

One week later

Friday, March 7th, 2014

West Ridge

"Well, how did it go?" Mindy asked on their return.

"Boring!" Chloe responded.

"Nothing," Dave commented.

"Sorry, kid, but that's what happens some nights," Mindy commiserated.

Dave and Chloe had gone out on patrol together, near to the Safehouse. It seemed that the idiots that they had all met, the last time had taken the offered advice. Admittedly, Dave and Chloe had only been out for a few hours, but most of that time had been spent travelling.

"The walk did us good," Dave commented, smiling.

"Speak for yourself!" Chloe grumbled.

"Okay, grumpy teenager; must be bedtime," Dave chuckled as he pushed Chloe towards her bedroom.

"Night guys!" Chloe said.

It had been a thoroughly boring week, as far as Mindy was concerned. She had been unable to do much, thanks to her healing ribs; however, the bruises were healing nicely. On the plus side, the sale of the Safehouse had gone through; it was now theirs. Marcus had recommended some out of town builders who had a security clearance and could be trusted to keep their mouths shut. The plan was to clear out *all* of the existing crap from the Safehouse and demolish the existing office space. Then, a new, self-contained, structure would be built, inside the main building. This would have accommodation that could sleep six people, complete with a kitchen and dining area, plus showers. Below that, would be office space and a 'panic room'. The 'panic room', of course, would become an armoury. The existing doors and windows would be retained, but upgraded internally with reinforced glass, to keep the outside looking normal.

They would also have a decent, functioning, climate control system installed, too. The main floor of the building would allow for the storage of motorcycles and have space for a few other vehicles as required. There would be space for a large training area, too. From the outside, the building would be almost soundproof; nobody would be able to hear what went on inside. It would be another, very anonymous, industrial unit. The unit would be owned by a shell company, which had in turn been set up by Mindy's daddy. The building work would be expected to take around four weeks.

Mindy soon drifted off to sleep, and she dreamed of her new Safehouse.

The next morning

Saturday, March 8th

West Ridge

Chloe joined Mindy for breakfast.

The thirteen-year-old still felt a bit guilty about Mindy getting hurt, but Dave was right; it *had* been an accident. Now that she was a permanent member of the team, Dave had shown her the new Safehouse, just the previous night. It sounded really, really cool, to have a Safehouse, Chloe thought.

Chloe noticed that Dave was absent.

"Where's Dave?" she asked Mindy.

"Dave went to the airport, to pick up Marty," Mindy replied.

Chloe had forgotten all about Marty. She was looking forward to meeting him; Dave had mentioned that he was a geek, just like Abby, but that they had been friends for years.

"I'm looking forward to meeting him," Chloe said. "Dave said that you like him, too."

"If it weren't for Marty, Dave would never have found me, and I would, most probably, be dead, right now," Mindy replied with a faraway look in her eyes. "I'll tell you the story sometime."

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About an hour or so later, Dave and Marty appeared.

"Marty, this is Chloe," Dave said. "Chloe this is Marty."

Chloe shook hands with Marty. He had a big dorky grin on his face which she liked.

"Hi, Shadow," Marty said. "Welcome to the team! I'm Battle Guy."

"Hi, Battle Guy," Chloe answered.

Somehow, Chloe could not quite see Marty as a Hero; nevertheless, Mindy had assured her that Marty *had* fought alongside her and Dave, just the previous year, with distinction. Battle Guy no longer fought, but he would provide technical support when required.

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Chloe enjoyed chatting with Marty; she thought that he was really funny, and she liked that he loved winding Mindy up. Marty thought it was very funny that Hit Girl had been put out of action, and by a thirteen-year-old girl! Neither Mindy nor Chloe saw the funny side, but Dave did.

"Look, cunts! Keep it up and I'll have Shadow break some of *your* fucking ribs!" Mindy growled, dangerously.

"Sorry," said Marty.

Dave just smiled at Mindy and he received a glare in return.

"Okay, Marty and I have some things to discuss, see you two later," Dave said.

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"I'd have thought you'd have hurt Marty, by now," Chloe commented.

"Like I said, earlier, I owe Marty and he *is* scared of me, but he has a lifetime free pass," Mindy said.

"I'll remember that."

"You wanting to go out again, tonight?" Mindy asked.

"Yes!" Chloe replied in obvious excitement.

Later that night

They were expanding our patrol, but still near to the Safehouse.

It was just Shadow and Kick-Ass, but for the very first time they could talk back to Mindy and Marty, back at the house. Marty had brought with him some advanced communications sets, but he would not tell his friends where he had got them. The radios had throat mikes and slim receivers for the ear which would work with the masks of the combat suits. The radios were encrypted, and they could even broadcast the wearer's GPS position to a map on Marty's laptop. Marty had wired up Chloe and Dave, so that they could talk to each other, or back to base. Marty had also explained radio procedure, to both Chloe and Dave. Mindy also had a radio as well as Marty. They would each use their Hero identities as call signs.

"Battle Guy, Kick-Ass. Kick-Ass and Shadow, heading west, away from the Safehouse," Kick-Ass called over the comms.

"Battle Guy copies heading west. I have you both on my map."

'So far, so good,' Kick-Ass thought to himself. The streets appeared deserted, with just the occasional car. Shadow kept to his right and she seemed happy to be back out on the streets. As far as possible, they both kept to the shadows. Kick-Ass checked his watch, it was almost ten-thirty and it looked to be just another boring evening.

