

**The following morning**  
**Monday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2014**

**West Ridge**

"You enjoyed that fight with Chloe's Dad, didn't you?" Dave asked.

"It was fun; fighting an unknown, like him. I was not sure if he let me win or not. Maybe he just didn't want to hurt a little girl," Mindy replied.

"You are not a little girl," Dave stated. "You're Hit Girl."

"I know," Mindy said, cuddling into Dave.

"You going out tonight?" Dave asked.

"I am, with Chloe. Her motorcycle helmet should come this morning; they promised," Mindy replied.

"What about your new apprentices?" Dave asked, smirking.

"Well, Chloe sees it as a good opportunity to hurt Curtis without getting into trouble. They are all coming over in a couple of hours," Mindy said, grimacing.

"You'll be fine, you always are." Dave offered encouragingly.

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**A couple of hours later**

Ten o'clock came with a knock on the door.

On opening the door, Mindy found Chloe, Kyle and Curtis. She invited them in and told them to head down to the basement. Both Kyle and Curtis had come dressed for Taekwondo, wearing T-shirts and jogging pants. By the time Mindy was ready, they had taken off their shoes, ready to start, and they were both standing in the middle of the mat. Chloe stood beside Mindy; both wore an aikidogi.

"Okay guys, this is not the 'Karate Kid' and you won't become a black belt by washing cars," Mindy began.

"Karate Kid?" Curtis asked.

"Google it, kid!" Mindy replied, sharply.

"Sorry!" Curtis mumbled.

"I am not going to turn you two into vigilantes. What I am going to teach you, are skills that are to be used for *self-defence only*, never as an offensive weapon," Mindy said, seriously.

Mindy glanced over at Chloe who was smirking. Mindy glared at her, until she wiped the smirk off her face.

"Just so you are both clear and to give you both a chance to back out. You *will* get hurt. If either of you can't take a little pain, then now is the time to leave," Mindy advised the two boys, but she could not resist smirking.

To their credit, neither of the two boys said anything. Therefore, they spent the next half-hour, or so, on warm-up exercises. Next, Mindy showed them the basic stances and demonstrated, using Chloe, how the stances helped to maintain balance and generate power for kicks and strikes. Initially, just the ready, walking, and back stances. Then she let them experiment with punches, primarily the Jab. Mindy demonstrated some punches on Chloe, much to Curtis' amusement. Then, Mindy used Curtis to demonstrate some further kicks which she applied to

him, very gently of course. Chloe had wanted to do that, but Mindy had correctly decided that she might break the little kid's ribs or kick him all the way across the room. Mindy then explained about the basic blocks and she had Chloe demonstrate a few of those.

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By noon, the class had finished for the day.

"You two enjoy that?" Mindy asked.

"Yes; it was way cool," Curtis replied, excitedly.

"Not bad, thanks, Mindy," Kyle said, smiling.

"You both did well. Keep practising what I have shown you and you *will* get better. Most of this is learning by rote and repeating what you have learnt. Want to try again on Wednesday morning?" Mindy asked.

"Okay," Both boys replied enthusiastically.

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### ***That same evening***

#### ***The Safehouse***

"You staying in?" Mindy asked as she pulled on her combat suit.

"Yeah, got some things to do. Chloe like her new helmet?" Dave asked, changing the subject.

"She loves it," said Shadow from the door.

Dave turned to look. Chloe was in her combat suit, but wearing her new motorcycle helmet. The helmet was black with dark blue highlights. It was full face with an internal sun visor.

"That looks really good on you, Shadow," Dave confirmed.

"I agree," Mindy confirmed.

"Thanks, Mindy," Shadow grinned from behind her visor.

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It was dark outside so, as the triggered the main door, the interior lights for the open area turned off. No exterior lights were currently lit. The door opened just four feet and then stopped as did the gate to the compound. With a shallow roar, the Ducati shot out onto the street, the main door and compound gate closing automatically behind the departing motorcycle.

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Hit Girl and Shadow cruised through the dark streets, ignoring the attention which they drew.

They were out looking for trouble - not to cause trouble, but to prevent it. Shadow was holding on tight behind Hit Girl and keeping a good look out. Her Jō was secured across her back. Hit Girl had been winding her motorcycle through streets and alleys for an hour and both were hungry. It was almost nine-thirty, so Hit Girl pulled into a McDonald's Drive-Thru, on Archer Avenue, and ordered two coffees from the startled server. They parked up in an alley, removed their helmets and sipped the coffees.

