

Monday, November 25th, 2013
Two weeks later, evening

We received the call and we met up with The Armourer at the same place and using the same procedure as before.

The Armourer threw open the back doors of his van where two packs were visible. He reached in and pulled out the first one, before opening the green-tinted pack.

"Okay, Kick-Ass; try this on for size," he suggested.

Dave pulled out his new combat suit, his face full of geeky, unconcealed eagerness. The base was matte black while the carbon-fibre sections were mainly green-tinted with yellow highlights. The combat suit was in two basic sections: the under-suit, which consisted of the composite material parts and the over-suit, which was made up of the major carbon-fibre elements. Finally, the mask, boots, and gauntlets were added. Keeping his Kick-Ass mask in place, Dave stripped and put the new under-suit on.

It fit like a glove; a padded glove. The elbow, shoulder, knee, thigh, and groin carbon-fibre composite elements were all part of the under-suit. The carbon-fibre grieves slid into place and locked to the knee sections. The boots then locked onto the grieves. The outer-suit, of carbon-fibre composite armour, was put on over the head and locked together between the collarbones and below the sternum. Dave then went behind the van to change masks.

The mask, like the under-suit, fit like a glove and the padding was both light and comfortable. The mask had a green-tinted, carbon-fibre composite surround that would protect the forehead and temples and had a wide strip that ran around behind the head. There were cut-outs to allow him to hear without any problems. The carbon-fibre, this time yellow-tinted, also ran down behind the eyes like side burns and protected the cheekbones.

An adjustable baton carrier was attached to the upper back of the suit. Dave clipped a holster to his left hip so he could grab the pistol with his right hand. He also clipped four other equipment carriers to his lower back before he came out from behind the van.

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "You really Kick-Ass!"

"Good to know," Kick-Ass replied with a smile. "Your turn."

"Okay, Hit Girl," The Armourer said, as he pulled out and opened the second, purple-tinted, pack. "Try this."

With barely concealed eagerness of my own, I pulled out my new combat suit. It was matte black, but the carbon-fibre sections were purple-tinted. As with Kick-Ass' combat suit, the colour was quite vivid. The combat suit was, like Kick-Ass', in two sections. However, this time, top and bottom sections. Keeping my mask and wig

in place, I stripped and pulled on the bottom section which came up to a point just below my chest. The bottoms were tight, but very comfortable. I pulled on the top section, which overlapped the bottoms. The whole suit felt weird; it seemed to 'flow' as I bent and twisted - I thought it was cool. I pulled on the boots and they felt like a second skin. The gauntlets, again, were like a second skin for my wrists and hands. I went behind the van, just as Dave had done, and swapped my mask and wig.

It felt great, my hair fitted underneath without a problem, as the mask flexed easily and the padding was very comfortable. On closer inspection, the combat suit scales were actually made up of carbon-fibre with a flexible composite material. I clipped two holsters to my waist in front of my hips and a pair of knife carriers to my left and right thighs. Four slim equipment carriers fitted around the back of my waist. My existing cape would attach around the neck, a final embellishment to finish the suit off.

I stepped out from behind the van and Kick-Ass exclaimed, "Wow! That's hot, Hit Girl!"

The Armourer smiled in his creepy way; I really did not like the guy. The suits allowed silent movements and we could both move without any restrictions.

"You do good work," I offered, somewhat reluctantly, and I paid the man, so he could leave.

"Okay, Kick-Ass, happy?" I asked.

"Fuckin' A!" he responded.

We stuffed our old costumes into the empty packs and left.

The apartment

After taking a devious route back to the apartment, we dumped the packs and checked out each other's new combat suit.

"You look so mean, Dave. Wow! Can I get my .44 Magnum out, again?" I asked.

"You can fuck right off, Mindy. I don't know *why* I allowed you to shoot me in the chest, let alone in the fucking back; bitch!" Dave grumbled.

"Okay, hit me!" I ordered and I expected Dave to hesitate, just as he had before.

This time, though, Dave did *not* hesitate. I *had not* expected *that*. He spun around, hard, and his right griever hit me, on my left thigh. The two pieces of carbon-fibre armour came together hard and I was pushed back, but it did not hurt anywhere near as much as I thought it should. I spun around and Dave blocked my leg with his protected

lower arm. The weird scales and the underlying material absorbed the blow without effort. We checked the carbon-fibre and scales, closely. There were no marks, no scratches, nothing! We looked at each other.

"These combat suits are fucking cool!" we both exclaimed together, and started laughing.

Mindy started to run around like a kid on Christmas morning.

She grabbed two of her purple gripped pistols and shoved them into her empty holsters before she proceeded to practicing drawing, dry firing, and returning them back to the holsters. Mindy then inserted loaded magazines into the equipment carriers, behind her back, along with the other equipment that she usually carried on her utility belt. Six throwing knives were inserted into the relevant carriers, three per side. Mindy could really move in the new combat suit and she looked very hot, doing it. The suit highlighted the curves on her petite frame.

I had decided, reluctantly, that I needed to be armed if we were going to go after the serious criminals. I hated guns, but I would be stupid not to at least carry one. I examined the weapons that I had brought with me which were now hidden in a cupboard. I selected an automatic pistol at random and tested the weight and feel. I liked it.

"Glock 17 Gen4. Nice choice. Nine-millimetre Parabellum. Seventeen-round magazine capacity. The rail beneath the barrel can accept tactical lights and tactical laser illuminators. I have both, at the Safehouse, back in New York. I also have a suppressor for it, too," Mindy elaborated as she came across the room.

"Little Miss Weapons Specialist," I quipped. "I like the weight and feel."

Mindy grabbed three seventeen-round Glock magazines and she showed me how to clear the weapon and make it safe. She then moved onto showing me how to strip the weapon, clean it, and then reassemble it again. Mindy grabbed a box of nine-millimetre Parabellum and she showed me how to load the magazines. She took her time and she ensured that I was happy with each step before she moved onto the next one. One magazine was inserted into the pistol and the other two into carriers behind my back. Mindy also insisted that I carry a suppressor. My weapon's instructor then showed me how to draw and hold the weapon correctly, including the correct stance. She was a great teacher - patient and calm - keeping things at my level without making me feel like a novice idiot.

Mindy carried her usual pair of SIG SAUER P232 .380-calibre pistols. Mindy explained that my pistol had better stopping power than her SIGs did. She went on to explain that she needed the more compact pistol to suit her smaller hands and because it was easier for her

to control and in most cases the pistol was only used to put a bullet into a man's head, *after* they were already on the ground.

"We'll need to arrange some target practice for you," Mindy commented. "At least your foot is armoured so you won't hurt yourself!"

"Cocky, bitch!" I muttered as Mindy grinned.

It was getting late, so we reluctantly removed our new combat suits and went to bed; I still felt excited. Mindy, though, was a damn sight more excited.

I tried to help her calm down once in bed, although I might have just wound her up a bit more.

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