

The following day
Monday, November 4th, 2013

Chicago, Illinois

It finally felt like I was back with Dave!

No more counting the days of separation. No more being alone. We were together, in the same city, as a couple. Dave and Mindy. Kick-Ass and Hit Girl. Two badass super-heroes, fighting crime as a team.

Dave had made me feel like a woman, yesterday. I was still feeling light headed and I felt like I wasn't touching the bed, Dave had made me melt at his touch.

Mind you, my crotch was sore, to say the least!

That evening

We went out again.

It did not go well, not well at all. We had walked straight into a fucking shit storm.

It was dark, very dark.

As we came around a corner, we came across eight young men. They were obviously part of a gang and just as obviously, they were out to cause trouble. The moment we saw them, they had had also seen us and we all reacted together. Kick-Ass and I flew at them as escape was not an option. In that instance, though, we did not really want to kill any of them.

It was complete chaos.

I did not really know what happened, but I managed to knock out three guys and Kick-Ass got two, before guns were drawn by two of the men, and I was shot twice in the chest while Kick-Ass was shot about six times. The rounds that hit me, they forced me to the ground, where I was quickly pounced upon. The rounds that hit Kick-Ass' armour, just ricocheted off and pushed him back a bit. Kick-Ass waded in to rescue me and at some point, I was hit on the head, which made me see stars.

The remaining men, after having seen bullets bouncing off Kick-Ass' armour, grabbed their unconscious pals and they ran off into the darkness. Twenty minutes later, we were back in the 'car' and we headed back to the relative safety of our apartment.

We changed in the 'car' as we had before, returning to the apartment in normal clothes.

Back at the apartment

"Fuck!" I exclaimed as I pulled off my shirt to inspect the bruises. "That was a complete pile of shit!"

"You're not kidding!" Dave replied as he checked out my chest where vivid bruises were appearing.

It dawned on me that we could have both been killed; Chicago was a dangerous place.

"You thinking the same thing as me?" I asked.

"We need some proper suits," Dave stated and I nodded as he looked at the impact marks on his armour.

"Damn straight," I replied, as Dave checked out my head, to make sure it was only a small bump and that there was no blood.

We went straight to bed , feeling a bit depressed.

The next day
Tuesday, November 5th

I got up, mid-morning, to find Dave on the couch and I looked over his shoulder as sat there and he scribbled away furiously on a pad.

I was curious.

"Whatya doing?" I asked.

Without saying a word, he turned the pad towards me:

- 1. Lightweight and flexible enough to allow full range of movements.*
- 2. Stab, slash and bullet resistant to as high a level as possible but still satisfying 1.*
- 3. Head protection without affecting movement or hearing/vision.*
- 4. Ability to be worn under normal clothing (not essential, but useful).*
- 5. Ability to store/carry weapons and other accessories.*
- 6. Scare the shit outta them looks.*

"New costume ideas?" I asked.

"Yeah. Just a short list of key requirements that have come to mind," Dave replied.

"Expensive!" I commented.

"We could always borrow Marcus' swear jar," Dave teased. "We'd have thousands within a month!"

"I don't need a fucking swear jar!" I retorted but then I paused, and I felt my cheeks warming up. "OK, maybe I fucking do. But we aren't getting one, cunt!"

We needed time to recover from that bad night out, so I gave some serious thought to our new costumes.

Money was not a major issue; Dave had brought a substantial amount with him. The rest of my funds were safely hidden at the Safehouse, back in New York. If we were going to be digging into *that* cash, we would need to be able to top it back up, afterwards. However, that would be easy, as we would be able to use drug dealers like an ATM.

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A few years ago, I had needed to upgrade my suit as I was growing. Not growing in places I would have liked, but growing just the same. After some substantial digging through Daddy's files, I had eventually found a reference to a guy that had made my Daddy's suit. The guy was called 'The Armourer' and, apparently, he could supply almost anything, off the books, for a price.

I had contacted the guy and arranged for my new costume. All he needed were my specifications and sizes. He asked no unnecessary questions while being very discrete and he treated me with respect. The goods had arrived as requested. Expensive, but the quality of his work was very good. Therefore, I contacted the guy again, advised him of what we were after and gave him Dave's requirements.

He said he had something that might do the job and he would get back to us in a few days.

Three days later
Friday, November 8th

The Armourer called back.

He asked to meet.

I thought this was a bit irregular, but he explained that the suits we were after needed accurate measurements. I agreed to the meet, but with *my* choice of location which I would be able to scout out ahead of time. I thought quickly and gave him a time, a location - and a challenge, so we could identify him.

Dave, naturally, was a bit concerned about meeting up with a total stranger. However, The Armourer had a reputation to uphold and he would very quickly go out of business, should it got out that he could not be trusted.

