

**Author's Note:** Events in the latter part of this chapter, and the next, will operate in parallel with the latter part of **Chapter 318: Hit Girl in San Diego - Part I** and also with **Chapter 319: Hit Girl in San Diego - Part II** of my other story **Forsaken**.

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**March 2014**

**An unknown location in the USA**

It was another shitty morning in *Predator* land.

As usual, the twelve-year-old Phase 3 *Predator* headed for the showers. Once she had removed her T-shirt and shorts, the girl pushed through the dozen or so other naked girls and made her way towards the shower heads. She smiled at her friend, Kara as she eased under the hot water. Friendships were not encouraged in *Urban Predator*, but many of the kids often formed loose bonds if only to have somebody to talk to. For Guinevere, Kara was her friend. They had both been recruited into *Urban Predator* at the same time - part of the *Second Predator Intake*.

Several minutes later, while Guinevere was washing her hair, she began to hear the sounds of a fight beginning. She had missed the beginning of the fight, but by the time she had rinsed her hair and could see, she could make out a small naked girl beating the hell out of her friend. The floor at their feet was awash with blood. Then Kara went down and the younger girl, Walker, pounded her fists into Kara's face, again and again. Guinevere tried to push through the mass of girls who had gathered to watch the fight but she was forced back by those who were enjoying the ringside view.

As Guinevere watched, she could see that Kara was struggling, despite the fact that she was fighting a girl, four years her junior. Kara's side was a nasty colour; one or two of her ribs must have been broken. Kara failed to fight back and then there was the crack of bone as her head was smashed against the tiled floor of the shower. Blood erupted out and billowed down the drain. The baying of the other girls who got off watching a bitch fight had eased as an instructor forced her way through.

While the loss of a friend had been hard, the fact that the bitch got rewarded, just made it that much worse.

Guinevere swore to avenge her friend's death.

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**Friday, August 19<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**Two weeks later**

**Mid-City, just south of Downtown**

"I count two . . . no three guards . . . same routine as last night . . . all three are armed - pistols."

"Good report, Juno - keep moving and don't draw attention to yourself."

A minute later, a motorcycle pulled up beside Juno who quickly donned her crash-helmet and then jumped on behind Guinevere. The motorcycle roared away almost immediately. For the past week, they had been running reconnaissance of the site and the surrounding area. Guinevere was not taking any chances - the planning was to be perfect. The organisation which they were intending to destroy was large. It catered for a good proportion of the drugs distributed across a good proportion of San Diego. The facility brought in tens of thousands of dollars every week.

The operation was run by a shady individual whom Guinevere had yet to identify. She had built up a 'hitlist' of individuals who would have to be taken down before the organisation would fall - and fall it would; at least if Guinevere had her way. Juno was of the same mind. She had seen the video of the naked women stuffing powdered drugs into small plastic bags. The thought of what those drugs could do - were doing - appalled her. She wanted to see an end to it, just as much as Guinevere did.

They were both agreed; the drug dealer known simply as 'The Supplier' was going to fall - and soon.

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**Three days later**  
**Monday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>**

**Downtown**

"You want to break into a Police Station?" Juno was incredulous. "I thought you *Predators* were supposed to be smart!"

"They have the information that we need to take down those drug bastards - besides, it is what I am skilled at. I want to setup a better training facility, but to do that, we need money, my dear Juno."

"Well, I'm coming with you."

"Of, course, my dear girl. I would never think of going on a mission without Lilim."

Juno grinned.

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They were standing on the corner of 35<sup>th</sup> Street and Imperial Avenue. The building closest to them bore a sign:

SAN DIEGO  
POLICE DEPARTMENT  
CENTRAL DIVISION

"Now, we want the full waterworks - okay?"

"I can do that," Juno smiled grimly as she strode into the Police Station, with Guinevere several paces behind.

The Police Sergeant at the desk looked down at the young girl and smiled.

"How can I help you, young lady?" he asked.

"My name is Juno Saunders - I think you're looking for me."

While Juno was introducing herself, nobody noticed another young girl, this one wearing a cap and dark sunglasses push past and follow an officer through a security door.

