

*As per the agreement with her brother, Captain Millington, Commodore Damson O'Hare leaves the field with half of Freeport, to join her fleet to Millington's – ready to raise a little hell after seeing what happened to Lady Caterina. She loads the others onto her ships, and watches them sail to meet Millington, as she waits with The Revenge just offshore, hoping that the remaining Freeporters, and Corbin in particular, will come. Her heart, which broke on the death of her husband, Ripjaw, had mended through the long dark months and through the ministrations of the smuggler lad.*

The night is long and cold, and the following day bleak along the coastline. Time passes, gulls wheeling overhead, the only sound the surf crashing against the shore. Another night passes, and another, and hope dies within Damson as the horrid realisation slowly creeps into her cold, shivering body. He is not coming back.

She stands, a tear falling down her cheek – or is that the rain now driving from the sea? She draws her pistol – it's never looked better. Her hand shaking, she lifts the pistol to her head. A cry from above cuts across the wild wind and darkening skies, and an albatross dives, grabbing the pistol from her hand and dropping it into the rolling sea. Damson falls to her knees, in reverence and in fear of the Old Man, for forgetting her duty. She then rises, turns to the tender and rows it out to The Revenge. Her crew welcome her with a solemn salute, seeing her pain – hats are taken off and heads lowered as she makes her way to the ship's wheel.

She turns the Revenge out to sea, to meet with William. When the fleets are joined, Damson steps onto William's ship to deliver the final account of what happened. William's face remains impassive, the only sign of emotion a single, slight twitch in his jaw. "Bring out the sweeps", is all he says, and the ships are turned and brought about, making all haste to the designated spot at sea.

Ships begin appearing. Millington now doesn't have to wait for the first few to pass - after Damson's report the fleet begin to open fire on all that aren't flying the right flag. The Leviathan and the Kraken appear, taking any ships that dare sail near enough. The waters roil with jetsam and bodies, the wrath of the Old Man and his priests sending them to Davey Jones' Locker. Damson, now aboard The Revenge, looks back towards The Siren Song and The Fury, and screams her anguish and her grief aloud. She then turns, eyes filled with hate, to fire the repeating ballista towards the enemy ships. Flames appear, enemy ships are alight, and the real fighting begins.

Millington fights with silent, deadly precision. Damson is a shrieking banshee, covered in blood and gore. Brother and sister bring death to their enemies, pouring out their grief and rage since leaving Malathia.

When the fighting finds its natural lull, Millington orders the ships around, to retreat before an organised naval fleet can be sent to harry them. Damson's crew look to her – she has not given the order to follow Millington. Her brother stands, looking towards her on the aft deck, waiting for her decision. Jack gently takes Damson's shoulders and turns her around to face William, so that she is able to see him. She slowly comes back to her senses, and nods at Jack, who then takes over and commands the ships to follow.

They make all haste to New Freeport, one which Gaia had created for them the season before. A beautiful port, created from a single land mass and accessible only by the sea via a large cavern, their new home and haven welcomed the fleet as they sailed in. Once the boats are docked, William

calls Damson to his ship. The water in the cavern is calm, and the fog rolls in. Dully, Damson follows the order, her eyes glazed and face pale. William stands mid-ship, hands behind his back. "Grace, you saved me from death in Malathia - you know of what I speak. I see the same in you now." Damson simply looks past William, eyes on the horizon through the cavern entrance, still not seeing. "Grace, you have done the Old Man proud. You have watched and guarded your community with unwavering dedication and duty. Now it is time to follow your own path, until you can come to the Old Man again, as I did many years ago."

William holds out a black rose to Damson, and she looks at it, knowing full well what it means to take it. Until her rage and grief are healed, until she can do her duty as she must, she knows she must take this for her own sake. She reaches out to take it, a thorn biting into her finger, drawing blood. The drop of blood rolls down her hand to land in the seawater aboard the ship's deck, in blessing and in benediction.