

Saturday, January 4th, 2014

Three days later

The builders were finally finished.

We now had a secure armoury in the basement. Officially it was a 'Panic Room', but the security was basically the same. Both rooms were designed to keep whatever was inside, safe and secure. When you came down the stairs from the lower level and if you did not know about the new room, you would never have known it was even there; which was the idea. The door to the new room had been blended into the brick work at the end of the, now smaller, basement. Access was controlled via a discrete keypad which opened the door. I had already moved all of our Kick-Ass and Hit Girl combat suits, weapons, and other equipment into the armoury. The walls had the same layout as in the New York Safehouses and I intended to fill the walls with weapons. So far there was not all that much on display.

I was feeling good about this year. I intended to not repeat a lot of last year's mistakes. This year I had Dave, to guide me. I may be more skilled at being a vigilante, but Dave is much more experienced at life in general.

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We had picked up a medium-sized U-Haul truck, on the Friday evening, before setting off, early on the Saturday morning.

It was cold and it was wet; pretty miserable really. It was going to be an interesting trip which the fog and the snow would *not* exactly help. We had a very long drive ahead of us, eight hundred miles each way. It was nearly nine in the morning when we stopped outside of Toledo, Ohio for gas. Dave had driven and he desperately needed a rest; he was completely exhausted. Dave gassed the truck while I grabbed some food and coffee to help keep us going. I then took over the driving while Dave slept after he had eaten and he had had some coffee. The damn truck was *not* comfortable, but that's what you got when renting on a budget.

We still had five hundred and sixty fucking miles to go, too.

The truck

I awoke with a start as the truck stopped suddenly.

Mindy's driving could be a bit erratic at times. I groaned; my back was sore from the position that I had slept in - cheap, shitty truck!

"Where are we?" I asked as I noticed that we had stopped at a gas station.

"Dubois, Pennsylvania," Mindy stated, simply.

She looked very tired.

"Only another two hundred and eighty miles to go," I commented and I opened the door to go gas the truck.

Mindy vanished, very speedily, to the bathroom. She came back with food and coffee. I took over the driving again and we finally arrived in New York at around ten that evening. We were tired, but we decided to make use of the darkness and we started to load the truck with our, not so legal, cargo. Mindy had smeared the unmarked truck's registration plates with ice and snow to conceal where we had come from. As arranged, Marty had met us at the Safehouse to help us load the truck. All of Dave's stuff, from his Dad's house was there too, and all went in the truck.

Mindy seized all of the weapons she needed and quite a few that she did not. There were many unopened boxes of new weapons and boxes of ammunition stacked in a store room which we also threw into the truck. The Safehouse walls were almost empty by the time we had finished. Some weapons remained, just in case we ever came back to New York and needed them. By the time, the truck was loaded, it was nearly four in the morning. We desperately needed sleep.

The truck was locked in the secure parking area beneath the Safehouse and we went to bed, very tired.

Sunday, January 5th

We awoke the following morning, slightly refreshed.

It was almost noon!

We immediately headed out, hailed a cab, and made for Central Park. We found a late breakfast and started to feel a bit more human. Marcus had arranged to meet us that afternoon, before we headed back to Chicago.

It was mainly for Mindy; she had really wanted to see Marcus.

Marcus' House

"Marcus!" Mindy almost screamed.

"Mindy!" Marcus said happily as they both hugged.

"Good drive, Dave?" Marcus asked.

"Crap," I replied. "Too damn long!"

"Well, I'm glad you made it, safely, and I don't envy you the trip back," Marcus responded.

We chatted for another hour, before it was time to go.

Mindy gave Marcus another big hug and she was crying when we went our separate ways.

The truck

The trip back felt even longer as the truck was quite heavily loaded and therefore slower, if that were actually possible.

We stopped twice on the way back, for gas, and at Toledo, we stopped for sleep, too. I woke up first and stretched to bring my body back to life. I tried to look out the window, but I had to wipe it first as the glass was all misted up. I wiped one hand across the very cold glass and then I froze. Were my eyes deceiving me? Was I still asleep? I saw. . . No. . . *Not fucking possible.* . . He was fucking dead! Eaten by his own fucking shark. What sort of a fucking idiot keeps a shark at his hideout, anyway?

Chris *fucking* D'Amico!

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I punched Dave, a bit too hard obviously, because he jumped up and bumped his head.

"What the fuck, Mindy? Fucking bitch!" Dave almost yelled, before I clamped my hand over his mouth.

"I just saw Chris *fucking* D'Amico! The Motherfucker!" I spat out, excitedly and I pointed through the cleared section of window.

Dave looked out, dubiously.

"*Fuck!* He's supposed to be fucking dead! That fucking shark ate him!" Dave stammered.

"Obviously, not!" I responded, angrily.

We both watched, as Chris D'Amico was helped out of his wheelchair and into the back of a limousine. He seemed to be missing his lower legs and some other parts, but we could not see much detail. The limousine pulled away and we looked at each other.

"The fucking bastard is still alive! He needs to fucking die!" Mindy snarled.

"Hey, Mindy. Calm the fuck down," Dave said, as he pulled me into a hug. "We *both* want his fuckin' legless ass. We *will* get him. He obviously isn't going far like that."

"Sorry. It was a hell of a shock, that's all," I said, smiling up at Dave. Then I recalled earlier, "Hey! Did you call me a fucking bitch, cunt?"

The *cunt* just laughed at me and started the engine to demist the glass. We still had two hundred and forty fucking miles to go and the truck was still *not* comfortable. My fucking ass hurt. God, it was quicker and a lot more fun on the Ducati.

"Did you notice the limo's registration plates?" Dave asked.

"No. Why?" I replied.

"They were from Chicago," Dave said, simply.

The truck

Mindy drove the last hundred miles or so.

I decided to sit back and read a New York paper that I had picked up.

"Fuck, Miranda!" I yelled and almost caused Mindy to swerve off the road!

"What?" Mindy asked, angrily.

My hands were shaking and I could feel tears welling up.

"Miranda Swedlow. You knew her as Night Bitch. She was murdered on New Year's Eve; her body was found in an alley, badly beaten," I said.

"God, I'm sorry Dave. I know you were close," Mindy said.

"I'm sorry, Mindy," Dave said. "I know what you thought of her."

"No, Dave, you *don't* know what I thought of her. I don't give a shit that you were fucking her last summer. I know that you love *me*," I responded. "Miranda helped us out at the warehouse and I respect her for that; she fought really well."

The rest of the trip back was a bit subdued and it was dark when we pulled up outside the garage at home.

We quickly unloaded everything into the garage, beside *Speedy*, before Dave parked the truck and we went to bed.

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I felt sorry for Dave.

I knew that Miranda had been the woman that Dave had been 'plugging', the previous summer. *Night Whore!* I admit, I had felt a little jealousy build inside me when he had said her name, but then I had remembered something else; Dave had told me that it was just sex and that there had been nothing else in it, no love. I had instantly felt better, and also, Miranda had been another Hero; she had fought with us against The Motherfucker and I *did* owe her for that.

Well, we were finally back home. Nearly everything, 'vigilante', was now with us in Chicago, our new home. New York only had a limited use now as a bolt hole. Tomorrow, we would need to get all the weapons into the armoury.

I fell asleep thinking about Dave, Miranda, and my weapons.

Updated: September 2017