

RMS story 3: From Singapore with Love

John Wilson was so excited when he arrived at Heathrow Airport. He was taking on his first overseas assignment for his new company and was keen to make sure all went very well. John is head of procurement for Pumpkin, a manufacture of computers in the UK. Sales were at record levels until the Corona 19 virus hit. He had to obtain a reliable source of supply for particular parts in the manufacturing of Pumpkin tablets. The previous supplier in China was becoming less and less reliable as the pandemic lingered on. Although production at Pumpkin had slowed to almost a standstill, they didn't want to be caught with their pants down, once a vaccine was found and produced.

His driver stopped at the drop off point at terminal 4 and got out to open the boot. They had arrived in good time John took a moment to reflect when his father "Tug" Wilson was stationed in Singapore. Tug had flown to the tiny Asian island in 1969 from RAF Lyneham in a VC 10. Apparently, the arduous journey took just over 24 hours with refueling stopovers in RAF Murahraq, Bahrain and RAF Gan in the Indian Ocean. John checked his passport and tickets with Singapore Airlines and was thankful it was a nonstop flight of 13 hours. John jumped out of the car with his flight bag and collected his suitcase, observing the still advised social distancing rules. Waved his thanks to the driver and made his way to the checkout desk.

As he was early John's checked in was quick and uneventful. However, going through security was to the contrary and a nightmare. Social distancing and having your temperature taken meant the queues were as long as ever. This, despite planes flying only a third full. Unfortunately, the person behind John in the queue just didn't know what 2 metres meant. Frustrating to say the least, in a light bulb moment, John started leaving his large suitcase a couple of yards behind him every time he moved forward. Sorted. Eventually John boarded his plane, and with hand luggage stowed away sunk into seat E29 and relaxed. Grateful that Jill at the office had booked him a window seat, he pulled down the blind and closed his eyes.

John's flight was as enjoyable as a 13 hour flight could be mainly due to the expertise of Singapore Airlines and in no short measure the excellent service of the flight attendants. Lots of food, drinks and the hot towels available after short naps. During the flight John ran through his mind how Singapore was now the leading nation in the world in its handling of Covid19. During September 2020 ... no recorded deaths or new cases, same in October. With the most accurate and rapid testing system in the world and a sophisticated trace and connect app enables them to be open for business.

'Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking, we'll shortly be landing at Changi Airport, would you please'.....

...'make sure you have all your belongings ...etc'

The warmth of the late afternoon air as he disembarked to the airport coach hit him like a wall. He had never been a great one with summer temperatures but the combination of temperature and humidity was not at all comfortable. Happily air-conditioned buildings restored his equilibrium.

As he emerged from arrivals a sea of faces confronted him, all wearing face masks, despite the scarcity of the virus. 'These people know how to tow the party line' he thought. In amongst the throng was a diminutive lady dressed modestly but stylishly, with sun glasses that obscured where she was looking, holding a neat printed board with the name John Wilson. Relieved at how simple his connection had been he introduced himself to Miss Lucy Wong, without the traditional handshake, and followed to the waiting black Mercedes where he was given a face mask to wear before smoothly cruising off to the Singapore Marriott. Their journey through the bustling streets took long enough for John to establish that Lucy was bright and intelligent, the sort of person he needed to know in this very unfamiliar place, and with sunglasses off revealing alluring deep brown eyes. It seemed that Jill at the office had been more than helpful in this regard as well!

With an appointment to meet Lucy in the hotel bar later that evening he signed in to the hotel and got himself settled in his room overlooking the down town high rise blocks, glistening in the early evening pink light. 'This is a bit different to what Dad would have experienced' he thought, relaxing back on the bed for a few minutes shut eye.

Waking with a start he found that the long flight had made him a bit more sleep prone than he expected so after a quick shower and change he was down in the bar where face masks were a bit more scarce, and things looked something like they used to before COVID19. He scanned the bar for Lucy and his eyes alighted on a slender, petite lady dressed in a green silk dress and high heels. As he walked as nonchalantly as possible across the room he thought 'This could be a very enjoyable business trip'

"Good evening Lucy" he said lightly touching her arm to attract her attention. Surprisingly she flinched away from him and turned to him with a look that was a strange mixture of bewilderment and perhaps fear. John suddenly realised that she might not be Lucy. Her figure and her eyes told him it was Lucy but he realised that he had not actually seen her without her mask earlier so he could not be certain it was her. He began to formulate his apology when a stocky Asian appeared in front of him. It was immediately apparent however that 'gentleman' would not be the appropriate description for this particular person. He was not very large but his demeanour and a number of scars on his face suggested he was inclined to be somewhat belligerent. He stared unblinkingly at John for a couple of seconds before grabbing him by the lapels and letting forth a torrent of words in a language John had no understanding of. But he got the message loud and clear. "Get your filthy European hands off my woman!"

