

Four days later
Monday, November 14th

THE APARTMENT

"Guinny?"

"Yeah . . . Nick - let go!"

"There's a letter for you - came by courier," Juno said as she handed her mentor the envelope.

Guinevere pushed Nicholas off her and she studied the large white envelope which was made from heavy paper. It was addressed to: 'Miss Guinevere Murdoch' but with no address. Carefully, Guinevere broke the seal and she peered into the expensive envelope. Inside, there were two thick cards.

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Miss Guinevere Murdoch

*is cordially invited to the grand opening
of Los Angeles' premier new Dojang*

D-JAK: LA

Melinda Lizewski requests your presence at

3002 Main Street, Santa Monica

*on **Saturday, November 19th, 2016 at 7PM***

Food and drink will be provided. Formal or smart casual dress.
Please RSVP to: Paige Williams at D-JAK, 915-939 West North Avenue, Chicago, IL
60642.

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Guinevere checked the other card to find an identical invitation made out to: 'Miss Juno Richmond'. Could it be her? Who else could be contacting them from Chicago?

"What is it?" Juno asked.

"We've been invited to a shindig in Santa Monica on Saturday."

"Us too?" Logan asked.

"No - you boys are excluded," Juno commented as she studied the two invitations.

"You can both come to LA with us, though," Guinevere said.

That afternoon

That afternoon, Juno was not happy.

She was lying on her front, her back bare, and she was allowing somebody to permanently mar her skin. By 'allowing', she had actually allowed Guinevere to take control of her body and engage an overweight buffoon in a beard to attack her with a with a lethal weapon. It hurt, too.

"Why am I here?" she moaned.

"I want to give you something to show who you truly are," Guinevere replied. "On the left is an angel wing with a demon wing on the right. It fits perfectly between your shoulder blades and can be added to as you grow. They are who you are, now."

"If you say so."

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"Cool!"

"I thought it was a good idea," Juno commented as Logan and Nicholas examined the fresh tattoo some hours later. "I persuaded Guinny to let me have it done."

Guinevere raised an eyebrow and Juno grinned foolishly. Nicholas just shook his head - he knew full well that Juno had not gone willingly.

"She's really grown up the past few months," Guinevere commented to Nicholas. "I'm really proud of her."

"You've done amazingly well, Guin," the boy responded. "You've prepared her for life in the real world. I see bad days ahead."

"So, do I. It's been way too quiet."

Two days later

Wednesday, November 16th

Main Street and 26th Street

Lilim could see something troubling her mentor.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," Lilith replied.

Lilith was not happy. Every alarm-bell was ringing and every one of her senses told her to stay at home. Only, she pushed those warning signs down. She figured it was the attack on Juno which had brought on the cautiousness, but there was something about that night which worried her. Logan was at the Haven, tracking them via the GPS gadgets which Hit Girl had left them. He was also in full two-way communication with the two girls. Nicholas had also felt the same warning signs and he had insisted on being out on the town as backup. He was a few streets over on his new BMW R 1200 GS Adventure. He was linked into the same communications network and armed.

Lilith concentrated on the road as she kept to the speed limit on her deep red Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin DCT motorcycle. She could feel Lilim's arms wrapped tightly around her waist. Her eyes were checking everywhere for danger - and for targets. She was determined to provide some more live training for Lilim. Putting her at risk was important to condition the girl and ensure that she did not get complacent. It was harsh but that was the world in which they lived. The first target of the night was not long arriving in Lilith's sights. As they crossed over 26th Street on Main Street, they passed a small business on the left. Something had caught her attention - it had only been a fleeting look, but she knew an automatic weapon when she saw one.

"Haven, Lilith - I have something hinky and we're stopping to investigate."

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Lilith pulled in a hundred yards down the street behind the neighbouring unit.

They dismounted and removed their helmets. Lilith took a few moments to look around the darkened area, looking for danger. She knew it was there, even if she could not see it. Waving Lilim forward, she swung up and over a seven-foot steel-mesh gate. Lilim stayed close behind her mentor, looking around for danger and guarding Lilith's back. They ran around the back of the lot and then scrambled over some part-built boats and up onto the roof of their target building. There were twenty translucent skylights to choose from on the gently curving roof. Lilith made for the central one at the back of the building and she crouched down while Lilim kept watch, herself crouched down.

