

New Year's Day, 2016

Safehouse K

We arrived back at the Safehouse near one in the morning.

Marty and Erika were there and they helped us all to remove our bloody weapons and armour. Everybody went for a well-earned hot shower and then we all gathered in the Rec Room for some Hot Chocolate. Chloe had rung home to ensure that her Mom knew that she was safe. I have to admit I lost track of what happened next as the first thing I knew after that moment was waking up to blazing sunlight and the smiling face of Erika.

"Hey, tiny tits – coffee?" she asked.

I looked down and I noticed that my towel had slipped during the night – I yanked it back into place. I scowled at Erika as I only had just enough energy to grasp hold of the hot mug.

"Thanks."

Erika nudged Chloe and Natasha awake. Alexander and Dave were already sipping their coffees. I gave Dave a dirty look for allowing Alexander to gawk at my tits – tiny or not! Alexander was soon distracted from his 'gawping', as he put it, when Marty appeared with bacon sandwiches for us all and we began to feel vaguely human again.

Around midday, Dave and me snuck out of the Safehouse and we headed out across the city.

We didn't knock, we just . . . well, we broke in – apparently, we were expected.

"Breaking into the home of a cop is not your best idea to date."

So much for a surprise!

"How...?" I began.

"I've been a cop for a lot longer than you've been playing with knives, young lady."

Dave laughed – asshole!

"Happy New Year, Marcus," I said and I gave the man an enormous hug.

"Err, Mindy – Marcus is going purple," Dave pointed out, so I eased off a bit.

"Happy New year, Mindy. You were brilliant last night. Amazing. A tribute to your nutcase of a Dad."

"Please, Marcus – her ego needs no help," Dave moaned as I blushed and Marcus continued.

"You lot are the talk of the NYPD down at HQ – some love you and some hate you. Everyone agrees that you stopped a massacre."

"I does what I cans," I muttered quietly as I felt distinctly embarrassed.

Marcus ignored the purple vigilante whose face was now very red.

He turned to me and smiled.

“Considering your first attempts at being a vigilante, you have come far, Dave.”

It was my turn to feel acutely embarrassed.

“Mindy taught me most of what she knows. You need good skills to live with that girl, I can tell you.”

Marcus laughed and again, he ignored the now fuming thirteen-year-old girl who stood beside us both.

“You two annoy me so much – yet I love you both to bits. Being young sucks!”

“Don’t rush to grow up, Mindy,” Marcus commented. “Enjoy your teenage years. You have some wonderful friends and they should be some challenging and sometimes dark times, but I know that you will all prevail.”

Mindy smiled and she gave Marcus another hug which Marcus returned. It was obvious that the man really loved that girl and that he missed having her around.

“We need to go,” I reminded Mindy.

“We have work to do and we’ve been invited to dinner with Chloe’s Mom.”

“Stay safe, both of you,” Marcus said, then he paused for a moment. “Oh, I almost forgot. I found out who gave the order to pull the NYPD from Times Square.”

After a further brief chat with Marcus – and a final New Year’s hug – we left and headed towards Chloe’s apartment on West 15th Street.

Mindy seethed the entire way. It was all that I could do to stop her from marching down to One Police Plaza and committing a violent murder right then and there in front of, potentially, dozens of witnesses. To be brutally honest, it was no great surprise when Marcus had given us the name.

I was very pleased when we finally walked into the apartment on the tenth floor.

West 15th Street

Mindy never gave anybody a chance to even say hello.

“It was that fucking cunt, Gigante. *He* managed to ensure that *no* damn cops were anywhere near Times Square on New Year’s Eve.”

“Not a surprise,” Alexander commented.

“It’s fucking obvious who lines *his* pockets,” Mindy continued to rant. “That bastard just *has* to go.”

Chloe seized hold of Mindy – never a wise thing to do.

“You seem a little irked, Mindy – come and sit down,” Chloe insisted.

Mindy allowed herself to be guided over to a couch where Cathy handed her a large glass of Coke.

“Err, thanks, Cathy.”

“I’d offer you something stronger, but while you might be old enough to kill, you are most certainly not old enough to drink,” Cathy laughed much to everybody’s amusement – everybody except Mindy, that was.

I was angry – of course, I was.

However, I was not about to spoil our little get-together. We spent the next couple of hours laughing at some of Alexander’s crude jokes and we watched some shit on TV. I was not able to concentrate on the fun as much as I wanted and I could see both Dave and Chloe looking at me with concerned expressions.

Over dinner – an enormous turkey with all the trimmings – the talk turned to the previous night and a certain cunt. No, not the giant red one, nor the chicken red one who fled. We did discuss those two and Cathy was very interested in my fight and methodology for dispatching Mother Russia. The talk had turned to that corrupt bastard who had caused the previous night to go so wrong.

We began to discuss ideas for taking down Gigante – *without* killing him. I wanted him to suffer and I also wanted to ensure that he went down as a corrupt cop and not as a cop murdered by a vigilante.

Typically, it was Dave who finally came up with a credible idea – only it needed some assistance from yours truly...

“Absolutely fucking not!” Mindy growled.

