

Day 57

Chicago

It was not until two nights, and many hours of searching later, that I was finally able to find Mindy again.

Unfortunately, it did not go well, nor was it the meeting up that I had had in mind. I had heard the shouting from the other end of the darkened alley as I was checking out yet another dark and smelly alley or which Chicago had hundreds, if not thousands.

It had been Mindy's 'Hit Girl' voice.

"You fucking cocksuckers! Get the fuck off of me! I'll fucking. . ."

She was in trouble!

I ran towards her voice as fast as I could. As I came around a dumpster I could make out three dark shapes rolling about the alley floor and I figured that the smallest of the three was Mindy - unfortunately, she was at the bottom of the pile! I ran in and kicked the top man in the kidney with my boot, before throwing him against the alley wall where he collapsed, unconscious. I grabbed the next man and pounded his face against the concrete floor of the alley until the concrete started to turn red, only then did I finally let him go.

I turned to face the person in the final layer only to find Mindy glaring up at me, ready to pounce at this new assailant - me. The moonlight glinted, momentarily, across her face. I *knew* it was her; despite the mask and clothing, I would recognise those adorable green eyes anywhere. There was a brief flash of recognition in those eyes and then she scrambled to her feet.

"What the fuck do you want? I don't need your fucking help, cunt! I was managing those fuckers!" she growled at me in feral anger.

Every word stung me. What the hell, had gotten into her?

"Mindy, are you okay?" I asked, feeling a surge of happiness that I had found Mindy and that I was finally able to talk with her.

"Yeah, Dave, everything's *fucking* peachy!" Mindy retorted angrily and the happiness within me started to fade.

"Can we go someplace to talk?" I asked, tentatively as I looked around the darkened alley where it felt anything but safe.

"What the *fuck* do we have to talk about?" Mindy retorted and she walked off down the alley while I just stood there; I was stunned at her behaviour. "Well, are you fucking coming, or are you just gonna stand there looking like a dick?"

Not even a smirk, no emotion. I followed her, thoughts racing through my mind with one at the foremost: 'this was *not my* Mindy!' This was an older version of the vicious little girl that I had first met, years before, just after her Daddy had died. I followed Mindy through various alleyways, until we came to a shitty-looking building where she climbed two floors up a dodgy-looking fire escape and then levered open a window, before jumping through. I followed her up and then through the window.

After stepping through, I closed the window and the blinds before turning towards Mindy.

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Mindy flipped the main light on.

She looked a fucking mess - nothing else came to mind. Her clothes were covered in grime as well as dried blood. She pulled off the hooded top and her mask. Her face looked just the same as I remembered it but she was now a brunette, instead of her beautiful blonde colour.

"Had a good fucking look?" Mindy snapped.

Again, no emotion. I pulled off my mask and I smiled at her. She *did not* smile back.

"I missed you, Mindy," I began and I took a step towards her; Mindy stepped back, away from me, like I was somebody to be avoided.

"I missed you, too, Dave. But that's in the *fucking* past!" Mindy said and this time I heard a slight crack in her voice.

My Mindy was in there, somewhere; there was still hope.

"What the *fuck* are you doing here, anyways?" Mindy demanded nastily. "How did you *fucking* find me? If you found me then *fucking* anybody can!"

That fucking stung!

"Mindy . . . I came to Chicago looking for *you*. I found out you were here; I was told about your Ducati being seized and I found your apartment. I've been searching Chicago for two weeks . . . looking for you," I explained calmly - even though I was feeling angry.

"Why the *fuck* would you want to come after *me*?" Mindy retorted like I was some demented idiot. "I'm a fucking *fugitive*, Dave!"

"Cut the crap, Mindy!" I snapped - she was really starting to piss me off now. "You fucking *know* why I came after you; I fucking care about what happens to you."

"Nobody fucking cares about me!" Mindy yelled back at me. "It was your fucking fault. You were the reason that I had to leave New York. It was your fucking fault my Daddy died. Just fucking stay away from me!"

I snapped - she had crossed the line.

"Okay, I can take it," I retorted. "Throw all the shit at Dave; just like you always *fucking* do! Why the *fuck* did I put up with you and your crap? I let you beat the crap outta me for fucking weeks! I am beginning to wish that I had never *fucking* met you, Mindy Macready. I have wasted way too much of my fucking life on you. Maybe I should have left you, cowering, in that fucking kitchen cupboard and let you be blown the hell up! You want to be a psychotic, bad-ass bitch, then good luck to you; have a nice *fucking* life!"

I turned towards the window, angrier than I had ever felt.

I tried to reply, but I couldn't.

My throat had gone dry. I watched as he pulled back the blinds, threw open the window and then . . . he was gone. I started shaking and I mean shaking; I'd never felt like that way before: I was scared. Why the fuck did I shout at Dave? Dave was the only person that I had left; but now he was gone.

Well done, Mindy, that was your best fucking decision yet! You stupid, fucking bitch! I lay on the bed and I cried and cried. I could not stop shaking or crying. Fuck the bastard; if he was gonna abandon me, too, then I did not fucking need him.

I'd survived so far, on my own.

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