

After Miss Fortune ended the Bilgewater's strongest crew heads' miserable lives, Bilgewater turned into a jungle. Now, anyone could easily be fish-food to those sharks out there, except Miss Fortune. She had every man pegged at that stinky White Wharf and she was not an easy meat. If one dared to eat her, she'd stick in their throat. She knew that well. Still, her weeks were filled with hunting and hiding. She was sitting on a hot spot, she couldn't risk becoming a target.

However, that day, she realized that she wasn't immune to threats as she thought she was. Miss Fortune was so concentrated on killing one more Crow's men, she didn't anticipate the black cloaked man slinking behind her back.

"Meet me at the Fisherman's Tavern at night, will ye?" the man whispered, spitting on her face as if he was a hunter drooling on his prey.

Miss Fortune could see his greenish red neckerchief behind his thick beard. His cloak wasn't doing a good job of hiding it either. She knew that only one sailor required his men to have it; Gankplank. It was her lucky day.

Miss Fortune acted the fool. "What for?"

"For puttin' an end to Crow's miserable life. Some of us wanna join ye mate." The man must have figured out what she was up to. Otherwise he wouldn't have used that name so effortlessly.

"Convince me."

"Most of the bilge rats wanna put their dibs on the control, aye? We can't let them do that." His bad breath was smothering Miss Fortune. She took a step back.

"Why would you wanna do that?" she asked.

"We're talkin' about Bilgewater here. It's goin' to be a grand swag."

A chance to clean up the streets and rid them of a couple more enemies came to her by itself.

"No prey, no pay," she agreed with a grin on her face.

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Before sundown, Miss Fortune desired to go to her parent's grave for comfort and courage. She was Sarah there, that little girl who used to run around as her mother crafted the pistols, sitting across her father as he taught her how to use them. That girl had a huge hole in her heart that was never going to be filled, ever. She was only breathing to take lives now, one for each day her parents couldn't breathe.

She was tired of playing tag with worthless people. She put her hands on the soils of the graves and prayed for her parents' souls, hoping that she'd be a good daughter in their eyes.

"Wish me luck," she whispered before taking a deep breath and slightly touching her pistols.

Her sadness turned into vengeance once again. It was Miss Fortune's time. She cracked a smile thinking about what was about to happen.

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Crazy waves hit the mossy rocks on the shore. The wind carried the whispers from the narrow alleys of Bilgewater and the moon was welcoming the night. The air was filthy and foggy.

The tapping sound of Miss Fortune's boots on the cobblestone echoed in the alley. There she was, in front of the Fisherman's Tavern illuminated with bright yellow lights. She confidently took a step inside, the music fading. Then, ignoring the eyes on her, she spotted her date at the bar, and with one swoop, she settled on a stool next to him.

"I always loved warm welcomes." She downed the bearded man's rum. This time he didn't make an effort to hide his neckerchief.

"Ye're one stupid lass." He burst into a cackle, encouraging the others.

"You said you were Crow's men. Spill."

"We don't give a fuck about Crow. We only serve to Captain Gankplank, ye fool."

Miss Fortune jumped from the stool. "Great, everyone's here then. Honey, you just made my job easier."

Miss Fortune took the bar stool and hit the bearded man on the head, knocking him down.

"Bloody hell." His henchman advanced on her, but got his rewards from her pistols.

"I always shoot first." Miss Fortune declared.

Out of nowhere, a rotten fish slapped her across the face. She calmly wiped the sticky, smelly fish gut residue from her skin and sent a bullet into the heart of the Gankplank's man before he fulfilled his wish.

The music started again. Along with the melody Miss Fortune shot and laughed. She laughed more and more as she took the life of every miserable soul.

As the last person fell, she blew her pistol with a face full of satisfied victory.

CLICK.

Miss Fortune felt the cold end of a pistol on the back of her head. *It was too good to be true*, she thought. As she was about to turn to make a foolish move—

BANG

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*Sigh.* A deep breath escaped Miss Fortune's mouth. She was alive.

“It’s about time I meet the hot lass that’s been bossing everyone around.” A man laughed from behind.

Miss Fortune turned to see Graves, standing at the door, carrying a big gun in his hands, cigar in his mouth. She jumped over the twitching dying body of the bearded man on the rum stained floor.

“Well, well, look who’s back.”

“I’ve missed you too.” Graves started walking.

“Oh, but Malcolm, dear, I’m not looking for a duo.” Miss Fortune put her pistols back in their holsters.

“I’m too skilled to be one.” Graves came closer to her. The chemistry between them was undeniable. “I came here to make a short-term agreement. I need some help with an unfinished son of a bitch business of mine.”

“But what’s in it for me? Your beastly body and stinky breath?”

A wharf-rat appeared at the door, but stopped when he saw the mayhem inside. At that moment, keeping his eyes on Miss Fortune, Graves held up his gun and launched a bullet right between the man’s eyebrows and blew him away. Miss Fortune was impressed.

“Tell me more,” she seductively ordered.