“But you looked good...” I insisted.

Mindy blushed.

“I don’t care, Dave; I am *not* wearing that shit again...”

“It’s not the *same* shit – it’ll be all new stuff; you’ve grown – plus you lost all that ‘shit’ at D’Amico’s penthouse.”

“I’ll look a dick...”

“I thought you liked everything to do with dicks?” I chuckled.

“He does have a point,” Natasha interjected.

“You keep outta this...” Mindy hissed.

That same night

Needless to say, they had won the fucking argument.

Therefore, I was out on the streets of New York dressed like a fucking Catholic schoolgirl – again! Never thought that I would *ever* pull that trick again... It did not exactly help that both Alexander and Dave had almost *drooled* over my long knee-socks *and* the short (*very* short in my mind) kilt... I *was*, in fact, wearing a mask – Dave had allowed that small concession to conceal my identity – it was only a small black domino mask but it was still a mask.

What really annoyed me was that I was the fucking decoy, the goddamn rat in the trap – not for the first time neither. I would be a sodding magnet for every damned paedophile and dirty old man for fucking miles. Mind you, not all that many Catholic schoolgirls packed a Glock *and* knew how to use it too...

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I could not believe that Chloe actually had the right clothing in her goddam closet! I had hoped that the lack of suitable clothing would have gotten me out of playing target. Never mind – once a mission was on the table I would never back down. Dave knew it too. How had I got into such a position where Dave could dictate my moves?

Because I had let him into my life. Because I had let him into my heart. Because I loved him with that same beating heart. I loved him with every fibre of my being.

“Err, Hit Girl – anytime now...”

Fuck! I had got myself distracted – sex could do that to a girl...

Detective Lieutenant Victor Gigante knew that something was amiss the moment he saw the girl but the girl’s clothing had intrigued him.

He was no pervert but the uniform was wrong for that late at night, not to mention that all schools were closed for the holidays; maybe the girl was in trouble. The girl seemed to be keeping to the shadows and it was all but impossible to make out the girl’s face.

She was thin, not all that tall but – what was the word? Coltish – yes, that was it... She was wearing a white shirt with a tie, a very short kilt and white socks that came up to just below her knees. On her feet were black sandals and her long blond hair was up in pig-tails. She moved steadily towards a dark alley; now why would she be doing that?

Then, the girl vanished into the dark maw of the alley; Gigante jogged forwards and he entered the same alley.

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There was a noise from the darkness ahead, but there was no sign of the young girl. Gigante froze as a nasty thought and a none too distant memory came to him. A couple of years or so before, at Frank D’Amico’s penthouse, just after the massive shootout and the massacre – in the elevator, amongst other things, they had found a kilt, a white shirt with a tie, black sandals...

Oh, shit!

The man’s trained mind began to flash warning signs at his brain as one more piece of information finally finished off the picture: the doorman had still been alive when they had found him but he had died soon after and amongst the few tangled words uttered was the statement that their killer had had blonde hair...

On instinct, Gigante turned and he began to run towards the entrance to the alley.

Something must have spooked the cunt.

He ran like a man possessed and just a few feet before he would have exited the alleyway, I stepped out before him, a suppressed pistol raised in my hands. I stood my ground as the man tried in vain to back pedal at the sight of me. It was comical really – his face was an absolute picture as the light from a nearby light pole splashed across it.

The crooked cop fell to the ground and he reached for his gun.

The girl was there.

Right there, just a few feet from me . . . she wore a mask . . . it obscured part of her face.

The black pistol in her hands seemed enormous as I stared down the ominous-looking barrel. Her right arm was locked at the elbow while her left, elbow bent, provided extra support for the weapon. It was a professional stance and I knew that I faced the same girl who had taken down Frank D'Amico. The girl smirked at me and her eyes glinted in the light from a nearby streetlight. I saw evil. I saw death.

Instinctively I reached for my pistol . . . the girl shook her head from side to side. I took my hand away and I slowly raised both hands into the air.

“I’m a cop. You can’t kill a cop.”

“A cop?” The girl laughed. “No, I won’t kill a cop . . . a dirty-cop, now that’s something else...”

I heard a movement to my right and I was pushed to the ground where I felt a boot on my right arm as a hand reached in and removed my pistol, then the girl spoke again.

“Night, night...”

I felt a sharp pain on the side of my head and everything faded into nothing.

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I could hear shouting and screaming. My head pounded like a jackhammer was operating inside it. Something wasn’t right. Something was very wrong. I opened my eyes and found that I was on my knees, slouched against a wall. I looked down. What the fuck? My pants were around my ankles along with my shorts and . . . my cock was sticking out. Something dribbled out of the tip. Impossible!

Then I saw a girl. She was only feet away from me. She wore a school uniform, just like that other girl – only she was naked from the waist down. Her underwear and a kilt lay around her ankles and she was yelling.

“Rape! Help me! Please!”

I jerked fully awake as my brain rapidly put everything together. I was being set up! I had to get out of there...

“Hey, you, stop! Police!”

Oh, fuck!

