

Three weeks later

Saturday, February 1st, 2014

West Ridge

February dawned, typically cold and wet.

Mindy was happy for two reasons. Firstly, Chloe's new combat suit had arrived. Secondly, and most importantly, Marcus was coming to stay. Admittedly, they had seen Marcus, just the previous month, but Mindy was desperate to show him the new house, top to bottom. In addition, Marcus would stay for the week and not just for an hour in Central Park.

Chloe had been over several times, in the preceding three weeks. During that time, Mindy had assessed her capabilities and she had been suitably impressed.

The first time Chloe had come over was actually a lot of fun.

Almost three weeks previously

West Ridge

Dave sat on the couch, down on the lower level, and he watched Mindy join Chloe on the mat.

Both were bare foot and wearing an aikidogi. Mindy's was black, while Chloe's was white. Dave was amazed at how similar the two girls were: Chloe was about three, or so, inches shorter, than Mindy which showed while they were both bare foot and face to face.

"Now girls, keep it clean: no bitch slapping," Dave teased and he received a glare from *both* girls.

Mindy started the sparring.

"Hit me!" Mindy commanded.

Chloe hesitated for a second and Dave had a good idea what was about to happen.

"I can't . . ." Chloe started.

Mindy reached out to bitch slap Chloe, just as Mindy had with Dave, the previous year. Only, this time, unlike Dave, Chloe deflected the blow. Mindy tried again with the other hand and Chloe again, deflected the blow. Mindy tried several front snap kicks and side thrusting kicks. Chloe defeated one in three successfully and interfered with most of the rest. Chloe in return, managed to place some good solid kicks on Mindy, one of which resulted in Mindy landing on her back which knocked the breath out of her. Chloe was good, very good.

Chloe, Dave noticed, could handle pain quite well. Many times, Dave would have expected her to be in tears, but she controlled her

emotions well. Dave was glad that both girls wore different colour aikidogi as it was getting difficult to see who was who as they span, very fast, around the mat. Yet again, both girls successfully threw each other. There was fire in Chloe's eyes as she attacked Mindy. Mindy also had fire in her eyes, and she was enjoying the sparring, although Dave could tell that Mindy was going easy on Chloe which had to be good.

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After a half hour, Dave decided that it was time to call a halt to the sparring and he had to physically separate both girls and dump them on the mat.

"Enough!" Dave almost shouted as he smirked at both of them. "You both did well."

"Well done," Mindy said as she got up and reached down to help Chloe stand up.

"I enjoyed that," Chloe said. "Shame you weren't actually trying!"

Mindy scowled at Chloe. Dave had to laugh; Chloe had the same temperament as Mindy and he decided that it was probably going to be fun having Chloe around - at least he thought so. Mindy had eventually agreed that Chloe could join us, but only on the less-dangerous nights out, at least to start with. Mindy and Chloe had then started to talk about a combat suit. Chloe was happy with what Mindy wore, but she wanted some changes.

There were going to be fun days ahead!

Back to the present
Saturday, February 1st

West Ridge

The new Shadow stood before us.

On the outside, she looked like a mini-ninja.

She wore a dark blue aikidogi with a dark blue hakama. Her face was covered, except for her eyes, with a black ninja scarf. Underneath the aikidogi, Shadow wore a female combat suit, with blue highlights. She carried a fifty-inch, composite wood, aluminium, and carbon-fibre-reinforced Jō. Dave had to admit, she looked very dangerous and in darkness, she was just a shadow. The girl loved the new suit; she had spent the entire morning practising her movements. Mindy said that she would train Chloe to use a pistol, most probably the FN Five-Seven Mk2 pistol which was small enough for Chloe's hands, but also provided much reduced recoil when fired.

While Chloe and Mindy sparred together in their combat suits, Dave went back upstairs to start lunch. He had just reached the kitchen when there was a knock on the front door.

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"Marcus!" Dave exclaimed. "You're early."

"Yeah, traffic wasn't as bad as I thought," Marcus replied. "Nice place."

Marcus had flown in that very morning and caught a cab to the house, but he was not expected for another hour.

