

Day 41

New York City

My cell was ringing.

I checked the name on the phone; it was Marty!

"Hi, Marty, been a while," I offered cheerfully.

"Hi, Dave. I think I might have unwelcome news," Marty said slowly. "I'm in Chicago, you know, getting away from all that shit a few weeks back. Well, I was in a cab on the South Side of Chicago and I saw the cops were doing something near an apartment block. Something caught my eye and I told the cab to stop. Dave, I don't know how to say this, but. . . The cops were loading a motorcycle onto a flat bed. It was a purple Ducati with. . ."

". . .the initials 'HG' on the side," I finished.

Oh, God.

Mindy.

"See . . . see what you can find out, Marty . . . but just keep it quiet: no names, okay," I said. "I need to go, I'll call you later . . . and Marty - thanks."

I couldn't hold it any longer; I sank to the floor and I cried - I lost control completely. I had lost Mindy. She'd been in Chicago, that phone call. . . It had been *her* - it just had to have been.

Where was she now? Arrested?

The Police had her Ducati . . . how could she travel?

Oh, God.

Oh, God.

Marcus' House

I knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" Marcus' voice called, after a minute.

"It's me, Dave," I replied.

The door was unlocked and thrown open. Marcus quickly pulled me in and closed the door.

"What is it, Dave? It's trouble, I can see it in your face. Please . . . not Mindy?" Marcus asked with some trepidation.

"Her motorcycle was just impounded by the Police in Chicago," Dave said quietly. "I don't know what to do . . . I need help. I have a friend in Chicago; he saw the cops take the Ducati. Marty, he looked about and . . . well, there was a murder . . . a man . . ."

"Oh, God! No!" Marcus fell back onto the couch. "I . . . give me a minute."

Marcus got out his cell phone and started making a call. I noticed some papers on the table; they were pictures of vehicles. I recognised the car on the top page: it was red and black; a custom Mustang. It was the fucking 'Mist Mobile'.

Marcus came back after a few minutes.

"I called in a favour. There was a murder, on the South Side of Chicago and they *did* seize a purple Ducati. The Police think it may have been gang related; the victim was stabbed in a very *professional manner* - their words, not mine. The Ducati was found abandoned, near the body. This happened very early this morning, I believe."

"So, they haven't linked anything to Mindy, yet? Or to Hit Girl?" I asked and I felt relieved at Marcus' expression.

"Not, yet," Marcus replied. "It must have been Mindy; she must have been surprised and just reacted. Oh, God!"

"Marcus, that car . . . why is it there?" I asked pointing at the papers.

"What? Oh, that. It's going for scrap, in the next few days; its been at the pound for almost five years. Belonged to one of those Hero idiots," Marcus said offhandedly.

"I know. But do you know who the last person to drive it was?" I asked. "It was Mindy."

"What?" Marcus looked incredulous.

"Can the car be bought?" I asked.

Two days later

I now had a car.

Mindy, I am sure, will be mad; assuming I ever get her back.

I had just spent \$68,000 of her 'retirement fund in a suitcase'. But I'd worry about Mindy's anger, if I ever get her back. At least I now had transport; I had had a garage change the fluids, plugs, and filters as it had been sitting still for quite a while. I packed my gear and grabbed some 'special items' from the Safehouse. That evil bastard, Red Mist, had shown me some convenient hiding places in the Mustang. Not exactly low key, but it would do. The garage also disabled some of the weird lighting, to at least make the car a *little* less conspicuous. My gear also included the full Kick-Ass suit and armour, as well as some other items that I considered might be needed down the line.

My first job - find Marty. My second job - find Mindy's apartment.
My third job - find Mindy.

I was never going to stop.

I would find her.

No matter what.

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