

Saturday, January 2nd, 2016

Later that day

The House

“What you said was not true, I hope?”

“No, Dr Bennett. He did *not* rape me – I did get some of his stuff on me, though – yuck!” Natasha responded with an appalled expression.

“I hope the fucker has a good night!” Mindy offered with an evil grin.

“Yeah – shame he’s gonna be in solitary,” Alexander added. “Just pictured him getting shafted by a guy with a rock hard...”

“Thank you, Alexander!” Chloe cut in loudly.

“Couldn’t have happened to a better guy,” Dave finished and we all agreed.

Three days later

Tuesday afternoon

Safehouse K

I never knew that Natasha was an artist – a damn good one, too.

When I pushed open the door into the Rec Room I stopped and my jaw dropped open in shock. I had no idea what had shocked me more. That somebody could produce something so outstandingly amazing and beautiful. Or that somebody would actually remember every word that I had said a few days previously.

Needless to say, it was all there:

Night gathers, and now our watch begins.

It shall not end until our death.

We are the sword in the darkness.

We are the watchers on the walls of Justice.

We are the shield that guards this city from those who wish to do it harm.

We are the Knights’ Watch.

I was speechless.

“I hope you don’t mind – I was bored and I thought that the place needed a bit of brightening up,” Natasha said a little sheepishly.

“It’s amazing . . . if I was a dyke, I’d fucking kiss you.”

“You like it?”

“Do I want to shove a red-hot poker wrapped in barbed wire up Chris D’Amico’s ass?”

Natasha looked a little freaked out at my comment.

“That would be a yes,” Dave hinted as he stood behind me, in equal awe.

That afternoon we all sat beneath the mostly completed mural – it was enormous and was measured in feet!

Natasha was very embarrassed by all the supportive comments which were being thrown at her. She actually did receive a kiss from Chloe *and* Alexander. It seemed that our little group of vengeful vigilantes had a name. Due to that fact, we decided that we would need a symbol to adorn our combat suits and motorcycles.

We had decided that it would have to be something simple and nothing garish. Among other symbols – many of which were totally unsuitable; even to my own standards – we had selected Lady Justice as a possible candidate. Naturally, a certain low life in our midst had decided to hijack the proceedings and produce some woefully inadequate, and almost pornographic, images.

“I think she’s awesome,” Alexander offered with a cheeky grin as he exposed us to his latest find from the sordid depths of the internet.

“It’s disgusting and sexist,” Natasha insisted.

“She has hardly any clothes on,” Chloe pointed out as she scowled at her boyfriend.

“Exactly!” Alexander responded happily.

“You can see her breasts,” I added.

“Yeah...” Alexander breathed his grin spreading ever broader.

“No,” Dave said firmly.

“Maybe we could get Chloe to pose...” Alexander suggested with a disgusting grin.

“Naked?” Chloe growled.

“If you want...”

We moved on as Alexander concentrated on rubbing his freshly acquired bruises and Chloe returned to her seat.

We had settled on a design.

Lady Justice was clothed, much to Alexander’s disgust. The shield was tall and curved up the two sides to a slightly curved top. The border was silver with the centre black. Lady Justice was a medium grey occupying most of the centre of the shield. Marty had come up with the full technical form for said shield which sounded cool, but had otherwise meant nothing to any of us!

The shield was heater-shaped. The chief had a slight outward curve and was trimmed in argent as were the sinister and dexter. The field was in sable with Lady Justice as the main charge in a medium grey and taking up most of the available space.

I loved it, no matter how it was described.

Riker’s Island

Of the 10,000 or so inmates in the country's second largest jail, one was not at all pleased with his lot.

During his in processing, during which he had endured an extremely humiliating and invasive strip search, he had then been moved to the prison's newest facility, the ESH. Gigante was fully aware of the place – he was also very concerned as to why he was being sent there. The Enhanced Supervision Housing facility was intended to house the most violent of criminals. Mainly, the cells were intended for inmates who had already attacked prison staff or inmates. Gigante figured it was for his protection, but he was not overly sure about his diagnosis.

