

**The following morning**  
**Wednesday, October 26<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**THE APARTMENT**

It was Juno's first sleepover.

However, unlike the naked Guinevere who was wrapped around the equally naked Nicholas in the same bed, Juno was clothed, and she had the bed to herself. The clothed Logan slept on the floor like the gentleman which he was. As the young girl gazed down at her boyfriend, she winced at the sight of the various medical dressings which covered his wounds. The boy was still asleep, recovering from the beating which he had endured at the hands of Leo Shepherd.

On their return from the warehouse, Guinevere had been very angry, and she had torn into Juno with a gusto which Juno had never seen before. Logan had come to her defence, only for Guinevere to tear into him as well. It had taken a surprisingly brave Nicholas to bring Guinevere back under control and calm things down. Logan had explained that there had been nothing either of them could have done to prevent their being taken. He had also gone on to explain that without Juno's level-headed thinking and her hidden blade, then things could have ended a whole lot different.

Guinevere had calmed down and she had insisted on checking Juno out for injuries while Nicholas sorted out Logan.

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"I'm sorry that you had to go through that, Juno."

Guinevere winced as she removed Juno's T-shirt and bra. The bruising on her back had to be painful but the young girl was bravely grinning through the pain.

"I did what I could - without your training. . ."

"Well done with the knife."

"I know you always carry stuff hidden away."

"I'm pleased to see you picking things up. There doesn't seem to be anything to worry about, here. Your fingers are fucked up but then you still haven't learnt to keep them away from sharp blades, yet!"

"Sorry."

"You'll learn, one of these days. Now, I know this will have been a shock for you. Learning that Logan is a *Predator* was a shock to us, too. Go easy on him - if he had wanted to hurt you, he could have done it easily. Don't press him - not yet. He's obviously scared and just wants to hide his past - I know where he's coming from."

Juno left Guinevere and she went to find Logan. She actually blushed when she found Logan sitting on the edge of the bath, naked, while Nicholas finished helping him undress. Logan looked up and he grinned sheepishly.

"Now you've seen me naked," Logan quipped.

"You never saw my boobs," Juno countered.

"I'll leave you two alone," Nicholas grinned as he left the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

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Juno grinned as she looked down at the sleeping Logan.

The boy had a very nice body - muscular like Nicholas - although Nicholas had a bigger dick. For Juno, it was only the second dick she had ever seen. However, it had behaved just like the first as she had pulled off her T-shirt. She had thanked Logan for saving her and she had kissed him. His hands had rubbed against her pert nipples before they had separated after her first ever kiss. They had showered together and despite Logan's obvious attraction to Juno's naked body, which had Logan blushing, he did not touch or push anything on her.

Juno got up, peed, dressed, and reported to the kitchen. She found a naked Guinevere and a naked Nicholas kissing part way through preparing breakfast.

"Really!"

Guinevere actually giggled as she ran off to the bedroom with Nicholas close behind. They reappeared a few minutes later fully dressed. While Juno was digging into a bowl of chocolate cereal, Logan appeared in just his boxers.

He sat down at the table and he nodded as Guinevere placed a mug of coffee before him.

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"My real name is Kai Wynter. I came in with the Third Intake - August 2011. I never recognised you, Guinevere - not properly; you've changed - at least your body has. They took me when I was twelve, in April 2015. I was selected for a classified program which required that I endure plastic surgery to alter my appearance. *Urban Predator* fell apart before I ever found out much about the operation. I thought that I might be targeted, so I hid under an assumed name which fitted with my new appearance. My aunt - she really is my aunt - took some convincing but she took me in. To be honest, I forgot all about the damn tattoo."

"I saw it and I kind of reacted," Juno admitted. "Anybody but Logan and I would never have said anything."

"Leo must have overheard us talking - never knew he was around, or even alive."

"Leo?" Juno queried.

"Leo Shepherd, Wolf," Nicholas explained. "He and a girl called Lucy Ford were the very first *Predators*. They were a special pair - Wolf and Piranha."

"He hinted towards missing someone," Juno commented.

