

Author's Note: *Okay! I am creating more chapters for this story. I only have a very vague idea, at this point, of where I want to go for the moment, so we shall see how things go. I will also be updating and correcting the previous eight chapters, to bring them up to a good standard. Anyway, please read on. . .*

Day 64

Chicago

Thursday

My head was pounding.

However, the pain in my side was even worse. I was alone, again; Dave had left, yesterday, to head back to New York. He was going to see what the current position was, concerning 'Mindy Macready'. Dave had promised to return by the weekend. Until then he had made me promise to stay in my crappy room and rest, to let the wound heal. I fully intended to do exactly as I was told.

For once!

New York City

It had taken a day or two to perform a thorough-ish reconnaissance of Marcus, to ensure that he was not being followed or watched.

I thought it best that I visit as Kick-Ass so if I were seen, nobody would know that 'Dave' had visited. The idea was to protect both me, as well as Marcus. It was late at night. Marcus had returned home at around ten o'clock that evening as I watched from a convenient, but cold, hiding place. Marcus was alone, as usual. I had crept to the side door and silently opened it using a key that Mindy had given me. The Kitchen was empty. As I moved through the kitchen, I could see Marcus sitting in an easy chair, in the living room.

I placed a hand on Marcus' right shoulder; he jumped.

"Don't move Marcus. Just listen."

I spoke with a slight growl. Not quite as good as Hit Girl's growl, though - I needed more practice. I took my hand away from his shoulder and he turned to look at me.

"Kick-Ass! Err . . . Dave! What are you doing here?" He was astonished but he seemed relieved that it was me.

"I am here as Kick-Ass for our protection. Now, don't ask any questions," I directed. "I need to know what the current situation is, concerning Mindy."

Marcus paused to gather his thoughts.

"Simple! She is a wanted felon. She appears on the streets of Manhattan and she will be arrested. There is nothing I can do to prevent it! I'm not being investigated, not anymore; it was my gun but I had been injured in the explosion. Although, most importantly, nobody links Mindy to being Hit Girl," Marcus explained. "I won't turn her in, if that's what you might be thinking."

"Okay. Therefore, Mindy is still wanted but nobody knows her connection to Hit Girl. She can't come back to New York," I stated simply.

"Have you seen her? Do you know where she is?" Marcus asked, with genuine concern.

"Yes. She is okay; I managed to get through her mental state. I got through to the girl underneath. Marcus, she was shot. But she's okay - I treated the wound; it was only a scratch. I need her and I'm going back, to be with her." Marcus did not appear too happy at that last sentence. "I love her, you know, and I *will* protect her. I will bring her back, but *only* when I know that she will be safe in New York City. Till then, we stay in Chicago, at least for now."

Marcus turned away as he took a deep breath and just said, "Please, just keep her safe. You know . . . She will be sixteen in two weeks. On the 3rd."

I had not known that her birthday was coming up, Mindy had always refused to tell me the date.

"I will always keep her safe, Marcus, always!" I promised.

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I made a detour via Safehouse C, where I collected a large amount of cash and some weapons, including Hit Girl's trusty, and very lethal, bō-staff. Marcus had also given me a case of Mindy's clothes. I had already arranged to put my Dad's house up for sale and that would be taken care of while I was in Chicago. I started driving back to Chicago, that night. I would stay in a motel, when I was too tired and I hoped to get to Mindy by Friday evening.

I had booked us both in, for a few nights, at a decent hotel in Chicago. Mindy could not stay in that shithole, where she was now. We would need to look for an apartment to buy or rent. I intended to stay with Mindy and support her, as she healed, both mentally and physically.

I did not care how long it took; I would stay with her.

Chicago

I was really starting to miss Dave.

My mind was still reeling from the things he had said to me. I really did not know what had caused me to go so mentally bad. The solitude was getting to me again, but I knew that Dave would be back with me very soon. I trusted him. Until then I had my Hit Girl costume to help keep me sane. Every time I touched it, I remembered what Dave had said: *`. . . Mistakes this girl would never have fucking made!'* and that helped me, inside.

I noticed that I needed to get some more hair dye as blonde roots were starting to appear; I was happy to stay as a brunette for the moment. What would I do, if I could not go back to New York? I would be alone again; maybe Dave would visit. Then a thought hit me: I suppose I could be Hit Girl in Chicago; I would need to learn the City, though - but I was well on the way with that.

I knew New York really well, as I had grown up there.

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