

The next day

Monday, April 21st, 2014

They got up close to lunchtime.

Falling asleep in the living room, had not been a very good idea. After a late breakfast, they all went out to the park again, with Sophia. Unfortunately, Marcus had to leave late that afternoon. Yet again, Mindy looked thoroughly miserable and she hugged Dave tightly as Marcus drove off. Then, Mindy spent a couple of hours feeling sorry for herself on the couch with Sophia.

"Come on, gorgeous," Dave suggested. "Fancy a night out on the town?"

"Hell, yeah!" Mindy responded enthusiastically.

Later that evening

The Safehouse

Chloe would not be with them for the night as she was back at school; Chloe was okay with that as Curtis had now gone home.

They took Sophia with them down to the Safehouse, where she made herself comfortable on a couch and went to sleep. A large bowl of food and plenty of water was left for her should she wake up. Dave and Mindy both pulled on their combat suits as usual. Sophia soon woke up and she wandered over to investigate; she had a good sniff at the combat suits, but otherwise wasn't upset by them. Dave had thought that she might have reacted badly to the black combat suits. Her reaction was good as it meant that they could use Sophia as a part of *Fusion* should her participation be desired. They let Sophia have the run of the main building, but not the accommodation.

Kick-Ass climbed onto the Fat Boy and he started the engine. The sound really was magnificent, and Hit Girl quickly jumped onto the Panigale and started her own engine which sounded different: Kick-Ass' was deeper in tone. Hit Girl pushed the door remote; the lights cut out and they both accelerated through the open door.

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It was wonderful, to be finally out with Kick-Ass on his Fat Boy.

They cruised side by side, down the streets of Chicago and between them, they attracted some very appreciative looks and comments. Kick-Ass not only had a new motorcycle, he also had a new mask for his combat suit.

The new mask gave Kick-Ass the option to wear an open front or a modular motorcycle helmet, at that moment a Shark Evoline 3 ST MoovUp Helmet, in black with green and yellow highlights. The new combat suit mask was identical to the original, but full face with the carbon-fibre composite armour wrapping around the back of the head, over the eyes, then down to the bridge of the nose, and around the side and bottom of the eyes, covering both cheek bones. Another piece of carbon-fibre composite armour extended from the nape of the neck, to the bridge of the nose, over the top of the head.

The eyes were protected by an integrated, tinted, shatter and scratch-proof wrap-around lens. A removable, carbon-fibre composite armour and composite-synthetic material shield, clipped onto the cheek guards and covered the nose, mouth and jaw. Once fully fitted, this mask covered all exposed skin. With the

new mask, the complete combat suit covered every square inch of his body and looked even more menacing.

As Kick-Ass and Hit Girl cruised up South Western Avenue, they halted at a stop light. A Police SUV pulled up to the left of them, next to Kick-Ass. The window came down on the passenger side and an officer leaned out.

"Hey, Kick-Ass, Hit Girl! I've been wanting to talk to you two," The officer said, smiling and indicating that the two vigilantes should pull over.

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Not wanting to cause any trouble, they both pulled over to the right side of the road, as requested.

"I wanted to thank you both for saving my life, back in January. Those ninjas threw a knife at me and I thought I was a gonna," The officer said: his name tag read 'Murphy'.

Hit Girl could remember that night; the fight with the six ninjas - her first six Katana prizes. She also remembered the wounded officer being dragged away by his colleagues.

"I'm very happy to see you up and about, Sergeant Murphy," Hit Girl growled back.

"I was there, too. Thanks, I might be dead if you hadn't acted," the other Officer, his name tag read 'Fellowes', said.

"Our pleasure," Hit Girl replied. "We're all on the same team!"

"You need anything . . . ever . . . you call us," Murphy said, handing Kick-Ass and Hit Girl a card each with two cell numbers written on it.

"No problem," Kick-Ass growled, pocketing his card. "Glad we could help."