There was a cop only a dozen yards away and he was running towards me. His partner was not far behind. The girl before me; she *smiled* at me. She hauled up her underwear, grabbed the kilt, and she ran for it, down the dark alleyway behind me.

“You’re a sick bastard, old man!” The first cop growled as I was flung onto my face.

“Stop – I’m a cop...”

“With a wet dick and a young girl running away...”

“I’m being framed...”

“Yeah, like they *never* say that!” The other cop growled as he fastened the cuffs a little too tightly.

The following morning

Saturday, January 2nd

One Police Plaza

The door to the jail cell slid open quite noisily and it startled the sleeping inmate awake.

“Well, well, well. How the mighty have fallen.”

The man on the single concrete bunk sat up and he glared at the tall, black man that had spoken.

“Fuck you, Williams!”

“That would be ‘fuck you, *Sergeant Williams*’.”

Victor Gigante stood up and he faced off against his tormentor.

“I am a Lieutenant in the NYPD, Sergeant, and don’t you fucking forget it!”

“You wish!” Marcus grinned as he waved Gigante’s NYPD Lieutenant’s Medallion. “You will *never* see this medallion again – the Captain has placed you on indefinite suspension, pending your indictment for the rape of a minor.”

“Rape!” Gigante yelled back. “I raped no fucker!”

Marcus turned around to face a pair of uniformed cops.

“Take him for his identification parade.”

Both cops handled the former Lieutenant quite roughly as they led him out of the cell and down a corridor.

Fifty minutes later

Natasha Winslow peered through the one-way glass at the line-up of eight men.

She looked up at her ‘mother’, Cathy, who gripped her hand reassuringly. Her ‘mother’ could not believe that she had actually agreed to go along with the charade, but she could see it was for a good reason.

“Please, take you time,” the Detective Lieutenant who was overseeing the parade said to Natasha.

“The man had his pants down and well, there was something about him,” Natasha said.

The Lieutenant smiled and he ordered the men lined up in the small room to drop their pants. Marcus grinned as Gigante followed the orders and dropped his pants.

“Not seeing everything...” Natasha hinted.

The Lieutenant ordered the men to drop their underwear. Gigante opened his mouth to argue but a cop in the room raised his baton and Gigante reluctantly followed the humiliating order. Marcus turned at some giggling as two uniformed officers laughed at Gigante as he stood there naked from the waist down.

“Ladies! A bit of decorum, please,” the Lieutenant insisted.

Natasha peered through the glass for a moment before she turned to the Lieutenant.

“He was . . . you know . . . hard.”

The Lieutenant raised an eyebrow but directed the men to...

“Fuck you!” Gigante roared.

“That’s him – number 4!” Natasha exclaimed excitedly. “I recognise the voice – plus that mole in his groin.”

The Lieutenant nodded and turned to Marcus.

“He’s all yours, Sergeant.”

The two officers in the room seized Gigante none too gently and they cuffed him. He was then dragged out of the room without even the chance to pull up his pants and underwear.

An hour later

Interrogation Room 3

Marcus studied the lawyer who sat beside the seething and thoroughly humiliated ex-Lieutenant Victor Gigante.

“Aren’t you Ralph D’Amico’s lawyer?”

“I do not discuss my clientele and you know that Sergeant,” the lawyer replied stiffly. “Now, let’s get this charade over and done with, shall we.”

Marcus sat down, with a young female Detective beside him. They ran through the usual identification routine for the recording before they began with the real questions. Gigante looked bored with the entire event – at least until the first question was read out.

“Victor Gigante, on the night of January 1st, 2016, did you rape a twelve-year-old girl?” Marcus began.

“Not a fuc . . . damn chance!” Gigante retorted.

“Did you follow a girl into an alleyway?”

“Ye...”

“My advice is not to answer that question,” the lawyer said as he cut off his client.

“Did you expose yourself to said girl?” Marcus continued.

“No!”

“Did you show the girl your erect penis?”

“Never!”

“Did you proceed to insert your erect penis into the twelve-year-old girl’s vagina?”

“No way – I never raped that girl!”

“So – there was a girl?” Marcus replied with a grin.

Gigante lapsed into an angry silence as the female Detective spoke for the first time.

“We have a gooey substance which we believe to be semen – it’s being tested by the lab – if that is yours...”

“It’s not . . . it can’t be.”

“Do you like little girls, Gigante? Do they turn you on?”

“Of course not!”

“The girl in question, she was barely into puberty. Is that the kind that you like? You like young virgins?” Detective Vivian Jenkins pushed.

“That’s disgusting.”

“Well, she ain’t no virgin now – *you stole her virginity!*”

“Never...”

“Can we talk about a deal, Sergeant?” the lawyer interjected.

“I don’t need a damn deal – I’m innocent,” Gigante blustered.

“Rape in the second degree – seven years,” Marcus offered. “I’d prefer twenty to life... We will ask the Judge to consider rape in the *first* degree considering Gigante’s position of trust in the community.”

“For his protection, we have arranged suitable accommodation at Ricker’s Island,” Detective Jenkins added.

A very stunned Victor Gigante was ushered from the room.