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Guinevere made her way towards the admin section of the building, opening any security doors with the access card which she had just swiped off a distracted police officer. A few minutes later, she found a deserted office and sat down at the computer. She connected a small USB device into the front of the computer and thirty seconds later, along with the police officer's ID number, she was into the system.

It did not take long to search through city records to find who owned the industrial complex in which they were interested. Guinevere downloaded everything she needed, including criminal records, criminal investigations, and names which might come in useful. After six minutes, it was time to leave.

Guinevere smiled as she slunk back into the reception area, having dropped the access card onto the floor just inside the security door. Juno was putting on quite a show. Tears were flooding down her cheeks and she was sobbing violently - so much so, that she was unable to answer any questions. Guinevere left the Police Station first, heading for their motorcycle.

She was joined a few minutes later by a sprinting Juno who was grinning fit to burst. She leapt on behind Guinevere and pulled on her helmet. Guinevere wasted no time as several police officers appeared on the street behind them. She accelerated away and turned east, then south towards I-5, muddying the trail as she went.

"Well done, honey!"

Guinevere felt the squeeze around her waist as a response.

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### ***The Apartment***

The amount of information that needed to be sifted through was enormous.

Juno wasn't exactly helping - she wanted to help, but she had no training in data gathering and data mining - she was just getting in the way. Guinevere was trying to find a nice way to tell her where

to go, but she was struggling. It wasn't Juno's fault but when she started to be annoying - she just couldn't help herself.

"Juno, honey, I mean this in the nicest possible way - *fuck off!*"

"Guinny!"

"Please - I need to figure this shit out and no, you cannot help, okay?"

"I'm going to go see Logan - at least *he* appreciates me!"

Guinevere just went back to her research as Juno vanished.

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***Three days later***

***Thursday, August 25<sup>th</sup>***

Guinevere was exhausted after three days of digging through printouts and checking out facts.

Juno had pretty much abandoned her cousin to the literal mounds of paperwork - spending much of her time with Logan and his friends. The time had been well spent, Guinevere had decided - she had gained many new pieces to her virtual puzzle. For example, she had discovered that the industrial facility was owned by an organisation called The Phoenix Corporation. That corporation was, in turn, owned by The Tomahawk Group.

Unfortunately, the trail had stopped there and had suddenly gone very cold. There was no one person whom she could pin the moniker of 'The Supplier' on - at least not yet. She still had a lot of work to do, but she had what she needed to at least destroy that distribution point.

She had a plan of attack forming in her mind for just that task. But to complete that attack plan, she also needed to perform some much-needed internal reconnaissance on the industrial facility. For that, she needed to create a separate plan to infiltrate the facility again, with Juno's assistance.

Assuming that Juno could be dragged away from Logan. . .

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***The following morning***

***Friday, August 26<sup>th</sup>***

Juno was very worried when she awoke that Friday morning.

Guinevere had been nowhere near her own bed in three nights. The planning and research had taken top priority over absolutely everything - even sleeping and eating. When Juno left her bedroom to go pee, she found her cousin fast asleep on the living room floor, surrounded by paperwork.

"Guinny!" she exclaimed in an exasperated fashion as she pulled down her panties to pee.

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Forty minutes later, Guinevere awoke to the smell of bacon cooking. That was unusual as only *she* did the cooking - the other occupant of the apartment was *far* too lazy to actually cook for herself! The tired teen forced her eyes open and she found herself staring at printouts from Google Earth. Next thing she knew, the smiling face of her little cousin was grinning down at her.

"Morning, Guinny!"

Guinevere groaned.

"You're not helping yourself, Guinny - get the fuck up off the floor and go get a shower; you fucking stink!" Juno ordered. "Move it!"

Guinevere struggled to her feet, far too tired to fight with the power-crazed Juno. She made her way to the bathroom to find the shower already running. She pulled off her clothing and sat down on the toilet to pee before she slunk into the shower. The hot water felt wonderful on her tired body. She stayed there for a little under ten minutes before shutting off the shower and stepping out to find Juno holding out a towel for her.

