

Later that night
Saturday, May 3rd, 2014

West Ridge

Okay, there was a problem.

They knew that it would happen eventually.

Chloe did *not* react well to killing two men. The knowledge that she had just killed two men, never actually registered in her mind till well after the event, which was actually fairly normal. They had all gone back to the Safehouse to change, before heading back home. That had also reminded them all that *Speedy* was far too small. 'Note to self,' Mindy thought. 'First thing, Monday, find an SUV.' Anyway, Marty went straight to bed, Sophia who had actually slept all evening, went back to sleep, and the rest of us went for showers.

Dave went to check on Chloe, when he and Mindy had both showered.

"Err, Mindy," Dave commented, coming back into the bedroom. "Chloe's still in the shower."

Dave and Mindy had spent forty minutes 'showering', so something was wrong with Chloe and it was then that it hit Mindy - Chloe had just killed, for the first time. She knocked on the bathroom door, but she didn't get an answer. Mindy waited a full minute before she knocked again. Nothing. She could hear the shower running, but nothing else, so she pushed open the door and found Chloe huddled in the bath, sobbing. Mindy turned off the shower and wrapped a towel around the thirteen-year-old, before helping her out of the bath and through to her bedroom. Chloe just kept staring into nothing and sobbing.

Mindy tried to get a response out of Chloe, but she got nothing.

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Forty minutes later, Chloe seemed to come back to life.

"I shot those two men . . . I killed those two men . . . those two men are dead," Chloe said, quietly.

"Yes. You shot those two men. You shot them, to stop them shooting Dave and me," Mindy replied.

"I know. But, I just cannot shake the fact that I took two lives, tonight," Chloe responded.

"It won't be easy Chloe, but Dave and I will be with you, always. You need us to talk, we're there," Mindy promised.

"I'm going to have nightmares, aren't I?" Chloe asked, looking scared.

"Most probably," Mindy responded truthfully, feeling very sad. "Dave and I have them regularly; I won't lie to you about that."

"I want to be alone now," Chloe said suddenly.

"No problem. You know where we are, if you need us," I said, leaving the room.

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"Well?" Dave asked as Mindy climbed into bed.

"She will have a bad night," she foretold with all honesty.

At least she had Dave to cuddle into, to help ease her own nightmares.

The following morning

Sunday, May 4th

Mindy awoke to find herself almost falling out of bed.

She turned over and found not Dave, but Chloe! Chloe had wormed herself in between her and Dave. She must have had a nightmare the previous night and she had not wanted to be alone; Mindy nudged Dave awake.

"What?" Dave moaned, tiredly, before noticing Chloe. "Whoa!"

"Must have been a nightmare," Mindy said, grimacing. "Told you she'd have a bad night!"

"Yeah, poor girl," Dave replied with a worried expression on his face.

They both got up and dressed, before Mindy poked Chloe awake.

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"Okay," Chloe said, looking around. "Wrong bed!"

"I assume you had a nightmare, last night," Mindy commented.

"Yeah, sorry," Chloe said, looking a bit embarrassed.

"Don't be sorry, Chloe. We both know what you're going through; we've both been there," Mindy replied, darkly.

"Thanks, both of you," Chloe said, sliding off the bed, still looking a bit embarrassed. "Now I'm gonna go and get dressed."

"She's a strong girl; hopefully she'll cope," Dave said.

Two days later

Tuesday, May 6th

Everything was now very different.

Something that Mindy never thought would ever happen, now had. On Sunday, Marcus had called to tell us that since Gigante's death, a lot of investigations had occurred, in New York. Those investigations had included tracking down a dozen dirty cops and clearing some who were wrongly marked as dirty. That had included one Damon Macready. The Captain had publicly announced his innocence and the reinstatement of pension, back pay, and a large wad of compensation. That had naturally passed to Mindy, so the girl was now a very rich, young sixteen-year-old, according to Marcus. He also strongly suggested that she should invest the windfall in something useful that may also produce additional, legal, income for her and Dave.

By 'something useful', he specifically told Mindy *not* to go out and buy a purple battle-tank or armoured personnel carrier. Mindy was a little disgruntled by the mere suggestion: as if she would; nice idea, but *not* very subtle. Okay, she was still going out looking for an SUV with Dave, but they had had a chat that morning about investment opportunities and Dave had suggested buying an apartment block. That way, they would then have some income and they could probably use an apartment as another Safehouse. Mindy was actually rather surprised and impressed with Dave's quite logical idea, so it looked like Mindy Macready was going into property.

You had to admit, they *would* be the best protected apartment blocks in the city.

Some hours later

It had been a very busy day and they had just spent an awful lot of money.

