

The next day
Sunday, May 18th, 2014

[Archer Kill Count: 7]

The following takes place between Midnight and 2:00 A.M.

The Safehouse

They were all feeling very tired, once they had returned to the Safehouse, but none of them felt like sleeping.

Dave, Chloe, and Mindy, all got out of their combat suits, before getting a shower. Marty sorted out a late dinner for them all and they sat and talked at the kitchen table, while eating dinner. Marty had gone through all the information which Murphy had sent over to them. There appeared to be no pattern to the killings; they appeared completely random. Murphy had also informed them that the police, to that point, had accomplished nothing in their investigation. They finished their food and went to bed.

None of them felt like driving back home that night.

The following takes place between 8:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M.

The Safehouse

That time Murphy called us.

Dave was awoken from a deep sleep. The cell on the table beside his bed was ringing and ringing. He answered it and put the device to his ear.

"Go!"

"The shit has really hit the fan this time, Kick-Ass," Murphy said with preamble.

"The Archer?" Dave assumed.

"No. No more killings, not up until now. The Commander of twenty-first district, he has three kids and two of them are missing. There was a home invasion around six this morning. Their mother is in ICU, their father was at the station. The third kid, well he was staying with a friend. Fuck, Kick-Ass, the two kids are only eight and nine. A boy and a girl. So far, we have no idea why they were targeted. I'll send you everything we have, when I can get it," Murphy explained. "Chicago needs your help."

"We're on it, Murphy. God, I'm sorry." Dave replied, cutting the connection.

Dave just sat there, feeling numb for almost twenty minutes. What the fuck was happening in the City? Chris D'Amico, ninjas, an archer, now the kids of a senior Police Officer.

8:30 A.M.

Dave poked Mindy hard, on her left boob.

"Ouch!" Mindy complained, rubbing her boob. "You fucking cunt!"

Dave shut her up before she could build up steam, by giving her a deep, deep kiss, which made her eyes bug out.

"Okay," Dave said. "That's the nice stuff out of the way!"

"Oh, no. Not more deaths," Mindy said, grimacing.

"Murphy called. Commander 21st District, two of his kids; they were pulled from their beds this morning. Their mother is in ICU," Dave explained.

Mindy was silent for several minutes.

"It has to be that fucking Chris D'Amico," Mindy finally said, angrily.

"I have to agree," Dave replied, reluctantly.

9:10 A.M.

After a shower, they awoke Marty and Chloe, letting them know the news.

"I'll start searching through the intel, from Murphy," Marty said immediately.

"Marty, get breakfast first; you'll work better on a full stomach," Dave suggested, then had a thought. "Could you do with a hand?"

"Wouldn't hurt; know any geeks?" Marty asked, dubiously.

Dave looked at Chloe.

"What do you think?"

"I'll call her," Chloe said, smiling. "She'll love it!"

The following takes place between 10:00 A.M. and 12:00 P.M.

The Safehouse

The SUV stopped, and the main door closed behind it.

Abby was very wide eyed when she saw the Safehouse and especially the two motorcycles. Dave took her through to the briefing room, where her eyes stuck out about two feet. Any more surprises and her eyes would pop out and be hanging from her face.

"Hi, Chloe," Abby said. "Hi, Mindy."

"Marty, meet Abby," Dave said. "Abby, this is our uber geek, Marty."

"Gee, thanks, Dave," Marty said, pointing to another computer. "Hi, Abby, we have work to do."

They left the two talking, while the operators busied themselves with their own preparations.

Dave gassed up both motorcycles, ready for use that evening

The following takes place between 12:00 P.M. and 2:00 P.M.

The Safehouse

Marty had found some information in one of the reports sent over by Murphy.

It was circumstantial, but it seemed to hint towards a location to the west of Chicago, near South Archer Avenue and South Central Avenue. It looked to be a large warehouse, of a similar type to that used by Chris, two weeks previously. Dave went out, in *Speedy* to undertake a reconnaissance.

The rest of *Fusion* checked their gear and looked at forming a plan for that night and it was time for lunch.

1:40 P.M.

Dave returned with photos and information on what he had found.

The warehouse was guarded, by large watchdogs, similar to those which they had fought at the warehouse, two weeks earlier. The warehouse could be difficult to storm, but not impossible. The Archer had also killed again.

That time, only one person had died, but that was still one person too many.

[Archer Kill Count: 8]

The following takes place between 2:00 P.M. and 4:00 P.M.

The Safehouse

With lots of activity expected for that evening, the operators: Dave, Chloe and Mindy, managed a couple of hours sleep; Dave had a feeling that we would need it. Marty and Abby were still hard at work doing research and going through the information that kept coming from Murphy.

There was also another phone call.

3:50 P.M.

"Go!" said Marty.

"Who is this?" Murphy asked, confused.

"Kick-Ass and Hit Girl are busy . . . and so am I. What do want, Murphy?" Marty said, trying to sound annoyed.

