

Thursday, September 15th, 2016

The apartment

Two weeks had passed since their run in with the Purple Queen.

That meeting had been a turning point for Guinevere. She and Juno had agreed to go into a partnership with equal stakes in their own futures. Considering that they were both going into the vigilante business for real, Guinevere had begun to make plans for where to go next and plans for what they would do when they got there.

Juno had taken things in a different direction by expecting the partnership to mean that she no longer had to attend Guinevere's lessons, should she not want to. So, after a blazing row, Juno had found herself sitting down at the table with her school books, her face looking like thunder.

Outside of 'school', the two of them had spent many hours unpacking down at their new storage unit. Guinevere had acquired some racking for the weapons as well as some electronic security for the storage unit.

"We could start a small war with this lot," Juno had commented as her eyes had taken in the awesome array of firearms, blades, and other accessories.

"More like a small to medium war, I'd say," Guinevere corrected, in awe at the firepower that she had available.

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Guinevere had begun the process of acquiring her 'Haven' as she chose to call it, using a shell company which she had created a year earlier when in the UK. It would take three weeks for the sale to go through and for them to get the keys. Guinevere knew that they would be three very long weeks!

Until then, work would go on. The San Diego Police Department was still investigating the burnt out industrial complex along with quite a few dead bodies and quite a bit of burnt drugs, too. The police were calling it an internal squabble between drug dealers and for the moment, they were not looking for anybody else. Therefore, Hit Girl and Kick-Ass were out of the frame, as were Lilith and Lilim.

There was one other subject which had not been properly addressed. That of Lilim and her first kill. Juno had been remarkably reticent about the event, shrugging it off like it was nothing. Guinevere had taken a point of checking in on her cousin during the night but apart from the usual nightmares concerning her rape, there did not appear to be any new ones.

Guinevere had decided not to bring the subject up, unless Juno had wanted to, however, enough time had gone past.

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"Honey, can we talk, please?"

Juno looked up from the book she was reading on her bed and she smiled at her cousin.

"Here?"

"As good a place as any," Guinevere replied.

Juno sat up, making space for her mentor to sit down cross-legged on the bed. At first, neither of them said anything. Juno knew what the conversation was to be about - she had expected it. She could see the concerned expression on Guinevere's face. She knew how much her cousin worried about her and how much she was cared for, so she decided to open the conversation.

"You want to know how I'm feeling, don't you?"

"Yes, honey."

"To be honest, I thought that I'd feel a lot worse than I do. I mean, I took a life; I should at least be upset about it. I didn't even think; I just blew him away like he was nothing. But it wasn't nothing. He was gonna shoot my best friend. He was gonna shoot the one person who I can't live without. I had to shoot him, but I didn't mean to kill him. . ."

"Three bullets in the chest tend to kill people, honey," Guinevere pointed out reasonably.

"You told me to fire a minimum of one round and a maximum of three rounds - he was a big man, so I fired three rounds. I couldn't let him shoot you. . . Oh, God . . . what did I do?"

Guinevere was glad they had opened up that particular box in Juno's mind. If Juno did not come to terms with what she had done, then it would just eat away at her and she would eventually go insane, maybe psychotic.

"You took a life, honey."

"I murdered that man. . ."

"Like hell you did! You had to kill him - it was him or me. Self-defence, honey."

Tears were now spilling down the young girl's face, unimpeded.

"Am I a bad person?"

"No, Juno. You are a good person. You took the life of that man to save *my* life, just as I took the lives of those men who killed your parents and raped you."

"Self-defence?"

"Yes, honey, self-defence."

"I had to save you, Guinny."

"I know, honey, and you did."

Guinevere pulled Juno into a hug and she held her tightly.

Nine days later

Saturday, September 24th

North Clairemont Mesa

She was called The Seamstress.

She was also a little strange - actually she was also little; only four feet nine inches tall. Despite her limited stature, she had skills which were much sought after - not to mention, expensive.

"So, my dears, you are looking for some body armour - a protective suit, maybe? Well, I think we can do better than that, my dears - let's get a good look at you both. Not too tall . . . still growing, the both of you I see . . . pretty eyes . . . yes, I think I have just the thing."

With that, she wandered off into another room. The woman was creepy; Guinevere squirmed inside as she glanced over at Juno. Both girls had actually felt slightly violated as the woman's eyes had covered every inch of their bodies. Within a minute, she was back, and she handed Guinevere a large section of . . . material?

"The latest in Kevlar composite battle armour, my dear. It will stop anything up to a .45-calibre bullet, as well as knives, blunt force objects, shrapnel - and it goes through the washing machine a treat . . . but don't tumble dry - upsets the molecular composition of the composite."

