

The next day

Tuesday, April 22nd, 2014

Chicago Police Headquarters

It was late afternoon.

"Hey, Jimmy! Trace this number for me: 5-5-5-1-3-8-7-4-6-6," Sergeant Murphy ordered.

A few minutes later, the officer looked up at Murphy with a confused expression.

"You two having a joke?" the officer asked, sounding annoyed.

"Why?" Murphy asked.

"I've traced the number; here's the damn address!" The officer grouched, turning his monitor, so Murphy could read the address.

Murphy laughed.

"The number traces back to that address?" Murphy asked, incredulously. "You kidding me?"

"You got it," the officer replied, smiling.

"So?" Fellowes asked, a little confused.

"The fucking number traces back to Chicago Police Headquarters!" Murphy exclaimed. "Right fucking here! The clever bastards. They're good, I'll give 'em that."

Murphy's cell beeped a minute later; it was a text message. Murphy checked the cell and he chuckled before showing the screen to Fellowes.

The message read: *NICE TRY! KA.*

Same time

West Ridge

"I told you they'd try," Mindy said rather smugly.

"I know. How the hell did Marty manage to setup and cover the number?" Dave asked.

"God knows!" Mindy replied. "Must be a geek thing."

"Don't forget Kyle and Chloe will be here in thirty minutes," Dave reminded Mindy.

"Oh, yeah! I almost forgot; Kyle's training," Mindy said. "Thanks."

Dave quickly put away the Toughbook, as it was *Fusion* equipment and not to be seen by Kyle. Marty had given us the Toughbook to connect to the computer system at the Safehouse. We could monitor the GPS, listen to the radios, and check the CCTV at the Safehouse, all from home, or anywhere else for that matter. Just that morning, they were able to be notified when somebody traced that particular phone number.

Kyle and Chloe right arrived on time and Mindy took Kyle down to the lower floor. Chloe stayed with Dave, to allow Kyle to get some good one on one time with Mindy.

Dave spent the next hour chatting with Chloe.

She wanted to see some proper action; like Dave and Mindy had had with the ninjas. Dave explained to her that she needed way more training to allow for that. Plus, Dave remembered that Chloe had never killed, and he was not sure that she would be able to cope with killing, not for the moment at least. Dave decided that he would speak to Mindy about it and see how best to prepare Chloe for that more unfortunate side of being a vigilante. It would happen at some stage and Chloe needed to be prepared.

The first time Dave had killed, it was with a fucking Gatling gun, which was amazing, but not quite the same as staring directly into somebody's eyes as you killed them. That night still haunted Dave. He and Mindy both had nightmares about their activities. Mindy did not like to talk about her nightmares, but Dave knew that she had them and he knew that she knew that he got them, too.

Chloe was such a nice girl, he did not want her to go through horrors like that.

That night Dave mentioned his worries about Chloe to Mindy.

"I was expecting that. Chloe wants more; she wants a challenge. However, she isn't ready. Killing a person, well it may destroy her," Mindy said, then she paused before continuing. "Look at me; I'm damaged goods."

"What the fuck do you mean by that?"

"Come on, Dave! You've seen me; I am *not* normal, not by *any* stretch of the imagination!"

"Okay, you're right there," Dave conceded. "But I still love you for who you are."

Mindy laughed. "I know that, dumbass!"

"Chloe is very much like you, in many ways. But I don't want her to turn into you. Now, I don't mean that in a bad way, but you've been through a lot of shit," Dave commented.

"I know, and you were there for a lot of it. You also helped me get through a lot of my shit. You said wonderful things to me, that night, in your bedroom, just when I needed you the most. Without you, I could never have an even remotely normal life." Mindy said, cuddling into her partner and turning for a kiss. "With you, I can still be Hit Girl, but you keep me controlled."

Dave could not resist Mindy, he just thought that she was wonderful, despite her abnormalities. But, at least the abnormalities were on the inside; the outside was perfect.

Dave let his hands wander over the perfect skin and Mindy screamed in delight.

Four days later
Saturday, April 26th

Finally, it was the weekend.

