

Friday, January 10th, 2014

We suited up soon after seven that evening.

Mindy had checked out my combat suit and equipment and I had then checked hers, before we left the armoury. Once we were ready, we headed out in *Speedy*. We had to be careful that the neighbours did not see anything. On that thought, we had discussed finding a Chicago safehouse where we could suit up and go in and out secretly. That would take time which for now, we did not have. Anyway, we needed to raise some funds if we were going to buy and equip a Safehouse.

We parked up and left *Speedy* to venture into the dark alleyways of Chicago.

It was not long before we found some business.

But not the business that we had expected to find. Down a broad alleyway, we came up behind what could only be described as 'ninjas'. We remained in the shadows and, for the moment, undetected. Arrayed in front of us, but facing away, were six black-clad ninjas - they even had Katana swords in their belts. The ninjas appeared to be staring down four Chicago police officers; all four officers had their pistols out and aimed towards the ninjas.

Suddenly, the six ninjas took a single pace forward and drew their Katana swords. The police officers issued a challenge, ordering them to put the swords down but not one ninja reacted. I could see the police officers exchange worried glances and two conferred. Then a pair of shots rang out and two of the ninjas stumbled backwards before returning to their places in line. The ninjas wore body armour - not a good sign. One ninja drew a knife and threw it at the police officers. The knife flew straight and true before it embedded itself in the shoulder of one officer who fell down and screamed out in pain. The other officers started to retreat, but the ninjas advanced.

I drew my Katana and Kick-Ass drew his batons. I told Kick-Ass to stand back and watch for any backup that the ninjas might have as I ran forward and sliced my blade horizontally through the necks of two ninjas; their heads flew across the alley like bowling balls. Hot red blood erupted from the severed necks as the two bodies sank to the ground. The other ninjas were slow to react to my attack from behind them, but all four ninjas turned around, towards us. This gave the police officers time to drag their wounded colleague to safety.

Four to one. I had faced worse, much worse.

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Two ninjas came at me together. I back-flipped out of their way and drove my blade into the chest of the first ninja as I flew past. I pulled the blade out and the ninja sank to the floor of the alley. The second pair of ninjas charged. I fended off one strike with my Katana blade and took another strike on the armoured gauntlet of my left arm. There was a lot of force behind those strikes. The air was full of a very strong, metallic, smell.

Blood!

The smell and sight of the blood, gave me an adrenalin burst. The smell was intoxicating and I loved it. I had always liked the smell, the sight, and even the feel of warm blood. Although I drew the line at drinking the stuff - I was not a fucking vampire!

I span around, swinging my blade at calf height and my action caused two ninjas to jump up and thus avoid losing their feet. While they were in the air, I kicked out, sending a ninja flying. He recovered quickly, before he re-joined his colleagues. The remaining three ninjas encircled me. Their faces showed no emotion and they appeared to be of Asian ethnicity. One ninja came too close, up behind me, and he received my Katana blade in his stomach which left him rolling on the ground in agony. I faced the remaining pair for a second, before I charged forward, fending off the sword blows with my blade and my armour.

One ninja fell back, lost his balance, and crashed to the alley floor, where I severed both his legs above the knee, sending more blood to join the literal river of blood that flowed down the alley drains. The man screamed and screamed. I whirled around and fought off the last ninja's attacks. He was good and I was tiring. The ninja got inside my sword radius and we came together where neither of us could wield our blades. I stared directly into the man's face. I saw several emotions flicker across his face, before one emotion remained.

Fear!

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I stared into the man's eyes, as I plunged a throwing knife deep into his stomach which cut his internal organs and caused massive haemorrhaging. The man stared back into my eyes as he died. I saw respect amongst the fear. I allowed the man to slide to the floor of the alley, blood, and intestines spilling from his gaping wound.

The two other ninjas that were still alive screamed in agony. I took the same throwing knife and cut their throats. Both men died, quickly; I could show mercy when it was required and those ninjas had fought well. I looked down, as I replaced the knife. I was covered in blood, but I felt good. I had overcome; I had won!

Kick-Ass ran up.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Hell, yeah!" I replied.

I had never felt so alive; the adrenalin that was still pounding through my veins and the smell of the blood was keeping me going. I turned towards the police officers, who were watching in abject horror as I cleaned off my Katana and replaced it in its Saya on my back.

"Are you all okay?" I growled as I approached them. I studied the four men; one had a knife still embedded in his shoulder.