The 'material' was lightweight and in cross-section, Guinevere could make out several layers of different materials formed into a laminate. The outside was smooth to the eye but rough to the touch, and it was very flexible. The inside was smooth to the touch and it had a soft, spongy feel to it.

"I think we'll need to allow you both some extra room about your breasts, especially the younger one - they're still growing - and some extra padding around your lower lady-parts."

"Lady-parts?" Juno queried. She knew what the woman meant but it just sounded so crude.

The woman rolled her eyes and she chuckled.

"Your snatch, honey . . . your vulva, your vagina, your cooch - whatever you want to call it. . ."

"I know what you meant!" Juno growled as she felt her face going very red.

"Good. . ."

The next hour was spent with the woman taking measurements of the two girls - often in some very private locations. Finally, the woman smiled as she turned towards Guinevere.

"I would say two would cover the deposit very nicely."

Guinevere handed over two-thousand dollars.

"Give me two weeks."

The two girls had talked long and hard about costumes.

Guinevere had expected to continue with their current body armour and clothing for the foreseeable future, but then Hit Girl had come along and she had dumped a ton of cash in their lap. That cash would allow them to be better equipped. To be honest, their current gear was not the best and it only provided limited protection against bullets and knives in only certain key locations.

Juno wanted something colourful. Guinevere cautioned her that the costume needed to be able to blend in at night but it also had to be intimidating when seen by criminals at night, in daylight, or in artificial light. The idea was to put the fear of God into the criminal cunts and therefore gain an edge when it came to fighting them. Ultimately, if they cunts ran at the first sight of you - all the better. Fear was one of history's most important and decisive weapons - Guinevere wanted to use it to instil fear into the criminal masses. She wanted their very presence to make criminal cunts think twice about stealing even a paperclip.

The call, when it finally came, ended two weeks of anxiety over their future.

Two weeks later

Saturday, October 8th

North Clairemont Mesa

"Do we have to go back there?"

"Yes."

"Can't she just mail them?"

"Fuckin' hell!" Guinevere growled. "Maybe we should just put you in a nappy and be done with it."

"Sorry. . ."

"Welcome, girls!"

Guinevere scowled - she hated being referred to as a girl, as if she were a child; ignoring the fact that she was just fifteen-years-old.

"I think you will both be very happy with what I have produced for you. However, I think we need to get the nastiness out of the way."

Guinevere handed over a large envelope and after the tiny woman had peeked in side and weighed the envelope in her hands, she smiled enormously before she shoved the envelope through a slot in the adjacent wall.

"Let's start with you. . ."

When Lilith reappeared from the changing room, Juno was very impressed with the result. The suit was a deep red, covering her body from head to toe. Only her lower jaw was visible. Accentuating her still-developing feminine curves were flashes of fire. A pair of flashes curved out from under her arms and under each of her breasts. Another pair ran from her collar bones, over her shoulders and down to just above her elbows. More flashes of fire ran from her crotch over her thighs and down to her knees. She wore knee-length boots with medium heels. Gauntlets covered her hands and lower arms, blending into the suit below the elbows. The mask bore devil-like ears which extended back from her mask.

Around her waist, she wore a utility belt, in the same colour as her suit, which carried a pair of Glock 19 Gen4 pistols in holsters on either hip. On her left thigh, a pair of fourteen-inch, carbon-fibre batons were secured in place. Those batons had the flexibility to be used in several different arrangements. An eight-inch combat knife was strapped to her right calf. Included on her utility belt was an encrypted communications unit which was connected to an earpiece and microphone in her mask. To finish off the combat suit, the eyes of the mask were able to glow, anywhere from a dull orange to a blazing, fiery orange.

"I considered showing more skin, but I deferred to your age and decided that it would be best for you to finish puberty first."

Juno giggled at the comment while Lilith scowled.

"Considering how small *your* breasts are," the woman directed at Juno. "I included extra space in the chest area for some much-anticipated future growth."

It was Juno's turn to scowl while Lilith sniggered. Lilith waited while Juno vanished into the changing room before reappearing fifteen minutes later

For Lilim, her suit was of a very similar design but the colour scheme was different. The central section of the torso was red, as were the upper arms and the lower thighs. The rest of the suit was a dark grey which included the full-face mask which had eyes which glowed a steady red but which was variable from dull to downright devilish. The utility belt around her waist was dark grey and it held a pair of Glock 43 Gen4 pistols, as well as her communications equipment and spare ammunition.

Her feet and calves were encased in dark grey boots. Her hands were encased in gauntlets that were dark grey all the way to her elbows. As with Lilith, on her left thigh, a pair of fourteen-inch, carbon-fibre batons were secured in place. Those batons had the flexibility to be used in several different arrangements, just like her mentor's. A seven-inch combat knife was strapped to her right calf, completing her weapons loadout.