"Thank you, Juno."

"I gotta look after my cousin . . . considering *she's* been looking after *me*, all this time."

Guinevere grinned as she dried herself off and headed back into the living room, wrapping the towel around herself. Guinevere gave her cousin a big hug when she saw a plate with slightly burnt bacon and two slices of badly buttered bread, plus a mug of coffee waiting for her at the table.

"You're a sweet girl and I'm sorry for ignoring you the past few days - I just got caught up in the moment. Thanks for snapping me out of it . . . okay, let's try some of your culinary delights!"

Juno grinned apprehensively as she watched her cousin dig into her cooking - it was the first time she had ever cooked and she wasn't too sure of her results. Either way, she hoped that Guinevere understood her attempt at wanting to help. Guinevere was Juno's world and Juno would do anything for her cousin . . . *anything*.

"It's okay, Guinny - I know what you are doing is important and I know I don't know enough to help you, but I want to learn."

"This is actually pretty good - I like my bacon crunchy; well done and congratulations for not burning down the apartment."

Juno beamed with pride at the compliments.

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**Three days later**  
**Monday, August 29<sup>th</sup>**  
**Late afternoon**

**Mission Beach**

They needed to unwind, so Juno had persuaded her cousin to enjoy a few days of downtime.

Not that Guinevere had needed much persuasion - she was exhausted and she sensibly decided that some downtime would allow her to decompress and return to the tasks ahead with a clear and much-refreshed mind. On the Saturday, Guinevere had treated Juno to lunch with her 'boyfriend', Logan.

Juno had blushed her way through most of the meal and the chatter had been animated. Guinevere had kept on the sidelines, allowing the two kids some space. Logan had joined them at the beach, that afternoon, and Juno and he had chased each other around the hot sands for almost two hours. She had even allowed him to apply some suntan lotion to her back - and only her back. . .

Sunday had been spent out on their bikes, cycling around the area, building up a sweat - it was both fun and therapeutic as well as good exercise. They had cycled as far as Mid-City and then north towards the San Diego State University. They had both been worn out and dripping with sweat on their return. As a result, after a large takeaway, they had both slept well over twelve hours, something that they both needed.

Guinevere often lay awake at night, running information through her mind to come up with workable plans - she also worried, constantly, about Juno which contributed to her insomnia. Juno herself, often had nightmares from *that night* which kept her awake, not to mention nightmares from everything she had seen since.

Therefore, by the time Monday rolled around, they were feeling a lot better.

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"We should have brought Logan - he was good for applying suntan lotion," Guinevere quipped.

"Ha, ha - he did have nice hands. . ." Juno replied before quickly shutting up as she lay on her front absorbing the rays.

Guinevere enjoyed teasing Juno about her not-boyfriend, but she also felt alone - she would do anything to have a partner; somebody to interact with . . . somebody other than Juno. Juno was family; Guinevere wanted a friend.

As she gazed out over the sea, she noticed two people a short distance away. One was a woman, lying on her front while her man applied copious amounts of suntan lotion onto her back, shoulders,

arms, and legs. The woman spent a lot of the time giggling as hands wandered across her body touching almost every inch. After several minutes, she bolted up from her towel and ran for the water with her man in hot pursuit. Guinevere decided it was time for a swim, too, so she dragged the dozing Juno to her feet and chased her down the beach into the cooling water.

"No!" Juno screamed as Guinevere chased her through the surf and she fell into the waves, laughing.

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***That evening***

***Seaport Plaza***

"What you looking at?" Juno asked of Guinevere.

"Those two, sitting on their motorcycles - something is off about them."

"I don't understand."

"The way they carry themselves - the woman; she's carrying. While the big guy could hide a heavy machine gun under his jacket, the woman has a petite body form and I can make out a bulge in the small of her back."

"What does *that* mean?"

"It means that they are serious people. They might be after us - they might be part of the druggies. I think we should follow them."

They only had ten minutes to wait before the two black-clad individuals finished their chatting and then remounted their respective motorcycles. Neither had removed their helmets, just lifting the fronts of the helmets to talk. Guinevere had been unable to see any faces, so she still had no idea who or what she was trailing.

