

**Two days later**  
**Tuesday, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 2014**

**Indiana**

"Happy Birthday, partner!"

Dave opened his eyes, slowly and he grabbed the completely naked Mindy, around the waist and he pulled her down to him.

"Thank you, gorgeous!"

Dave kissed her deeply and she responded in kind. The next hour was sheer bliss.

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After that, somewhat energetic morning, they had to checkout and drive back to Chicago.

Dave thought that Mindy was fully recovered, at least from the concussion, but maybe not from their other activities. He was definitely seeing more Hit Girl in their love making. The short holiday had been exactly what they had both needed; it had allowed them both to relax and to be themselves. Dave commented that they should get away more often and Mindy agreed. The four-hour drive home was not too bad, although the I-65 was not exactly the most exciting drive. By the time they reached the I-94, Mindy was getting excited; excited to be back home.

They did stop a few times, extending the trip back, but it was worth it, and they enjoyed a lovely lunch outside, enjoying nature together.

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By the time they got home, it was around six in the evening and they parked the SUV in the garage; it was a tight fit beside *Speedy*.

They headed into the house and Mindy was knocked down by a very happy and very over excited Sophia.

"Get off me . . . mutt . . . yuck!" Mindy exclaimed, in between licks.

"She missed you," Marty explained, laughing.

It took Mindy several minutes to push the large dog out of the way, so she could get back to her feet.

"Look, Sophia, enough of the kisses; I'm not that kinda girl," Mindy exclaimed, giggling.

"If you say so," Marty smirked. "Looked good from here, though."

Mindy scowled at Marty.

"Sorry, I enjoy a bit of girl on girl action," Marty explained, before heading off upstairs, rather quickly.

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**West Ridge**

Later, that evening, they settled down on the couch together and Mindy gave Dave his present.

"I needed Marcus' help to get this," Mindy said, sheepishly.

Dave unwrapped the present and opened the box inside.

"Wow!" he exclaimed.

"I remembered the 'gay-looking' one that you used to fancy, dude," Mindy teased.

Dave pulled out a custom, black and green, Taser X26P. With it was another holster for his combat suit, additional cartridges, and three batteries.

"Cool! Thanks, Mindy!"

He gave her a big hug and a kiss that kept on going and going.

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***The next day***

***Wednesday, May 14<sup>th</sup>***

***West Ridge***

Dave awoke early for once.

It was about eight. Mindy was still asleep as he could feel her beside him. He decided it was time for a bit of fun! Dave reached over, and he ran his hands across her stomach and under her top . . . What the fuck! Those were not Mindy's boobs, or if they were, they had fucking shrunk.

"What the fuck!" said a voice, from the other side of the bed.

That was *not* Mindy's voice . . . or was it? Dave sat up and he turned to look at Mindy, just as a fist connected with his jaw.

"For fuck's sake!" Dave shouted in pain.

"Dave?"

"Yeah," Dave replied, looking down at the bed, beside him.

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It wasn't Mindy, looking back at him, well, not the Mindy whom he had last seen a few hours previously. It was a completely different Mindy, it was not even 'date ditch, Mindy'. No, the Mindy before Dave was a much younger, eleven-year-old Mindy.

"Where the fuck did you come from?" Dave demanded, blinking his eyes.

"I could ask you the same thing, asshole!" 'Mindy' replied.

"You were a bit older and a tiny bit taller, when I last saw you a few hours ago," Dave commented.

"You are not making any fucking sense," 'Mindy' said. "I went to bed last night, in my room at Marcus' house."

"So, you think you're still in New York?" Dave asked. "Try Chicago, short-ass."

"Who the fuck, are you calling, 'short-ass'?" a livid 'Mindy' asked.

"Well, you are kinda short," Dave admitted with a laugh.

However, that just appeared to infuriate 'Mindy' further.

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Okay, it seemed completely impossible.

He went to sleep with a sixteen-year-old Mindy lying beside him, but then he woke up with an eleven-year-old Mindy beside him. He really had been watching

too much Sci-Fi. The current Mindy appeared to be from soon after they had killed Frank D'Amico. She was very much like the younger Mindy that would terrorise him, with just a single glance. Now, though, he was no longer scared of her, of course.

