

Day 47

Chicago

It was ten in the morning.

Marty and I were checking out the last two apartment blocks on our list. The next block of apartments had four floors and a flat roof. Marty started work on the first floor and asked if anybody had seen Mindy. I drove around the block, having a last look before I parked the car by the kerb. As I got out of the Mustang, something caught my eye. I looked down at the base of a bush, tucked almost out of sight was something purple.

I felt my heart skip a beat.

Purple equalled Hit Girl which in turn equalled Mindy - at least I hoped so. I grabbed the item which turned out to be Mindy's purse; I recognised it instantly. It wasn't large or all that feminine - apart from being purple - but it was very Mindy. My hands shook as I opened the purse. Inside were some assorted dollar notes and loose change, two keys and a driver's licence with Mindy's photo, but a different name - Megan Williams, and she lived . . . the address on the licence was in New York City; crap! I found a letting agent card in the purse with an address written on the back: East 78th Street and the apartment building directly in front of me which Marty had just entered.

Holy, fuck!

Jackpot: one of the keys fitted the main door to the building. So, the other key. . . I grabbed a blustering Marty and hauled him up to the third floor. I stopped outside apartment 309 and I inserted the key, paused, and then tried turning it. The key turned easily in the well-oiled lock.

I pushed the door open.

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The apartment was empty, but there was a familiar scent in the air.

There was also a beeping sound coming from beside the door; an alarm panel. Oh, shit! I quickly pulled Marty into the apartment and closed the door quietly. There was only one thing I could try; I punched in the code from the Safehouse in New York. The panel beeped once and the green 'disarmed' light illuminated. I breathed a sigh of relief; that had been close!

I looked in the fridge and that told us that nobody had been in the apartment for a number of days. Mindy would never leave a mess; she was too tidy. It was obvious that she was gone and gone for good. I searched the apartment, easily, considering it was so small - not to mention that I knew some of Mindy's habits. I grabbed her pack and started packing all of her clothes and other things into it. I found her Hit Girl costume and I stared at it for a few minutes before

carefully folding it and placing it into the pack. During the search, I had also found a number of weapons and a large amount of cash which I also stuffed into the pack. I hoped that I had found everything that Mindy had in the apartment as I did not want to leave any trace, in case the Police found the apartment. Once I was happy that nothing was left, I locked up the apartment and placed the pack in the Mustang's capacious trunk. Marty and I then drove off.

We drove around Chicago for an hour, thinking hard and trying to find where to go next to track down the elusive Mindy. Suddenly, I remembered something which Mindy had told me during my many training sessions: Mindy had said that drug dealers were the vigilantes ATM. Mindy would need cash and I knew that Mindy could fight; even without her weapons.

Feeling a little happier, I called Marcus and informed him that we had found Mindy's apartment and that we had cleaned it out. I also asked him to let us know if he had heard of any drug dealers being turned over or killed anywhere near Chicago over the past week.

The day had been a bit of a blur.

During the morning, I went out and bought some hair dye. By lunchtime, I had gone from being a petite blonde, to a petite brunette. It was a start at least and I had also managed to pick up some cheap looking, but *clean* clothes - I binned my old ones. How did I pay for it all? I had managed to increase my available cash thanks to a generous drug dealer who happened to fall unconscious in front of me a couple of days ago. I had had one weird moment, when I could have sworn that I had seen a red and black car that looked *extremely* familiar; but I just could not remember where from. Anyway, that car would be of no use to me whatsoever.

I had been running the streets, after dark, each night to keep myself in trim. I flipped the Balisong around most evenings to relieve the boredom - actually managed to nick myself the other night; first time that had happened since I was eleven! Other times I just sat there and cried; I just could not stop it. I felt complete despair. I needed to kill someone, go back to my predatory ways; it would help alleviate the despair, channel the rage and anger elsewhere.

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It was dark.

I went out wearing black combat style trousers, a black shirt, boots, and a dark purple hooded top. I had fashioned a mask, very similar to that which I had worn when I was eleven. I left via the window and I headed towards what, for me, would be Chicago's more pleasurable areas. It did not take long to find a target; the cunt was busy raping a woman in an alley. He never knew what hit him, as

I drew the Balisong across his throat, from behind, and soaked the woman, below, in blood.

"Go!" I snarled at the woman who screamed and ran.

I searched the body and found a nice Glock 26 automatic pistol. It was small and compact, a nine-millimetre. The magazine currently held six rounds instead of the usual ten. It wasn't the newest model and not in the greatest condition, but I would give it a good clean and it should be fine. I would need to find some more rounds, though, but it was a very common calibre so that should not be much of a problem. I wiped the Balisong on the man's clothes and folded it, before returning it to my pocket. I also found a decent sized roll of cash on him which found a new home in my pocket. I briefly looked for any obvious blood on my clothes but could not see any. I left the alley quickly after that.

I made my way back to my room, quickly but via a roundabout route and had a shower. I checked my clothes, again, and myself for blood - all appeared okay. I counted the cash - over twelve hundred dollars which was not bad for a night out. I then lay in my skanky bed and thought about my life to that point and I tried not to think about New York and Dave.

Dave.

I could not believe that he was eight hundred miles away - might as well have been a million.

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