She heads down the corridor and gets out her phone.

“Hey babe…I’m ok just wanting your voice…yeah just finished, you home?...course your not, ok I’ll see you whenever…bye babe bye.”

Jennifer hangs up the phone.

“See you later babes.” Carl puts down the phone a little confused by her tone as he looks on at the club. He turns around in the club to see his secretary with a smile on his face.

They have been distance, as Carl owns his own club. She heads out the main entrance door and goes into her Mercedes and drives home. She stops into a petrol station and picks up a sandwich and a bottle of vodka on the way home.

The club is a high-class place that is as tall as a coliseum, which is exclusive to the rich and famous. The club has all kinds of clientele; rappers/celebrities/ footballers mixed with agents, P.R, anyone with a large bank account, you can see them all dancing on a massive oval dance floor. The outside is lined by a red carpet filled with paparazzi that are controlled by two massive bouncers and metal railings. It brings in massive success and is the most recognisable clubs in the U.K, which was largely helped financially from the money he got from the bank heist.

For the first time in a long time, Carl does feel in a good place mentally. He is meeting new people every day as he is always looking for new business opportunities, everyday meeting executives. The days of underhanded business dealings with crooks are over in his mind.

He does have his vices though, in a club with beautiful women, he seem to be tempted by a nice pair of legs in a mini skirt, but he has resisted because of turning over a new leaf with Jennifer. He doesn’t fancy having a sexual harassment lawsuit from his staff, as most of them are female. One member of the bar staff and the two bouncers are the only male staff he has.

The one vice he still has is he can’t stop using his fist to resolve issues. At times in any club there are people who will try their luck to sell drugs in the club. Carl is like a hawk and will swoop straight down there and send any drug dealer out the front door with his right hook and a flash of his gun under his suit, instead of the normal procedure of getting the bouncers to escort them out. The same would be for any blokes starting fights or getting nasty or too friendly with woman in the club. It does bring tension to his vice to beautiful women as he is consoling these devastated/vulnerable women.

He has gone t-totalled, as he has seen enough people in the club off their face; he has been there many times when he was at their lowest point. He works out regularly, taking MMA training from one of the most successful trainers in sports. He wants to be as physically fit, as he is routine from when he was in the marines and the CIA.

He does now have an active life nowadays with his finger on the pulse with everything that happens in his business, but his business dealings isn’t so perfect that he thinks they are thought. The problem nine times out of ten is that whenever Carl is given a business opportunity, it isn’t the full picture.