

Author's Note: 'West Ridge' refers to the home of Dave and Mindy as that is the part of Chicago where they live.

Saturday, January 11th, 2014

West Ridge

Kick-Ass and Hit Girl were down on the lower level, standing a few feet away from a couch which held their latest acquisition - an unconscious vigilante.

"Okay, what do we do with her?" Kick-Ass asked.

"I don't fucking know, but she did take out those cunts," Hit Girl replied, suggestively.

"She's too young," Kick-Ass said as he understood what Mindy meant.

"She's older than when you first met *me!*" Hit Girl exclaimed, indignantly.

"You're just . . . *different*," Kick-Ass responded.

"Different? Okay," Hit Girl said and she sounded a little confused.

"She does have some great skills," Kick-Ass admitted. "What was that stick she used?"

"It's not a fucking 'stick', dumbass! It's called a jō, its part of Aikido, specifically Aiki-Jō," Hit Girl lectured with her usual exasperated tone when she was lecturing me on things that she thought I should know.

"She was able to defeat *two* cunts at a time," Kick-Ass commented with a little awe.

"So, can I, dumbass! It's not all that fucking special, you know," Hit Girl growled and she sounded hurt.

"'She' can *fucking* hear you, assholes!" a voice called from the couch and we both span around.

..._...

"'She', is called 'Shadow' and 'she' is getting a bit pissed off!" the girl on the couch stated.

"Okay . . . Shadow . . . how's your head and chest?" Kick-Ass asked.

"My head is fine; it just hurts a bit . . . ow, so does my chest. What the fuck happened?" Shadow demanded as she reached up with a black gloved hand and held the side of her head.

"You fought really well, kid," Hit Girl complimented.

"I am not a damn kid, *Pretty Girl*," Shadow growled.

Kick-Ass laughed.

"Bitchy!" Hit Girl commented, approvingly.

Shadow stood up, somewhat shakily. She was wearing a black Aikido Gi with lightweight black boots. A lightweight stab vest could be seen

under the Gi. She wore a simple black ninja facemask that showed only her eyes. Her hands were covered in padded, black gloves.

"Take it easy, Shadow. You took quite a knock to your head . . . after you were shot," Kick-Ass cautioned.

"Shot? I'm fine. I just need to go home. . ." Shadow said, before she swayed and fainted.

Kick-Ass quickly grabbed her, before she hit the floor and he laid her back down on the couch.

..._...

Kick-Ass left Hit Girl to check out 'Shadow', seeing as she was a girl.

"She has a big bump on her head, right side, lower down," Hit Girl said, after she had examined Shadow. "She'll have a large bruise on her chest, too. Luckily her vest stopped the bullet."

Hit Girl held up a squashed bullet, between two fingers.

They had agreed to leave her mask in place, to protect her identity, at least initially. However, now that she had fainted, there might be a need to find out who she was and where she belonged. Neither of them wanted to violate her identity, but they might not have any choice. Hit Girl assumed Shadow to be about twelve or thirteen, so she must have a parent somewhere, who was expecting her home.

"We can't stay in these combat suits, all night," Kick-Ass said, reasonably.

"We'll take it in shifts. I will take the first shift. You go get some sleep and I'll wake you at six," Hit Girl suggested.

Sunday, January 12th, 2014

Everything was dark.

It must have been still night time which was weird.

A gloved hand reached up and touched the masked face. Relief swept through the young girl as she found that she was still wearing her mask and gloves as well as her full costume. She felt like she was lying on a soft couch. But, where and why? The thoughts were cut off as she felt a pain in her chest hurt every time that she breathed and it felt bruised. Her head hurt as she lifted it to look around. She really could not make out much of anything, though she thought that she could hear breathing, from across the room.

"Hello," the girl called out, apprehensively.

A light clicked on, followed by a voice - a female voice.

"Hi, Shadow, how are you feeling?" The voice asked, kindly.

"How do you know my name?" Shadow asked, tentatively.

"You told us," the voice replied. "Before you fainted."

"Who are you?" Shadow asked and she felt a little scared.

"Me? I'm Hit Girl," the voice responded.

Shadow froze. Hit Girl! Could it be? Hit Girl was her heroine and ultimately, her reason for being.

"What happened to me?" she asked.

"You were hurt, when you came to help us. Thanks, by the way," Hit Girl said as she came over and knelt beside me, she smiled.

"You left my mask on?" Shadow asked, confused.