Lilith searched around the skylight looking for anti-theft devices - she found simple alarm tape and magnetic switches. It took her all of forty seconds to bypass the crude attempt to keep her out without sounding an alarm. Her eight-inch blade made short work of the catch and she gently eased the skylight open and quickly hung upside down to check what was below. She found herself within the girder structure of the roof and all the activity was safely twenty-feet below her and there were bright lights between her and them making her all but invisible. Lilith popped back up and waved Lilim down the skylight to crouch on a beam. Lilim was quickly joined by her mentor as she pulled the skylight back down into place. Carefully, Lilith edged along the beams until she was close to where there was a group of maybe eight men in deep discussion over a table covered from end to end in high-powered weaponry. Lilith turned to Lilim and she began to whisper.

"Eight men. They're dealing in some lethal weapons, down there. One of the purchasers has drug tats - that's bad; selling them those weapons will make them untouchable. Now, we have two choices - we do this the easy way, or. . ."

With a whimper, Lilim lost her footing and before Lilith to grab her, she fell downwards, landing on the hood of a car.

". . . the hard way," Lilith finished with a groan as she swung down from a beam and kicked the closest man in the face, sending him reeling in pain and a spray of blood.

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Lilim was pounced on by three of the men.

The girl did not scream out - much to Lilith's surprise - but she quickly thought through what was happening and she went on the attack, bringing into play the adage: 'the best defence is a good offence'. Lilim kicked and punched her way off the hood, causing the men to retreat momentarily, but long enough for Lilim to regain her feet and she drew her twin fourteen-inch carbon-fibre batons. Lilim went to town on the nearest man, causing the man to yell out in pain as he was struck repeatedly in some very tender places. Lilith had no time to marvel in Lilim's courage and bravery as she was facing the remaining five men - and she appeared to have picked the bad arses with drug tats! But then, she was the *Predator*. Her own batons were out, and she attacked two men who came at her - neither appeared all that concerned that a pair of masked vigilantes in body armour had just dropped into their midst.

A machete flew through the air and was blocked by the carbon-fibre batons which were almost unbreakable. However, the force of the blow had been huge, and Lilith staggered back under the strike. She caught sight of movement to her right and she swiftly grasped both batons in her left hand, sweeping her eight-inch combat knife from her sheath and sending it flying in the direction of the movement. One more drug enforcer would never walk the streets. The man sagged as he examined his chest which had the safe end of a knife sticking out of it while the unsafe part was embedded in his chest, his heart cut in two. Lilith

had no time to watch the man slide to the floor as she grasped a baton in each hand and went on the attack, cracking heads, arms, legs, stomachs, whatever came within reach. Men yelled out in agony as the fiend in her deep red combat suit wrought vengeance on those who dared to run guns in her city.

One of the men came face to face with the unearthly vision and he found himself staring up into eyes which blazed an angry fiery orange. The eyes sent the fear of God through the God-fearing man and he dropped his weapons and ran . . . straight into a she-devil with devilish red eyes which had the man sinking to his knees where Lilim took a baton across his forehead, putting him out cold. The two surviving men left standing were just as unnerved as they were worked into a corner and the glowing eyes were the very last thing they saw that night as everything went very, very dark.

Lilith and Lilim quickly bound each man with plastic ties before Lilith ordered Riptide to call a Lieutenant Bonanno at San Diego Police Headquarters and she gave him the address.

"Let's move, Lilim!"

2600-block, Main Street

Lieutenant Patrick Bonanno just shook his head.

It was one hell of a haul, all on the word of an anonymous caller. He had arrived, sceptically, with three patrol cars and six men to find eight very pissed-off men, all bound, with three or four going on about having been attacked by a pair of she-devils or demons with glowing eyes. Bonanno had suggested mandatory drug tests for each of the men once they reached SDPD Headquarters. As he returned to his car, his cell rang.