"Sorry. Some urgent information for you. There seems to be another Hero in town," Murphy explained.

"Another Hero?" Marty queried.

"Yeah. The Hero was seen by a pair of officers, late last night. Masked and carrying a spear like weapon. It was dark, so we have no further details. Apparently, the Hero just nodded to the officers, before vanishing. If it had been The Archer, I'm sure he would have shot the officers," Murphy explained.

"I agree. I'll get the information to the team. Thanks Murphy," Marty replied, dropping the call.

The following takes place between 4:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M.

The Safehouse

"We have a new piece on the board, Abby," Marty said, explaining further.

"That might complicate things. It means the guys can't just shoot at anybody wearing a mask," Abby pointed out.

"I've just had a thought; you need a name. I'm Battle Guy, so you will need a name, too. We never use our real names when in costume, or over the comms. Think of something and let me know," Marty suggested.

"Cool!" Abby replied excitedly. "I'll think about it."

5:10 P.M.

Mindy came down to the briefing room, after a shower, to find Marty and Abby working hard.

Dave was up and in the shower while Chloe was slowly waking up.

"Hi, guys, any news?" she asked, hesitantly.

"Oh yeah," Marty replied, and he explained about Murphy's call.

"Well, that puts a new spin on things," Mindy responded.

That revelation would complicate their possible actions.

"Oh, Abby now has an alias," Marty said, smirking.

"Battle Guy wouldn't let me use my first few choices, but eventually I settled on: 'Hal'," Abby said, sounding really proud of herself.

"Hal?" Mindy asked, confused.

"Well, she originally wanted either 'Zero Cool' or 'Acid Burn', but I nixed both of those ideas, as she is *not* that cool," Marty explained.

"So, she went for a mad, super computer," Dave said, entering the briefing room with Chloe.

"Could be worse," Marty muttered.

Marty explained to Dave, what Murphy had said earlier.

"That's all we need; another Hero getting in the way," Dave commented.

"Anyway, dinner is almost done," Marty advised.

The following takes place between 6:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M.

The Safehouse

They had a good meal, and got themselves caught up on what Marty and Abby had been getting up to while they had been asleep.

Dave had to admit that Abby appeared to be as much of a geek as Marty and she could be quite funny, in her own geeky way. At least it meant that Marty had help, although Abby would be getting a cab home, in a few minutes. She intended to help Marty, remotely, from home. The plan was to leave at just before eight that night and head up towards the warehouse.

They could then make a quick reconnaissance, before moving in.

7:50 P.M.

They mounted up and headed out; and as before, Shadow was with Kick-Ass.

The following takes place between 8:00 P.M. and 10:00 P.M.

The warehouse

They parked up about a quarter mile from the warehouse.

The approach was slow, and they kept to the shadows, watching out for anything strange.

They also kept a good look out for The Archer and the other Hero.

9:05 P.M.

The warehouse appeared empty; there was no sign of any activity, anywhere.

They headed towards a fire escape and then up towards a door near the top of the warehouse. The door opened easily, and they headed in slowly. The inside was dimly lit. Nobody was visible. With Hit Girl leading, they headed down towards the main floor. Her cell chirped in her headset and she picked up the call.

"Go!" she growled quietly.

"It's Murphy. Something's happening; I don't know what, but stay away from the area between I-55 and Midway International Airport," Murphy said.

"Too late!" Hit Girl growled, dropping the call. "*Fusion*, we've fucked up!"

"What?" Kick-Ass responded.

"Murphy called. Told us to avoid this area; he doesn't know why," she replied. "I think this is a fucking trap."

She could hear activity and she could see Police Officers with rifles appearing.

"Battle Guy, *Fusion* is busted. The Police are here!"

"DO NOT RESIST!" She ordered. "We do not hurt uniforms."

9:25 P.M.

Surprise, surprise, Chris had set them up again.

At least nobody got fucking shot, Hit Girl reasoned. However, they did get arrested. They were each stripped of all their weapons and their hands were zip-tied, behind their backs. Hit Girl glared at anybody that looked at her. She could tell that Shadow was very frightened, but doing her best not to show it. Interestingly, the Police treated them all with respect and some of the officers actually apologised for what was happening. They were all placed, together, in the back of a Police SUV, before being driven away. At that point things got strange; Hit Girl had expected to be driven east, towards the police headquarters, but no, they seemed to be driving in large circles and they actually passed the warehouse where we had been arrested, twice!

"You lost?" she asked, facetiously.

"Just taking the scenic route," one of the officers replied, politely.

The following takes place between 10:00 P.M. and Midnight

Several miles west of the warehouse

About forty minutes later, they pulled into a badly lit industrial district.

The two officers climbed out and opened the rear doors.

"Out!" both officers directed.

It was strange behaviour and a bit sinister. They all climbed out, which was not easy with your hands secured behind your back.