"Mindy's downstairs sparring with . . . err . . . a new friend," Dave said casually and he took Marcus downstairs to the lower level.

"Wow! This house is awesome," Marcus commented as he followed Dave down the stairs. "Who are the two crazy midgets on the mat?"

"I think you *might* know the purple one: Mindy!" Dave shouted and Hit Girl span around, before squealing with joy and she ran to hug Marcus.

"Err . . . hi . . . err . . . Hit Girl?" Marcus queried.

"Oh, sorry - new suit," Mindy replied, pulling off her mask and she hugged Marcus again.

"Marcus, meet Shadow," Mindy said and she waved Shadow over.

"You can take off your mask. This is Marcus, my guardian, and he knows all about Dave and me," Mindy said to Shadow.

Chloe slowly removed her ninja scarf and mask.

"Hi, I'm Chloe Bennett," Chloe said and she held out her hand to Marcus.

"Marcus Williams," Marcus replied and he shook Chloe's hand.

"Chloe's joining us," Mindy said slowly.

"Oh dear. I was right; your father was starting a '*fucked up super hero club*'!" Marcus exclaimed, dubiously.

Dave took Marcus back upstairs, while the two girls got themselves changed.

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After Chloe and Mindy had showered and changed, they headed upstairs.

There, they found Dave and Marcus, deep in conversation. They both had their backs to the two girls and they appeared to be examining something on the kitchen counter.

"Is that what I think it is?" Dave asked.

"Damn straight!" Marcus replied with a chuckle "Oh, and she'll be using it, in about five minutes."

"It'll be full in a day!" Dave exclaimed.

"Her record was fifteen minutes," Marcus replied and he laughed.

"You must have made millions!" Dave commented.

"It was quite lucrative!" Marcus acknowledged.

"Well, she does have a *slight* profanity problem," Dave commented sarcastically.

"*Slight*, are you kidding me?" Marcus replied and he laughed again.

"When you two assholes have *quite* finished!" Mindy growled angrily and both Marcus and Dave turned around to face the raging teenager.

"Hi, Mindy. Marcus brought us a little present, all the way from New York," Dave said, with his dorky grin several times larger than usual.

As the two of them moved apart, Mindy could see that a certain glass jar sat on the counter. She started to feel an intense rage build inside her. The jar had a label.

"'Swear Jar' . . . cool!" Chloe exclaimed with a laugh. "Bet that didn't take you long to fill!"

"I can't believe you brought *that*, all the way from New York!" Mindy growled and glared at Marcus.

"Thought you'd like it!" Marcus teased.

Mindy emitted a sound, somewhere between a growl and a scream, before she stormed off into the living room and dropped onto the couch, all the while muttering obscenities under her breath.

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"Sorry Chloe, we just really enjoy winding Mindy up," Dave explained.

"Don't worry; that was fun," Chloe replied with a chuckle.

"How old are you, young lady?" Marcus asked.

"Thirteen," Chloe replied.

"Bit young, Dave," Marcus commented.

"Chloe's a bit like Mindy," Dave replied. "She doesn't like taking *no* for an answer."

"Another one," Marcus said, dryly.

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Chloe went through to join Mindy and they started to chat together.

"Chloe looks very like Mindy; I was a bit surprised at first," Marcus said.

"I know," Dave replied. "They have very similar temperaments, too. It's hard enough dealing with one Mindy, let alone another."

"I agree; Mindy can be a handful," Marcus acknowledged.

Later that afternoon
West Ridge

Once Chloe had gone home, Mindy had insisted on taking Marcus on a full tour of the house.

Marcus was very wide-eyed. If he was impressed by the sauna and stream room, he was completely bowled over by the armoury.

"Just like Damon! You're a complete nutcase, Mindy," Marcus said, and he laughed at the sight of all the weapons that were arrayed around the walls.

Mindy just beamed with pride, so much so, Dave actually thought that she might explode!

"What's with the fourteen swords?" Marcus asked, as he eyed the identical and highly polished Katana blades, neatly lined up at the end of the armoury.

"Accounting," Mindy said and she blushed.