But the Asian had badly misjudged the situation. In a former life John has served with the SAS, but unfortunately not with distinction. In most respects he had been an excellent soldier but he had always had a hot temper which had got him into numerous scrapes with the result that he had parted company with the army under something of a cloud. Since leaving he had worked hard to manage his temper and to develop his career but he would always be likely to react badly to any sort of confrontation. The Asian never knew what hit him. It was in fact the heel of John's right hand accelerating from somewhere around his navel to connect with his chin which probably knocked him out but the real damage was done when he fell backwards and cracked his head on the tiled floor. Death was instantaneous the autopsy report would later say.

Somehow any further disorder was avoided and the police arrived quickly to arrest John on suspicion of murder. The next few hours were a blur of police procedures and questioning. John kept his cool as he knew he must. He requested that the British Consulate be informed praying that they might be able to extricate him from his nightmare. He was feeling very sorry for himself when at 3am his cell door opened to admit the British Consul himself, Brian Whyte, accompanied by Lucy who was obviously assisting him. This was the first time John had seen Lucy without her mask – or was it? She looked remarkably like the woman in the green dress from a few hours ago!

Whyte was a florid man in his late fifties with an air of weary unfulfilled ambition. Somewhat disheveled and out of breath he started, 'Wilson, old chap, you're in a right pickle here, and I don't appreciate being dragged out of bed in the middle of the night'. He paused but only to build up more steam. He was only just getting going. 'Within a few hours of landing you've caused a major diplomatic incident. I can tell you that this is going to take some sorting out. Do you know who you've just sent to the great opium den in the sky. No less than the adopted son of Sir James Borison. And he is just about one of the biggest names in around here and donor to every good cause you've ever heard of. Not only that . . .'

Another pause. Whyte was beginning to look overwhelmed and the fumes of one too many Singapore slings wafted over.

Lucy had been standing quietly behind, paying full attention but looking intently at Wilson. She leaned in and whispered something to Whyte. Wilson couldn't hear what she said but saw his expression change visibly from one of indignation to exasperation. He looked around the cell and slumped on the bench. 'Fifteen years in this tropical hellhole and what have I got to show for it', he muttered to no one in particular before slowly starting to pull himself together.

'Mr Wilson', said Lucy stepping forward her eyes fixed. 'What happens next depends entirely on you. You can spend the next 20 years in Changi jail, not a prospect I would wish upon a rat, or you can cooperate. Sir James is big in electronics, and about to pull off the biggest trade deal with Singapore. But he's nowhere nearly as big as the business Lee Phong, his adopted son, is or rather was in. Let's just say he was in international unregulated pharmaceuticals, the kind of business that likes to keep out of the public eye if you get my meaning. Your choice, Mr Wilson, is work with us to keep Sir James from looking a complete fool and quietly take down Lee's network. Or stare at the walls in Changi jail'

'And just who is this 'us'?', said Wilson, 'The Tellytubbies?'

'Let me just say that we are a group of like-minded people working to shine a light in some dark corners. We were just starting to get close to Lee when in you blundered blowing the whole thing apart', said Lucy.

Whyte began to stir. He hadn't quite lost all his bluster. 'You can just keep your nose out of this. I'm the British consul and this is my responsibility. And I'm not going to let some jumped up embassy clerk ruin my last few months'

Lucy looked down at Whyte with contempt and showed a cold steeliness. 'You listen to me you has-been. If you want to finish your career with a gong and a cottage in the Cotswolds, you'll do just as I say'. She checked her phone. 'In five minutes the chief of police will get an order to release Wilson on bail. You'll act as his guarantor and get him out of here immediately. Dominic will drive and I'll be following right behind'.

Whyte looked as if he was going to push back, but suddenly all will seemed to drain from him. Ten minutes later he and Wilson were in the consul's car speeding along the empty expressway not toward the residence but to the airbase.