He was not overly sure about his safety, either.

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The first night had been scary. He did not sleep. He would doze off but then jerk awake at the slightest yell, bang, or scrape. He had felt very vulnerable as he had walked past a dozen or so other inmates. Several of the inmates had recognised him for what he had been – an NYPD cop. He knew that it would not take very long for his 'crime' to come forth and he knew full well what happened to child rapists in jail.

During the first day, he had received a few 'fly-bys' by other inmates. He had tried to appear unintimidated, despite his being very intimidated. Like most bullies, of which Victor Gigante was one, he was also easily intimidated when backed up against a wall with no suitable comeback such as a cop badge.

It was on the third afternoon after his incarceration that he had his first run-in with the existing inmates.

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Victor Gigante never noticed the subtle changes as he sat at the bench in the common area directly beneath his cell, #32. There had always been a minimum of three guards visibly on patrol at all times. However, at that moment, Gigante was alone with about eight other inmates. The four guards on duty had each vanished discretely, one by one, without attracting any undue attention.

The first Gigante knew of his impending doom, was when the main lights went out and they were instantly replaced by the eerie glow of the emergency lights. He sensed the danger before he saw or felt it. The punch in the kidney instantly told him what he was in for. He was dragged off the bench and thrown roughly onto the table top.

"You stinking fucking pig!"

"Heard you're in for fiddling with a little girl."

"I heard rape."

"You dirty fucking bastard!"

"I vote we shank the pig."

"Cut his dick off."

"I hate to admit it, but this cunt is protected. Ralph D'Amico likes him. We can rough the cunt up, but he needs to remain breathing and relatively intact."

Gigante felt a rag being stuffed into his mouth and then the first beating of many began.

Safehouse K

I accepted the call coming into my cell.

“Yo!”

“Yo to you too, Mindy,” Marcus laughed.

“Hey, old man, how you doing?”

“Less of the old, little girl!”

“Let’s meet halfway. I won’t call you old if you don’t call me little.”

“Deal!” Marcus chuckled. “Got some news for you. A mutual acquaintance suffered significant injury during a power outage at Riker’s. He fell down some stairs apparently.”

“Poor soul. I hope he’s going to be okay,” Mindy replied in a mocking tone.

“Oh, he has some friends looking after his well-being,” Marcus replied darkly.

Things were changing.

We had a purpose . . . and a cool name!

We also had a symbol. I considered it as a legitimisation of our activities in the city of New York. The events of New Year’s Eve in Times Square had been unprecedented. I had never fought alongside anyone, but ourselves. To fight alongside those who were sworn to eradicate vigilantes like us was awesome. It had also been amazing to fight alongside Marcus.

What *would* Daddy be thinking?

“You okay, Natasha?”

I looked up to see Mindy.

“Yeah, just thinking through some shit.”

“No problem . . . I’ve got an appointment with Dave.”

I grimaced and then laughed; I knew *exactly* what the ‘appointment’ was for. Once Mindy was gone, I went back to my thoughts about the previous week. I had to admit, it had been a first for me.

Not the sex, unfortunately, but it was the first time that I had actually stuck a cock up my snatch voluntarily. I was only thirteen, but I was very experienced from a sexual point of view. When I was rescued by Chloe, I swore that I would never have sex with another man for a long, long, time – at least until I found love . . . or I made the choice.

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“Penny for your thoughts?”

“Hi, Mathilda.”

“You helped put a cast-iron bastard behind bars. But I’m sorry about what you had to do to accomplish that.”

“I was the only one who could do it. No way was I about to let Chloe do it.”

“Of course not.”

“Being a vigilante is not easy and I know that I will encounter more such challenges as I go. I was glad to be able to use something from my past to help my friends.”

“Talking of friends . . . where is everybody?” Mathilda asked, keen to change the subject.

“Fucking...” Natasha replied with a grin.

Dave closed the door to the bedroom and he turned towards the bed.