"Those are from Hit Girl's recent victories," Dave explained. "We seem to be having a minor ninja epidemic."

"Impressive!" Marcus acknowledged, then he cast his eyes over the Kick-Ass combat suit. "Good heavy armour."

"It has come in handy once or twice," Dave said, with a smirk at Mindy.

"Yeah! A full MAC 10 magazine," Mindy agreed.

"A MAC 10! I'm glad to see that you are both taking things seriously and looking after yourselves," Marcus said, approvingly.

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They all sat down for dinner that evening and they had pizza.

"Proper pizza!" Mindy exclaimed, happily.

"What?" Marcus asked.

"You don't want to go there," Dave warned.

"Dave tried to feed me a fucking casserole! He said it was a pizza and it so fucking wasn't a pizza!" Mindy ranted.

"Oops!" Marcus apologised, as Mindy continued to rant.

Mindy finally calmed down and we enjoyed a good meal together. The first ever for the three of us! Halfway through the meal, Marcus stood up.

"I would like to say something," Marcus said as he stood up. "It is wonderful to be sitting down with my daughter . . . I've really missed her and I know that sitting down is *not* her strongest suit." Mindy blushed.

"But above all, I am so very happy, that Dave found Mindy and while she could not come home to New York, at least Dave ensured that she was safe. Without Dave in Mindy's life, I just can't contemplate what may have happened. Now, I don't know all the things that you have both been getting up to since Mindy was eleven *and I don't want to know*, but I am certain that without each other, you both would not be here today," Marcus continued as he raised his glass to Dave. "Dave, thank you."

Dave stood up, as Marcus sat back down.

"Thanks, Marcus. She is violent. She is hormonal. She has the foulest mouth this side of the US and she is Hit Girl. But to me, she's the most wonderful girl in the world and without her, I wouldn't be alive today. Therefore, I have to thank both Mindy, and you, Marcus. You helped to create a strong, independent, and caring, young woman. Thanks!" Dave said.

Mindy blushed deeper and she sank down in her chair.

"Thank you, Dave," Marcus acknowledged with a laugh at Mindy.

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Mindy had put Marcus into the bedroom at the front of the house.

Marcus had noticed that this room allocation had put him as far away from Dave and Mindy's bedroom as it was physically possible to get. He start to mention it, but then quickly thought better of it and he just said that he did not want to know.

"Mindy, you are evil," Dave said, once they were in bed.

"Why?" Mindy asked.

"You wound up Marcus, by putting him in the front bedroom," Dave stated. "He'll think we're fucking!"

"Not right now, but that can always change," Mindy growled, seductively as she dropped her bra and panties to the floor.

"Crafty, little minx!" Dave laughed as he cuddled into the naked Mindy.

The following day

Sunday, February 2nd

It seemed that Marcus had been busy.

He had surprises for *both* of them. Apparently, he had heard that Hit Girl and Kick-Ass were now public knowledge in Chicago. Marcus,

evidently, had friends in the Chicago Police Department and he had convinced some that Hit Girl and Kick-Ass were only after the nastiest of criminals. That had been backed up by their current activities in Chicago . . . saving the lives of several Chicago Police Officers had not exactly hurt, either. Marcus had also identified a possible Safehouse for Dave and Mindy. Marcus did not really like helping them, normally, at least not directly, but helping to protect them was different and anyway it was not even in his city; therefore, not his problem.

They all drove over in Marcus' car to check it out. The potential Safehouse was in the south of Chicago and in an area which should give them some anonymity, if not class. The building in question was single storey and it had a fenced yard around it. Internally it was open plan, with a small office area. It would be perfect for storing vehicles and changing before and after nights out. The building was currently full of machines and crap, but that could all be moved out. A price was agreed with the realtor and Marcus set things in motion. It would take a lot of work to re-equip the building with security and everything else that it would need to be a secure Safehouse.

Dave and Mindy hoped that Marty could help out with the security and the other electronic stuff that would also be required.

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Next, Marcus had a surprise for Dave.

"Can you ride a motorcycle, Dave?" Marcus asked.

"Not a chance!" Mindy said, laughing.