School had really wound Chloe up that week. There were a group of girls who just - well they thought that they were goddamn perfect - but Chloe thought

that they were perfect little bitches. Anyway, she would not let them ruin her weekend.

It was time for Shadow to get out there.

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After chatting with Dave on Tuesday and Thursday while Kyle was training with Mindy, Chloe thought that she had understood why Dave and Mindy were only taking her out on easy nights. Dave had tried to explain how she might feel if she killed a person. He was not all that good at explaining it, nevertheless, he had got the message across. Chloe did not really think that anybody knew how they would react to killing somebody, until it actually happened. She knew that she would only be killing in the self-defence of herself or of an innocent.

Dave had explained that Mindy had a special place in her heart for rapists and those who hurt women and children - basically those who preyed on the weak, those who could not fight back. They fought back for them. Mindy believed that those people should die, and she would kill them, without a second's hesitation. Dave had also mentioned that Mindy took great pride in providing more violent deaths for those people.

Chloe still wanted to become as accomplished as Hit Girl.

That was her dream.

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Chloe turned up at the Safehouse, just after seven that evening.

She walked up to the side door and punched in the code, the door buzzed and clicked open. The girl entered the Safehouse, closing the door behind her and she noticed that all the lights were off. That was strange; Dave and Mindy should have been there, before her. She flicked the light switches, nothing happened.

'Okay, what now?' she thought.

In the limited light that was filtering through the windows from nearby street lights, she could see enough to head towards the briefing room. She made it about halfway across the mat, before she got the feeling that somebody was behind her. Chloe froze, and she felt instant fear growing inside her.

'Pull yourself together, Chloe, you can handle this!'

She spun around, delivering a back kick which connected to something solid which in turn grunted with the impact. Chloe immediately followed up with a roundhouse kick, flooring the attacker. She sensed another attacker coming up behind her and she executed a reverse spinning hook kick which caught the approaching attacker in the side of the head. The attacker went down hard with barely a sound and did *not* get back up.

The other attacker grabbed her from behind, in a bear hug. The teenager braced herself, before sliding her legs apart, lowering myself and then thrusting her arms out, breaking the attacker's hold on her. Chloe then grabbed the attacker's arm, pulling them onto her back and throwing him over her shoulder. The attacker crashed to the mat, hard. Chloe then drove her fist into their stomach, before running towards the armoury. She stopped still, the moment that she heard the sound of a pistol being cocked and she froze, completely, as she felt the cold metal of a pistol, being pressed against her right temple.

"Okay, I give up!" Chloe stammered, and she felt herself shaking from head to toe; she had never been so scared.

Suddenly, the Safehouse lights clicked on and she had to shut her eyes to protect them from the glare.

She felt the pistol being removed from her temple and she heard the weapon being de-cocked. Chloe opened her eyes slowly and as they became adjusted to the light, she saw a smiling Dave walking towards her, clapping. She looked to her right and saw a smirking Marty, holding a pistol. 'Didn't know he was back in town,' she thought to herself as she looked over onto the mat and she saw Mindy struggling to her feet, holding her head.

"Oh fuck! You fucking bastards!" Chloe yelled, relief obvious in her voice, as she then started to cry.

"Sorry Chloe, but we needed to see how you'd react to an unexpected attack. You kept saying you were ready for more," Dave explained, coming up and guiding the girl to a couch in the briefing room.

Chloe could not stop crying.

"I'm sorry Dave, I was just so scared; I didn't know what to do," she explained.

"You did just fine, kid," Mindy moaned, grimacing in pain.

"I'm so sorry, Mindy," Chloe tried, appalled.

"My fault! I should have dodged," Mindy replied, smiling, sitting down beside me and giving her friend a hug. "You actually did very well, considering."

"I thought I was dead when Marty put that gun to my head," Chloe replied. "When did he get here, anyway?"

"Last minute thing," Marty explained. "I have a place to check out on Monday."

"Okay, I'm not ready for anything big," Chloe admitted. "Thanks for pointing that out."

"Don't worry, Chloe. You'll be ready before you know it," Mindy said, smiling kindly.

Updated: *January 2018*