"What the fuck?" Shadow blurted out after a few minutes.

"What did you see?" Hit Girl asked urgently.

"I could have sworn it was Kick-Ass," Shadow said.

"Here? We're over five miles from the Safehouse," Hit Girl replied, dubiously.

"I swear he was standing over there, leaning against that lamp post," Shadow insisted.

"Drink up and let's move on," Hit Girl replied, laughing.

Shadow must be seeing things.

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The man was running down the dark alley.

He could hear the two police officers, not far behind, and they were both yelling for him to stop. The end of the alley was only tens of feet away and once out of the alley, he could vanish, and the police would not be able to find him, at least not that night. The man kept running. Suddenly the man heard the screech of brakes and tyres. He looked up and he saw a purple motorcycle, stopped, at the end of the alley, but what was more worrying, were the apparitions sitting on the motorcycle. The apparition in front had its right arm extended towards the man, at the end of the arm was a gloved hand, and in the gloved hand was an automatic pistol with purple grips.

"Stand still!" the apparition growled.

It was an order, not a suggestion, so the man did as he was told, raising his hands to his sides. He could hear the police officers getting closer behind him. Less than two minutes later, when the police officers were only feet away, the apparition nodded, holstered the pistol, and accelerated away.

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"That was cool!" Shadow exclaimed over the discrete comms channel, that only the two girls were using; the circuit was voice activated.

"It was, wasn't it? Fuck . . ." Hit Girl shouted, slamming on the brakes and skidding the Ducati to a halt.

Hit Girl immediately looked behind her, but she could not make out what had first drawn her attention.

"What was that about, Hit Girl?" Shadow asked.

"I'm sorry I didn't believe you earlier, Shadow. I could swear that I just saw that green asshole," Hit Girl exclaimed.

"You sure? We're even further from the Safehouse now," Shadow commented.

"I smell a rat. That green asshole is up to something," Hit Girl growled.

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Dave was having trouble keeping a straight face.

It was so cool; Mindy would kill him, but what the hell. He saw the Ducati roar past him and then skid to a stop. Hit Girl turned, and she looked directly at where he was standing less than a second after he had ducked into an alley, the moment he had seen the motorcycle's brake light illuminate. He watched as Hit Girl and Shadow accelerated away, down the street. 'Mindy must be so pissed,' he thought.

She was not stupid, and she must have been on to him by that point, so Kick-Ass needed to up his game.

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'What was my man playing at?' Hit Girl thought.

How was he appearing all over Chicago? Was he out on his Harley? That was the only possible explanation, but the motorcycle was not ready, not yet. They rode around for another forty minutes before Shadow complained that she was hungry.

"Shadow, there's a McDonald's not far from here. South Lake Park Avenue, I think. We can get a burger there," Hit Girl offered, turning right, down another alley.

They were diverted, assisting a lady that had been mugged. They had been able to call the police for her, but the assailant was long gone. It was almost another twenty minutes before Hit Girl turned the Ducati into the almost empty McDonald's Drive-Thru. They were both hungry, so she ordered a Quarter Pounder with Cheese, plus a coke, each. She paid and then pulled up at the window to pick-up the order.

"Thank you for your order, please come again!" The server growled, passing out a bag.

Growled? Oh, fuck! Hit Girl looked up and she saw . . .

"You fucking green asshole," she growled dangerously.

"Gotcha!" said a grinning Kick-Ass, leaning out of the Drive-Thru window.

Behind him were two grinning McDonald's employees.

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Kick-Ass joined the two girls in the parking lot; he had his own burger and coke, too.

"How the fuck, did you arrange tonight?" Hit Girl demanded, swallowing a bite of Quarter Pounder.

Shadow leaned in, eager to hear the answer.

"Simple, I used this," Kick-Ass said, holding up his cell which showed a map, on which were three, red dots, all sitting at a McDonald's, in southeast Chicago.

"Fucking Marty! The radios . . . you were listening in . . . you cunt!" Hit Girl exclaimed, as realisation finally dawned.

"Well done! But, how did you get around?" Shadow asked, sounding annoyed.

