

The following morning
Thursday, May 8th, 2014

West Ridge

Mindy was very confused.

Dave had tried to explain why she was in bed, but not being able to remember how she had actually gotten there was worrying to the young woman. It kind of reminded her of that morning, when she had collapsed on the Safehouse roof, all those years ago and then woken up not being able to remember anything. Yet again, though, it was the same guy who had helped her.

Mindy was reading a paper that described the 'Ninja Attack at McKinley Park'. Apparently, the Chicago PD had had full control of the situation and had put down the minor public disruption within a very short time. There was no mention of Kick-Ass nor of Hit Girl. Nothing new there; the Police would rather take credit, than encourage or condone vigilante behaviour. Mindy could recall everything up to the start of the fight with the ninjas. After that, it was all a little spotty, but she could remember Kick-Ass standing guard over her as she lay on the ground.

Another surprise, was the Doctor who had come to see her the previous night. Mindy honestly did not remember the visit, but Dave had informed her that it had been Chloe's mother, of all people. That had been very unexpected; we had not even known that Chloe's mother she was a doctor; Chloe had kept that important fact very quiet and I understood that Chloe had been with her mother, too. Marty had said hello, earlier, as he was very worried about Mindy, but she had assured him that she was fine! Dave then insisted that Mindy should stay in bed for the day. She did not complain, although she wanted to, but her head hurt, and she could not walk straight when she went to use the bathroom.

However, Mindy had Sophia to keep her company and the canine was on the bed beside her.

..._...

Dave intended to have a word with Chloe about her mother's job

It would have been very useful to have known about it, rather than to have been surprised. He secretly thought that Chloe had enjoyed it. At least she seemed happier, after what had occurred at the weekend. Mindy had, rather surprisingly, been doing what she was told, and the girl had stayed in bed. Dave had taken her breakfast earlier and she had been able to keep that down, which was a good start. Dave was a little annoyed that they were not mentioned in the paper, but he knew that they had made a strong contribution. The two of them had received a text from Murphy and Fellowes; the message said thanks for *Fusion's* help and that without them, there would have been more Police and possibly civilian casualties. Well, Dave thought, at least somebody was grateful for their presence.

One thing that Dave had *not* told Mindy about yet, was the visit to the hospital on Friday morning, because he knew that she would refuse to go. He was still working out how to persuade her without too much shouting and screaming on her part. Marty had borrowed *Speedy* that morning, to go out and check on the two apartment blocks which were on their short list. Mindy was quite excited about 'going into property'. She was very pleased that Damon had finally been cleared of any criminal activity - well at least the activities that had got him sent to prison in the first place. Since leaving prison he had broken one or two laws, including starting to train a five-year-old Mindy as a vigilante.

Dave had actually started to think about what his life might have been like if Damon had never been framed and Mindy had never become Hit Girl and had therefore grown up to be a normal little girl. Would he have ever gone out as Kick-Ass? Would somebody else have rescued him that night, at Rasul's apartment? Would he have still met Mindy? Without the bitterness, he thought that Damon would have been a great father and Mindy would have turned out to be a wonderful young lady. Ultimately, he owed his life to Frank D'Amico. A nasty thought there; if Frank D'Amico had not framed Damon, there would have been no Hit Girl and therefore nobody to rescue the fledgling Kick-Ass at Rasul's apartment which equalled a very dead Kick-Ass. No matter how much he wished that Mindy could have grown up normally; it would have meant his death.

Mind you, at that point, he would die for Mindy if it meant she could live.

..._...

"Hi Dave, you look pensive," Mindy commented.

"I've been thinking . . . about your . . . about Damon," Dave replied.

"Oh, I see," Mindy said, not meeting Dave's eyes.

"I ended up thinking about . . ."

". . . What might have happened, if my Daddy was never framed?" Mindy interrupted.

"Yes," Dave replied.

"I suppose you came to the same decision, I did," Mindy said. "I lead a normal life, Kick-Ass dies."

"Yeah, crap, huh!"

"What happened, happened. I spent so long, when I was younger, thinking about 'what ifs'. It drove me around the bend. You can't play the 'what if' game, Dave; it will destroy you," Mindy said, sagely.

"I know, but . . ."

"No buts, Dave. I would never trade my life, never. If I did, I would never have met the one person, I needed, the one person I love, more than anybody else," Mindy said, tears in her eyes.

Dave sat down beside Mindy and he hugged her tightly.

"I love you so much, Mindy," Dave whispered.

The next day

Friday, May 9th

"Okay Mindy, we're going for a little ride," Dave said, pulling her up off the bed.

Mindy gave her partner a long look and then a scowl.

"You think I'm a little girl who can be fooled?" Mindy growled. "You're setting me up for something."

"Doctor Bennett wants to see you at ten, this morning," Dave explained.

"I don't need to go see a Doctor!" Mindy exclaimed.