They headed down West Harbor Drive, keeping three cars between them and their target. It was the first tail for Guinevere - she had been trained to trail another vehicle but she had never actually done it for real. They hadn't gone far when the two riders split up, one turning left and the other continuing straight ahead.

"Fuck - they made us!" Guinevere growled.

There was no choice but to pretend that they were not following either motorcycle, so she took left and then a right to head away from both followers.

"We safe?" Juno asked.

"Yeah - let's get back to the main mission; we have a recce to finish."

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### ***Mid-City, just south of Downtown***

"The place looks way bigger than I imagined."

"Things do in the real world, Lilim," Lilith replied with a chuckle.

They crept inside, the very same way in which Lilith had entered previously. They followed the same route to where the girls were standing, just as naked as before, weighing out a white powder and tipping it into little plastic bags. Once they were safely hidden in a place where they had a good view of the naked girls and their armed guards, Lilith turned to Lilim.

"You're gonna do this again?"

"I need to - do *you* want to do it?"

"No way!" Lilim retorted - repulsed at the thought of going naked in front of all those disgusting men.

"Well, shut your trap, then!"

Guinevere removed her mask and cap, passing them back to Lilith, along with her weapons. She moved forwards, heading for the same changing rooms as before where a young blonde-haired woman had gone in, just a few minutes before. As she pushed open the door, that same blond-haired woman was just about to leave - she was completely naked, except for the white dusk mask which covered her nose and mouth, a white paper hat, and some rubber gloves. The young woman looked very nervous and apprehensive as her arms tried to wrap themselves around her naked body and cover the essentials.

A few minutes later, as the now naked Guinevere left the changing room, the same young woman was loitering a few yards away, obviously scared to go any further alone. Guinevere joined her and beckoned her forwards - she timidly followed.

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Despite having witnessed the same scene in a video, Lilim was a little freaked out at watching thirty naked women just standing at a long wooden table, stuffing little bags with powder, while six armed men gazed at the exposed breasts and other parts. She was also uncomfortable with watching her mentor and cousin, standing very naked, very exposed, and very vulnerable. While she had to admit that Guinevere had a lovely body, all the right curves and with awesomely coloured pubic hair, Lilim was not happy having to keep her eyes on her naked cousin - she felt weird and it crept her out as if she were invading her cousin's privacy. She knew that Guinevere had no problems with nudity, but she didn't go out of her way to expose herself and she usually kept herself covered up.

Lilim took a moment to study the girl standing beside Lilith. She was a few inches taller and very slim. There was barely an ounce of flesh on the girl. Her thighs were firm and . . . were those bullet scars on her right side? That girl was not what she seemed to be.



She remembered what she had been told, barely an hour previously: '. . . the way they carry themselves. . . ' - the girl standing beside her cousin was a threat. Was she the woman from the motorcycle? If she were a threat, who might she be a threat to? Her and Guinevere, or just the drug dealers? If the woman was here, then it stood to reason that there might be somebody else with her - the large man on the other motorcycle.

Carefully, Lilim peered into the darkness, but only for a moment - she dare not take her eyes off Lilith for too long. Should she warn her cousin - *could* she warn her cousin?

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Guinevere stopped stuffing bags as she heard laughter from one of the guards. She turned to look in the direction of the changing room and she was stunned to see Juno standing in the bright lights, naked as the day she was born. The guard closest to her had obviously seen her appear and he was laughing at the youngster.

"Piss off, little girl - come back when you've got some tits and a pussy!" the man growled nastily as Juno turned and fled into the darkness.

The other guards were laughing, too. What was Juno doing? Then it hit Guinevere - it was a warning about something; but what? She did not really have much time to contemplate things as the man at the far end of the table coughed loudly.

"Okay - times up beautiful ladies, get your Jacksons, get your clothes - and fuck off home!"

Guinevere joined the queue behind the timid girl. When it was Guinevere's turn, she missed the calculating look which she received from the timid girl as the man ran his left hand over her right breast.