"Bonanno."

"Enjoy my little gift, Lieutenant?"

The voice was an electronic mishmash of sound making it impossible to identify the voice underneath. Bonanno chuckled.

"Are you the one with the orange eyes of the blazing red ones?"

"Orange."

"You have a name?"

"Lilith."

"And your partner?"

"Lilim."

"She-devils - I see."

"I don't expect your support, Lieutenant, but I want you to know that we are on your side, despite the line we tread."

"A very fine line, vigilante. This is not Chicago. We have no tolerance for vigilantes in San Diego. While I welcome your gift, tonight, I cannot condone the way the gift came my way. I see you, I will arrest you, Lilith."

"I would expect nothing more, Lieutenant!" the voice growled as a motorcycle stopped beside his car.

Bonanno had the fright of his life as he looked up into the orange eyes of Lilith and the red eyes of Lilim.

"Stay safe, girls," he said aloud, and both nodded as the motorcycle accelerated away along Main Street.

Bonanno did not bother calling it in; he knew that they would be long gone . . . besides, he was very grateful for the night's unexpected extra paperwork - sort of.

East Harbor Drive

"You are fucking certifiable!"

"Calm down, Trauma - Jeez!" Lilith chuckled.

"You could have both been killed!" Trauma went on over the radio as he cruised two-hundred yards behind the girls. "What if that policeman had chased you?"

"We're safe - so shut the fuck up!" Lilith growled - she was getting annoyed with her boyfriend's bellyaching.

Lilith took a left onto South 32nd Street, heading north, away from the water. They headed north for a couple of miles, but Lilith slowed as she approached the Martin Luther King Junior Freeway, stopping at G Street and 32nd Street.

She had heard gunfire.

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At F Street and 32nd Street, Lilith dismounted after crawling forwards.

The gunfire became louder as they took cover behind a tree and examined the scene before them. A San Diego Police Department SUV was taking fire from unknown assailants. An officer could be seen lying on the ground at the front right of the vehicle, firing at an unseen somebody. Lilith and Lilim were viewing the SUV from the right and from the back. The vehicle blocked any view of what was underway beyond the large black vehicle with the white front doors and white roof. The vehicles red and blue roof-top lights were flashing away, casting an eerie light over the scene. Lilith drew one of her twin Glock 19 Gen4 pistols while Lilim drew one of her twin Glock 43 pistols. Both advanced slowly, keeping in the shadows and looking out for the enemy. The SDPD SUVs were usually double-manned - so where was the second officer? The prone officer stopped firing and he rolled over to switch out his magazine. Lilith could see dark stains on his uniform - he was wounded, in his abdomen.

"Riptide, roll the police and an ambulance to our location: officer down and needing assistance."

"Copy that!" Riptide responded from Haven.

Lilith moved like lightning as a shape appeared over the hood of the SUV and a gun was turned on the police officer who was just rolling back into position to return fire. Lilith snapped off three rounds, and the approaching man fell forwards and struck the hood before rolling onto the blacktop. The police officer rolled over and he aimed his pistol directly at Lilith. Lilim moved to cover her mentor but she held out her left hand to indicate that they were not after the cop.

"Easy," Lilith said slowly. "We're on your side. Any more?"

"Two - they took my partner," the cop grimaced.

"An ambulance is on the way," Lilith replied. "Which way did they go?"

"They took the alleyway between those two buildings - he's only a rookie, but they dragged him out of the SUV . . . and they shot me."

"You're safe," Lilith said as she heard the sound of approaching sirens. "We'll get the rookie back."

"I think you will," the cop said as pain wracked his body.

Lilith and Lilim ran down the indicated alleyway and they came out behind the buildings.

"Blood!" Lilim exclaimed as she found a trail, easily visible on the pale concrete roadway.

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The police officer had only been out of the academy a matter of months.

