

**Author's Note:** *This will be my twenty-ninth story. It is an offshoot from a 'one-shot'. The backstory can be found in **Chapter 3: A New Future** of my other story: **The Trials of Kick-Ass and Hit Girl**. This story is a part of my **Forsaken Universe**.*

**Synopsis:** *Guinevere Murdoch is an assassin, trained since she was eight-years-old to do the bidding of a shadowy offshoot of the CIA. After begin posted to London, England, the organisation that created her was destroyed, leaving her alone. After contacting her only remaining family, she travelled to the United States of America, and San Diego to find her Aunt and Uncle murdered during a home invasion. Her cousin, Juno Saunders, was raped and would have been killed were it not for Guinevere and her skills. After rescuing Juno and taking her under her wing, Guinevere took it upon herself to do what the San Diego Police Department, could not, and she sought to track down those responsible for a spate of home invasions, including that which took Juno's parents.*

*Guinevere is a few months past her fifteenth birthday, while Juno is almost thirteen.*

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**Six weeks later**

**Wednesday, 6<sup>th</sup> July, 2016**

**San Diego, California**

**United States of America**

A certain girl was getting a little full of herself.

"You know, Guinny. . ."

"What have I told you about calling me that?"

"You know, Guinny. . ."

Guinevere growled at the annoyingly cheeky twelve-year-old who just smirked as she continued to speak.

". . . there is a silver lining to all this."

"What the devil could that be?" Guinevere replied, genuinely at a loss to see any silver lining that could be attributed to a double murder.

"No school!" Juno replied with a smile a mile wide.

Juno's smile faltered as Guinevere smirked. Juno had learnt to recognise certain expressions over the past few weeks and the current expression was worrying.

"You may not be going to a mainstream school, Juno, but you *will* be going to school."

The smile vanished completely.

"What!"

"From Monday, we will be starting a new regime – no more Disney Channel, no more lazy Juno."

"I've been running around, almost every day, doing dozens of push-ups, and God only knows what else," Juno blustered.

“Monday to Friday, you will do a minimum of five hours’ schoolwork, plus one hour of physical exercise. On Saturdays, you will do a minimum of two hours’ schoolwork, plus two hours of physical exercise. You can have Sundays off.”

The glare that Guinevere received from the twelve-year-old, blond-haired young girl, was anything but friendly.

“Once we get some more funds, we’ll buy a safe haven, and then we can start training you with weapons – firearms and knives. . .”

“Aren’t knives dangerous?”

“That’s generally the idea – you stick the point up inside the ribcage and twist, or you slit their throat, or you. . .”

“Okay – I get the idea, you creepy Brit.”

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Over the past six weeks, a lot had happened.

Aside from Juno starting her intensive physical regime, Guinevere had been learning the streets of San Diego, with the help of the native twelve-year-old.

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At the beginning of June, Guinevere, with the help of some fake documentation, was able to acquire her motorcycle driving licence. With that, in her hands, she was then able to make her way to the nearest Honda PowerSports Dealer where she was able to acquire a nearly-new 2015 Honda Interceptor in Pearl White. Along with a set of light-grey leathers, some boots, a pair of gauntlets, and a Scorpion EXO-510 Air Xena helmet in white pink.

As the fifteen-year-old cruised down North Harbor Drive, she could not resist smiling. It was the happiest she had felt in a long time. All her worries vanished from her mind as she crept up past forty miles per hour and resisted the temptation to push the speedometer past seventy. Guinevere had been riding motorcycles, seriously, for four years. She had first ridden a motorcycle when she was seven, way before she was taken as a soon-to-be *Predator*. Those skills had been picked up upon, by her instructors, when she was eleven and she had then been put through an advanced class to improve her skills.

It was almost another hour before she had pulled up at the apartment.

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“Holy, crap!”

Juno was amazed when she saw the white motorcycle, then she frowned.

“You expecting *me* to ride on that death-trap?”

“Do you want to?” Guinevere asked.

The smile on Juno’s face spread from side to side. Guinevere pulled out several items from the motorcycle’s side-mounted panniers and her backpack. Within ten minutes, Juno was kitted out in a set of sky blue and light grey motorcycle leathers, with gauntlets and black boots. Her eyes went wide as she was handed the Icon Airmada Sweet Dreams motorcycle helmet in pink.