But at the final roundabout the way was blocked with unmarked cars and some very serious and well-armed men, no more than shadows under the harsh streetlight. Their car screeched to a halt and reversed with smoking tyres before . . .

Dominic executed a perfect handbrake turn and sped back up the expressway, now on the wrong side of the road. Meanwhile, Lucy in the second car, took aim with her Glock 19 and got off 4 shots into the surprised gang members at the roadblock, before speeding off in pursuit of the consul's car.

It wasn't long before the gang members leapt into their vehicles and gave chase. It also wasn't long before the Singapore city police helicopter appeared above, CCTV surveillance cover in the island state is nothing if not comprehensive and within moments the police had been alerted. So the chase now had three participants. Things were hotting up.

Dominic and Lucy got off the expressway at the first exit, and back on the correct side of the road. Luckily only two cars were travelling that late and were able to avoid a collision. It started to rain heavily, a typical topical night storm, which made visibility difficult. Following standard operating procedures, they split up, each driving different ways, and the consul's car, with Wilson and Whyte bouncing around in the back, took a 90 minute 'tour' of Singapore, before the gang and the police were lost. "Well that was fun." John Wilson remarked, Whyte was of a different opinion, as the car

drove into a garage under an ordinary looking townhouse in a quiet suburb of southwest Singapore. It was now 5:30 am. "Who the hell are you?" Whyte exclaimed as Dominic finally switched off the engine. "Lucy will explain when she arrives", stated Dominic. "Come inside. We should be safe here". Stairs at the back of the garage led up to a sparsely furnished room with a small kitchen area at one end. Clearly it was not someone's home, but a short let. "A drink anyone?" Dominic asked.

Another 45 minutes passed, until Lucy arrived. She had had more trouble losing the police tail. Tired, weary but enthralled, both Wilson and Whyte listened intently to Lucy Wong's explanation. "I represent the British Government's efforts in combating the illicit pharmaceuticals originating in the Far East", Lucy outlined. "Dominic and I have been working on the probable involvement of Sir James's company with Lee Phong's counterfeit pharmaceutical drug manufacturing plants. It seems there's a lot of money to be made in electronic components, but even more when it can cover the movement of counterfeit drugs, into Europe. We are pretty sure Sir James is dirty and his philanthropy is a front. We also believe the latest drugs involved are being marketed as Covid-19 cures back in Europe, when they are probably just aspirins!" Lucy went onto to explain that she was so close to successfully infiltrating Lee Phong's organisation, when the whole thing was blown in the briefest of moments by John's punch! However the roadblock on the expressway by some of Lee Phong's associates was unexpected and showed the gang's desire for revenge. "John, you are a marked man" Dominic remarked.

After a pause Lucy spoke again, "Clearly we will need a new plan"...

"Count me in" said John enthusiastically "Marked man or not, how can I help?" He hadn't felt this alive since his time in the S.A.S when he was behind enemy lines. The adrenalin from the car chase was still pumping through his veins.

"I think I have a way you can be of use," Lucy muttered thoughtfully.

She explained that Sir James had lived successfully out in Singapore for many years but always like to impress any visitors from the UK.

He had organised an Electronic Trade exhibition in the prestigious Waterview Room at the Gardens in the Bay and John could attend as a representative from an English company that wanted to buy components for his company back home. Lucy felt that although John was actually doing what he came to Singapore for, because of the incident with Lee, he should change his appearance and name so that no one would recognise him.

So they commenced dying John's hair blonde and finding him some spectacles to wear. Lucy said she could arrange a new passport in the name of Robert Johnston.

The intention was that John, now Robert, should attend the exhibition and "bump" into Sir James and accept the invitation to join him for a drink in his suite afterwards, which is what always happened to visitors from the UK.

Robert should show interest in buying components and try and build up a friendship with Sir James and make inquiries into the exporting of these goods to the UK.

Meanwhile Lucy thought that because of the disruption caused by Lee Phong's death and the probable appointment of the second in charge, Wie Long, an even bigger thug than Lee, they might still have the opportunity of infiltrating the organisation.

Dominic said he would arrange to get "Robert's" luggage from the Singapore Marriott and Lucy said she would arrange for someone to visit The Pumpkin Computer Company in the UK to explain things as far as they could.

By this time Whyte had almost lost the will to live and pleaded in a dejected manner if he could be taken home. Lucy agreed but told him not to say anything to anyone and to say that John Wilson had gone inland for a visit.

So that was the plan.

