

Day 72

Chicago

Friday

We finally had an apartment.

It was small, but it had two bedrooms and it was located on the third floor of the apartment complex. There was also a secure parking space for the 'car' - we both refused to call it the *other* name. I was now really happy, not to mention that I had Dave! The events of almost two weeks ago were now a distant memory, thank God. I was to be sixteen in two days; shame Dave did not even know but I decided that I would tell him on the day.

I thought Dave was a little concerned with the 'new' me. I had shocked the hell out of him the other day, by posing naked and then making out with him. To tell you the truth I had shocked the hell out of myself, for having done that. Only a few days before, I had held a pistol to his temple; I still couldn't believe that Dave had stayed with me, despite everything that I had done and the way that I had treated him. Nevertheless, I supposed that was the kind of guy Dave was; gentle and caring.

Unless, of course, he was in a wetsuit and wore a jetpack equipped with Gatling guns!

I was very pleased with the new apartment.

It should suit us well, until we get a more permanent place, of course, and Mindy liked it. Talking of Mindy, or rather the *new* Mindy, she had dyed her hair brunette again; to cover up the blonde roots but she had left a single blonde streak on her left side. I considered that it would remind me that *this* Mindy was *different* to all the ones which had come before. I was not saying that I did not *like* the new Mindy, but I thought that she would take some getting used to - to put it mildly! She seemed to enjoy spending time with me, naked. No sex yet, but lots of other very enjoyable activities. She was definitely *not* the shy girl, who had kissed me, a couple of months back after sneaking into my bedroom one dark night.

I had just come up from the 'car', with a surprise for her. I placed it on the kitchen table and called to her, in the bedroom. Mindy appeared, wearing only panties and a bra; nothing surprised me about that girl - not anymore!

"Present for you, on the table," I said and I stepped back a safe distance.

Mindy approached the table, then her eyes bugged out and she squealed and she squealed.

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" Mindy squealed, as she picked up her bō-staff and she deftly broke it in two, before she weaved the blades in circles, around her.

"You happy, now?" I asked as I laughed hard at the smile on her face. Mindy was as giddy as a kid on Christmas morning!

I was complete!

I had my swords . . . I loved Dave! He knew not, just what I needed, but what I wanted, and liked. I really could not have picked a better guy, all those years ago. I knew then that he had potential and I was right!

After twenty minutes of holding my swords, I thought it best to put them away, so I reconnected them and placed the bō-staff in a cupboard, behind some jackets. Dave was already smirking at the time I had spent with the swords.

"Well done!" Dave teased. "Didn't think you'd ever put them down!"

"You know me too well, Dave. Anyway, what makes you think I love them so much?" Mindy asked, with a playful look in her eyes.

"Oh, come on, Mindy. The first time I saw the miniature version of you, you were bouncing around Rasul's apartment like a demented Angry Bird, slicing and dicing with those damn swords. I could tell you enjoyed every fucking second of it and you had that ridiculously insane grin on your face, the whole damn time. I know, because I couldn't do anything else, at the time, but watch you!"

"I did not . . . okay . . . I admit it, yes, I suppose . . . I was enjoying myself," Mindy replied but then she paused before continuing.

"I was also showing off to you," she admitted in a reluctant tone as she looked down at the floor.

"I saw you as a potential friend. I had never had one before and you were the first superhero we had found, other than ourselves. That kiss, I blew you, it wasn't a joke," Mindy added and she blushed, furiously.

The memory of Mindy, blowing me that kiss from my bedroom window, reminded me of something.

"When mini Hit Girl and Big Daddy visited my bedroom that night, Big Daddy called me 'Ass-Kick'. Did your Dad call me that a lot?"

"All the time!" Mindy admitted, looking a little ashamed. "I think Daddy was worried that I might get involved with you. He kept trying to stop me showing off to you but he did like you though and he thought you had potential, too."

"We'll he was right; you did get involved with me," I teased.

"I wonder what Daddy would think of us, right now?" Mindy said, with a faraway look in her gorgeous, green eyes.

