

The next day

Monday, May 19th, 2014

[Archer Kill Count: 8]

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

The Safehouse

Once they returned to the Safehouse, they sat down to go through what had just happened.

"Are we still going to be able to operate? Tonight, was very close. I don't care about me and I know you feel the same about yourself getting caught, but Chloe and Marty, no," Mindy said. "We made the decision to be vigilantes; they don't deserve to be banged up for life."

"At least we've met the mysterious new Hero: Hawk," Dave said.

"What do you think about her?" Mindy asked, innocently.

"Nice curves," Dave replied.

"Do you still want to have your dick in the morning?" Mindy growled, dangerously.

"I think I'm safe," Dave replied, grinning nastily. "You'd never give that up."

"Dammit! Okay, she has nice curves, and bigger boobs," Mindy admitted.

"Never noticed the boobs," Dave replied, innocently.

"Bullshit!"

"Okay, let's see what the morning brings. It can't be any worse, can it?" Dave replied, as they climbed into bed.

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

The Safehouse

Mindy woke up, showered, and she got dressed.

She was feeling down. The previous night had been crap, to say the least. She could not believe that they had allowed ourselves to be conned by that complete fucking asshole, *again!* Marty had come by in the SUV and picked them both up. Mindy explained about them meeting the new Hero; Hawk. Marty was pleased that we had, at least, found out about that little issue.

Dave and Marty dropped Mindy off at home and went out with Marty, to get some shopping, so it was just Mindy in the house, along with Sophia.

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

West Ridge

There was a knock on the door.

After the previous night, Mindy was feeling a little apprehensive about visitors, so she looked through the spy hole first. It was an older, greying man. She opened the door, slightly.

"Yes," Mindy asked.

"I'm looking for Mindy," the man said, smiling.

"Who are you?" Mindy asked, starting to feel a little worried.

"Jack Bay," the man replied.

"You have some ID?" Mindy persisted.

The man held out an official ID, showing that he was a Chicago Police Officer. A very senior Chicago Police Officer; he was a Commander. That could not be good, Mindy thought as she stepped back, letting the man in. She had no choice, she could not fight, not right there on the porch. The man was carrying a very long and obviously heavy, blue holdall. Mindy shut the door and she turned to face the man.

"Why are you here?" she demanded.

The man just looked down at her and he smiled.

"Damn! You have a lot of Damon in you," the man said, simply.

10:06 A.M.

Mindy was speechless.

The man had just mentioned her Daddy.

"What the fuck is going on?" she growled.

"Easy, Hit Girl! Let's go sit down, shall we?" The man suggested, guiding the stunned Mindy into the living room and onto a couch.

He had called her, Hit Girl. Mindy's brain had just crashed; she could not think. The man sat down across from Mindy, placing the holdall on the floor. Sophia came over and she sat on the couch with Mindy; that was good as Mindy could hide her trembling hands in the dogs' fur.

"I've shocked you a bit, haven't I?" the man said, still smiling. "Yes, I know that you are Mindy Macready. I also know that you are Hit Girl, and I know what happened to your father; how he sought revenge on Frank D'Amico. Your father was a good friend and I never believed he was a dirty cop. Marcus came by a few weeks ago, and he let me know that you were here, in Chicago. You seem to have made your mark, along with your good friend, Kick-Ass."

Mindy was still speechless, a state which she was not used to being in, so she let the man continue; she was having difficulty taking it all in.

"I came by to return your weapons," Jack said, nudging the holdall. "Thought you might be needing 'em."

"You had us released, last night?" Mindy asked.

"Not just me. Plenty of officers were annoyed at you three being arrested. Some of the officers owe you their lives, not just Sergeants Murphy and Fellowes. Yes, I know about those two. It looks like Chicago needs *Fusion*, right now, and I believe in what you do. I know you do it for good, not for personal gain. That, is why you got a free pass last night. You are Damon's daughter, so I know he will have passed onto you the same honour, and integrity as he had," Jack finished.