"Up against the car, hands toward us!" one officer ordered.

They did as we were told.

The next thing Hit Girl felt, was the zip-tie being cut off her wrists; She heard the same happen to Kick-Ass and Shadow.

"Good luck, guys!" the officers said as they climbed back into their SUV and drove off with a wave.

10:34 P.M.

"Okay, what the fuck just happened?" Shadow asked.

"I have no fucking idea!" Hit Girl replied, looking at Kick-Ass, who just shrugged his shoulders.

"Battle Guy, where the hell are we?" Kick-Ass asked.

"You guys okay?" Battle Guy asked, with a lot of concern in his voice.

"The police just let us go," Hit Girl replied, incredulously.

"Cool!" Battle Guy replied.

"You better come and get us," Hit Girl suggested.

"Ten minutes," Battle Guy replied.

It was bad, very bad. Chris had tried to get them arrested and put in jail. They must have had some followers in the Chicago PD or they would have been unmasked, and behind bars, at that very moment. Hit Girl was still contemplating things, when Battle Guy pulled up in the SUV. As he was with them and they were in costume, he was wearing his Battle Guy mask.

Nobody had not seen that in a while.

10:46 P.M.

"Marty, drop us both off, at the bikes and then head home. Chloe can get changed and then you can get Chloe to Abby's. When you're done, get back to our house and arm yourself," Hit Girl said. "If we go down, I want it to be only us two and not you guys."

Marty and Chloe started to argue, but she cut them off.

"Just do as I say, please! Chloe, strip off that combat suit right now, so you aren't caught in it. Get normal clothes when Marty takes you back to our house. Marty lock the combat suit in the armoury. We'll call you, okay," Hit Girl directed, giving Chloe a hug; she could see tears in her eyes.

Battle Guy dropped Hit Girl and Kick-Ass off, close to where they had left the two motorcycles and then reluctantly drove off with Chloe.

Hit Girl and Kick-Ass mounted up and headed back to the Safehouse, taking a longer route than normal, to check for any tails.

11:16 P.M.

They were almost back to the Safehouse, when a shape shot across the road.

It was a masked Hero.

"You see that?" Kick-Ass asked.

"Damn straight!" Hit Girl replied, accelerating. "I'll take the far end of the alley!"

"No problem!" Kick-Ass replied.

Hit Girl rocketed around the first corner and headed up to the next corner. She was at the opposite end of the alley within a minute; she parked the Ducati and peered down the alley. She could not make out very much, so she grabbed her NVGs.

11:19 P.M.

Things were suddenly much clearer.

Hit Girl could make out a shape, picking its way through the alley, making a lot of effort to keep silent and keeping the shadows. Most importantly though, the person was *not* carrying a crossbow.

"Kick-Ass. The person does *not* have a crossbow. They are taking their time and heading towards me. I think it is a woman. Hold on. She's stopped to rest," Hit Girl called to Kick-Ass, over the comms. "Remember, we're not armed."

"Err. Hit Girl. Why would I need a weapon, when I have you? I'm catching up now. Twenty feet. Ten feet. I'm ready to pounce," Kick-Ass reported, cheerfully.

Hit Girl moved to block the exit from the alley. The woman saw the shadow, just as Hit Girl had intended. She turned and as expected she ran away from Hit Girl, straight into Kick-Ass.

She collided quite hard and fell back to the floor of the alley.

11:28 P.M.

Before the woman could get up, Hit Girl placed her boot on her throat.

"Don't move!" she growled as Kick-Ass glared down at the Hero.

It was indeed a woman. She was clad very simply, in an all-in-one overall, plus a simple, bandanna style mask, similar to the type Battle Guy wore. Beside her, there was a short-shafted spear. Hit Girl recognised the type, but she could not remember the name. The woman moved her hand towards the spear, before Kick-Ass placed his boot down onto her wrist, pinning it. He then bent down and seized the spear. The woman looked pissed, but strangely she did not appear scared.

"Chill. We're on the same team," the woman said. "Can I get up now? I won't run, I promise."

Hit Girl looked up at Kick-Ass, who nodded, and she removed her boot. The woman got up slowly and she looked up at Kick-Ass, then at Hit Girl.

"Hi, Hit Girl, Kick-Ass; I'm Hawk," The woman said, holding out her hand.

Neither Hit Girl nor Kick-Ass took it and neither of them said a word. Hawk was about two inches taller than Hit Girl was and obviously older; she had a much bigger chest than she had for starters. Was she jealous? Oh, for fuck's sake!

"Hi, Hawk," Hit Girl growled.

"Hi," Kick-Ass added, handing back the spear.

"Thanks," Hawk said, sounding a little surprised.

"Hit Girl, back to headquarters!" Kick-Ass growled.

"Keep safe," Hit Girl said to Hawk.

They both headed back to their motorcycles, leaving Hawk in the alley.

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