"Christ! I've never seen so much blood!" One blurted out.

"Better their blood, than yours!" I growled, in reply.

"She's right!" the wounded Officer agreed, grimacing with the pain. "Thanks!"

"We need to go," I growled, before I turned and walked away from the scene; but not until I had picked up each of the six Katana swords and their scabbards.

I had to admit, I had not seen so much blood, since Rasul's apartment!

Hit Girl really did enjoy herself when the blood flew. Psychotic . . . that was the only word for it. Nevertheless, I loved her just the same. I managed to find a functioning hosepipe to wash the blood from Hit Girl's suit, on the way back to *Speedy*. The six extra Katana swords went into the cavernous trunk. I persuaded Hit Girl that we should call it a night, as she was exhausted. We drove back home and I helped Mindy get out of her combat suit and then to clean it; I was okay, I had not got any blood on me. Mindy still buzzed, from the adrenalin, and I knew that she loved the sight and smell of blood.

She was quite the mini vampire!

Saturday, January 11th

The following night

We went back out.

It was a Saturday, so we had hoped for some more business and we were not to be disappointed. It seemed that we might have poked a hornet's nest. We had no sooner appeared on the street, than we heard screaming. A man ran around a corner; he had a large wound in his upper arm and blood running down his arm.

"That wound was caused by a sword," I commented.

We ran towards the screams.

As we rounded the corner, we could see ordinary people, running and screaming. Several, had blood on them; one man was sitting on the sidewalk, cradling a severed arm. I had a bad feeling, about the scene. There were eight ninjas and they were terrorising the street; they attacked anybody that came near.

"This stops now, cunts!" I growled loudly as I drew my Katana.

Four of the ninjas broke away and moved towards me. Kick-Ass circled around to prevent any of the other ninjas from interfering, brandished his batons and trying to look menacing. As the ninjas closed, I checked out each one. They were all dressed the same way as those from the previous night. However, that night, I had an ace up my sleeve, or rather on my back.

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I had spent a few hours, that afternoon, practicing with two Katana blades.

I had selected the best of those recovered the previous night. Each of the ninjas appeared to have the exact same blades with an easily recognisable colour scheme and type of manufacture. I drew the second Katana from the Saya on my back which also drew a response from the ninjas. They instantly recognised the blade as one of their own. I expected anger, but instead, I saw respect in their faces. Obviously, they now knew that I was the vigilante who had killed six of their colleagues the previous night.

They kept their distance, at least at first. They all knew what I might be capable of and that was with only the one blade. I just hoped that I could manage two blades together. 'Only time would tell', I thought, as I closed with the first ninja. He brought his sword up high and then down, fast, towards my head. I was expecting the attack, so I was able to move sideways and block the descending blade before I was cut in half, lengthways. I was then able to drive my second blade into the man's stomach, drawing it from left to right and spilling his intestines into a steaming heap across the sidewalk.

Almost immediately, a second ninja came close and he narrowly missed my shoulder with his blade. I struck back with both blades, parallel to each other, forcing him back, before bringing both blades across, right to left and cutting the ninja cleanly in half. As the man fell in two directions, I heard a sound. Surprisingly, I could hear cheering! I took a chance and looked around me. Members of the public were cheering and shouting. Some even jeered at the ninjas while others shouted support for me and I could just about hear what they were shouting.

"Go, Hit Girl!" and "Gut the bastards!" There were other comments, too, but I could not make them out. Although, I did hear Kick-Ass' name being shouted too.

I briefly wondered how he was doing with the other ninjas.

Kick-Ass

The fuckers were good.

I was fighting the ninjas, hand to hand. So far, I had been able to pull the Katana out of the hands of one ninja, before flipping the blade and stabbing the same ninja in the chest. The other three ninjas kept their distance as they weighed me up. My heavy armour should protect me from the Katana blades; at least I hoped so. One ninja ran forward and I dodged him, cracking him around the face with a baton for his trouble. He fell to the ground, his face covered in blood; I drew the Glock and shot the ninja in the head - I was surprised for that gunshot to receive cheers from the growing crowd. The next ninja ran in while the other ninja went to attack Hit Girl. I had no time for extended combat, so I simply shot the oncoming ninja twice in the head, again to rousing cheers.

I ran after the other ninja with a Katana in hand.

Hit Girl

I heard more cheers, then a much more urgent shout.

"Look out, behind you, Hit Girl!"

It was Kick-Ass voice.