Three more days later
Monday, November 11th

On the day of the meet, Dave and I scouted out the location.

In this case, it was an abandoned warehouse, just outside of Chicago. Dave and I had scouted it and seen no activity and no immediate problems, apart from a little damp and a lot of dust and dirt.

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We were in our full costumes with weapons, just in case, and we waited in the darkness until the designated time.

A few minutes early, we heard a van pull up outside the warehouse.

It was a plain black, panel van without markings and it did not show any lights, either. Only one man was visible in the cab and the driver's window was open. I silently crept up and as the driver turned to look to his right, towards the building, I shoved my silenced pistol into his left ear.

"Ow! For fuck's sake!" he exclaimed as he turned slowly. "Oh, it's you."

He gave me the challenge that we had agreed on the phone. I opened the van door and checked him for weapons. He had none. I told him to open the van's back doors and he did so while I stood back. The van was empty except for a few items on the floor of the van's load area.

"Okay, what have you got?" Kick-Ass and I asked.

"I thought this might involve both of you," The Armourer said with a disgusting smirk and I took an immediate dislike to the man.

He removed some pictures and samples of material from the van to show us. The pictures showed two matte-black suits. One was obviously for a male and the other for a female. The suits were quite different.

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The male suit was, we were informed, made up of a stab and slash-proof composite material, with additional ballistic protection up to Type II which provided protection against anything up to and including nine-millimetre and .357 Magnum rounds. The back and chest plates would provide additional ballistic protection up to Type IIIA which provided protection against rounds up to a .44 Magnum. The suit provided reinforced carbon-fibre, padded joints for elbows, knees, ankles, and shoulders, as well as groin protection. There were also carbon-fibre composite grieves for the lower legs.

Carbon-fibre, composite material was also used for the sides of the body, above the hips and across the chest at the level of the chest bone; it was used in the area of the collar bones, too, as additional protection. A flexible padded neck shield protected the nape of the neck without restricting movement. The suit included armoured and padded gauntlets that could grab a double-edged blade, without damage or injury. The gauntlets incorporated carbon-fibre

composite armour along the outside of the lower arm and full circle below the elbow. A slash-proof, full-face mask, with padding around the top, back and side of the head finished off the suit, along with custom lightweight, armoured boots. The suit was fire retardant and was designed to let the wearer's body breath.

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The female suit was made out of the same composite material, except that it did not have the large chest and back plates. The suit conformed much more to the wearer and it was ultra-flexible. The shoulder, elbow, and knee joints were reinforced and padded. The chest and back plates were made up of multiple sections that flexed together like reptile scales which allowed the suit to move with the wearer without any movement restrictions. The composite protection continued up the neck. A partial facemask went from the crown of the nose, then over and around the head to the nape of the neck. The mask was padded and slash-proof.

The overall protection was less than that which the male suit provided, but still more than my current costume. The ballistic protection was up to Type II. The suit was finished off with conformal gauntlets and boots. The gauntlets could grab blades without damage or injury and had carbon-fibre composite plates to protect the lower arm. Carbon-fibre composite grieves encased the lower legs and carbon-fibre composite panels protected the outer thighs and the upper arms.

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The male suit had obvious locations for weapons and equipment carriers which were inter-changeable. The female suit was much more subtle with the weapon locations; it used small slots between the scales and on the carbon-fibre plates for holsters and equipment carriers.

"I can customise both suits to include the relevant purple or green/yellow highlights," The Armourer explained. "I can also incorporate a weapons carrier, high in the middle of the back for your batons," he added as he looked at Kick-Ass.

The Armourer then proceeded to take measurements of Kick-Ass and myself. Some measurements were, to say the least, very personal and made me squirm.

"When and how much?" I finally asked having had enough of the man.

It would take about two weeks. The cost was high, but I thought it would be worth it. Our current costumes were of absolutely no use, as the other night had demonstrated rather painfully. There was also a good chance that we could raise hell in Chicago, *before* people worked out it was Kick-Ass and Hit Girl.

The new suits would allow us to hit harder, much harder, without fear of injury.

Author's Note: I have given Kick-Ass and Hit Girl combat suits in my other story: 'Solitude'. I am using a similar design here. I have tried to describe suits that I believe are realistically possible with current technology. I may have taken some artistic liberties, but hey this is fiction and we are dealing with a universe that has an eleven-year-old assassin! While the ballistic protection described is real, there is more to ballistic protection than just being able to stop certain calibres, but I did not want to go into major, boring, technical detail. I hope you like my ideas for the new suits and I apologise to any writers, if my ideas are similar to their own. I am aware of only one other writer, at this point, who designed new suits for Kick-Ass and Hit Girl. That writer is 'forcedInduction' with his brilliant story 'Fall Damage'. I give full credit to this writer for any similarities between the suits.

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