"Your identity is your own; it's not up to me to violate it," Hit Girl said. "However, you are very young and I'm sure your parents will be missing you."

"Okay. My Mom thinks I'm at a sleepover; my best friend covers for me. Can . . . can . . . I trust you?" Shadow asked, as she came to a decision.

"Of course," Hit Girl replied.

..._...

Shadow reached up and pulled off my mask.

"I'm Chloe, Chloe Bennett," she said as she smiled shyly. "And I'm thirteen."

"You did really well . . . for your age," Hit Girl, replied.

"Thanks, Hit Girl," Chloe said and she felt herself blush.

Hit Girl helped the younger girl up; it felt good to get that mask off, she also pulled off her gloves. Hit Girl led Chloe went upstairs and sat down in a kitchen. Hit Girl started making coffee.

"Coffee?" Hit Girl asked.

"Okay," Chloe replied.

It was all very surreal, Chloe thought; Hit Girl, the teenaged assassin, was making her coffee! Once the coffee was made, Hit Girl placed two cups down on the counter, before she sat down herself. Chloe really could not believe that she was sitting down, just a few feet from *Hit Girl* and having coffee with her - oh, dear, fan-girl time.

"So, why did you become a Hero?" Hit Girl asked.

"My best friend . . . he was murdered, back in New York. A couple months back. My parents left New York and moved to Chicago, soon after," Chloe replied, quietly. "His death hit me really hard."

"I'm sorry," Hit Girl said and her tone was genuine.

"I felt I had to do something, to stop these things happening. Josh . . . that was his name . . . he once told me about a young girl, who killed those who deserved it, by the dozen. That girl became my heroine and I wanted to be as good as her, as good as you, Hit Girl," Chloe explained.

That was something new to the sixteen-year-old vigilante.

She had no idea that people knew all that much about her. However, by the look on Chloe's face, she could tell the boy had meant an awful lot to her.

"I miss New York, but Chicago is now my home - I just want to be out there, in the real world, making it a better place," Chloe explained.

Dave had once said, almost the same thing to me.

"Shadow's right, you know," Kick-Ass said as he grabbed a coffee and leaned against the counter.

"Kick-Ass, meet Chloe Bennett," Hit Girl said and Kick-Ass nodded. "Chloe is a very young, thirteen."

"I once said very similar words to Hit Girl, not that long ago," Kick-Ass said with a smirk.

Hit Girl ignored her partner's blatant attempt to goad her.

"Do you feel well enough to go home?" Hit Girl asked.

"I don't know," Chloe responded. "I still feel a bit light headed and my chest hurts."

"Will your friend cover for you?" Kick-Ass asked.

"Yes. Can I call her?" Chloe asked, pulling out a cell phone.

"Do it," Hit Girl said and got up from the kitchen counter and pulled Kick-Ass into the dining room.

..._...

"I trust her," Mindy said as she pulled off my mask.

"You sure?" Dave asked and he pulled off his own mask.

"She spills, I kill her," Mindy said darkly, but with a smile.

"Not funny, bitch!" Dave replied. "You know, you two look very much alike. Did you notice?"

"I did," Mindy replied. "Weird, huh?"

..._...

Just as we went back through to the kitchen, Chloe finished her call.

". . . Thanks Abby. Let me know if there are any problems. Bye!"

"Abby?" Mindy asked, curiously.

"Abby is my best friend. She knows that I am Shadow and she covers for me," Chloe replied. But then she frowned as realisation dawned. "Where are your masks?"

"You trusted us, so we'll trust you. I'm Mindy and that over there, is Dave," Mindy said with a sweet smile.

"Hi, Mindy. Hi, Dave," Chloe said and she smiled back just as sweetly.

..._...

Dave grimaced.

Those two girls were going to be trouble; he could feel it. They could almost pass for twins! Chloe was about the same height as Mindy, maybe two or three inches shorter and also of the same build as Mindy, but with very short blonde hair and she had a purple streak in her hair, on the left side. She seemed to have a fire inside her, for fighting against criminal scum. A little like the younger Mindy, Dave thought. Mindy took Chloe upstairs and showed her to a bedroom, then left her to get a shower and some sleep.

It was still only five in the morning, so Dave and Mindy both got out of their superfluous combat suits and went to bed.

Later that same morning

West Ridge

Dave woke up at about eleven; Mindy was still asleep beside him.

He got up and knocked on Chloe's bedroom door; there was no answer, so he gently pushed the door open. Chloe was still fast asleep. The kid must have been tired, Dave thought as he headed downstairs for a late breakfast and some coffee.