"To be honest, I was very surprised he reacted the way he did," Logan/Kai went on. "He seriously believes that somebody infiltrated *Urban Predator* and tore it apart from the inside."

Guinevere nodded.

"Naturally, considering he knew almost every *Predator* of our age range, and him not recognising you - that put him on alert."

"It hurt, too."

"Okay - we have three *Predators*," Guinevere summed up. "With another one keen to skin Logan for information."

"We have a team!" Juno grinned.

"Hold your horses, young lady," Guinevere said sternly. "I still don't know if I can trust Nicholas."

"He did help to save us both and . . . well . . . I checked up on him."

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"How in hell's name did you do that?" Guinevere demanded.

"I called that special number and I obtained a copy of his file. . ."

"So that was what was in the FedEx package the other day," Guinevere replied.

"So, anything bad?"

"You were able to get my file?" Nicholas asked.

"Long story," Guinevere commented. "Can you make another call? Maybe get the file for Kai Wynter? Just for confirmation."

Logan/Kai shrugged as he dug into a bowl of cereal.

"I can do that," Juno acknowledged between bites. "Should I ask about Lucy Ford and Leo Shephard, too? Wouldn't mind seeing your file, Guinny."

Guinevere glared at the smirking youngster.

"You are never seeing my file. I think, between us, we know enough about Leo and Lucy for the moment, so no need to push our luck."

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### ***That afternoon***

#### ***THE APARTMENT***

Juno was lying on the couch, her arms wrapped around Logan - he was keeping the name.

There came a knock on the door. Guinevere glared at Juno who ignored her. Nicholas also ignored the sound.

"It's not my place," he pointed out.

Guinevere jumped up and she stalked to the door. She checked the spyhole first - it was a courier with a FedEx package. That was quick - Juno had only called Hit Girl two hours previously. Once the door was open, Guinevere held out her hand for the package.

"Hello, Guinevere - here are your files. I was in the neighbourhood, so I thought I would just drop them in. As for Logan and Nicholas - they check out."

Guinevere was stunned to recognise the girl from the warehouse - only she had clothes on; the green eyes were unmistakable. It was Hit Girl, only without a mask. The motorcycle helmet covered up most of her features, yet blond hair was visible around the edges.

"Thank you. I never did get the chance to say thank you for everything."

"No need - you just keep that wayward girl safe. My team are close by should you need help. Good luck, Lilith."

"You want to come in?"

"No thanks - I have an ongoing operation in L.A. to get back to."

With that, the leather-clad courier turned, and she headed for the stairs.

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"Delivery?" Juno asked.

"Yeah - it was her."

"Her?"

"Hit Girl."

"What?" Nicholas exclaimed.

Guinevere ripped open the package and she revealed three neatly bound files.

"What do we have here?" she mused. "Nicholas Hyde AKA Trauma. Kai Wynter AKA Riptide. Oh. Guinevere Murdoch AKA Lilith. So nice of her to send my file."

"Gimme!" Juno yelled.

"Keep dreaming, honey," Guinevere said as she kept a firm hold on her own file.

She was keen to see what her file said, but first, she motioned for Nicholas to come over and he sat beside her on the couch.

"Okay, Mr Hyde, let's see what they had to say about Trauma," Guinevere grinned.

There were several minutes of silence as Guinevere flicked through the pages. She nodded a few times and chuckled too.

"The little cunt was actually quite good."

Nicholas grinned.

". . . enjoys touching himself. The boy has no compunction against masturbating before females in the showers . . ."

Nicholas simply shrugged.

"The boys enjoyed playing with themselves, especially in the showers when the girls were there," Guinevere explained. "However, considering they couldn't actually ejaculate at that stage, they resorted to seeing who could wee the furthest. . ."

"Extra points for peeing on a girl?" Juno grimaced.

". . . you got them figured out, honey," Guinevere chuckled. "It was really gross, but then they hit puberty and they began to jerk off, and yes, extra points for getting semen on a girl's skin."

Nicholas was grinning, as was Logan.

"I weed on Guin!" Nicholas offered proudly.

"Dirty fuckers!" Juno growled.

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They broke for pizza and they each enjoyed a laugh as they ate.

