... One..." Seb said and then....

"Seb," called Royston. "On second thoughts, have six tickets left at the front desk for us - we'll take a look at your show. And then maybe you and the lovely Sloane can join us on the yacht?"

"That's a fantastic offer," said Seb. "But, I'll be flying back to Chicago after the show finishes - I have another event tomorrow night..."

"Ms. Taylor?" asked Royston, with a look in his eyes.

"She'll be joining me," said Seb, pulling her closer to him. Fuck, why did he do that?

"I will – got to cheer him on from up close, you know?" Sloane said, before subtly pulling away from him.

"Well, in that case, I'll have to make sure we can get together back home," said Royston. "It would be good to get to know the great woman behind the man."

"Looking forward to it," said Sloane, accepting a light kiss to the back of her hand. Royston turned to Seb and shook his hand heartily.

"We'll talk more back in London," he said.

"Indeed," said Seb with a smirk. "Enjoy the race..."

Royston turned and spotted another reveler, taking off in that direction, leaving Seb and Sloane behind.

"And you're welcome," said Sloane as she turned and looked up at him. Seb cleared his throat and thought about being a dick, but instead...

"I appreciate the assist," he said. Sloane blinked in surprise. "What? You think I'm going to pretend you did nothing despite the risk took to help me? That's your MO, not mine."

Seb lifted the glass to his lips and looked away from her – Sloane did a small, yet not noticeable stamp of her foot – a micro-tantrum if you will – as she recognised that... Perhaps... He had a point.

"I never thanked you... For helping me... At the Gala," she said. "I know you could have blown everything up..."

"Kind of did," said Seb, glancing down at her. "But you're welcome, Chaos."

"Will... You... Stop that..." she said. "I have a name."

"I remember," said Seb, before glancing down at her again and smiling.

"So, what now? How can I help?" she asked.

"By going home," said Seb. "I appreciate the help, but I still don't want you getting involved – too many things could go wrong, and I can't screw everything up trying to save your arse all over again."

This second stomp was much more noticeable.

"You cannot stop me being involved if I want to be involved, *Sebastian*," she said. "Now tell me what the heck is going on."

"Nope," said Seb, with an annoying smirk on his face.

"Fine," said Sloane.

"Glad it's finally sunk in," said Seb.

"No, I just mean, I don't need *you* to tell me what's going on," she said. "There's more than one Everett-Bryce that knows what you're up to. And he just so happens to have added me to his visitation list."

"Wait, what?" said Seb.

"Mhmm," she replied. "I had hoped you'd see sense, but I guess I'll just have to go and see your dad myself."

"You will not," said Seb sternly. Sloane stood on her tiptoes and smiled.

"You can't tell me what to do," she said, she lowered herself back down and patted his chest, much as she had the previous night. "See you around, Seb..."

He watched her walk away, for the second time in less than twenty four hours. And as she got out of earshot, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

"Anabel," he said calmly. "Place a restriction on the Jet... No, not mine... The other Jet... The other one that's in fucking France. Yes... That one. It's no longer cleared to fly to London."

He disconnected the call and smirked - he wondered how long it would be until Chaos became a little more... Chaotic.

And part of him was looking forward to it.

Fucking idiot.

**THE END**