

“What we are about to discuss would be of paramount interest to Bailey et. al. Hence the need for extra security.”

So, her summons was not just to collect another tirade. Thank God for that. “I understand fully.” “Do you? Have you ever asked yourself who is behind the acts of sabotage plaguing Oscar Bailey’s operations?”

“Only every day.” Then, as his words sank in, she froze. Was this conversation really happening?

“You wish to know why we sent for you?”

“Something about a contribution to the greater NPU campaign.”

“Let us rather phrase it as,” Gaston paused and caught Amelie’s eye, “a potential partnership of several campaigns, both targeting the Bailey empire.”

Fay stared at the glass in her hand. She should have stuck with something milder. Between jet lag and the jarring change of surroundings, she already felt disoriented.

Gaston’s gaze seemed to pierce her deeper. “Before we proceed any further, I need your solemn word that nothing you learn here will be shared with anyone else.”

Oh. My. God. She set her drink down and raised her right hand. “Done.”

He sat back, satisfied. “Welcome to the Quebec hive of the Sting Brigade.”