

Three weeks later
Sunday, March 30th, 2016

West Ridge

Mindy awoke feeling very tired.

Dave had insisted on keeping her awake for *hours*, but admittedly, he had made himself useful. Her legs were still tingling from the electric shocks and she was fucking glad that her ribs no longer hurt because they had taken a fucking (no pun intended) pounding on the bed, the previous night. Mindy really was not sure of the occasion that brought on all that attention, not that she was complaining in any way. Dave woke up, just then and she could feel his hand . . . Mindy screamed; he was completely insatiable, but then so was she.

She casually reached over with her hand and she found something nice waiting for her.

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"What was all that in aid of?" Mindy asked, an hour later while sitting at the kitchen counter with a coffee.

"Do I need a reason, to satisfy the woman I love?" Dave replied.

"No, of course not, but this was *more than usual*," Mindy said, and she grimaced a bit; she was still feeling the aftershocks.

"Well . . . today is special . . . very special," Dave teased.

"Why?" Mindy asked, feeling somewhat confused.

"This is the anniversary of that completely fucking insane evening, at Rasul's." Dave replied with his usual dorky grin. "You might remember it?"

"Of course, I fucking remember it; I blew you a kiss," Mindy replied, and she giggled at the memory.

"Do I still have potential?" Dave asked, still grinning.

"Oh yeah! But you are most definitely, NFL now Dave," Mindy replied as she leant over to kiss him.

"That night may have been horrific, but it was also the start of a new part of my life. My life with Mindy Macready *and* Hit Girl . . . my life with you. That's why I wanted to celebrate last night, I wanted you to know that I love you," Dave explained.

"You fucking managed that!" Mindy exclaimed happily.

"Had to make sure I wasn't losing my touch!" Dave teased.

"Your *touch* is fine; no fucking complaints there!" Mindy replied honestly.

Two days later
Tuesday, April 1st

West Ridge

"Dave! Why is the bathroom covered in plastic . . .? You fucker . . .! Open the damn door!" Mindy yelled, and she started to pull at the door in a panic, but Dave easily held it shut.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Mindy screamed.

"Dave, you are *so fucking dead!*" Mindy yelled.

Dave released the door and took several paces back. The door was thrown open. He thought Mindy was a little pissed, but he couldn't see her expression as Mindy was covered from head to toe in purple and red paint with an additional layer of white powder.

"April Fool!" Dave yelled before he almost pissed himself with laughter (and took a photo).

"Okay," Mindy admitted, somewhat reluctantly as she turned back into the bathroom to clean off. "That was creative."

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Dave had secured three plastic bags to the ceiling; one held red paint, one purple paint and the other baby powder. Each bag had a very small remote-control explosive (supplied by Marty) which he had detonated one after the other. Dave had covered the entire bathroom in plastic, including the ceiling, as protection. Twenty minutes later, Mindy reappeared, and she looked a little cleaner, although her lovely blonde hair was lightly tinted with red and purple.

"I *hate* you right now!" Mindy growled as she headed out of the bedroom.

Dave figured that he might just live long enough to regret his actions, but it had been well worth it!

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The pain!

So much, considering his limited nerve endings.

Mindy had just finished letting Dave know exactly what she thought of his prank, earlier that morning. His leg was burning as was his chest. Mindy was staring down at her partner with an enormous grin. Dave reached out, grabbed her ankle and pulled. Mindy crashed to the mat with a small scream, and then he rolled over and started to kiss her.

Mindy growled and started to kiss him back.

Dave figured that he was forgiven.

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After lunch, Dave went to sooth his aches and pains in the steam room.

Mindy joined him; Dave had a feeling that she was feeling guilty for all the bruises - but probably not. While Dave was in there, he had some inspiration. No idea where from, but Dave figured that he had a name for their fledgling team; that is for the team of Kick-Ass, Hit-Girl, Battle Guy, and Shadow. Mindy actually agreed with his suggestion, which was also a surprise.

They called ourselves: *Fusion*. Definition: '*Fusion - the result of joining two or more things together to form a single entity*'.

