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DYLAN

I don't mind admitting that Casey Cox is the bravest person I've ever met, and I've known guys who've thrown themselves over grenades to protect their brothers. But I can't say that to Gordon Keegan or Sy Rollins, the police detectives who have a bull's-eye on Casey's back. To them she's a ticking bomb that has to be defused, before she blows their illegally padded lives to kingdom come.

Detective Keegan sits in my passenger seat as I drive him back to his plane—the one he probably bought with blood money—and I can feel the tension pulsing through the car.

"I can't believe you let her walk away," he says.

My jaws ache as I lock down on my molars. "I was distracted by the screaming girl Cox was trying to rescue and the violent man trying to kill her and her baby. It was simple triage. I tended to the most dangerous situation first."

"But you knew it was Casey." His lips are tight, compressed, and his words are clipped. "It wasn't one or the other. You could have gotten the girl and baby out and still arrested Casey."

"In the heat of battle, things don't always go as they should."