The combat suits were lightweight as well as ultra-flexible. Both vigilantes found that they were able to flex and kick with hardly any limitations.

"Bullet and stab resistant to Level IIA across the entire body - should stop up to a .357-calibre round. I have provided a second undersuit for each of you as girls do tend to sweat a lot in their nooks and crannies."

Lilith growled.

"Thank you."

"You are so welcome, young lady - now, if you both remove the suits, I shall get them packaged for transport."

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Ninety minutes later, Juno was grinning fit to burst as they carefully secured the brand new - and very expensive - combat suits in the storage unit.

"You enjoy that?" Guinevere asked.

Her response was to be almost flattened by the younger girl as she was hugged tightly - so tightly that she struggled to breathe. Guinevere hugged Juno back, very happy for Juno and herself. Things were turning around, very slowly, but they were turning, nonetheless. Almost five months had passed since the unfortunate happenings which had killed Juno's parents and robbed the then twelve-year-old girl of her innocence.

Juno still had nightmares but they were no longer nightly. The girl was developing other distractions - boys. Guinevere was still figuring out how to handle that not so minor problem. It was also a problem for Guinevere. She was fifteen-years-old and the only friend she had in the world was just thirteen-years-old - despite pretending to the outside world that she was a year older. Basically, Guinevere was lonely. Juno had her friends but Guinevere had nobody and she so wanted companionship.

It was something which she would have to work on.

***The following weekend
Saturday, October 15th***

Haven

The building was their own.

Guinevere had spent a five-figure sum on fitting out the building which had included extensive security for the site: advanced access control, active anti-theft measures, as well as computer security. Multiple secure internet lines had been installed, including encrypted digital communications systems.

A section of the interior was given over to living space which had been equipped with two bedrooms, each with twin beds, a well-equipped kitchen, and a recreational area. The main workshop area, was still a workshop, but it had been upgraded with new tools and the required equipment to work on motorcycles.

The best bit was a large section given over to training. There were weights, punchbags, a selection of training weapons and a soft mat for sparring. Guinevere flipped Juno onto her back with a carefully placed foot.

"Soft enough?" she asked as the annoyed looking Juno smiled.

"It's not bad . . . help me up."

As Guinevere reached down, Juno grabbed the bigger girl's hand and she pulled, kicking out Guinevere's left knee and Juno quickly rolled out of the way as her mentor came crashing down beside her. Guinevere laughed.

"It is soft," the fifteen-year-old agreed.

"Can we sleep here, tonight?"

"Of course, honey. But we'd better get some food in, or we'll starve."

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Guinevere had to admit that it was remarkably homely. Juno was enjoying herself as she finished cooking (burning) a pair of pizzas before she poured out two large glasses of Coke (most of the dark liquid ended up in the glasses) and brought the evening's delicacy over to the table. Guinevere smiled at Juno's attempts which weren't too bad considering that five months previously, the girl had been unable to figure out how to produce a glass of water without incident.

"Hope you like it."

"Looks good."

"This place is awesome, Guinny!"

"I think it will work out. It will be our bolthole if things go bad and it will be where we are free from prying eyes when we are Lilith and Lilim. This will be where we operate from and where will return to. Now - you remember the codes I made you learn?"

"Yes, Guinny: eight - seven - three - alpha - two - foxtrot - six - zero."

"And . . ."

"Seven - seven - five - six - zero - zero - nine - one."

"They are?"

"The first one is the deactivation and entry code for the Haven."

"And the second?" Guinevere prompted.

"My personal duress code."

"Well done, honey."

Juno grinned as she stuffed an entire slice of cheese pizza into her mouth. Guinevere laughed as she watched the girl chomp through the pizza over the space of several minutes. When it came time for bed, they both slept in the same room but in separate beds.

"Love you, Guinny!"

"Love you, Juno!"

***The next morning~
Sunday, October 16th***

Haven

When Juno forced her eyes open it took her a moment to figure out where she was.

After a few moments of worry, she realised that she had just completed her first ever night in their new Haven. She looked over at Guinevere's bed only to find it empty. Juno threw back the duvet and swung her long legs out and her feet landed on the wooden floor. She rubbed her eyes and then walked out of the bedroom and into the bathroom where she pushed down her panties and she sat down to pee. After that, she felt much better as she left the bathroom and made for the sounds of activity.

She found Guinevere on the mat engaged in some exercises. Juno was impressed by her mentor's skill as she moved about the mat demonstrating her amazing flexibility and body control. The fifteen-year-old was dripping sweat as she moved, having been up for over an hour. Guinevere would push herself beyond normal endurance when it came to her exercises and sparring in general. Juno always found that a worry and she had voice that fact, only to be told - 'no pain, no gain'!