Kick-Ass waved at a cab, parked just a few yards away - the driver waved back.

"A fucking cab! Sometimes I *really* underestimate you!" Hit Girl offered admiringly.

"Time for me to go; the meter must be in the thousands by now. See you back at Headquarters, Hit Girl, and Shadow!" Kick-Ass said, pompously.

Hit Girl had to laugh. It had been a great night out, to that point. They finished their Quarter Pounders and Cokes, before accelerating away. The girls patrolled around for another hour, working their way back towards the Safehouse. As they approached the Safehouse, they checked out the area; nobody was about. Hit Girl clicked the button on a transmitter, attached to her belt.

The compound gate opened four feet, followed almost immediately by the main door of the Safehouse.

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### ***The Safehouse***

The lights went out and Dave watched as the Ducati with Hit Girl and Shadow entered the Safehouse.

The main door closed immediately, and the lights came back on. Both girls looked tired as Hit Girl parked the motorcycle, turned off the engine and the girls dismounted, stretched their legs and removed their helmets which went into a locker beside the two motorcycles. Both girls removed their masks and comms as they headed towards me.

"Hi, girls. Good night, out? Anything exciting happen?" Dave asked, innocently; he had discarded his combat suit much earlier.

"Yeah! We bumped into this green asshole, moonlighting in a McDonald's!" Mindy growled before she gave Dave a kiss.

"It was a very memorable evening," Chloe confirmed, smiling.

They all headed upstairs, where Chloe went straight to bed.

"You were very good, Ass-Kick. Very good indeed," Mindy said as they slipped under the duvet.

"Thank you, gorgeous," Dave replied.

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### ***The following morning***

***Tuesday, April 15<sup>th</sup>***

### ***The Safehouse***

They woke up late in the morning as they were all very tired.

Dave had to laugh when he saw the two girls appear as they both looked exhausted and very bedraggled . . . definitely a bad hair day, he thought.

"Don't say a fucking word, asshole!" Mindy growled.

"I second that," Chloe growled.

Oh, fuck! Something clicked in Dave's horrified mind.

"Not both of you? Please, not at the same time," Dave asked, feeling distinctly concerned with his health.

"If it makes you feel any happier, then yes, both of us," Mindy growled, dangerously.

Chloe blushed a little.

"I think I will go find something useful to do, somewhere safer," Dave suggested, leaving the kitchen rapidly.

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Dave generally avoided the two girls, all morning.

Eventually, it was time to get Chloe back over to Abby's, where she had supposedly spent the night. Mindy and Dave then headed home where they chatted

about the previous night and Mindy was actually quite pleased that the hi-tech kit which Marty had provided, actually worked.

Thankfully, Dave thought, she did not batter him senseless, despite his having played a joke on her and Chloe.

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***The next day***

***Wednesday, April 16<sup>th</sup>***

***West Ridge***

Chloe, Kyle, and Curtis arrived around ten, as agreed.

Although, it appeared that Curtis was *not* happy. He sported a very nice bruise on his left cheek and he was glaring at Chloe, who just looked a little annoyed. A slightly embarrassed Kyle admitted that Chloe had smacked Curtis when Curtis had commented on her grumpiness and then hinted at Chloe being on her period. Mindy decided to be *nasty*, so, after they had spent some time on warm-up exercises, she suggested that they should separate into pairs. Mindy selected Kyle which allowed Chloe to partner with Curtis. Naturally, Curtis was not very amused.

Chloe and Mindy spent the next hour instructing their partners on some basic blocks and kicks. Chloe enjoyed this as Curtis spent a lot of the time on his back. Mindy was a little nicer to Kyle as he had not annoyed anybody yet and he seemed to be very aware of why Chloe and Mindy were both grumpy, so, he kept his mouth shut. 'Clever kid,' Mindy thought. By the end of the morning, Curtis was thoroughly pissed off and Kyle was actually doing very well. Kyle had potential; he was a fast learner and he only needed to be shown a movement or stance, a few times before he grasped it. Kyle asked if I would train him; he wanted to continue and learn Taekwondo.

Mindy suggested that he check with his parents first, but if that was what he wanted, *and* his parents were okay with it, *then* she would train him, for a few hours, each week.

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*Updated: December 2017*