He was a 'rookie' and learning his new career from a senior Sergeant. He loved the job and he enjoyed what he was giving back to the city he loved. Only, the city had some very nasty people in it and it was his job to keep them at bay to allow the law-abiding citizens of San Diego to go about their business. That night, they had stopped beside the road to monitor two men in a car, parked up in the shadows. The men had seen the two police officer's get out of their SUV - but then the shooting had started and his Sergeant had gone down, hard. He had got a single bullet off before he was grabbed and yanked to the ground. It became obvious to the rookie that he was to be used as a human shield for the man. He found himself being dragged down an alleyway, even as he had heard more shooting and then silence.

Was his Sergeant dead?

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The blood trail was easy to follow but the girls were careful not to run headlong into a trap.

Lilith was in front, with Lilim close behind. Together, they covered each other and a full three-sixty-degree view around them, and also above them. Nicholas and Guinevere had hammered into Juno how to monitor a virtual sphere around herself at all times. The enemy could come at you from above, below, from each and every direction. An assassin, or a vigilante, had to have constant, accurate situational awareness which Juno had struggled with, at first - but she was learning fast. Lilim could see windows overlooking them and she looked for movement, twitches of curtains, anything which could indicate danger. She watched her 'six' to ensure that nobody was coming up from behind to ambush her or her partner. It was information overload for the youngster as her brain attempted to process everything which she saw. Her gauntleted hands held the pistol tightly, always following her line of sight - it was pointless seeing an enemy with your pistol pointed in the wrong direction; that had been another lesson quite literally hammered into her by Nicholas. The boy was a good, but harsh, teacher, and Juno had learnt a lot from him. Logan had passed on some tips, but he deferred to Nicholas for most of Juno's teaching.

Eventually, Juno's overloaded mind began to play tricks on her. She began to see things that were not actually there. Her eyes struggled to focus on everything. Her breathing was elevated and her heart racing with the adrenalin which flowed through her system. Then she made a mistake. Her eyes reported seeing a movement to her left and her brain decided that it was something dangerous. Lilim did the only thing that she thought was right for the

situation, she opened fire into the shadowy darkness. Lilith dived to the ground as bullets flew, twisting to bring her own pistol around to where Lilim was firing. She saw nothing and there was no return fire.

"Cease fire!" she growled, jumping to her feet and slapping down Lilim's pistol.

But the damage was already done. Two gunshots rang out and Lilith fell to the ground, grasping her side. Lilim screamed out, her mind still overloaded.

"NO!"

Two more gunshots rang out.

The fifteen-year-old boy, Nicholas Hyde, was not amused.

Lilith was taking blasé risks which he deemed unacceptable, but it was not his call to make, and the girl tended to be difficult when it came to changing her mind about something on which she was already decided. He could only offer advice and hope that Lilith would see sense. She was a professional and highly skilled, so she was not reckless, but she saw nothing wrong with taking risks. That was her *Predator* training. Normally, *Predators* would operate alone, so the risk was their own. However, Lilith now had Lilim to consider and Nicholas did not want anything to happen to the younger girl - he liked her a lot and felt protective towards her. To an extent, he would also protect Lilim from Lilith where required.

As his Trauma persona, he had closed on the two girls to ensure he could help if required. He had seen the gunfight, and he had accelerated down to the far end of the block from where he hoped to head off the surviving attacker. He had got close enough to see Lilim firing off into the darkness, apparently spooked by something. Then he had seen the target pop out from behind a dumpster and take advantage of the situation by shooting Lilith. Lilim had screamed out, instead of shooting Lilith's assailant. It had, therefore, been left to Trauma to double-tap the assailant in the head. While he felt for Lilith, he went to help the injured cop first. The rookie cop was just getting to his feet and he seemed only to have a flesh wound on his shoulder.

"You'll be fine," Trauma growled from behind his motorcycle helmet before he ran over to where Lilith was scrambling back to her feet, a hand to her side. "Are you injured?" he demanded.

"No," Lilith grimaced. "Armour stopped the bullet, but it hurts like hell.

"Let's move before the police arrive," Trauma suggested. "Lilim, snap out of it and move!"

The two girls made a dash for their motorcycles, taking a circuitous route with Trauma covering them both.

HAVEN

Logan was ready when the team arrived back.