"I don't know what to say, Commander," Mindy replied in all honesty.

"Call me Jack. Here's my number if you need me," Jack said, handing over a card. "I control the 12th District, so if you need my help in 12th District, you call me. You need help in other Districts, you also call me, as I may be able

to help or at least talk to somebody who can. Now, about last night; that was set up by some dirty cops, and I hate being used by criminals. You know who was behind it, don't you?"

"Chris D'Amico, the son of Frank D'Amico. He's determined to kill us both, but mainly Kick-Ass, as he killed Frank D'Amico and made Chris lose his arms and legs. We both owe Chris, as he caused the deaths of both of our fathers," I explained.

"I'm sorry. I wish things could have been different for you," Jack said, standing. "Anyway, I'd better be on my way."

"Thanks . . . Jack," Mindy said.

"I have your number and I will call you," Jack said, as he left.

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

West Ridge

Mindy was sitting on the couch with Sophia, when Dave arrived back with Marty.

"What is it?" he asked, sensing something was wrong.

Mindy simply handed him a card, without looking up.

"He came to visit me earlier. He knew my Daddy, and he brought back our weapons," Mindy said, pointing at the holdall.

Marty seemed to sense the tense atmosphere.

"I'll get this lot down to the armoury," he said, picking up the holdall.

Dave sat down next to Mindy, once Marty had gone downstairs. She fell into him and she started sobbing, Sophia jumped off the couch and Dave hugged Mindy tightly.

12:28 P.M.

They received another call from Murphy.

Three people were down; two separate killings.

The fucking Archer again.

12:43 P.M.

Mindy had made a decision.

They needed to act, and they needed to act straight away.

They would go out at night, as apparently The Archer seemed to do most of his work during the day. They would patrol in the SUV and wear their combat suits under loose clothing. They would add their masks, comms, and weapons when needed and out of public view. Marty and Mindy agreed, so they all drove down to the Safehouse, but in two cars.

Marty drove *Speedy*.

[Archer Kill Count: 11]

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

The Safehouse

As planned, they changed into their combat suits, but left off weapons, masks and comms.

Those extra items were stowed, out of sight, in the SUV. Marty had configured the cell phones to work with the Bluetooth system in the SUV, so that they could communicate while we were out.

Marty had also rigged up a radio in the SUV, so that he would be able to track the SUV's location.

2:20 P.M.

The SUV

They headed out and started a box search of the streets, spreading out from the Safehouse.

It was a lot easier during daylight; they could see an awful lot more. They stopped for a late take-away lunch at a small fast food place and they ate, sitting in the SUV.

"Hey, it's Kim!" Dave said to Mindy, waving Kim over.

"Hi, Dave! Getting a quick bite?" Kim asked.

"Yeah! Kim, this is Mindy. Mindy, this is Kim," Dave said. "She works at the gun store, started a couple weeks ago."

"Hi Kim," Mindy said, looking a little annoyed, but smiling sweetly.

Dave got the distinct impression that Mindy did not want to sit and chat with Kim, so he said that they needed to move on and said goodbye to Kim.

3:10 P.M.

"I take it, you don't approve of Kim," Dave asked, carefully.

Mindy hesitated before answering.

"I'm not jealous, if that's what you mean," Mindy replied, trying to sound uninterested.

"Mindy, you are the only woman for me. Nothing can beat fucking Hit Girl," I said and Mindy blushed.

"Okay, Ass-Kick!" Mindy replied, laughing.

3:50 P.M.

"What the fuck is that?" Mindy asked.

Dave was watching the road, so Mindy was the eyes for them both; the roads were a lot busier during the day.

"What?"

"I just saw a man pulling two young kids out of a car. They were both kicking, and the man had his hands over their mouths!" Mindy said, thinking hard.

Dave slammed on the brakes and he pulled over. Mindy pointed to the other side of the road, about sixty yards back.

"Just up that alley, beside that red brick building," Mindy explained.