"I've ridden, once or twice, before I met psycho, over there," Dave replied and he indicated Mindy, who glared back in return.

"Good, well I suggest you take an MSF course, or two, as you're gonna need it," Marcus suggested, cryptically.

"Mindy has her Ducati; you need something that suits Kick-Ass. Now, I thought about a Harley . . . how about a Fat Boy. You can always give it a Kick-Ass make over . . . eventually," Marcus said and he explained further.

"Cool bike!" Mindy said, approvingly.

"I'll be able to practice on Mindy's Ducati," Dave suggested.

"Just 'cause I let you ride me, doesn't mean I'll let you ride my bike!" Mindy exclaimed, before she clamped her hand over her mouth and went very red.

Marcus put his hands over his ears and he closed his eyes.

"I did *not* just hear that," Marcus said, grimacing.

"She has such a way with words," Dave said and he laughed at Mindy's discomfort.

"You'll need to learn to ride a motorcycle first and get the Safehouse set up. You probably don't want your neighbours to see a motorcycle that could be tracked back to Kick-Ass," Marcus said. "Once you are ready, I'll get it shipped up to you. Mindy can also store her Ducati at the Safehouse; it isn't safe keeping it the house."

Three days later

Wednesday, February 5th

West Ridge

Overall, it had been a good couple of days.

Mindy had apparently been shopping online, again. A large, long package was delivered on that Wednesday morning, during breakfast. Mindy opened the packaging very carefully. Inside were several long wooden cases. The longest of which contained an almost identical twin to Mindy's own Katana.

"I needed a second blade," Mindy said simply.

Next, Mindy selected a shorter wooden case.

"It's called a Tanto - a mini version of my Katana, if you like," Mindy explained as she opened the case and removed a silk sword bag.

She pulled the Tanto from the bag and she moved the Tanto slowly as she checked out every inch before she then removed the blade from the Saya and watched the lights reflect off the, highly polished, blade. The sharp, mono steel, blade was made from high carbon (T10) steel, with a 1.01 Shaku, no Hi and 0.5-centimetre Sori. The blade was finished with a straight Hamon and had been stone polished by hand. The point was a long O-Kissaski. The Habaki and Seppa were Red Copper. The blade was attached to a 16-centimetre Tsuka, which was wrapped in a purple cotton Tsuka-ito with black ray-skin. The Tanto was finished off with black Fuchi, Kashira and Tsuba. The blade was housed in a matte black Saya, with purple highlights. The Koikuchi and Kirigata were wood and the Sageo was purple silk. Apart from the size, it looked identical to Mindy's Katana.

Next, Mindy pulled out a large flat wooden case and she passed it to Dave.

"Me?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, dumbass!" Mindy replied and she laughed.

Dave opened the case.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed and Mindy laughed.

He was speechless.

Inside the box were two green sword bags, made of silk.

"They are *Ko-Wakizashi*, a shorter version of my Katana, but *just* as lethal," Mindy explained.

I pulled the first *Ko-Wakizashi* from its bag and held it up in front of me and moved the *Ko-Wakizashi* slowly, from side to side, as I removed the sword from the *Saya* and watched the lights reflect, off the highly polished blade. The sharp, mono steel blade was made from high carbon (T10) steel, with a 1.52 *Shaku*, no *Hi* and 1-centimetre *Sori*. The blade was finished with a straight *Hamon* and had been stone polished by hand. The point was a long *O-Kissaski*. The *Habaki* and *Seppa* were Red Copper. The blade was attached to a 16.5-centimetre, *Battle Wrapped*, *Tsuka* which was wrapped in a green cotton *Tsuka-ito* with black ray-skin. The *Ko-Wakizashi* was finished off with black *Fuchi*, *Kashira* and *Tsuba*. The blade was housed in a matte black *Saya* with green and subdued yellow highlights. The *Koikuchi* and *Kirigata* were wood and the *Sageo* was of green silk.

There was an identical *Ko-Wakizashi*, in the other sword bag. Dave turned to stare at Mindy, who was starting to look a little uncomfortable.