I spun around, and saw another ninja; he was running towards me, Katana in hand. I just had time to slide across the sidewalk, on my knees, before I was caught between all three ninjas. As I went past, I severed the lower legs of one ninja, but the other ninja was out of reach. I sprang back up, blocked the blade of an attacking ninja, before I drove my other blade upwards, through the man's crotch and then pulled the blade out, just before it reached the rib cage. Blood and intestines were spilt out, across the sidewalk. I was galvanised by the metallic smell of the fresh, warm blood, as I pushed my attack on the last ninja. I could feel myself tiring, despite the adrenaline that pumped through me. Handling two blades, at the same time was exhausting. Not to mention, that it was the second night of ninja shit in a row.

I struck out with the hilt of the Katana, directly into the face of the ninja and the collision broke his nose. Unfortunately, this did not provide the distraction that I had hoped. I managed to kick the ninja in the side of his knee that caused him to go down onto one knee. I span around keeping both blades close together and severed the ninja's head; the inertia of the strike sent it rolling down the street, spewing blood. His body dropped to the pavement, adding another steaming river of blood to that which already flowed to the drains. I felt immense relief; relief that it was all over.

I checked on Kick-Ass; he was uninjured, but he seemed worried about something. I proceeded to collect Katana blades and scabbards, before I re-joined Kick-Ass and we prepared to leave the scene. The whole event had lasted only fifteen minutes.

We could hear sirens, so we left while the crowds cheered us as we vanished down an alley!

Kick-Ass

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" I said rhetorically and I smiled at Hit Girl as she cradled her stack of Katana blades.

"That makes fourteen blades," Hit Girl replied, happily.

"Keeping score?" I asked.

"Seemed like a good idea," Hit Girl growled.

We placed the haul of Katana blades into Speedy's cavernous trunk, before we headed out again.

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Thankfully, we came across some normal cunts - for a change.

They were just the usual, run of the mill, low-life scum. The three men raised automatic pistols as soon as they saw us approach, so Hit Girl drew her Katana and advanced on the men. They opened fire, the rounds had no obvious effect on Hit Girl as her armour absorbed the impacts and she pushed through the force of the impacts. Then, she struck the first man with the hilt of her sword which knocked him out. The next man tried to pistol whip her, but I caught his arm in one hand and punched his lights out with the other. The cunts did not deserve to die; they just needed to be encouraged to change their career aspirations. The third man fell to the ground, tripped up by Hit Girl's Katana. He looked up to find Hit Girl's face a mere two inches from his own and he almost shit himself.

"Time for a career change, maggot!" Hit Girl snarled, before she pulled herself away from the man, walked off up the alley and stowed her Katana.

"Life is good!" Hit Girl, growled.

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Life almost changed as we rounded a corner into another alley.

A man had just finished beating up a woman; he held her purse in his hand and the woman sobbed, uncontrollably. We moved towards the man. Maybe we were high with the successes of the night. Whatever the reason, we did not check the area around us; the man had backup. I heard gunshots and Hit Girl was pushed forward, but she caught herself as she went down to one knee and I heard her cry out with pain. I deftly pulled Hit Girl back to her feet and into cover while

at the same time I drew my Glock. The man we had seen had also moved into cover and the woman was running away, down the alley. Behind us, four men entered the alley; they were armed with Heckler & Koch MP5KA4 sub-machine guns, thankfully nine-millimetre, which would not penetrate our combat suits. Hit Girl drew both her SIG pistols.

"Ready?" she asked.

"I was born ready!" I responded with a smile, causing Hit Girl to shake her head but I caught her smirk.

The four men were closing. We stood up and opened fire. The bastards had body armour, so we simply adjusted our aim. We felt rounds hitting our own armour, the impacts pushed us back, but we were braced for that. Two men dropped with head shots - messy but satisfying - while the other two men dived behind a dumpster. Hit Girl dumped her magazines and inserted fresh ones. I did the same.

"Time to die, cocksuckers!" A young voice, snarled, followed by an exclamation from the men. We then heard the sound of wood striking a skull, twice.

"All clear!" The same young voice called.

We stood up and looked around. Standing before us was a very short, ninja, who stood proudly and examined her work. Just as we were about to reply, a shot rang out and the little ninja flew backwards and landed heavily on the alley floor. Hit Girl and I span around and we fired together. The other man fell to the ground in a puddle of blood with half a dozen bullet wounds in his chest. He was not wearing body armour.

We turned back, towards the fallen mini ninja.

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