The next few days were all developments about the case, which was eventually closed. Ritchie and Carl were sitting in a pub having drinks watching the T.V in the corner. The announcement from the news was the case was closed and they were doing tributes for the vice President painting him as a victim, despite many affairs on the side that were hidden away.

“So, what now for you?” Ritchie wonders as he turns to Carl.

Carl sits there a little while thinking. “I’m tired of this place, there is so much can handle, after this scare, you know it could be a sign. All the cheap drink and all the girls, losing Kiera really puts things into perspective. Before I didn’t know she is dead, thought for a time she was in pain, suffering, and then accepting she was dead, then not if that makes sense. Now knowing she is at piece with our gran who she loved dearly, helps me out a little, I need to live right for her.”

“The chief spoke to me today, hearing what you were willing to do for the Vice President getting injured in the ‘line of duty’, he is offering you a place in the force consulting.” Ritchie offers.

“Out of the goodness out of his heart.” Carl says sarcastically.

“He wants to paint a beautiful picture, you a reformed character working for the respectable vice President, injured in combat, you usual know B.S.”

“I need to start new, new place, new career goals. I might dab my hands in cars maybe, being at that warehouse brings back old memories of me and my dad working on classic cars.”

“With what’s her face Jenna?”

“Jennifer, eh maybe.” as he contemplates the idea.

“Lucky boy, when interrogating Joey said something weird, he said that you cost him a ticket out of something far bigger than you can imagine.”

“Just him mouthing off.”

As they continue to drink, Carl started to see the future was starting to look bright.