"You okay?" he asked Shadow.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Shadow, replied.

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Ahead of the two vigilantes, a young kid came racing around a corner and he cannoned straight into Kick-Ass. Naturally, Kick-Ass stood firm, but the kid fell backwards, onto the sidewalk.

"What's the rush?" Kick-Ass snarled gently.

"Who . . . who are you?" The kid stuttered.

"I'm Kick-Ass!" Kick-Ass replied, and he smiled down at the kid.

"Cool!" The kid's face lit up with a smile. "I need help . . . two men attacked me; they took my stuff!"

Kick-Ass looked over at Shadow and her eyes lit up.

"Wait here, kid," Kick-Ass snarled. "Shadow, stand to! Battle Guy, Kick-Ass. Shadow and I are engaging," he called over the comms.

"Battle Guy copies Kick-Ass and Shadow engaging."

They both walked around the corner and in front of them, they found two men, talking and laughing. They both looked up, as the vigilantes approached.

"Fuck off!" one man shouted. "Before we drop both of you idiots!"

"Try it!" Shadow growled.

The second man raised an automatic pistol and shot Shadow in the chest. The impact of the bullet knocked her backwards off her feet and onto the sidewalk.

"Now, for you!" The second man shouted and pulled the trigger, twice more.

Kick-Ass braced myself and he felt the two rounds collide with his armour. Beside him, Shadow slowly regained her feet.

"You fucking cunts!" Shadow yelled and she launched herself forward, towards the astonished men, with her Jō extended out in front of her.

Neither man knew what hit them, as the pistol clattered to the sidewalk, closely followed by the two unconscious men.

"That was totally wicked!"

The two victorious vigilantes turned to look at the kid; he was peering around the corner all amazed smiles. They dutifully returned the kid's 'stuff' and called the Police. They quickly left the scene before the Police arrived and Kick-Ass called in to explain what had happened.

"Shadow, Hit Girl. You okay?"

"Yeah. My left boob will be totally bruised, though," Shadow replied without thinking.

"Oh dear! Battle Guy just fell off his chair, laughing," Mindy said, with a chuckle. "See you guys later."

Kick-Ass looked down at Shadow.

"Do all of us *really* need to know about your left boob?" he asked.

"Too much detail?" Shadow responded with a chuckle.

"Yeah . . . just a bit," Kick-Ass replied. "Well Done! You put those two down, good and fast - I was impressed."

He could not see Shadow's face, but her eyes lit up with joy and pride. Her reply was smiling, though.

"Thanks," she said.

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The rest of the patrol was relatively lifeless.

A few people recognised Kick-Ass; yelling 'Go Kick-Ass', otherwise it was peaceful. Around one in the morning, they headed back towards Speedy and then home. Again, Chloe fell asleep on the drive back. Dave was very proud of her, as despite being shot, she still managed to finish off the opposition. Once back home, Dave prodded the youngster awake and he guided her upstairs, where Mindy helped her get out of her combat suit. The bullet had not penetrated her aikidogi, which was made of a similar synthetic material to the combat suits.

"Must have been a .38 round; not much power. Well done, Chloe," Mindy said as she helped the girl into bed.

There was apparently, a bruise on her left boob. Once Chloe was sorted, Dave turned to Marty.

"You fell off your fucking chair?" he asked, incredulously.

"Sorry. It was very funny," Marty replied, with a chuckle.

"You *have* to admit, it was a bit funny," Mindy said, and she chuckled.

"I hope Chloe sees the funny side in the morning. That bruise *will* be hurting by then," Dave replied, knowingly as he rubbed his own upper chest.

"Let me kiss it better," Mindy said, seductively.

"Okay, time for me to go to bed," a cringing Marty suggested quickly and he left the room at a run.

"You watch your fucking ribs, crazy bitch!" Dave said as he pulled off his combat suit and other clothes.

The next afternoon

Sunday, March 9th

West Ridge

Mindy insisted on debriefing Chloe about the previous night.

Chloe explained everything that she had seen and everything that she had thought and felt. Mindy went through each item to find out Chloe's thought processes, not to mention what her senses were like. Of course, Mindy had grilled Dave the previous night and that morning, for his take on the evening's events. Overall, Mindy was happy that all had gone okay. Chloe was a little concerned about being shot, but Mindy explained that the risk of being shot was why we had expensive combat suits. The comms gear had also performed flawlessly. Marty and Mindy had been able to follow every movement, as Kick-Ass and Shadow had patrolled, via the GPS feedback. Marty also played back the route which they had travelled the previous night, which was 'very cool', according to Chloe. Chloe was not amused when Marty laughed about her bruised boob, but she relented when Mindy started to laugh.

"At least you now know what it feels like to be shot and won't worry about it happening again. I had to train Dave myself for that," Mindy said, smirking.

"Yeah. Think yourself fucking lucky, that some psycho bitch doesn't just shoot you *in the back*, with a .44 Magnum, *without a fucking warning!*" Dave exclaimed, with a glare in Mindy's direction.

"She didn't!?" Chloe exclaimed, incredulously.

"Oh yeah! She *so fucking did!*" Dave replied, and he grimaced.

Mindy actually blushed, while Chloe and Marty, both laughed.

Updated: December 2017