After showing Juno how to operate the intercom system which was built into the helmet, Guinevere then explained how Juno was to mount the motorcycle without sending it crashing down to the ground. Next came the ride of Juno's young life!

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"Do you have to scream every time we go around a bend?"

"This is so awesome!"

"Fucking Yanks!"

"This is so cool – I've never been on a motorcycle before and . . . the acceleration is like nothing I've ever felt . . . can I go with you whenever you go out . . . please . . ."

It had been non-stop chatter for forty minutes and Guinevere was beginning to regret the intercom system. . .

"Do you ever stop to take a breath?"

"Not really," Juno replied. "At first I was scared about riding this bike – but I feel safe when I'm with you, Guinny."

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

"Guinevere is one hell of a mouthful, don't ya think?"

Guinevere just growled in response as she executed a sweeping turn and headed back towards the apartment.

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A couple of weeks after the motorcycle had arrived on the scene, a delivery arrived for Guinevere. The address – or rather, the location – for the delivery was just off Old Sea World Drive and the time was to be eleven, on the Tuesday night.

"Juno. Tonight should be a straight forward pickup – only, I don't like to take risks and I plan for the unexpected. You will follow every instruction I give you – *immediately!*"

"Will it be dangerous?"

"I hope not. . ."

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They left the apartment at nine, that evening, and headed down I-8. The delivery was one of six that Guinevere had arranged before she had left the UK, weeks before. The content of the deliveries was well over one hundred percent illegal, but the couriers knew their business and they were able to bypass the usual security checks. Guinevere did not trust anybody – not even Juno. She definitely did not trust the couriers, and as such, she had come prepared. As such, two small purchases had been made, not to mention that some subterfuge had been undertaken on her part.

It was very dark as they pulled off Friars Road. A short distance off the main route, Guinevere stopped a dozen yards from a parked SUV. She shut off her lights and then flashed the headlight three times. A corresponding three flashes were returned from the SUV.

“Stay here and remember my instructions,” Guinevere ordered as she climbed off the Honda, leaving Juno still sitting on the machine.

A man climbed out of the SUV and he removed a large backpack from the rear of the vehicle. He placed the backpack on the ground.

“You have my fee?”

“It’s pre-paid, asshole!” Guinevere growled back in her American guise.

“I think I need a bonus for such dangerous work . . . a thousand bucks, or no package.”

With that proclamation, two more men stepped out of the SUV – both were armed, one with an UZI.

“Search her!” the courier ordered.

While the man with the UZI provided cover, the other man stepped forwards and he roughly ran his hands over Guinevere’s body. He retrieved a small pistol from the small of Guinevere’s back, but as his hands passed close to Guinevere’s crotch, she kned the brute in the face.

“Enough of this fucking crap!” she growled as the man with the UZI braced up.

“A thousand bucks, or no package,” the courier repeated, ignoring his fallen man who was struggling back to his feet. He saw no danger – the girl was now unarmed.

“Let me see what I have. . .” Guinevere replied as she slowly headed back to her motorcycle and Juno. She was watched the entire way.

“Sorry about this – close your eyes, honey. . .” Guinevere said slowly as she reached into the back of Juno’s leather trousers and pulled out a second SIG Sauer P938 Micro-Compact pistol, keeping it low and out of sight of the men.

Juno did exactly as she was told; she closed her eyes and began to shake with fear.

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Guinevere turned back to the three men and she raised her pistol. Without warning, she squeezed the trigger, once – the man with the UZI fell backwards, twice – the man who had frisked her; he went down with a bullet through his already broken nose. The third hollow point projectile left the barrel at a muzzle velocity of 1,185 feet per second. The courier only had time to draw his own pistol before death closely followed the bullet as it tore apart his skull.

“Hope you liked your fucking bonus, cunt!” Guinevere growled as she swept up her backpack and the fallen SIG Sauer.

“Are they dead?”

“Yes, honey – let’s go home.”

The ride back was totally silent, but Guinevere could feel Juno hugging her from behind and the shaking as the younger girl sobbed into her helmet.