..._...

About half-an-hour later, a girl came down the stairs and into the kitchen. At first glance, it could have been Mindy, but it was Chloe. She wore a T-shirt and shorts.

"Morning, Chloe!" Dave offered, cheerfully. "Hungry?"

"Yeah," Chloe replied and she eagerly eyed the cereal and toast that Dave had almost finished eating.

"Sit down; I'll get you some toast and cereal," Dave chuckled as he saw the girl's expression. "Coffee?"

"Please," Chloe replied.

A very polite young lady; very different to her behaviour several hours previously. Then, she was behaving very much like Mindy.

"How are you feeling, now?" the ever-conscientious Dave asked as he pushed a bowl, milk, and cereal towards the girl.

"Much better, thanks. My head doesn't hurt now," Chloe replied, with a smile. "But my chest is very sore and I have a massive bruise."

"I suggest you ask Mindy to check you out," Dave said. "You seem a very polite, young lady."

"I try to be polite; I don't like swearing," Chloe said and she blushed slightly.

"Well, last night, Shadow didn't seem to mind a few bad words!" Dave commented sardonically.

"Sorry, I sometimes embellish Shadow a bit; make her sound more of a bad-ass," Chloe said and she really blushed.

"Not a problem," Dave conceded and he laughed. "Mindy's mouth isn't exactly the cleanest, either."

"Got a problem with my mouth, Dave?" Mindy asked, as she came into the kitchen and sat down beside Chloe.

'God, they looked so much alike,' Dave thought.

"I was just commenting on Shadow's vocabulary, last night," Dave elaborated.

"Oh. Shadow does have a bit of a foul-mouth," Mindy said and she nudged Chloe, who blushed a bit more.

"You can talk!" Dave exclaimed. "Chloe needs you to check out her bruised chest."

"First time getting shot?" Mindy asked.

"Yeah and it hurt," Chloe admitted, then rubbed her chest and grimaced with pain.

"It does hurt, doesn't it? I'll check you over, later, but the bruise *will* heal, in time. We've both experienced being shot," Mindy said with a smile and she looked over at Dave.

"Our combat suits protect us better than vests," Dave said.

"Yeah; I've only got a few small marks from last night," Mindy commented as she pulled her T-shirt up, to show several red welts on her abdomen.

"Better than *my* bruise," Chloe commented.

"What about those?" Dave asked as he pointed at the other red welts, on Mindy's lower arms and below her collarbone.

"That's where I was struck by a Katana," Mindy admitted.

"Your combat suits protect you from Katana blades?" Chloe asked in amazement.

"Our combat suits are top of the line," Dave pointed out.

"Can I get one?" Chloe asked and she smiled sweetly.

"They're expensive!" Mindy growled. "We'll see. Once you're back to full health, we need to see what you can do."

"Till then, no more going out as Shadow and *definitely* not out on your own," Dave cautioned.

I saw a flash of defiance in Chloe's eyes, but it faded, before she nodded.

"Okay, I'll put Shadow on hold, till I heal," Chloe agreed, somewhat reluctantly.

"Sensible girl," Mindy said and she smiled at Chloe.

..._...

They let Chloe stay another hour or two while Mindy checked out her bruise which was nothing to worry about and would heal, in time. Mindy suggested that Chloe not let her parents see the bruise. On the subject of Chloe's parents, Mindy also had a quiet chat with Chloe, concerning secrecy and the consequences, should she let anything about Mindy and Dave, slip. We told her that she could not reveal anything about us and, in return, we would keep her secrets.

"How do I contact you?" Chloe had asked.

Mindy smirked and started to say something. Dave interrupted as he had a feeling that what she was about to say, most probably would have involved shining a signal in the sky, shaped like a certain body part. The scowl on Mindy's face told Dave that he was right.

"You can call us on this number," Dave said with a laugh and he gave Chloe the number of a cheap cell phone.

They dropped Chloe off, near to her friend's house and headed back home.

Kilbourn Avenue

"Chloe!" Abby exclaimed, as her best friend came in.

"Hi, Abby!" Chloe replied.

"Where were you?" Abby demanded.

"I can't say, but I helped Hit Girl last night and then she saved me! She actually made me coffee and Kick-Ass made me breakfast," Chloe explained.

"Wow!" Abby exclaimed. "You met the *real* Kick-Ass and Hit Girl?"

"I did!" Chloe replied and she smiled broadly.

Updated: September 2017