Guinevere was in obvious pain when she pulled off her helmet and mask. Juno looked very upset with tears spilling down her face. As for Nicholas, he appeared to be very angry. Logan knew what had happened - to an extent - as he had heard everything over the communications equipment. First, Nicholas helped

Guinevere remove her body armour. He then checked out her ribs which were very red on her right side.

"Nothing broken, just very bruised," he reported, before he turned on Juno. "What the hell did you do?"

"I'm sorry. I thought I saw something. My mind was overloaded."

"It's not her fault," Guinevere began.

"No," Nicholas growled. "It is your fault, Guin."

"What!?" Guinevere exclaimed.

"You pushed it too far, tonight. You put Juno at risk. If it was not for your training, she might have been killed at the first place you visited. What if I had not been there, huh? You're pushing her too far, too fast, Guin. She is not a fucking *Predator* - far fucking from it!"

With that, Nicholas assisted Juno with her armour and weapons, ignoring Guinevere.

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Guinevere felt wretched.

She understood exactly what Nicholas was saying . . . and she believed every word. She had put her life . . . and much worse . . . she had put Juno's life at risk. Guinevere pushed Nicholas away and she took over undressing Juno.

"Juno, I'm really sorry for putting you at risk, tonight. I got caught up in the action and I lost track of what was going on. You were not ready for tonight. You did do very well, though. Please accept my apologies, Juno."

Juno turned as she pulled off the last of her body armour.

"Guinny, you are my mentor and I will follow you to the ends of the Earth. I am not perfect, and neither are you. You are coping with looking after a young teenager - me - while you also have yourself, another teenager, to look after. Of course, I forgive you, Guinny."

The two girls hugged.

"Are you two going to make out?" Nicholas asked. "If so, Logan'll go get the popcorn."

Guinevere and Juno jerked apart, both grinning.

"Well, Nicki, if you give me a few moments, I'll make it worth your while, and I will apologise for my behaviour in ways you've only fantasised about," Guinevere purred.

Nicki squeaked, having lost the ability to talk.

"How about we play, ourselves?" Juno hinted as she slipped out of her undersuit, sports bra and boy shorts.

Logan grinned as Juno led him towards the showers.

The following afternoon

Thursday, November 17th

HAVEN

Nobody stirred until almost one the following afternoon.

Seemingly, everybody was somewhat tired from their night out, not to mention the carnal activities which had followed. True to her promise, Nicholas had enjoyed the time of his life. His loins, not to mention his genitalia, were a little sore, but it had been so worth it. The boy opened his eyes to find a bare breast just inches from his eyes. He reached up and he kissed the deep pink nipple. The owner of the nipple giggled at his tender touch. Guinevere was also a little sore. Both her labia and her breasts had taken some abuse during the night - not that she was complaining, it had been well worth it to experience more than one amazing orgasm. Parts of her body were covered in a mixture of her own bodily fluids and Nicholas' bodily fluids. Both sets of bodily fluids had dried on her skin which felt totally icky but in a good way.

"You're forgiven," Nicholas chuckled as he gave Guinevere a kiss on the lips.

Two days later

Saturday, November 19th

***Boulder Creek Road,
Cuyamaca Rancho State Park***

They were heading out for a morning on the rocky mountainous passes above San Diego.

By late morning, they were tired. The four youngsters paused, and they parked up their machines before dismounting and removing their helmets. Each was covered in sweat, thanks to the high energy, so Nicholas reached into one of the panniers of his BMW and he passed out litre bottles of water. Juno downed half the bottle before she sank down onto the dirt beside her motorcycle. She was joined by Guinevere who continued to take short sips of the water.

"Did you enjoy that?" Guinevere asked unnecessarily as she saw Juno's grin.

"That was the best fun I've had in ages," Juno replied happily.

"She rode well," Logan commented.

"Yeah - she did," Nicholas added, and Juno blushed furiously.

Guinevere turned at the sound of approaching motorcycle engines - seven to be precise.

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It was a large group, consisting of three women, five girls, and a pair of boys.