The four of them were a single entity, a team, bringing criminals to Justice.

Four days later
Saturday, April 5th

The Safehouse

Both Dave and Mindy were jumping with joy, that morning.

Mindy, because the Safehouse was finished and Dave, because his Harley had been delivered. They had signed off the builders, only the previous night and Dave had taken delivery of his Harley at nine that morning. They were both down at the Safehouse; Mindy had ridden her Ducati down, during the night for safety, and it was now parked to one side of the open area with a cover over it. The Harley was delivered in a large wooden packing case, ready to go. For the moment, they placed the crate off to one side, near the Ducati. That previous night, they had slept at the Safehouse, to try it out. Unfortunately, they had neglected to get any food in; so that morning they went shopping, stocked up the cupboards in the kitchen, and the freezer. They then had a late breakfast before they went to check out the mat.

Dave and Mindy were both very impressed by the quality the work. The building, inside, at least, was completely different and felt comfortable and clean. The accommodation consisted of three bedrooms; two twins and a double. Theirs was the double and had a bathroom; the other two rooms would have to share a bathroom. The kitchen was large enough for a table that could comfortably seat six. Downstairs, they had a briefing room with comfortable couches and a large screen TV. There were also a pair of computers for general use, plus a desk with a computer that was set up for the GPS system on the comms equipment. The armoury was the best bit. It had a reinforced steel door with a code lock. Inside, the walls were set up in much the same way as the Safehouses, back in New York. The next problem was that they needed to move some of the weapons and equipment into the Safehouse, from the house, and that would also include their combat suits.

They would do that, later in that day when Chloe arrived.

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After lunch, Dave arrived back at the Safehouse with Chloe, having gone home to pick up some weapons and equipment as well as Chloe.

He drove straight inside the Safehouse and closed the door, remotely, behind him.

"Love the hair, Mindy," Chloe said, and she smirked cheekily.

"Dave's little joke," Mindy replied, and she smiled sweetly. "Don't worry, I got my own back."

"Yeah, the limp will go away by Easter," Dave quipped. "I hope."

They proceeded to move the weapons and combat suits which Dave had brought from the house into the armoury. It took a while to arrange things to Mindy's picky satisfaction, but she was finally satisfied when the fourteen Katana Blades all went up on one wall. Dave showed Chloe around the Safehouse and he also gave her the relevant codes, to de-activate the complex security system and open the door to the armoury, insisting that she memorise them perfectly. Chloe picked out one of the bedrooms as her own. That meant Marty would sleep in the other room, between Chloe's room and the suite which Dave and Mindy would use.

Chloe wanted to know what was covered up, over by the wall.

"Go take a look," Mindy suggested.

Chloe gently eased back the cover on the Ducati. She got halfway before she dropped the cover and squealed.

"Oh my God! It is a Ducati Panigale . . . in purple . . . I love it!" Chloe said before she squealed again.

"You like it?" Mindy asked, and she smiled at Chloe's excitement.

"When did you get it?" Chloe asked, excitedly.

"Had it almost two years," Mindy replied.

"It's fucking cool!" Chloe exclaimed.

"Wait till you see what's in the crate," Dave said.

Together, they removed the top of the wooden crate and the inside cover, revealing the Harley-Davidson Fat Boy, in black.

"Fuck me!" Chloe exclaimed.

Dave and Mindy both looked at Chloe, curiously.

"Sorry!" Chloe apologised, and she blushed furiously.

"So, you like bikes?" Mindy asked unnecessarily.

"Yeah!" Chloe confirmed with barely concealed enthusiasm.

The rest of the afternoon was spent checking out Dave's new bike, including removing it from its pallet and starting it up. The engine sound was glorious and even Mindy was excited and Chloe positively drooled. As for Dave, he looked like a kid at Christmas. Mindy insisted that he put on his combat suit, so that they could see him on the bike properly.

Dave did as directed and Kick-Ass looked 'fucking cool' - Chloe's words - on the Fat Boy.

Updated: December 2017