"Okay Hit Pansy," Dave challenged. "Give me your best shot."

Dave stepped back, as Mindy lost her balance and fell into his arms.

"Hi, gorgeous," Dave said, giving her a kiss.

The glare he received was not exactly friendly, but he ignored it as he carried the swearing Mindy downstairs.

"Mindy, you cannot use that kind of language at the hospital," Dave cautioned with a laugh.

"Okay, you've made your fucking point," Mindy grouched. "I'll behave!"

Northwestern Memorial Hospital

"Hi, Mindy, how are you feeling?" Dr Bennett asked.

"Perfect," Mindy lied.

Dave coughed, and he nudged Mindy, hard.

"Headache, dizziness, and a bit of nausea," Mindy confessed.

"Chloe tells me that you're tough and you don't like showing weakness. There's a time and a place for that, but not here and not right now, young lady," Dr Bennett lectured.

"Lady?" Dave laughed. "I wouldn't go that far."

"I see," Dr Bennett said, with a chuckle. "Mindy is a bit like Chloe."

Twenty minutes later they returned to the car. Mindy had been ordered to take things gently for at least a week; orders which were not received very well. In the car, on the way back home, Dave came to a decision.

"How about a holiday, just the three of us?" Dave suggested.

"Three?" Mindy queried, a little confused.

"Just you, me, and Hit Girl!" Dave replied, smirking.

"I'm sure Hit Girl and I would very much enjoy a holiday. Is Kick-Ass coming? I find Dave a bit boring sometimes," Mindy teased.

The following day

Saturday, May 10th

Dave had picked up the SUV, just the previous day.

It was adorable and very comfortable. Marty would look after Sophia while they were gone, and Dave had called Chloe, to tell her that we were going away for a few days. Chloe had told Kyle that Mindy was busy, so he wouldn't get a lesson that week.

..._...

We had one question left: where were we going to go?

Mindy suggested that they just wing it. So, they packed a couple of bags and headed south into Indiana, towards Lafayette. The next four hours were spent driving to Indianapolis and then they found a room for three nights, in the JW Marriott. They ended up with a corner room, on quite a high floor, so the view was amazing!

Together, they had dinner in the room, that first night, so that Mindy could rest.

The next morning

Sunday, May 11th

Indiana

Mindy woke up greatly refreshed and she found that her head was no longer sore.

She knew that she was not quite healed, but it was a start. Dave ordered an enormous breakfast, again in the room. After breakfast and a relaxing shower, they both went for a walk around Indianapolis and ended up at the White River State Park, which was very refreshing, and they spent a great few hours together. They went to the zoo, where Dave started comparing Mindy to a fucking meerkat. Mindy knew that Dave said she was cute, but a meerkat was going way too far in her opinion. Typically, though, Dave compared himself to the African Lion.

"In your fucking dreams!" Mindy retorted.

"And why not?" Dave asked, innocently.

Then Dave started reeling off lion facts. The lion was intimidating, like Kick-Ass and, in the pride, the female lions were the primary hunters, like Hit Girl. Mindy had to admit that she could not argue with his logic and being compared to a lioness was a lot better than a fucking meerkat. By the time the two of them returned to the hotel, they were both very tired, but they had a shower and went to eat at the High Velocity Bar, in the hotel. The good food woke them up, considerably.

After stuffing themselves with three courses, including a warm cookie sundae which was to die for, they retired to their room.

..._...

They were no longer tired and within half an hour, they were both naked in bed and Mindy was having the time of her life.

Dave's touch sent impossible feelings through her and she just melted when he kissed her. Gazing into his eyes, she got lost in their allure and the love pouring from them. Mindy had been warned by Dr Bennett not to do anything energetic; damn! Well, Mindy thought, she would die happy with Dave inside her. No, she promised to behave, so she would behave. Instead, she resorted to less stressful behaviour and she sank down Dave's body, deciding that she was still hungry.

"Oh my God!" Dave exclaimed through clenched teeth.

He was starting to thrash, but she kept going and Dave kept thrashing. Then . . .

Wham!

Mindy felt an intensely warm, almost hot feeling as liquid hit the back of her throat. She kept her mouth wrapped around Dave, so she did not get it everywhere. Mindy was getting used to the taste and she kinda liked it. Was that weird? She had absolutely no fucking idea; but she loved it and Dave kept producing more which was even better. After a short rest, while they both allowed their bodies to recover, Dave started to explore again.

The barely receded electric shocks, started up again and when Dave touched anything tender, Mindy yelped. Dave kept targeting Mindy's breasts, which caused the most beautiful sensations to course through me, the catch being that the sensations were almost too much to endure. He would also target somewhere else, which would have Mindy thrashing about on the bed, barely able to breathe and he had to keep reminding her: 'don't forget to breathe'.

Updated: *January 2018*