Guinevere never noticed Nicholas slyly slipping a folder from the stack of three.

"Okay," Nicholas grinned as he flipped through the pages.

"No!" Guinevere exclaimed.

"Ah . . . Guinevere Murdoch is struggling with some of the more basic aspects of self-control. However, when she is not crying, or attacking another child, she grasps her studies well. Hopefully, the onset of puberty will give her an opportunity to grow up . . . waffle, waffle, waffle . . . unfortunately, the

onset of puberty has done nothing to correct the fits of immature screaming and crying . . . waffle, waffle . . . here we go . . . Murdoch received three strokes of the strap for causing heavy bruising to the groin of Nicholas Hyde during another immature explosion of emotion."

"He kissed me," Guinevere explained meekly. "Then he squeezed my left tit."

"So, she kneed me in the knackers, twice," Nicholas added. "Wasn't worth the squeeze - not much there to be honest."

"You want another knee in the genitalia?"

"What would be shoved into those lovely red pubes each night?" Nicholas grinned.

"Oh, she has about three vibrators for that," Juno commented.

Guinevere's cheeks turned bright red.

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***The following morning***

***Thursday, October 27<sup>th</sup>***

***Garnet Avenue***

"Where the hell are we?" Nicholas asked.

"I feel like I'm about to get mugged by some drug dealer," Logan added.

"Oh, we got rid of them," Juno commented as she pushed the boys towards the entry door.

"Welcome, boys!" Guinevere announced as she entered an eight-digit code into a keypad and the door clicked open.

Juno shoved Nicholas and Logan inside before Guinevere slammed the door. She turned to face the two boys.

"This is Haven - our bolthole and our place of sanctuary. If either of you two breath a word about it, you won't have just me after you. I won't go into why for the moment, but this place is partially funded by Hit Girl, so you fuck things up, she comes after you. Understand, jerkoffs?"

"We do," Nicolas said, and Logan nodded.

"Now, I would suggest that you both go and get changed," Guinevere directed.

"Then, I am going to get down and personal - sorry - I am going to be sparring with Guin," Nicholas said, "while Logan does his best to help Juno learn which end of a knife is the business end and why holding the business end with her hands is not a good idea."

Juno scowled as she hid her healing hands.

"If I remember, Kai Wynter had some similar issues," Guinevere chuckled.

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Juno was impressed.

It had been the first time that she had seen Nicholas fighting properly and Guinevere was not holding back as the two Predators flew about the mat. Juno's eyes were involuntarily drawn to the muscles of the fifteen-year-old's body as they flexed. The sweat accentuated those very same muscles as the boy moved to

avoid his opponent's fists. His opponent was not eyeing up Nicholas' attributes; she was more interested in how the boy could fight. However, as far as Juno could tell, Nicholas could fight. The younger girl grinned as she watched Guinevere being tossed down onto the mat. Nicholas was just as skilled as the older girl; however, the boy was much stronger, a factor of his gender.

Guinevere was standing for none of it. She was angry about being put down before her protégé. She and Nicholas had been pressed together, and they had trained together. They had suffered together, and they had grown up together. They also knew each other's moves and each other's weaknesses. Guinevere sunk her left hand into her partner's groin, seizing everything there and twisting. Nicholas bellowed out in shock and pain, but to the boy's credit, he reached down and with his left hand, he grasped a good amount of right breast and he dug his nails in while his right hand went straight down the front of Guinevere's shorts and he grasped a good amount of red pubic hair. Guinevere's bellow of pain almost matched that of Nicholas.

Juno loved it.

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"When you've finished eyeing up those two, let's get back to business, shall we?"

Juno grinned as she turned back to Logan. The boy held up a standard combat knife.

"This is the pointy end . . . and this here is the blade. You don't touch these with your hands. You are, however, allowed to hold the knife by the grip at this end."

"Sarcastic twat!"

"Sorry."