Robert would now have the rest of the day to get to know as much as he could about Sir James and to prepare himself for the accidental meeting. Lucy would encourage her contact in Lee Phong's organisation to push a little harder and find out how the drugs were passed to Sir James's Company before being transported to the UK.

As Robert settled down to sleep in the small bedroom he could already feel the adrenalin starting to flow. "Just like old times" he thought.

John now Robert, awoke with a start, his initial fitful sleep had turned into a deep slumber so the buzz of the apartment's phone had made him jump. It was Lucy, her voice although soft and feminine had an authoritative tone and was not to be messed with. It reminded him of days in Afghanistan when he was receiving his orders for the day. He noted that he preferred the dulcet tones of the Chinese accent to the harsh Glaswegian dialect. Her instructions were that he was to be up dressed and ready to receive further information in half an hour. Yes it was like being in the ranks again. Reaching for his phone to check the time John was baffled to see the screen was blank yet the battery was still half charged, the phone had been wiped. Jumping out of bed he rushed over to the dressing table to check his watch, it showed 7.35 am. He caught a glance of himself in the mirror and his blonde hair, startled him for a moment. This was beginning to feel really surreal.

Fortunately he was showered, dressed and ready to go when the knock came. Feeling very vulnerable he carefully opened the door to a seriously stern looking Lucy. As she silently entered the room her alluring deep brown eyes scanned every corner, she then seemed able to relax and smile. This was definitely the lady that had picked John (now Robert) up from the airport.

"Good morning" she said cheerily "could you use some breakfast?" as she ushered in the waiter with a trolley. As they enjoyed breakfast together, especially the very welcomed English tea, Lucy started going over the plan in much more detail.

"Firstly Robert (John didn't blink an eyelid and played along, he was ready for his new roll) impressed Lucy carried on "every thing has been made good with Pumpkin back home, they have been reassured that all is well and have given you leave of absence for as long as it is needed" Lucy flicked her long jet black hair " You know the blonde hair and glasses really suit you, you might want to keep them after this is all over" she whispers."I'd rather we just got on with the job" retorts John, but is stirred by her words.

Lucy continues "Our people on the ground have found out, from responsible resources that a contract for one million Singapore dollars has been taken out on your life. This is serious stuff Robert, so to reassure you we are also taking some serious measures to ensure your safety" John mockingly wipes his brow "I'm so glad to hear it" he responds.

Lucy waits for the waiter to clear up and leave the room, before she opens the black zipped bag that she brought with her. She takes out a vest that reminds John of the body armour he wore on active duty. "Is that what I think it is?" cries John " "Yes it is and from here on in you're instructed to wear it 24/7. Next came the Glock 19 the more compact version of the Glock 17 favoured by the SAS. John was beginning to feel more at home by the moment. Next came a radio with GPS, he was going to be well looked after. It really started to dawn on John this was very real indeed.

The Electronic Trade Exhibition at the Waterview Room at the Gardens in the Bay was easily accessed in another black car with tinted windows. "I could get use to this!" John thought to himself, but the smile faded from his face as he considered the possible trouble he was about to walk into. Could he remember his name without showing emotion? "Robert Johnston, Robert Johnston," he repeated to himself as the car made its way to the prestigious Gardens in the Bay.

Lucy and her team had clearly done their background work thoroughly as it was a breeze to pass through reception and receive his pass on a purple lanyard. As it rested on his neat tie and suit he looked the part and felt ready to take whatever the day may throw his way. But it was at this point that his past military training came back to mind and he scanned the reception area for possible

trouble whilst trying to look casual himself. A perusal of the layout diagram for the exhibition quickly revealed the prominent position that Sir James had secured for his firm's display, taking most of the right hand quadrant of the main room next to the entrance and overlooked from the balcony on two sides.

He decided that a casual stroll around the balcony exhibits would be helpful ground work. There were two sets of stairs plus an emergency staircase behind closed doors half way along. As he looked down on Sir James Borison's exhibition stand he could see Sir James talking with customers out of sight on the main walkway in a restricted back area so the task was clear; he had to talk his way into the inner secure area and befriend the entrepreneur. A challenge he was ready for as he descended the stairs looking every bit the successful businessman; but with a gun in his pocket!