That night, we kitted up and went exploring.

We drove the 'car' towards Englewood and parked up around nine in the evening. It was only a couple of days from being a new moon, so the night was reasonably dark. Dave had his full armour on and seemed a bit nervous, but then so was I. It was the first time out, together, for months.

We found ourselves in a freight yard, full of containers, with limited lighting and many dark shadows. We were also beside the main train line and passing trains created a large amount of noise. As expected, we found our first score of the night. Between a pair of large containers, we found two men. They were so busy beating another man, they never saw or heard our approach.

Their loss. . .

"Hey, Cunts!" Hit Girl growled, loudly. "Got a minute to die!"

The two men spun around and dropped the other man to the ground.

"What the fuck are you?" one yelled, as he pulled out a large knife.

"Whatya want kid?" The other man called as he pulled out an equally large knife.

"So, you wanna play!" Hit Girl growled, menacingly.

I could see the two men start to reconsider their bravery. I stood behind Hit Girl and drew my batons as Hit Girl broke her bō-staff in two and she twirled the vicious looking blades. Understandably, the two men started to move backwards, just as Hit Girl swept forward, re-joined her swords and severed the hand of one of the man, letting the hand and knife fall to the ground together. Then she gracefully span and drove a blade into the same man's chest before flipping backwards and driving the opposite blade into the other man's back at chest height. Both men sank to the ground, dead. It was all over in mere seconds.

I could see Hit Girl was smiling, she could not have been happier! She reminded me a bit of Rasul's apartment. I stowed my batons and ran towards the fallen man: he was dead! That pissed me off; I kicked the dead body of one of the men, hard.

"Hey! At least these two won't be hurting anybody else," Hit Girl commented. "Let's go!"

"Okay!" I said, but I still felt unhappy about the situation.

..._...

After we left the immediate area, we kept to the shadows and it was not long before we heard a scream. We ran towards the noise where we heard scuffling behind some thick bushes.

A man was raping a woman.

"The bastard's mine," I insisted as I drew my batons and advanced while Hit Girl stood back, looking a bit uncertain.

I came up from behind the man and grabbed his hair then hauled him off the woman.

"What the fuck!" The man yelled and he tried to reach me with his hands.

Hit Girl ran forward and pulled the woman away before she helped her to cover herself. I threw the man against a tree.

"Rape a defenceless woman, will you?" I snarled as I drove a baton into the man's groin and I felt joy when I saw blood and the man screamed. I swung my other baton, hard against the man's head, killing him. The corpse fell to the ground and I felt no emotion, nothing.

"All done!" I snarled, as I re-joined Hit Girl.

"I've called an ambulance for the lady," Hit Girl advised and she looked a bit concerned.

"Thank you, both of you. That man has raped two of my friends - the cops couldn't hold him. He deserved to die, the bastard!" the woman said, trying to control her tears of relief.

We could see and hear the ambulance now and there was a Police car behind the ambulance.

We blended into the shadows and headed back to the 'car'.

When we were safely back at the apartment, I turned to Dave.

"What the fuck was that about?" I asked.

"He deserved to die!" Dave replied.

"You scared me, tonight. I've never seen you like that. Where did that rage come from?" I asked.

"That first man died. I wasn't going to let this guy get away, to rape again. The woman was right; he'd have probably have got off again," Dave replied.

"I'm the psychotic killer, remember," I reminded my partner. "Not you, Dave!"

Dave looked at me, through tired eyes. I hugged him tightly.

"I suppose I've had a lot of pent up rage, built up over the past few months," Dave admitted. "I actually feel better after tonight."

I hoped that Dave was okay. I thought it was *me* with the mental issues. Mind you, Dave had never killed until he had met me. Kick-Ass just helped people, defended people. Dave was pure, unlike me. I'd been killing for ten years now and considering I was almost sixteen that was something *really* disturbing, to most people, at least!

"Come on, Mindy! Let's get to bed," Dave said, with a smile, but his eyes were dark.

Updated: September 2017