Logan grinned at Juno, pleased that he was able to converse with her as a developing equal. He had witnessed how well she had fought at the warehouse, and he had been very impressed. He gauged the youngster's current skill level as that of a post-tattoo Phase 1 who was not far from graduating to Phase 2. To be honest, she was not all that far, in certain aspects to becoming a Phase 3 *Predator*. Guinevere had done really well. For the first time in months, Logan had no need to worry about anybody finding out. He had his friends and they were also his allies. Okay, he was a little dubious about Hit Girl being involved - who would not be - but Juno did not seem to be worried and neither was Guinevere. Logan had also figured out why Juno enjoyed rough and tumble: it was obvious that Guinevere had taught her how to be a tomboy.

"Okay, Juno. I had trouble with knives - they scared me. Is that why you have trouble handling them safely?" Logan asked.

Juno hesitated before she nodded.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about. Like you, I was thrown in at the deep end. I was scared of everything around me. Using my hands and feet was one thing, but everything else scared me. The nunchucks, the throwing knives, the combat knives, the pistols, even the lowly bullets. All those instruments of death scared me. I was just ten-years-old, and I had suffered extreme humiliation at the hands of the instructors and the older *Predators*. I eventually received help from an unlikely source."

Juno motioned for Logan to continue.

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*December 8<sup>th</sup>, 2011*

*Colorado, USA*

For Kai Wynter, life had taken a sharp turn for the worst, if that were actually possible.

The boy was four months into something akin to a prison sentence, only there was no sign of when the sentence might end. The boy was seven months past his eighth birthday and he was very frightened – that bitch, Instructor Morris, had made it blatantly clear that if he did not improve very soon, he would meet a bullet, up close and personal. The bitch had even shown him what bullet it would be. Therefore, the small boy sat on the floor in the corner of a classroom, with a nine-millimetre pistol round in his hand.

Tears spilled down his cheeks.

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After ten minutes, the door opened, and Kai scowled.

There were many things a new *Predator* was taught. Some were taught by the Instructors while some were handed down by existing *Predators*. One of the rules passed down to the latest batch of Apprentice *Predators* was: avoid the devil twins at all costs. Kai felt very worried as he found an identical face on either side of him. The twin eleven-year-old girls were evil incarnate as far as most *Predators* were concerned. The twins had stuck together ever since they had arrived as part of the First Intake. They were bullies of the very worst kind and they took great joy in attacking boys in particular. They thought it hilarious to smack a boy in the testicles and watch the boy crumpled to the floor. Both girls had been strapped more than once – not that that had much of an effect on their bullying. Therefore, Kai had reason to be scared.

"Please – just leave me alone."

"Wynter, isn't it?" one of the twins asked.

"Yes."

"They want to put a bullet in your head, right?" the other twin asked.

Kai nodded, unable to voice a reply.

"We want to help."

"I've got nothing to give you."

"We knew that," the first replied.

"We want you to owe us," the second added.

Kai was trying to figure out what was worse; being indebted to the devil twins or receiving a bullet in the head.

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Kai signed over his life to the younger, female version of the Kray Twins.

Each evening, they spent an hour teaching the boy to fight and to use weapons. Only Kai struggled with knives. He would fumble them and all but cut his fingers off. The twin called Sky took the time to show him how to flick open a Balisong without hurting himself while the other one, Christina, took the boy through the steps needed to throw a blade and how to sharpen a blade. Kai

learnt to respect the blades and his fear for what they represented faded. Along with that fear, went the threats against his life. He began to excel at his weapons' training and his training in general.

Unfortunately, that excellence brought him to the attention of some senior people who decided that Kai Wynter could prove useful for a very special mission.

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**Thursday, October 27<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**HAVEN**

Juno smiled.

"That little boy, he, was you?"

"Yes. Being scared of these weapons is dangerous, Juno, believe me. I'll help you master those blades. Guinevere appears to have sorted out the more physical aspects - not that there is anything wrong with your physical aspects."

Juno giggled - she could not help it - and Logan blushed. Juno glanced over at her mentor to find that Nicholas was no longer sparring with his woman, he was ravishing his woman and his woman was all but naked. Juno tipped her head and Logan quickly got the idea. He tripped Juno and then dived on top of the girl who screamed in delight. Juno did not fight it. She lapped up the attention and she cared less when she felt her breasts being exposed to the room.