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The talk, a couple of days later, had *not* been all that fun.

“Come on – just thirty more.”

Juno was attempting sit-ups while Guinevere held her ankles and Juno was *not* doing all that well. Then the younger girl stopped and she stared up at Guinevere mid-sit-up.

“What are you turning me into? I don’t want to turn into you. I don’t want to do the things you do.”

Guinevere sighed and she let go of Juno’s ankles causing the girl to fall backwards awkwardly. She then sat down cross-legged on the floor.

“Join me.”

Juno did so and the two girls sat facing each other on the floor, a few feet apart.

“Juno, I do not want you to become me – I would not wish that on anybody. However, we have some exceptional circumstances here.”

“You like using big words, don’t you?”

Guinevere ignored Juno’s barbed comment as she continued.

“Your Mother, my Aunt, placed you into my care. I now have the daunting task of guiding a twelve-year-old, pubescent girl through the next six years of her life until she becomes an adult. I, myself, am still a child, just as you are, but thanks to my upbringing I no longer have the luxury of being a child. I have no idea how to bring up a young girl such as yourself, Juno. However, I am going to do whatever I can to keep you alive until you reach your eighteenth birthday. I will train you to look after yourself and to be your own woman. I won’t deceive you into thinking it will be an easy ride; it will be hell on earth for us both. Yes, I am training you to become *like* me – only I am doing it in a much more humane manner than how *I* was taught. I will be strict and there will be discipline. I will teach you self-discipline and I will expect you to grow-up fast and learn to be responsible for yourself. . .”

“I am responsible for myself,” Juno interrupted indignantly.

“Who picks up your dirty knickers off the floor each morning and places them in the dirty clothes basket? Who makes sure you get proper meals each day? Who ensures that you take a daily shower? Who ensures you wear clean clothes each day? Who is trying to keep you safe? Who is doing their damndest to keep you fit and healthy?”

“You do. . .” the rebuked Juno muttered as she gazed at the floor.

“I am not trying to be nasty – far from it – you are my only remaining family and I really care about you, Juno. But it is a two-way street and I need something back from you. I am sorry that your childhood has hit the buffers and that you are forced to hide out and suffer my training regimen. You are always free to hand yourself over to the Police and then be placed into some shitty children’s home. I will only try to guide you and I will never force you into going anything unless it is a choice between life and death. You are old enough to start making your own decisions in life and as such, I will guide you in the right direction, but I will *not* run your life, unless you ask me to. When I see evil, Juno, I have to act. If that means I become some form of vigilante, then so be it. To do that, I need a partner and I would like that partner to be you. I know that you are only twelve and are still struggling with your body changing and the other shit associated with puberty, but so am I and I need to cope with *your* mood swings, too. You started your periods yet?”

“No. . .” Juno replied, her face turning pink.

“Lucky for you!”

“You killed those four men at my home, and those three men, the other night, like it meant nothing and I don’t know if I will ever be able to do something like that.”

“It meant something – believe me.”

“But you made it look so easy.”

“Taking a life is not easy. Maybe my training makes it easier, but I still feel like my soul is being ripped apart each and every time that I kill. I was trained to kill, but now I have no master, so I only kill when absolutely required. I will never advocate you killing, but that will not stop me teaching you how to go on the offensive. At that point, you, and only you, will decide when and if, you ever take a life.”

Juno was silent for several minutes as they both just sat there on the floor.

“Thank you, Guinevere. I really mean that, from the bottom of my ungrateful heart. I know I am a pain in the ass. I know over the past year; my parents were getting very annoyed with my behaviour. I try my best to behave, but I do stupid things and I say stupid things without thinking. I want to stay with you for as long as I can. I promise to really try and help you and not fight you.”

Guinevere was taken aback when Juno leapt up and hugged her mentor.

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There was one other defining event of those preceding six weeks.

Naturally, Juno had been very curious about what Juno had killed three men to retrieve. To be brutally honest, Juno was curious about everything; just like any other twelve-year-old.

“I want to see. . .”

“Okay – jeez!”

“Woah!”

Spread across Guinevere’s bed on a white sheet were several items. Guinevere pointed out each item for the benefit of Juno.