"We are facing some very nasty cunts, Dave, including ninjas. I decided a little while ago, that you needed something a lot more lethal, than just a pair of batons," Mindy, said quietly.

"Wow!" Dave replied. "I don't know what to say. . ."

"I will need to train you to use them and I have ordered additional combat suit attachments, so you can carry them along *with* your batons," Mindy said.

"On the subject of batons," Marcus said. "Mindy asked me to source some new batons for you. Back in a moment."

Marcus went upstairs and he came back down a minute later with a long cardboard box in his hands which he placed down beside Dave. Dave put the *Ko-Wakizashi* back into their case and he moved the case to one side and then he opened the cardboard box. The batons were black with subdued green and yellow highlights and they appeared to be made from a carbon-fibre based compound and a light steel. They were a bit heavier than Dave's current batons, but the balance was very good.

"They should be almost unbreakable. Mindy said your current batons are getting a bit worn," Marcus said. "Look at the Harley and the batons as a sort of house-warming gift."

"Thanks Marcus, you are a lot cooler than Mindy gives you credit for," Dave said.

He grinned at Mindy, who scowled back.

A further three days later
Saturday, February 8th

The previous few days had been spent touring Chicago with Marcus.

Mindy, especially, enjoyed the time out. She really had missed Marcus and Dave was pleased to see her so happy. Marcus insisted on having a Chicago pizza, which Mindy was *not* amused about, but she went along with it anyway. That time it was in public so Mindy could not rant as she normally would have done.

Marcus was due to leave the following morning, so they had a good dinner out, to enjoy themselves that last evening.

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The dinner was good and by the time they left the restaurant, it was well after nine and they headed back towards *Speedy*. That was when Marcus got a weird feeling.

"We're being followed," Marcus whispered.

Dave had to admit he was a bit surprised that Marcus had gotten the feeling before Mindy and her 'Spidey senses'.

"You sure?" Mindy asked as she casually looked around.

"I've been a cop, a lot longer than you've been a vigilante," Marcus replied.

Dave could hear the footfalls of more than two people behind him and they were closing.

"We turn on three," Marcus directed. "One . . . two . . . *three*."

They all span around to find five men in front of them. Three of them pulled knives as Dave, Mindy, and Marcus turned. The street was empty and dark.

"Evening folks," The man in the centre ordered. "Empty your pockets."

Mindy was standing between Marcus and Dave and she looked at each of the five men in turn before she looked up at the men either side of her and she nodded.

They each nodded back and then they attacked.

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Mindy delivered a roundhouse kick to the man who had challenged them which sent him crashing against a building, before he crumpled to the sidewalk. Marcus went for the man on the far left as he pulled out and extended his Asp baton. Marcus struck the man hard on the wrist, causing the man to drop the knife and scream out in pain; Marcus then struck the man in the right knee and the man crumpled to the pavement, screaming. Dave took the man on the far right and he delivered a swift and powerful kick to the man's chest which sent him backwards and Dave quickly disarmed him; he took the knife and dropped it down a drain. The man got up and ran for it. By that time, Mindy had floored the remaining two men.

"You two are so lucky that I'm in a good fucking mood!" Mindy snarled at them.

"You two okay?" Marcus asked.

"I'm cool!" Dave replied.

"I enjoyed that" Mindy commented.

"You would," Marcus said with a grimace.

They made it back to *Speedy* without any further trouble and Mindy drove home.

"I'm still not happy with you driving this car," Marcus grumbled.

"For fuck's sake, Marcus; I drove this fucking car when I was eleven!" Mindy exclaimed. "We've been through this!"

"Okay! Okay! Anything for a peaceful life! But I'm *not* bailing you out if you get arrested," Marcus replied.

Sunday, February 9th

The next morning was a bit tearful, for Mindy.

Dave also thought that Marcus was unhappy, too, but he did not show it. Mindy was *not* good at goodbyes, to say the least. Dave and Mindy both thanked Marcus for his help with the Safehouse and Dave promised to start his motorcycle training straight away. Mindy wrapped her arm around Dave and she stayed close as they waved Marcus off in the cab.

They fervently hoped that he would be back in Chicago that Easter.

Updated: September 2017