Dave got out and he walked casually back down the street, before stopping to cross the street opposite the alley. There was a rusty white van parked in the alley, but the car Mindy had seen, was gone. The building appeared derelict,

however there was evidence of activity near a broken door, to the far end of the building.

He headed back to the SUV.

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

The SUV

Dave explained what he had seen, to Mindy.

"I think we should investigate," He said.

"I suggest we let Murphy know," Mindy countered.

"Okay," Dave agreed.

While Dave updated Marty, Mindy called Murphy.

It turned out that Chris was up to no good, elsewhere in the City, which was taking up most of Chicago's available police resources, including SWAT. As it was only a hunch, Murphy couldn't push too hard, but he said that he would see what he could do.

4:35 P.M.

They moved the SUV to a point behind the target block.

There, they were then able to grab their equipment and move closer, to a place where they could gear up completely.

"There won't be enough space for a Katana in there. You might be okay with your Ko-Wakizashi and I can use my Tanto, but I think suppressed pistols would be best," Hit Girl suggested.

Kick-Ass pulled out his Glock 17 and he attached the suppressor. Hit Girl did the same with each of her SIG Sauer pistols.

"Ready," Kick-Ass asked.

"You actually have to ask?" Hit Girl replied, with a smirk.

"Let's go, partner," Kick-Ass snarled.

4:48 P.M.

They advanced towards the rear door and Hit Girl stood ready, while Kick-Ass opened the door, slowly.

There was nobody there. Just inside the door was a large empty room and a staircase. They could hear movement up the stairs. Kick-Ass signalled for Hit Girl to go first. He kept an eye on the door while Hit Girl climbed the stairs. Once Hit Girl was near to the top, Kick-Ass started up after her, covering their backs. He saw Hit Girl brace up.

"Contact!" Kick-Ass heard in his earpiece.

Hit Girl fired two suppressed shots and Kick-Ass heard something drop to the floor. He continued up the stairs; there was a dead man on the bare wood floor, two holes in his head and a large pistol on the floor, beside him.

"One down," Hit Girl said over the comms.

The second floor had a short corridor, with four doors off it; two to the left, one to the right, with another in front.

"Billy, what was that noise?" a voice said from the first room on the left.

The door opened, and a head appeared - Hit Girl double tapped the head. Kick-Ass burst into the room and a large man came at him with a baseball bat. He easily deflected the bat and planted his fist into the man's face, followed by a backwards kick, which sent him into the corner unconscious. Kick-Ass heard more voices, from the room to the right and they were angry male voices. He also heard a scream; a little kid's scream. He shot forward, out of the room as Hit Girl kicked down the last door on the left and he went through the door to the right, hard. There was a man directly behind the door, who was shoved back against the far wall by Kick-Ass' momentum. The man pointed his gun and fired at Kick-Ass, who simply shrugged off the impact and advanced. Another round hit him, then another, before he clubbed the man down with a baton. There was another man there, but he was unarmed. Kick-Ass punched him in the face, putting him down.

Behind the door was a chair and tied to the chair was a small boy of about eight-years-old. He was blindfolded and gagged.

4:56 P.M.

"You're safe now, Ryan," Kick-Ass said, cutting the ties securing the boy's hands and legs.

He then gently eased off the gag and blindfold.

"Stay here and stay down."

The boy looked scared, mostly at the sight of Kick-Ass.

"You're safe kid. Now, I need to go help Hit Girl save your sister," he said.

The boy nodded and crouched down in the corner.

"What's happening, Hit Girl?" Kick-Ass called, over the comms.

"I'm in the end room," Hit Girl reported. "A large man has the girl!"

"How far from the back wall?" Kick-Ass asked as he sized up the dry wall.

"Five feet. Why? You're not gonna . . ."

"Too late! One distraction coming up," Kick-Ass said, holstering his pistol and stowing the baton.

He then turned to the boy.

"Watch this!"