John approached Sir James' trade stand with what he hoped was a casual air. Inevitably he was immediately approached by a very eager assistant and John had no difficulty convincing him he was an important potential customer. Much sooner than he had expected he was invited to the inner sanctum to meet Sir James who had obviously received some secret message about his new visitor because the person he had been talking to was abruptly forgotten and ushered from the room by some underling. Sir James approached John saying "I'm so pleased to meet you Mr Johnston, I have heard so much....' The obvious lie froze on his lips and he reached out to prod John in the chest. "I know you he said! I never forget a face even if you have died your hair!" And when the hand, missing the top joints on three of the fingers – reputedly lost in action so it was said – prodded him it made John realize, somewhat belatedly, that he knew Sir James! Their paths had crossed in the SAS in unfortunate circumstances when, then simply, colonel Borison had cause to reprimand John for some misdemeanor. John had obviously managed to erase the unfortunate experience from his memory until now.

It might have been possible to explain his name and appearance change but that prod in the chest was of greater significance because Sir James had immediately recognized, and confirmed with a few more exploratory prods, that John was wearing the body armour under his shirt! John was at a complete loss to come up with some plausible explanation for this but was astounded when Sir James said "Thank God you are here old chap. I was beginning to think HQ was ignoring all the messages and information I have been sending in. I thought you had left the army under something of a cloud but obviously that was just to cover your move to greater things. It is such a relief that you have arrived to deal with things". Somewhat bewildered John did at least have the presence of mind to play along with Sir James' erroneous assumption and suggested that Sir James should start at the beginning and repeat all that he had reported to HQ since his own briefing had been somewhat limited before he had left London.

Sir James spoke for some time during which he indicated that he had continuing role in MI6 and had some sort of responsibility for reporting on activity in Singapore. To further his effectiveness in this role he had adopted Lee Phong hoping to gain better insight into the workings of the local economy and underworld. But he had come to realize that Lee Phong was a seriously bad character. He had reported his activities to HQ and had reluctantly called upon HQ to 'terminate' him – and therefore assumed that John had arrived 'suitably equipped' and had dealt with the matter.

Was Sir James an entirely innocent party and telling the truth or was this all a complete fabrication. It all seemed perfectly plausible. And if he was not an innocent party John could not see any reason for such an elaborate story. Sir James would surely have assumed John to be some sort of danger to his operation and simply handed him over to Wie Long's thugs by now. So John faced dilemma. Sir James' story, and by implication the backing of MI6, was believable and Lucy Wong's story, and by implication the backing of the British Consul and The British High Commission, was also believable but who should he believe? And more to the point what should he say or do now to end his meeting with Sir James?

John was thinking about his next move when from the corner of his eye he saw a commotion downstairs – several men were moving through the crowds clearly looking for someone or something. Instinct told John they were not here for the electronics as they headed to the stairs to the balcony. At the same time Lucy was moving towards him along the balcony watching the group below. There was a movement and flash just as John turned back to Sir James. His mouth opened as if to speak but, no words came out. Seconds passed and his eyes lost focus and very slowly he began to topple.

John watched mesmerised until a blow like charging bull hit him in the chest and he found himself flying back and hitting the floor. Dazed and winded but still conscious he saw a pool of blood spreading from Sir James's head. Lucy was now close and speeded up raising her right leg to deliver a flying kick to one of the thugs now at the top of the stairs and sent him tumbling down. The second tried to grab her around the throat but a swift turn and flex of her left leg left him off balance, a chop to the back of the neck sent him following down the stairs. She checked Sir James's pulse, shook her head and moved over to John and 'Are you OK? We've got to get out of here'. John gave silent thanks to Saint Kevlar and pulled himself together. Breathless and bruised but otherwise unharmed he hauled himself to his feet.

'Come, this way', said Lucy and headed for the emergency stairs stepping over horrified onlookers on the way. John followed as best he could against the burning pain in his chest. They pushed through the swing doors and found themselves in the stairwell. Lucy raced ahead taking the steps two at a time, John gripped the handrail and staggered behind. Somehow they reached street level and Lucy steadied herself, crouched and kicked the door open in one movement. John pulled the Glock from his shoulder holster and they burst through the door and down a couple of steps. Arms as strong as a wrestler grabbed and lifted her off the ground. John raised his pistol but thought better – much too close for comfort. Instead he changed position raised the pistol and caught the wrestler with a glancing blow. He wobbled a little distracted for a moment. Just enough, Lucy broke his grip with an elbow to the kidneys and a back head butt. As the blood appeared started to flow from his nose, she wriggled free and turned. 'Wie Long', she cursed, 'I'll get you'. She reached for John but she was a fraction too late. An arm curled around his chest and he felt a sharp sting in his neck – everything started to mist over and he found himself falling into a warm well of nothingness. 'Go. Lucy. Go', he murmured as he lost consciousness.