"Love the wheels, Kick-Ass; really suits you," Fellowes called out as they pulled away.

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"That was different!" Kick-Ass commented. "Thought we were gonna get a ticket."

"Or arrested," Hit Girl added.

They moved off and headed north, slowing down to check out alleyways and other areas where trouble might have been lurking. As they drove around, Hit Girl had the distinct impression that their reputation was spreading. Some young men who saw the two vigilantes tended to hide their faces or tried to look innocent. Some failed miserably and just ended up looking guiltier. They stopped to chat with a few groups of people and some were quite happy to point them towards trouble. The vigilante pair did manage to prevent two muggings and something else.

One, they stopped as they cruised past an alley. A brief glance had shown the mugging under way, so Hit Girl accelerated and headed to the opposite end of the alley which was on the other side of the block. The Ducati was very good for speed and Hit Girl made good use of it. Kick-Ass parked and dismounted, before blocking off his end of the alley.

"Kick-Ass, Hit-Girl. I've arrived," Hit Girl called as she parked up and dismounted at the opposite end of the alley.

"Let's move, Hit Girl," Kick-Ass replied.

They each advanced, from opposite ends of the alley. In the time it had taken for them to make their move, the mugging had moved on, and was about to become a rape. The male rapist had his pants around his knees and the woman was trying to scream through the man's hand.

"All right, you sick, twisted, fuck," Hit Girl growled, angrily.

The man flew backwards, as Kick-Ass grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. The man hit the far alley wall, a little too hard, knocking him senseless.

"You okay, ma'am," Hit Girl asked, reaching down to help the young lady stand up.

"Yes, you got here just in time. Thank you." the lady responded.

"Hit Girl. That's Kick-Ass," Hit Girl said.

"Here, ma'am," Kick-Ass said, handing the lady back her purse, before tying the man's hands and feet with plastic ties.

The cell rang.

It was an anonymous call.

"Murphy!" Murphy said, answering the call.

"Present for you . . . West 24th and South Stewart . . . gotta run!" the voice snarled, before the call disconnected.

The veteran police officer stared at the cell.

"Who was that?" Fellowes asked from the other seat.

"I think it was Kick-Ass," Murphy replied, a little unsure. "Something awaits us at West 24th and South Stewart."

"On it!" Fellowes said, switching on the lights and siren, before pulling a U-turn and heading north-east.

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"Look here!" Fellowes exclaimed, eight minutes later as he pulled into the curb.

A young lady, looking a bit dishevelled, was being attended to by a paramedic. On the sidewalk beside her, was a man. The man had his pants around his knees. His hands and feet were secured with plastic ties and the man was unconscious.

"That bastard mugged me and then tried to rape me," the lady explained, as the Paramedic applied a sticking plaster to her face.

"Who?" Murphy asked.

"She said her name was Hit Girl. The other guy was called Kick-Ass. They saved my life," the lady explained further.

Fellowes got on the radio to call for a van to pick-up the pile of shit on the sidewalk.

Murphy had to smile, those two vigilantes definitely had class.

Kick-Ass and Hit Girl stayed nearby, until the paramedic arrived and then moved further away.

They saw Murphy and Fellowes get out of their car and look around. 'Job done,' they thought; they had some tame Cops. Once they were happy the situation was under control, they headed to find some food which they took to a park, for a few minutes rest. They had just finished chomping on the burgers, when we heard a scream.

Kick-Ass and Hit Girl spun around, and they saw a woman running across the park. The woman saw the lights of the two motorcycles and she turned to run in their direction.

"Help!" The woman screamed. "Help me!"

Three men burst out of some trees and they changed direction to pursue the woman. Kick-Ass moved forward, and the woman ran into him.

"You have nothing to fear!" he told the woman.