“Ballistic vest with ballistic plates – should keep me safe from most medium-calibre rounds. One Glock 19 Gen4 pistol in nine-millimetre, plus three 15-round magazines and two-hundred rounds of nine-millimetre hollow point ammunition. We also have a few accessories which includes a suppressor, laser, and some cleaning equipment. Next comes several knives – those three are for throwing – the larger blades are for close combat.”

Juno picked up one of the throwing knives. The blade was flat and had a dull sheen to it.

“Watch the blade – it’ll take your finger off. . . too late!”

Juno sucked her cut finger and she looked a little sheepish.

“A dull blade is of no use to anybody – remember that, in future.”

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Their cash reserves were dangerously low, so Guinevere had decided that it was time to build up those reserves to a more acceptable level. Guinevere had come to the conclusion that if she was to find out more information on those who were breaking into people’s homes and then assaulting and

killing the occupants, she would need to find her way into the San Diego criminal underworld. So, on the next Friday evening, she left explicit instructions for Juno to get herself to bed at a reasonable time. Guinevere geared herself up and she pulled on the black leathers which both had worn a while before, during the first courier pickup. Two more deliveries had arrived since then, and therefore, Guinevere had much more of her specialised equipment available.

An hour later, after double-checking the surroundings – twice, Guinevere parked up the Honda Interceptor, removed her helmet and vanished into a badly lit alleyway that ran off from G Street, not far from where it crossed 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Once out of sight, Guinevere dug into her small backpack and she retrieved a black and red bandanna which went over her head and concealed her red hair. A black domino mask went over her eyes and fastened under the bandanna.

At that point in time, Guinevere had no idea how far-reaching her actions that night were going to be, both for her, the City of San Diego.

. . . and for the young Juno Saunders.

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It was not long before Guinevere had her first tasking of the evening.

“Leave me alone, please.”

“You walked down the wrong alley, pussycat.”

“Get away from me.”

“We just want to play – maybe touch a bit. . .”

“No. . .”

As Guinevere moved like a cat into the next alleyway, she saw two men backing a young woman into a corner – both men had knives in their hands.

“You should have followed her advice – she’s done nothing to *either* of you.”

The two men spun around to face the voice that had spoken out of the darkness. They both smirked as they saw the shape emerge from the darkness.

“Hey, honey, Halloween ain’t for a few months. Why don’t you run away home to Mommy, like a good little girl?”

“We can do this the hard way – I’d prefer that – or you can both walk away while you still can,” Genevieve growled.

“You can’t threaten us – we can do what the fuck we like, honey. You must be new in town; we’re fucking untouchable – even the cops leave is alone.”

“Nice to know – thank you for passing on that little bit of intel.”

“Now – we have a bit of pussy each. . .” one of the fuckers pointed out to his colleague who laughed out loud at their increase in fortune.

“You ain’t getting no pussy tonight, you motherfuckers. . .”

Guinevere launched herself forwards, drawing a large knife from under the back of her leather jacket. The knife had been stowed, in a vertical position, point upwards, in a scabbard on her back.

The *ex-Predator* had identified the threats – two men armed with knives. She ignored the woman but kept her options over any emerging threats. One thing on her side was that the two men had no idea – none whatsoever – about what she was capable of.

The two men were very surprised to see that their latest mark had teeth – but they didn't see a problem with that; they were grown men and she was – well, she was only a young girl. That idea quickly left their minds as the first man stared at the stump of what was left of his right wrist. The knife, still with his hand wrapped around it fell to the ground as bright red arterial blood sprayed out. The woman screamed at the sight of the blood as Guinevere was attacked by the other man.

“You fucking cunt, I'll. . .”

He never got to finish off whatever it was that he was going to say as Guinevere fended off his knife strike and rammed her elbow into his face. As he fell backwards, the man went for a pistol in his belt. Guinevere ran forwards and kicked the man in the chin before she stamped down on his sternum, snapping the majority of his ribs. Mercifully for the man, the kick to the chin had knocked him senseless before the immense pain from the broken ribs would have made him pass out.

Guinevere breathed a sigh of relief – but as she did so, she heard a pistol shot and she felt herself flying backwards.