The youngest girl rode two-up with one of the women on a Ducati Multistrada Enduro pro, while the youngest boy rode behind an older boy on a Ducati Scrambler Desert Sled Black Edition motorcycle. An older girl rode behind another of the women on a second Multistrada. The seven motorcycles, five Ducati Multistradas and a pair of Ducati Scramblers, cut their engines and the riders dismounted, removing their helmets as they did so. Guinevere's eyes almost popped out when she noticed the woman with long blonde hair who rode with the youngest girl. The woman placed a finger to her lips and she grinned. Juno's eyeballs were also on the verge of rolling down the mountainside, but Guinevere gripped the younger girl's wrist hard enough to return Juno to her senses. Guinevere then moved her eyes onto a pair of girls who could only be twins - no . . . they could not be they; could they?

The group also began to take a drink as they chatted animatedly amongst themselves.

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For Maddie, it was an amazing experience.

She had never ridden on the back of a motorcycle before and she had found it exhilarating. It was obvious that everybody there were accomplished riders - even the little ones. The twins had each offered Maddie a ride, but the thirteen-year-old did not trust them that much and instead, she opted to ride with Erika who was only too happy to have Maddie with her. Maddie allowed her imagination to run wild as she studied the opposing group of two boys and two girls. All were teenagers. The tallest girl appeared to be the leader. Her eyes matched those of the twins and the boys were the same. The younger girl appeared normal, but only to a point - her eyes exhibited a darkness too. What the hell was it with those teenagers who seemed to be nothing better than hired thugs? No - that wasn't the right term. Killer? Slayer? Assassin? That was the word. The twins were assassins and so was that other girl.

There was something which Erika and Mindy was keeping from her.

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"You guys out for a morning ride?" a short girl of maybe twelve years of age asked.

"Yeah," Guinevere replied. "Just up from San Diego."

"Great day for it," Juno added. "Nice motorcycles."

"Thanks," the blonde-haired girl replied. "I like the grey Honda - a nice machine."

"It's my first motorcycle."

"A good choice, if I do say so myself."

Guinevere grinned as the blonde-haired girl winked.

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After the two groups had rested, they all remounted their machines and restarted the engines in a thunderous massed roar.

They all took off down the dirt track at speed, with Juno trailing along behind the group. Guinevere and Mindy were in front, vying for the lead, although Mindy had passed off Anne-Marie to Hailee in anticipation of the race. Their BMW and Ducati machines were fairly well matched in power and weight, so it was down to the riders' skills. Both machines took air as they passed over a crest, coming down hard, the suspension systems absorbing the impact as the riders accelerated towards a narrow switchback which would have to be taken in trail. Mindy put on a reckless burst of speed while Guinevere decided on caution - especially after Nicholas' attack the previous day. Mindy entered the switchback with inches to spare as Guinevere's front tyre narrowly missed the rear tyre of Mindy's Ducati. With tyres spinning wildly and dirt flying, the machines took the switchbacks at speed, only the riders' considerable skills keeping the machines upright as they slid around the bends.

At a dip in the track, they took a large puddle of muddy water at speed, sending the spray up all around them. Both girls were grinning beneath their helmets as they enjoyed the nail-biting race. Both machines performed flawlessly, as did their riders who then powered up the trail, racing for the

top. Neither girl was letting up as they raced. They hit higher speeds over the level, smoother sections of the trail, before reducing speed dramatically for the more difficult sections where the trail narrowed, or it twisted and turned. The two girls were well ahead of the main group, but their dust cloud was visible for miles, making it easy to follow them from a distance. As they reached their final few hundred yards, the power was put on and both riders pushed their skills to the limit before they roared onto the flat plateau at the top of a hill and both skidded to a dusty halt. Mindy flipped up her visor, holding out her hand to Guinevere.

"Let's call it a draw," Mindy chuckled as Guinevere pushed up her own visor and shook hands. "Wouldn't want to show up the next generation."

"Not a bad ride for an old girl, eh, Hit Girl?" Guinevere chuckled.

*This storyline continues in **Chapter 5: D-JAK Heads West** of my other story: **Fusion: Los Angeles**.*