First off, they had spent \$62,000 on an SUV. A very nice one, if Mindy did say so herself. It was a Land Rover LR4, in Scotia Blue. It had seven seats and only fifteen hundred miles on it. The important thing was that it was spacious. Mindy would pick it up on Friday afternoon.

Secondly, they had found three possible apartment blocks, in and around Chicago. One was just a mile away from the current Safehouse, with ten units. Cheap and anonymous. Another was further east, in south Chicago, with twenty-five units which were currently empty, and it would allow them to acquire a couple of units for their own use. The final one was just to the west of the centre of Chicago and could be useful merely by its location. The area sucked a bit, but it would be very anonymous. Interestingly, Marty said he liked that one, as it was well located for the University. Anyway, they needed to put a lot of thought into what they were doing. If they bought an apartment block, or maybe two, they would need to find an agent to manage them.

That was going to be a lot of fun, Mindy thought.

The following evening

Wednesday, May 7th

The Safehouse

Dave and Mindy had elected to take the evening off from patrol.

Therefore, they headed down to the Safehouse and spent the evening servicing their weapons and their combat suits. Dave's combat suit had taken a lot of abuse at the weekend, from close range weapons' fire. Combined with the fact that Dave had broadened out a bit, the abuse warranted a replacement combat suit sometime in the near future. Dave had some personal suggestions for the new combat suit and, not surprisingly, so did Mindy. Marty was busy researching the history and locations for the apartment blocks which they were interested in. Marty would, of course, get a free apartment.

Mindy's cell started ringing, so she checked the display; it was a diverted call, from the number they had given to the two Sergeants.

"Speak!" she growled.

"Hit Girl! Got business for you: South Damen and West 38th, McKinley Park. Your friends are back," Murphy explained briefly. "Bring swords!"

"Twenty minutes," Mindy growled in reply, checking the clock. It was just after eight.

"We have ninjas at McKinley Park!" Mindy yelled, pulling off her clothes.

Marty started setting up his equipment for monitoring and Dave started pulling his clothes off, too. Eight minutes later, they were on their motorcycles and racing up South Western Avenue. Minutes later they turned right, onto West Pershing Road before pulling over and parking up before the South Damen Avenue junction. They could see lots of flashing blue lights across the park while between the two vigilantes and the lights, they could see. . .

Ninjas!

Over a dozen, plus watchdogs to keep the Police away. Seconds after Hit Girl and Kick-Ass had absorbed the view, the Police started engaging the watchdogs. They both ran towards the ninjas who were facing the Police. Surprise would be on their side, but only for a few seconds.

"*Fusion* is engaging!" Hit Girl called out over the comms.

"Battle Guy copies *Fusion* engaging. Luck guys, stay safe."

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The two vigilantes advanced, drawing their blades. Hit Girl was able to kill two ninjas, before anybody even knew that she was even there. They both, quite literally, lost their heads in all the excitement. Another ninja fell, to Kick-Ass and his Ko-Wakizashi blades. The rest of the ninjas turned as one, to meet the new threat . . . *Fusion!*

The ninjas flew at their new attackers; at least four of the ninjas were wielding two blades. Hit Girl was instantly surrounded, and she was forced to fight several ninjas simultaneously. She felt impacts on her armour, but she was drawing blood. An arm fell to the grass, still holding a Katana, followed by the arm's previous owner, who was screaming. Hit Girl drove a blade into the stomach of a ninja while fending off the thrust from another ninja, with her other Katana. Then, as she spun around to fend off another attack, something impacted the back of her head and she felt weird . . . she started to sway.

Then everything went black.

Kick-Ass

After Kick-Ass had killed the first ninja, he got separated from Hit Girl.

Kick-Ass threw his weight against a ninja, who was wielding two Katana blades. Admittedly, his own blades were several inches shorter, but size was not everything, he thought - just look at Mindy. His extra bulk helped to even things out as he pushed back, absorbing numerous impacts to his armour. The ninja was almost eight inches shorter than Kick-Ass, but he was still able to hit the armour-clad vigilante with the hilt of his blade, across Kick-Ass' mouth.

The new face mask easily deflected the blow and allowed him to keep pushing forwards with no loss in momentum. He managed to grasp one of the blades and yank it out of the ninja's hand while holding both of his own Ko-Wakizashi with his other hand. The ninja was shocked enough to take a few steps back, giving Kick-Ass the space which he needed to grasp the Katana by the hilt and sever the man's neck in one sweep. Kick-Ass could make out Hit-Girl, about twelve feet away; she was fighting two ninjas at the same time. He saw another ninja come up behind her and strike her across the back of the head with the hilt of his Katana. Hit Girl staggered and then fell.

"No!" Kick-Ass yelled. "Hit Girl is down!"

The comms were open, so he knew that Battle Guy could hear him. So far, there were still almost a dozen ninjas remaining. He stowed one Ko-Wakizashi and drew the Glock - no more Mister Nice Guy! Kick-Ass started shooting into the ninjas; advancing on where he had last seen Hit Girl.

