

**Wednesday, November 27<sup>th</sup>, 2013**

Dave had come up with a new name for the old Mist Mobile.

He wanted to call it 'Mindy' because he enjoyed riding in her. I did not think that was very funny, but he said he was joking and instead suggested, 'Speedy'. It was a little lame but it would do for the moment.

Over the past few days, we had been looking for a proper place to live. Somewhere we could have privacy and a secure place for weapons, as well as an exercise area. Dave had also been informed that his Dad's house had been sold. That had given us some more operating capital which we could use to buy a place to live: preferably a house with a basement. Marty had been back in touch and he said that he would come to visit when we had a place sorted out.

It would be good to see Marty; if it were not for him, Dave would never have found me and I would have probably been very dead. In the meantime, Dave had also got himself a job: he was working at a gun store of all things. Now, that was amazingly good thinking on Dave's part: I had to admit, grudgingly, that I would never have thought of that.

Yesterday, we picked up *Speedy*. She - yes, *Speedy* was a girl, I checked - had been resprayed a pleasant navy blue which made it almost invisible at night.

We also needed to try out our new suits.

---

### ***That night***

We crept down the darkened street.

About twenty yards ahead of us was the car and inside the car was the dealer. Across the street was the runner. Kick-Ass was on the other side of the street, heading towards the runner. Several streetlights were out, presumably on purpose to cover the dealer's nefarious nocturnal activities.

I crept towards the car where the dealer was in the driver's seat and the window was down. I nodded towards Kick-Ass who attacked the runner. At the same time, I separated my swords and just as the dealer started to react to his runner being clubbed to the ground, I swung my sword against the dealer's throat. He froze. I could see a bag on the floor, over on the other side of the car.

"Where is your boss?" I growled.

"Fuck you, bitch!" the dealer snarled.

I increased the pressure on the sword and the man braced up. I watched as a trickle of blood ran along my blade.

"Where is your boss?" I growled, again.

"Fuck you. . ." The dealer started, before I slit his throat preventing him from completing his last ever sentence.

I went around to the other side of the car, yanked open the door, and checked the bag. It was full of cash and drugs. I took the cash.

Kick-Ass joined me and we moved on.

"It was a bust; he wouldn't talk," I complained.

"Brave bastard," Kick-Ass responded without emotion.

...\_...

Two streets over, we came across something bad, really bad.

Two Chicago police officers were being threatened; they both looked very young: rookies most likely. The two officers had been forced out of their car at gunpoint. There were five cunts, all with pistols, and the cunts wore masks. Both officers had their backs to their car while the five cunts formed a semi-circle around them. We took a moment and I conferred with Kick-Ass, to work out a strategy. The best solution was for me to go in hard and drop as many cunts as possible, in as short a time as possible.

Kick-Ass would then get the Police Officers to safety.

...\_...

"What the hell do you want?" Officer Mason shouted and he sounded scared.

None of the cunts replied. Neither officer had his personal weapon; they had been thrown onto the sidewalk. As Officer Mason watched, a large blade projected through the chest of the second cunt from the left, before being withdrawn which allowed the cunt to drop to his knees and then the pavement. In his place, there was . . . what? An apparition? The apparition was black, but it had some very nice curves and parts of the suit were a vivid purple, especially around the mask. The apparition had an evil smirk and seemed to be enjoying itself. The other four cunts spun around to face the purple apparition.

"Okay, you cunts, let's see what you can do now," the purple apparition growled as it grinned insanely.

The cunt to the apparition's right started to move, but he received a blade in his chest for his trouble and he quickly dropped to the pavement with barely a whimper. The two officers felt themselves hauled from beside the car and pushed *behind* the car into cover. They looked up to see a very large black apparition with green and yellow features on his armour.

"I believe these belong to you," the apparition snarled as he held out two pistols, one in each hand.

The officers took the pistols, with looks of intense confusion.

"Stay here, I'll be right back."

...\_...

As I came around the car, Hit Girl was fighting the last two cunts; there were three bodies on the pavement, one of which was still moving. Until, I kicked him in the head, before bringing a baton down onto the head of one of the cunts fighting Hit Girl; he crumpled to the pavement. Hit Girl then drove a blade of her bō-staff into the chest of the final cunt.

"What the fuck?"

We turned and saw the two officers who had glanced, astonished, over the bonnet of their car.

"You guys okay?" Hit Girl growled as she walked over.

"Yeah - thanks!" both Officers replied. "Who are you?"

"For now, we're not ready to reveal who we are, but we're on the same team as you guys," Hit Girl growled.

"Stay safe, guys," I snarled as we left the area.

---

We headed back towards Speedy and we both felt very happy about saving the two police officers.

As we came around a corner, we came across three gang members, very similar to the other night. This time, though, as soon as they saw us, they drew pistols and they started shooting. I braced myself and felt several rounds hit my chest and bounce off. The impacts pushed me back, but I did not lose my balance. Kick-Ass also received several rounds, all of which bounced off his armour. The men looked shocked at their weapons' apparent ineptitude. I quickly took advantage of the lull as I drew both my pistols and shot each man in the legs.

"Who the fuck, are you?" one man screamed out in pain.

"Your worst fucking nightmare!" Kick-Ass snarled back.

Another man appeared around another corner; he raised a MAC-10 and pointed it directly at me. Kick-Ass sprang into action as he wrapped his arms around me and turned his back to the MAC-10. He shielded me with his heavier back armour while I braced him as thirty rounds pounded his armour, starting low, but rising up his back. The rounds sounded like nine-millimetre, not .45-calibre, which substantially lessened the impact. Seconds later, once the shooting had stopped, I raised a pistol and I shot the man in the head.

"You okay?" Kick-Ass asked as he grimaced in pain.

"Yeah. You?" I asked.

"I think I might have a few new bruises, but I'm still in one piece," Kick-Ass replied.

"You're one lucky cunt," I observed. "Not many people survive having a full MAC-10 magazine emptied into them - let's get the hell outta here."

"Damn straight," Kick-Ass said and he smirked at me.

---

Once back at *Speedy*, we changed and headed back to the apartment.

Tonight, had gone well and I think we had done some good. At least it was better than the last time we had gone out - which was not all that hard.

Tomorrow, was Thanksgiving and we had a lot to be thankful for that day.

---

*Updated: September 2017*