Juno was just wearing a T-shirt and her panties but that didn't deter her from joining her mentor who was clad in tight-fitting cycling shorts and a sports bra. Guinevere smiled as she saw Juno jog onto the mat and then replicate her movements. She had intended

to stop very soon but for Juno's sake, Guinevere pushed on until Juno was sweating bucket loads. Both girls then eased off, backing down slowly to cool down and then they both crashed onto the mat and lay there, panting heavily.

"Morning, Juno."

"Morning, Guinny."

"Sleep well?"

"Like a rock!"

"Hungry?"

"Hell, yeah!"

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For expediency - and to prevent burning the Safehouse down - Guinevere cooked some bacon and eggs, leaving Juno to provide plates and eating implements. Not surprisingly, Juno was very hungry - she was a growing girl, after all - and she put away several rashers of bacon and three fried eggs. Guinevere ate just as much - she was still growing too.

After breakfast, they both took a shower - the Haven was fitted with two large bathrooms, both with large showers that could take three or four people at a time. The two girls shared a shower, washing each other's hair, before they dried off and dressed. Juno got the job of clearing up after breakfast while Guinevere went around the Haven ensuring that everything was secure and ready for them to leave.

"We're taking a big step, aren't we?" Juno said as she finished off the washing up.

"Yes, honey, we are. We are moving up in the world and taking control of our own destiny. Nobody tells us what to do - we decide what we do and when. Don't be fooled by all that freedom, Juno. We are left to make the right decision. We are left to select the correct way forwards. We fuck it up. . ."

"I understand. I know we have responsibilities now. I understand that I have responsibilities and that I need to grow up and follow your lead. I've learnt a lot from you, Guinny, and I'm wish I could have known you under better circumstances."

"Me, too, honey - you're a wonderful girl and despite your rough edges I could never wish to be with anybody else."

Juno giggled and hugged Guinevere - a habit which the British girl deplored. Nonetheless, she loved the young American girl who was now very much a part of her life. The girl had matured steadily and was no longer the slovenly teenager who threw her clothing all over the place and expected somebody else to clear up after her - she was caring and thoughtful, often thinking *before* she did something.

Guinevere was impressed with herself for having stuck it out for so long; there had been moments where she had considered abandoning Juno but that had only been at times when she was feeling low and angry. She had pledged to look after the girl and she would, until her dying day.

"What's next, Ginny?"

"I thought that we might go for a little stroll, what?"

"Huh?"

"Let's go for a walk."

"That's better - you Brits are weird!"

"You Yanks are uncouth!"

"Huh?"

"Good save me from stupid Americans!" Guinevere breathed. "Uncouth means lacking good manners, refinement, or grace."

"I have good manners!" Juno replied indignantly.

"You mean you actually use a fork during *some* meals?"

"I am what I am - I can't help being born an American - and I am proud of who and what I am, thank you very much, Guinevere!"

Guinevere just laughed as she headed out the door.

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Guinevere had one more surprise for Juno - and she herself was aching to see it herself.

They left the Haven and took the short walk across the road to the storage unit. Once inside and with the door securely locked, Guinevere turned to a non-descript wooden packing crate which had been delivered to four separate delivery businesses before it had finally made it to San Diego as a smokescreen for the ultimate destination - the storage locker.

Guinevere picked up a crowbar and gently levered off the top of the packing crate before attacking the sides which came off cleanly. The fifteen-year-old was super-excited as she began to see what was inside. Once the final wrapping and packaging was removed, Juno swore violently.

"Fucking cunt!" she exclaimed.

The motorcycle was a deep red with flashes of fire on the frame. It would complement Lilith's combat suit like a charm.

"Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin DCT - 2016," Guinevere offered reverently.

"It *is* an awesome machine, Ginny!"

"Tell me about it. . ."

"You're getting wet at the thought of it, huh?"

"Oh, yeah - soaking wet!"

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The two girls left the storage locker to head home.

They chatted animatedly but avoiding anything which should not be talked about in public. They walked back over to the Haven before riding home on the Honda Interceptor.

As they parked up, Guinevere froze.

"Well, well, well - if it isn't. . ."

The British voice never managed to complete the sentence as its owner was thrown to the ground and Guinevere straddled the person, a small stiletto knife to their throat.

". . . I would recognise those soft, subtle curves of the thighs, not to mention the gentle but satisfying mounds on your chest, anywhere."

Guinevere scowled down at the boy who was about her own age and who was freaking her out. As she straddled his lower body, she moved and then she cried out in disgust.

"Have you got an erection, freak?"

"Unavoidable, dear Guinevere - are you wet for me down there, too?"

"You bloody bastard!" Guinevere growled as she moved backwards before she slapped the boy on the readily visible object in his trousers.

The boy yelled out as he rolled over, his hands in his groin.

"Bitchy as ever, I see!"