He drifted - time passed, time stood still. Sounds came, sounds went. Things appeared, things faded. John revelled in the warm embrace of the drug they'd given him. Slowly he came round and shapes became forms – a small dark room, rough wooden chair and table. Sounds of chattering rose up from a street below. His hands were tied to the bed. He was dressed in his shirt and underwear – everything else had gone. And where was Lucy – did she get away or was she a prisoner too?

A man drifted into focus – he remembered the wrestler from the fight at the hotel. A broad muscular Chinese or Korean of not less than 100kg with shaven head and goatee beard. He was missing one eye and a scar ran from the empty socket to his jaw. The tattoos on his arms showed a taste for cruelty. Who was he? From his foggy conscious John remembered the name Lucy had uttered - 'Wie Long'.

'I have you where I want you, Mr Wilson – no one will find you here. You will tell us all we want to know – but not, I hope, too quickly'. His voice was cruel and measured. 'Perhaps you will resist a little – I would like that, it would be better for me . . .' He reached into his pocket and produced a pair of dental pliers. 'First I will have a little entertainment'

“Chen” growled Wei, “get Mr Wilson onto the chair. But first remove his clothes. He’s got a lot to tell me and I want him to be comfortable.”

Wei smirked as Chen, who was standing in the shadows came forward and roughly got John up from the bed and stripped off the remaining clothes and tied him to the wooden chair. John felt uncomfortably vulnerable.

“Chen, bring up that table and get out your knife ready to pin his hand to the arm of the chair if he tries to move”, chortled Wei, with some delight in his voice. He was enjoying this.

“Chen is the new boy Mr Wilson so I’ve got to show him the ropes.” explained Wei as he drew up a chair facing John.

Let’s play a game, shall we? I’ll tell you what I know then you tell me what you know before we kill you. The more you tell us the less painful the death. Got it?”

“We knew that Sir James was double dealing but Lee Phong, the adopted son, “Wei spat out, “was too soft to sort it. But as you can see now that I’m in charge it’s sorted.”

He made a gun with his hand and pretended to fire it. “Bang!”

“Your turn, Mr Wilson, Tell me who you are working for?” Wei moved his chair closer to John and took the dental pliers into his hand.

John sweating profusely tried to speak but his mouth was so dry only he only made a few unintelligible noises.

Wei’s eyes seem to light up as he grasped the pliers tighter.

“The British Government” John was able to articulate at his second try.

Wei sat back looking quite disappointed.

“I know that Lucy Wong works for the British Government as well.” Retorted Wei

“Your Turn again. Mr Wilson What is the British Government’s next move?”

John had no idea and his brain was already confused by the drugs and the anxiety of his situation.

I don’t know John muttered desperately, “they don’t tell me everything”

“Oh! that’s a shame.” replied a delighted Wei moving forward in his seat.

John filled with panic tried to push back in his chair then thought about Chen with the knife ready to go through his hand if he tried to move. He couldn’t help it, he moved back and closed his eyes.

A blood curdling scream filled the room. John didn’t think it came from him but was not sure so opened his eyes to see Wei Long pinned to the table by a knife through his hand. His started to get to his feet, all 100 kilograms of him, with the table still attached to his hand but before he could do anything Chen had drawn a gun and put a bullet through his leg.

“Whoops I better be careful” Chen remarked “Miss Wong wants him alive.”

It took quite a while for John to stop shaking even after he had been untied and even longer before he could ask Chen to explain what had just happened.

Chen told John that he was Lucy Wong’s man on the inside of Lee Phong’s organisation and that Lee’s death had moved things along faster than they would have wanted but it was now over and the Singapore Government together with the British Government would be closing this part of the illegal pharmaceuticals business down.

John was taken back his hotel where he showered and tried to sleep but his mind was alive with all that had happened but always coming back to Lucy.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and Lucy entered wearing a colourful cheongsam, the traditional Chinese high collar, knee length, one piece dress and carrying a tray on which were balanced two champagne glasses and a bottle of Don Perignon.

Her dark brown eyes met his and all she said was. “I’ve just come to thank you.....”