Kick-Ass ran at the wall, turning at the last minute and taking the impact on the heavier armour of his right shoulder blade. The drywall flew apart and Kick-Ass burst through, emerging just behind the thug and catching him with an armoured fist as the momentum carried him past. Hit Girl grabbed the girl and shot the man twice in the head. Kick-Ass heard Hit Girl over the comms.

"You're okay Megan, you're safe."

Hit Girl removed the girl's gag and blindfold.

"Hit Girl?"

"Yes, I'm Hit Girl."

"I'm Kick-Ass."

They went back through to the other room and Kick-Ass scooped up Ryan, carrying him on his left arm. Hit girl picked up Megan and they all headed back downstairs.

"Battle Guy, *Fusion* is clear," Kick-Ass called. "Two rescued."

"Battle Guy copies two rescued. Well done guys!"

5:14 P.M.

They exited the building via the front door.

Outside, Kick-Ass saw several people, who had gathered, attracted by the unsuppressed gunshots. A Ford Explorer Police Interceptor was heading down the street, blue lights flashing. Kick-Ass noticed the number: '8760'; it was Murphy and Fellowes. They stopped at the curb and jumped out.

"Damn!" Fellowes said, impressed. "You did it."

"Look out!" Hit Girl yelled, and Kick-Ass turned to see a blue car heading towards them, down the street.

There was a man hanging out of the right-rear window, with a small machine-pistol in his hands. Kick-Ass grabbed Megan from Hit Girl and he covered both kids with his armour. He felt the rounds as they pounded his back; both kids were screaming.

"You're both perfectly safe," Kick-Ass said as soothingly as he could.

Seconds later, the impacts ceased, and Kick-Ass heard a car crashing, further down the road. He stood up and looked around. Hit Girl, Murphy, and Fellowes were each pointing a pistol towards the crashed vehicle. All three pistols had the slides locked back on empty magazines. Then all three rapidly replaced their empty magazine with a full one. Murphy got on his radio, calling in the events. The crowd had dispersed when the shooting had begun and miraculously, nobody was hurt. But the crowd slowly reappeared and some started applauding.

"You two okay?" Kick-Ass asked the kids.

"Yeah," Ryan replied. "That was awesome!"

"Definitely," Megan agreed.

Both kids were actually smiling.

5:39 P.M.

Other Police vehicles started to appear.

"We need to get outta here," Hit Girl suggested.

"Get the kids to Murphy," Kick-Ass said, pulling out his cell. "I'll get us outta here."

5:47 P.M.

A cab pulled up.

"Cab for Kick-Ass!"

They dived in and the cab took off.

Kick-Ass called Battle Guy and asked him to go get the SUV.

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

Several blocks east

They had the cab drop them off several blocks to the east.

"That was the guy you used, to follow Shadow and I that night," Hit Girl said as the cab drove off.

"Yes, it was."

They waited in an alley, until Marty appeared in the SUV, then they dived into the back and pulled off their masks and comms. They stowed their weapons and pulled on loose clothes over their combat suits.

"That was cool. Thanks, Marty," Mindy said, before giving Dave a hug and a kiss.

"Hey! No sex in the SUV!" Marty warned, as he drove back to the Safehouse.

6:48 P.M.

The Safehouse

They were safely back at the Safehouse when Murphy called.

"Wow! Commander of 21st is over the fucking moon. His kids think you guys are the best. Now, catch The Archer and the Mayor will probably give you the key to the whole damn city," Murphy said, laughing.

"Gee, thanks, Murph!" Mindy growled, uncomfortably.

"Enjoy!" Murphy said.

They sat down to dinner, feeling a little happier than they had the previous night.

They were also very tired, so they decided to head home and get some sleep, straight after dinner.

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

West Ridge

Dave awoke just before ten, to find a text from Murphy.

The Archer had just killed two more people. That time though, they were both police officers on patrol. That fucking sucked.

He went back to bed, feeling just as bad, as the other night.

[Archer Kill Count: 13]

Updated: January 2018