"Are you trying to tell me that I've travelled through time?" Mindy asked, incredulously and a little sceptically.

"Well, the last time I saw you looking like that, it was 2009 and now it is 2014," Dave responded. "My Mindy is sixteen."

"Sixteen!? I let you share a bed with me, at sixteen!?" Mindy ranted, then she started to look worried.

"Please, tell me we haven't . . ." Mindy said, looking horrified.

"Sorry," Dave replied, smirking.

Mindy looked positively horror struck.

"You and I have . . . well, you know," Mindy said, blushing furiously.

"I know you have a small birth mark, between . . ." Dave started.

"Okay, that's quite far enough, thanks," Mindy said, holding a hand up, but then her expression changed. "This is bullshit!"

"Come on then, come see *my* Mindy's pride and joy," Dave suggested.

Mindy climbed out of the bed and Dave tried not to laugh.

"You have Bratz pyjamas," he said, still trying not to laugh.

"Dammit!" Mindy grimaced. "Marcus thought it was a good idea."

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I headed down to the basement and showed Mindy the armoury.

She was initially speechless. She took her time examining the weapons arrayed around the walls.

"What's with all the Katana swords?" Mindy asked.

"You noticed. Mindy earned them, each and every one and you'll be pleased to hear that each ninja suffered greatly," Dave said, proudly.

"Good, at least I'm not slacking!" Mindy exclaimed. "Why are you now in Chicago, instead of New York?"

"Long story, but basically, my Mindy had to kill, to save me, as herself. She was forced to leave New York," Dave explained meekly.

"Why did you need saving, cunt?" Mindy asked, unhappily.

"An 'old pal' surfaced and killed my Dad, before coming after me," Dave went on, darkly.

"Who?" Mindy asked, curiously.

"Brace yourself! You knew him as . . ." Dave hesitated. ". . . Red Mist."

Mindy turned purple, before exploding.

"Red Mist - that bastard shot me three times, three fucking times!" Mindy exclaimed. "That fucking bastard got the drop on me - nobody gets the drop on Hit Girl, nobody!"

"Calm down, Mindy! I know you aren't a big fan of that asshole. But you'll be pleased to know that he's been cut down to size. I dropped him into a shark tank," Dave said, putting his arm around her.

It occurred to him that he would never have dared to put his arm around Mindy, back then. Why? Because she'd have ripped his fucking arm off.

"You aren't scared of me anymore, are you?" Mindy asked, annoyed.

"No, Mindy! You're still a fucking handful; a grenade with a very loose pin, but your threats of bodily mutilation have no effect on me now," Dave said laughing.

They left the armoury and headed back upstairs.

As they crossed the mat, Mindy tried to grab me, but I caught her movement. I dodged and seized her by the upper arm and threw her over onto her back.

"Fuck Kick-Ass! You've been workin' out," Mindy said, approvingly, from the mat.

"I try," Dave replied, before Mindy swept his feet out from under him.

Dave went down and he must have caught his head, because he blacked out.

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### **West Ridge**

"Dave! Dave!" Chloe's voice.

"Can you hear me, Dave; please!" Mindy's voice. The real Mindy.

Dave opened his eyes. Pain shot through his head and side. Standing above him were Chloe and Mindy, both girls had tears running down their cheeks. He was flat on my back, on the mat, at the house. He looked around, no mini-Mindy.

"What the fuck happened?" Dave growled.

"Sorry, I kicked you, a tiny bit too hard. I'm really sorry, Dave," Mindy said, giving him a kiss. "You've been out for almost forty minutes."

"Wow! I had the weirdest fucking dream," Dave said, sitting up for a moment before a thought came back to me. "Mindy, did you wear Bratz pyjamas a few years ago?"

Mindy's eyes almost bugged out, she blushed, and started to look a bit embarrassed. Chloe laughed.

"You had Bratz pyjamas!?" Chloe exclaimed, laughing. "Hit Girl had Bratz pyjamas!"

"No . . . I didn't . . . How did you?" Mindy stammered. "Dammit! Okay, yes, Marcus thought it was a good idea."

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