Kick-Ass' anger started to rise; the woman was heavily bruised on her face. Hit Girl saw the bruising, too. The men skidded to a halt a few yards away, unsure of what to do. Kick-Ass placed myself between the woman and the men. The men came closer and stopped, then one man stepped forwards.

"Give us the woman and nobody gets hurt," the man ordered.

"Go chomp on a dick, cunt!" Hit Girl growled, drawing a Katana.

"Ninja girl wants to play?" the man sneered.

"Oh, no! Ninja girl doesn't wanna play . . ." Hit Girl growled, launching herself forward.

The hilt of her Katana hit the man in the face, breaking his nose, then she spun around striking each of the other men in the face, one with the hilt of the Katana and the other with the hilt of the Tanto. Hit Girl turned around and crouched down beside the first man who was screaming through the blood of his broken nose.

"Shut up, cunt!" she snarled.

The man was suddenly quiet, shaking but quiet.

"Did you hurt that lady?" Hit Girl, growled.

The man nodded.

"Bad move! Oh, and by the way, my name is Hit Girl," Hit Girl growled, driving her fist into the man's face. "Fear the name!"

Hit Girl then attended to the woman, while Kick-Ass applied plastic ties to the three men: hands and feet.

The cell rang.

It was another anonymous call.

"Murphy!" Murphy said, answering the call.

"Taxi for three . . . West 43rd and South State . . . Gotta run!"

"You're enjoying yourself, aren't you?" Hit Girl asked Kick-Ass as he hung up the cell.

"And why not?" Kick-Ass replied, chuckling.

'That fucking motorcycle was going to his head,' Hit Girl thought.

"Let's go annoy some Cops," Kick-Ass suggested.

They waited until Murphy and Fellowes had turned up, before moving further away. They watched until Murphy and Fellowes got back into their car and drove off. It was late; after eleven thirty.

Hit Girl and Kick-Ass followed the two Sergeants until they parked up in a darkened area.

"Licence and registration!" The deep voice growled.

'What?' Murphy thought, turning to his partly open window.

"FUCKING HELL!" he yelled. "For fuck's sake, Kick-Ass; that fucking mask scared the shit outta me!" Murphy complained.

"That's the idea, Murphy," Kick-Ass growled.

Fellowes was smiling broadly, on the other side of the car.

"I thought Hit Girl was the fucking ninja," Murphy stated.

"She is," another voice growled, from beside Fellowes.

"FUCK!" Fellowes yelled, and he turned to his own partly open window.

"Hi!" Hit Girl growled, smirking.

"You trying to kill us or something?" Murphy asked.

"If we wanted to kill you. . ." Hit girl growled, letting it hang.

"Okay," Fellowes said with understanding.

"Thanks for your, err, donations; much appreciated," Murphy said, smiling.

"Thanks for helping us with them," Kick-Ass growled. "Now if you need us. . ."

"How do we get a hold of you?" Murphy asked.

"Oh shit; you had to ask," Kick-Ass muttered with his hand over his eyes.

"What?" Murphy asked, confused.

"You've been aching to use that fucking line, again," Kick-Ass chuckled, looking at Hit Girl.

"So!" Hit Girl replied with an evil smirk.

"Get it over and done with," Kick-Ass directed with some exasperation, turning away.

"You just contact the mayor's office. He has a special signal he shines in the sky; it's in the shape of a giant cock!" Hit Girl growled.

Murphy just looked at Fellowes, who looked back at Kick-Ass and he shrugged.

"Funny bitch!" Murphy chuckled.

"She is that," Kick-Ass growled, dryly. "Anyway, back to reality; Hit Girl give them the number."

"Asshole! Okay guys you dial: 555-1-FUSION. Got it?" Hit Girl growled.

"555-1-FUSION," Murphy read back.

"That number will accept voice and texts. Don't worry about tracing the number, it won't get you anywhere," Hit Girl, growled.

"Have a good night," Kick-Ass called.

They both vanished into the night, like they never were.

Updated: *January 2018*