Juno groaned as she felt sensations emanating from, breasts, nipples, labia, and . . .

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Forty minutes later, the Haven was silent apart from steady breathing as the occupants slept off their sensual activities.

To an interloper, should they have entered the Haven at that moment, the view would have been an interesting one with four naked bodies strewn across the training mat. Guinevere awoke first and she sat up, gazing around at the other three bodies. She grinned at the sight of Juno and Logan hand in hand. She checked out Logan - the boy appeared reasonably well equipped for his age, and skilled from what she had heard of Juno's screaming. Guinevere had not really been paying attention, just enjoying Nicholas' hands and then his dick as it had thrust deeply inside her. Juno's eyes flickered open next and she smiled happily, gazing up at the gently rotating fans above her.

"Did you have fun?" Guinevere asked gently.

"Yeah," Juno replied as she sat up, ignoring the fact that she was stark naked, just like her mentor.

"I see that Logan is a breast man," Guinevere commented.

Juno looked down at the red marks which surrounded her breasts and the very red nipples.

"He likes them - and I like him liking them, too."

Guinevere laughed as she stood up. Juno followed suit and she followed her mentor into the small kitchen where they each grabbed a Coke and sat down to talk, still naked.

"Did Logan. . .?"

"No - I'm still a virgin from that point of view," Juno confirmed. "I'm not ready for anything like that - not yet."

"Just a play, then?"

"Yeah - I pumped him dry," Juno commented with a grin as she tried to peel the dried semen off her tummy and thighs. "Ewww! It's in my pubes, too."

"Better when it's fresh - comes out easier," Guinevere advised sagely.

"Hi, girls!" Logan commented as he ran his eyes across the elder girl. "Those pubes are to die for."

"Hey!" Juno complained.

"I like the colour - but yours, Juno, are lovely and soft," Logan replied.

Juno found herself giggling again and she gave Logan a kiss at the same time as grabbing hold of his dick which appeared to be growing again.

"Round two?" Juno asked.

Guinevere laughed at Logan's pained expression. But before Logan could respond, Juno dragged the boy off towards the bedroom.

"What about you?" Nicholas asked.

"I'm still breathing, ain't I?" Guinevere responded as she seized Nicholas by his balls.

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***Two weeks later***

***Thursday, November 10<sup>th</sup>***

***HAVEN***

Juno was both amazed, but also very annoyed.

She and Logan had just turned up, having been summoned by Guinevere, who had not been in the apartment when she had awoken that morning. On arrival at the Haven, she had found her mentor and her mentor's fuck-toy checking over a pair of awesome looking BMW R 1200 GS Adventure motorcycles. Of the two machines parked side by side, one was Cordoba Blue while the other was Racing Red. It was obvious that the red machine belonged to her mentor. Logan was also amazed at the show of power before his very eyes. Both machines were equipped for off-road use with bash-plates, auxiliary lights, and panniers. Juno's mood was not encouraged as she noticed a third motorcycle and she scowled. That one was Nitric Orange and it was a Honda - a Honda CB500X again equipped for off-road use.

"That's for Logan - means we can all go out," Guinevere commented, pretending to ignore Juno's growing annoyance.

"You're awesome, Guinevere - I really mean that," Logan replied as he examined his new ride very closely, ignoring Juno completely.

"It isn't fair; you guys getting motorcycles; I've learned the basics - I can ride, too!"

Guinevere grinned before calling out from behind her own motorcycle.

"Oh, Juno - could you go get me that tarp, over there, please?"

Juno stomped off and Guinevere counted down with her fingers. Just as she folded down her little finger, there was an ear-splitting scream.

"Did you know?" Juno growled at the boys as she reappeared.

"I helped Guin unpack it," Nicholas admitted while Logan just shook his head.

"And before you ask, Juno - it isn't from me; check the bike," Guinevere directed.

Juno did, and attached to the light grey 2016 Honda CRF250L there was a card. The card was purple with two letters embossed. Juno ran her fingers over the 'H' and the 'G'.

"Wow!" Logan admitted.