Murphy and Fellowes

There were still about a dozen gunmen firing, from behind the trees and SUVs. Murphy was firing from cover, behind his car. His partner, Fellowes, was beside him. Soon after the shooting started, the ninjas had turned away and started fighting someone else.

"That must be Kick-Ass and Hit Girl - crazy idiots!" Murphy had exclaimed.

There was nothing they could do to help, thanks to the armed men who kept them pinned down. There were at least four Police Officers down, all wounded, but Murphy could see at least six of the gunmen on the ground, and none of them were moving.

One of the defending gunmen moved out of cover, so the officer aimed, and he fired, catching the gunman in the chest.

Hit Girl

Hit Girl regained consciousness.

She was lying on the ground and getting trodden on and kicked as the fight continued above and around her. She could see two black feet either side of her, then the top half of a ninja torso fell down beside her; the dead eyes still staring and that really woke her up. The feet belonged to Kick-Ass and he was guarding Hit Girl while she was unconscious.

"Let me up, cunt!" she growled over the comms.

"Enjoyed your little nap?" Kick-Ass responded.

"Not the best time for a nap, Hit Girl," Battle Guy pointed out.

"Hey, I was tired!" Hit Girl replied, getting up and retrieving her Katana swords.

She was now back-to-back with Kick-Ass. There were five ninjas remaining. Then three, then one, and the last ninja finally fell to Kick-Ass.

They charged towards the gunmen, only about nine of whom were remaining.

Murphy

He saw the last ninja fall.

Then two gunmen fell to their knees, one with a blade emerging from his chest, another when his head exploded from a gunshot, before Kick-Ass kicked the body down. The remaining gunmen stopped firing and they quickly put their hands up. They were obviously more scared of Kick-Ass and Hit Girl, than they were of the Chicago Police Department. As the CPD sorted out the surrendering gunmen, Murphy looked around for the two vigilantes. He could not see them anywhere, but in the distance the police officer could make out the engine sounds of two motorcycles as they accelerated away.

He smiled.

Thanks *Fusion*.

The Safehouse

Dave was worried about Mindy.

She did not seem herself, but at least she was on her feet.

They had made it back to the Safehouse and parked the motorcycles. Dave stowed both of their helmets in the locker and he followed her to the briefing room.

"Hi, Marty," Mindy said, pulling off her mask and comms.

"You okay, Mindy?" Marty asked.

"Yeah, just a sore head," Mindy replied.

"I'm not surprised," Dave said, dumping his mask and comms, before giving Mindy a hug.

Mindy started swaying, so Dave guided her onto the couch.

"You sure that you're okay?" Dave asked, concerned.

"Yeah, yeah," Mindy replied, waving him off.

Dave was not fooled for a second; something was wrong.

"Marty, help me get Mindy upstairs," he ordered

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By the time they had managed to get Mindy to the bedroom, she was uncoordinated and the sixteen-year-old could not stand.

They laid her on the bed and Dave got her out of the combat suit. Mindy was unresponsive, and she was slurring her words. Dave checked her head, where he found a large bump to one side. That must have been where she was struck by the ninja. It was a concussion.

After removing his own combat suit, Dave placed Mindy into *Speedy* and he drove home with Marty.

West Ridge

Dave got Mindy into bed and he decided to call a doctor.

Chloe had left him with a card, for a doctor that she recommended. Dave placed the call and then he sat with Mindy, waiting.

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About forty minutes later, there was a knock on the door and Dave went downstairs to open it, telling Sophia to be quiet.

Then, he got a surprise.

"Hi, I'm Doctor Cathy Bennett, you must be Dave," the lady said, walking through the door.

"How do you know my name?" Dave asked, confused.

Just as he was closing the front door, it was shoved open.

"Hi, Dave!" Chloe said cheerfully, closing the door behind her.

It clicked.

"Dr Bennett! You must be the mother of this delightful young lady," Dave said as he glared down at Chloe.

"Lady? I wouldn't go that far!" Dr Bennett responded. "She's also rarely delightful!"

"Gee, thanks Mom!" Chloe responded, sarcastically, pretending to look hurt.

"Mindy's in the bedroom," Dave said, showing Dr Bennett to the stairs.

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Ten minutes later, Dr Bennett had finished examining Mindy.

"Just a minor concussion. Keep an eye on her. Keep her drinking. Bring her to see me on Friday, at ten in the morning," Dr Bennett said, before turning to Chloe. "Now, I need to get Little Miss Trouble home, to bed."

"Thanks Doctor," Dave said, shaking her hand. "We'll see you Friday; bye, Chloe."

"Bye, Dave," Chloe said, waving.

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