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“Fucking, ouch!” Guinevere growled to herself as she began to struggle to her feet.

Her left shoulder was ablaze with pain. She quickly scanned her surroundings – the woman was gone, but in her place stood three men, one with a pistol pointed directly at her.

“Hello – you fuckturds ready to die?” Guinevere continued.

“Oh, you have the wrong end of the stick, little girl – we have the upper ground. . .” the man with the pistol explained with a chuckle.

“Point taken – let's bring you down to the lower ground then. . .”

None of the men were ready for the onslaught that followed as two knives flew through the air and embedded themselves deeply into two of the men's chests. Guinevere rolled as bullets struck the concrete where she had been and she dove at the remaining man, kicking the pistol from his hands and ramming a fist into his face, he fought back. Guinevere breathed through the pain as the bastard punched her bruised shoulder. She followed up with a double punch to his chest and then a kick to his stomach. He went down like a sack of potatoes. One of his colleagues regained his feet, ignoring the embedded knife. Guinevere span around and her right boot collided with the side of his head. He went down beside his two colleagues.

“Stay the fuck down, cunt!” Guinevere growled.

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### ***An hour later***

Juno jumped as the door to their apartment burst open and Guinevere stumbled inside.

As the door swung closed, Juno jumped up and she locked it before she grabbed hold of her cousin's right arm and helped her over to the couch where Guinevere slumped down.



“What, the bloody hell, happened to you?”

“Will you, please, stop copying my epithets . . . ouch!”

“My question stands, Guinevere!”

The fact that Juno used her full name was not lost on Guinevere.

“Tonight started well but then I got myself shot. . .”

“What! Where?”

“Don’t get your titties in a twist – I’m wearing a vest.”

“Still. . .”

“Help me off with these bloody boots – I need a shower.”

Juno was worried. She had never seen Guinevere in pain and considering what she knew about her cousin, she seemed almost indestructible. Within a few minutes, the boots were off and next came the leather jacket.

“Careful – my shoulder is a little bit tender. . .”

“A little! Damn that bruise is a whopper – does it hurt if I. . .”

Juno jumped back as Guinevere swore coarsely.

“Okay – don’t touch the bruises. . .” Juno mused as she finished pulling off the jacket. She took in the holstered automatic pistol and the spare magazines under opposing arms.

Next off was the holster with knife and pistol.

“Heavy. . .” Juno commented. “You manage on your own, then?”

“Yeah – a guy gave me a hand at one stage,” Guinevere chuckled and Juno scowled as she saw the dried blood on the knife.

Juno insisted on helping with the rest of her cousin’s clothing and once all but her underwear was removed, Juno helped her through to the bathroom. As Guinevere slipped off her knickers and her sports bra, Juno took in the bruises on her cousin’s body from the night’s action.

“That looks rough.”

“Believe me, I’ve had a lot worse. . .”

“What are those marks on your butt?”

“A favourite tool of Urban Predator instructors. The leather strap. . .”

“Oh – I am so sorry. . .”

“Hurt like the devil, but I survived. No pain, no gain!”

Juno was not convinced but she respected her cousin’s courage.

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Guinevere spent close to thirty minutes in the shower and when she emerged, she felt much relieved. She made sure the towel wrapped around her body was secure and then walked into the living room where she found Juno on the couch.

“You’d better come look at this – I Tivo’d it.”

“What you talking about, kid?”

Guinevere’s mouth dropped open as Juno pressed play – it was the local news and they were showing some rather grainy film. It looked like it had been taken on a mobile phone – it was a vertical image rather than the usual horizontal one. It had obviously been dark at the time, but Guinevere grimaced as she saw herself getting shot and then three men dying at her hands.

*‘The unknown assailant who is believed to be in their late teens, or maybe early twenties, managed to take down five men, tonight. A young woman reported an attempted attack by at least two of the men that was thwarted by the masked individual. The San Diego PD insist that the assailant was just as guilty as the men who were all badly injured in the attack. They went on to say that they would never condone vigilantism in this city. Needless to say, one young woman is alive thanks to this masked individual.’*

“Not bad, cuz!” Juno commented. “You were like a Demon.”