"Good to see you again - you're always welcome here. . ."

The man laughed and Guinevere felt dirtier than she could ever remember as she fled back to the changing room.

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**Outside. . .**

"Are you out of your tiny little mind!"

"I had to warn you. . ."

Guinevere was very angry but she quickly relented when she saw the tears running down Juno's cheeks. She had obviously done a lot of crying before her arrival at the motorcycles.

"Let's go, honey."

The ride was silent for several miles.

"You did well, Juno - thank you for trying to warn me. That must have been really hard for you to do and I know that bastard said some really hurtful things."

"I hate my body - but he just made me loathe it," Juno almost whispered in reply.

"You're only thirteen, honey. Your body will develop and you're going to be a beautiful young woman - trust me."

"Thanks. . . Who was that other naked woman?"

"I dread to think - she was a serious player, whomever she was. She has an interest in our target; maybe she could be an asset, we shall see."

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***The following day  
Tuesday, August 30<sup>th</sup>***

***The Apartment***

"Okay - I'm going to drop you at the Metro," Guinevere said as they both left the apartment.

"Cool - I'll meet you in a few hours.

"Everything is going to be fine - just stick with the script, honey."

"I'll be fine - just a little apprehensive after last night."

"Forget about it - chances are we'll never see that woman again.

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It only took a few minutes for them to arrive at the Qualcomm Stadium Station. One there, Guinevere pulled off her helmet as Juno dismounted and removed her own. Juno strapped the helmet to the back of the motorcycle and then went to hug her cousin - then she froze. Guinevere felt Juno shaking and she heard a little scream. Guinevere pushed Juno away behind her and she turned to face the threat, swinging her leg over the motorcycle and hung her helmet on the handlebars.

"Good morning!"

"What the fuck do you want?" Guinevere demanded as she studied the woman who stood before her.

The woman was slim and dressed in black clothing - she appeared very sinister in the dimly lit space underneath the raised platforms. What made her even more sinister, was the mask which covered her head and face completely.

"I just wanted to talk with you - we appear to have a similar agenda."

"Fuck your agenda - stay away from us," Guinevere warned.

She was worried; the woman in the mask was bad news, that was obvious. But was she a danger. Could she take the chance? Then any other thoughts went out the window as Juno stepped forwards and she fired three bullets into the other woman with her suppressed pistol.

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"What the hell did you do?" Guinevere exclaimed, swiping the pistol from Juno's hands. "Are you stupid?"

Juno said nothing, she just froze as Guinevere ran forwards to check on the prone, masked form. For a moment, she was puzzled to see no blood, but then alarm bells began to ring in her head - only far too late. . . .

The long legs reached out and wrapped themselves around Guinevere's waist and dragged her down to the ground. All her senses went on alert as she began to fight back struggling out of the hold and punching at her attacker. The masked woman flipped Guinevere off to one side and she jumped back to her feet. Guinevere rolled and regained her own feet, turning to face her opponent.

Guinevere dived forwards attacking with everything that she had - only it was not enough. The masked woman was able to dodge, or absorb all of Guinevere's strikes. In return, Guinevere fended off a fair percentage but she also received more than her fair share of strikes on her person. The strikes were full force, too, several causing Guinevere to call out in pain. Then came a nasty kick to her left thigh and her leg buckled and she fell to the concrete where the woman dived at her. Guinevere was struggling as the masked woman pinned her by the neck, but then a foot came out of nowhere and kicked at the masked woman - it was Juno. Juno's intervention did not last long as she was punched in the chest and she fell back against a concrete pillar.

"Stay out of this!" the masked woman growled at Juno.

Guinevere actually agreed with her opponent; Juno needed to stay well away or she could get hurt, quite badly. Before Guinevere could come up with a plan, she felt the pressure on her neck ease and then she was free.

"Till we meet again!" the masked woman called out with a wave as she mounted her motorcycle and pulled on her helmet.

Guinevere growled as she watched the motorcycle accelerate away, just as the strains of police sirens could be heard coming their way. The girl scrambled to her feet and grabbed hold of Juno before mounting her own motorcycle.