Mindy was as naked as the day she was born. Her fourteen-year-old body was steadily becoming more womanly in appearance and much less boyish. Curves now accentuated her hips which were much more pronounced, as were her thighs. Mindy had no qualms about people seeing her naked – she was proud of her body and Dave had no issues whatsoever with seeing her naked.

“Dave, squeeze me.”

“Huh?”

“Squeeze me. Squeeze me like I was an S&W seven forty-seven . . . double-action magnum . . . with an extended chrome eight-inch barrel . . . just begging for a few squirts of gun oil.”

“Is this a come-on?”

“Blow on my tits . . . like you were blowing away the metallic blue discharge . . . wafting from your barrel . . . after you’ve spent your full load.”

“Damn!” Dave exclaimed as he sat down on the bed. “You are one hot bitch tonight.”

“Hot as a freshly detonated Willie Pete.”

Dave ran his hand down Mindy’s abs and then between her legs.

“Damn – you’re burnin’, girl!”

“Is that a baton in your pants, Kick-Ass, or are you just pleased to see me?”

Dave shucked off his pants and shorts.

“You decide...” Dave teased as he dumped his t-shirt and lay down beside Mindy.

Mindy moaned as she took in the fully erect ‘baton’ as it touched her thigh. She grinned as she ran her fingers across her thickening pubic hair and she touched the pleasure button at the top of her moist slit. The single touch made her squeal as she turned towards Dave and ground herself against his dick.

“You bad, bad, girl!”

“Punish me, Dave. Punish me.”

I had lost count of how many times we had had sex in the previous three weeks since we had both given our virginity to one another.

Chloe was . . . what was the word? Insatiable . . . that was it. Her body was lovely and her bare skin was silky smooth. For me, it was a novelty to be allowed down amongst the hair that hid her lower regions. Chloe did not have the biggest boobs in the place – that honour went to Natasha or maybe Erika – not that I had seen Erika’s. Chloe’s boobs were just right, I thought. She let me squeeze them and she would squeal as I touched her nipples which would harden and stick out with barely a touch.

Down below, she had a decent amount of dark pubic hair and I loved running my fingers through it. She did not seem to mind, neither. I was a novice when it came to the female body and I had needed Chloe to explain where things were. She had even allowed me to ‘go inside’ and she had pointed out her various items of plumbing to me. It was very different to the books and pictures used in sexual education at school. To be honest, the inside looked a little icky. I had said as much to Chloe and she had laughed.

“Think yourself lucky,” she had said. “You’ve just seen way more than I have; I can’t see down there without a fucking mirror!”

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Chloe seemed to glow as she lay completely naked on the bed. As I had already mentioned, my knowledge of girls was very slim. I had spent most of my young life annoying the fuck out of the opposite sex – to be honest, I had had no idea what else to do with them! Since I had started puberty, a little before my thirteenth birthday, I was intent on seeing a naked girl in the flesh. Like many boys my age, I had spent many hours sifting through various second-hand dirty magazines with their stuck together pages and looking for dubious images on the internet.

I jacked off to a magazine at least one a day when I found that I could and I dreamt of seeing a real girl. Thanks to my general behaviour around girls, they tended to avoid me like the plague. Therefore, my chances of actually seeing a girl naked, let alone touching anything, was a total pipedream.

Then, out of nowhere I had stumbled upon the hidey-hole of the super-secret vigilante, Hit Girl. Thankfully, she had decided not to kill me, despite me having just seen her naked. She was my first naked girl – not that there had been very much to see... Then there had been another hot chick: Chloe. We had had an on and off love/hate relationship – although I don’t think Chloe saw it as a relationship at all.

It was only after that night out when Chloe had allowed me to undress her and then the next thing I knew, she was naked and I was naked, then I was lying on top of her and my dick... Well, you get the picture. I was fourteen while Chloe was only thirteen, but it was consensual and we both loved it. I really could not believe my luck; I had found a home and the loveliest, most beautiful girl that I had ever seen.

“Well, dickhead, are you gonna fuck me or what?”

