

Two days later
Monday, May 30th

North Park Elementary School

"It was really awesome – her swimsuit was perfect."

"We noticed you staring at her all afternoon, Jackson," Ali commented with a roll of her eyes.

"He was lucky he was in the pool, nobody noticed the drooling!" Craig.

"I was *not* drooling!"

"Yes, you were," Katy reminded the blushing boy. "Your eyes were fixed on Stephanie's chest and other places."

"I..."

"Shh!" Craig hissed. "She's here..."

Stephanie sat down at her desk and glared at Jackson.

"Not . . . one . . . word!" she ordered.

"He loved your swimsuit – couldn't stop talking about it," Katy laughed.

"He wanted to know what you looked like out of it..." Craig said.

"You what!" Stephanie growled at Jackson.

"Stephanie enjoyed you watching her, Jackson," Anne-Marie commented loudly as she walked past the open door to the classroom.

Stephanie's eyes went wide and her face exploded into a deep pink hue.

"You're dead, girl!" Stephanie yelled after the giggling eight-year-old as she bolted.

That same time
Lake View High School

"Ethan, you were a fucking animal on Saturday," Mike Taylor pointed out to his friend.

"I was *not*!"

"Come on, Ethan, you had your hands all over Saoirse," Morgan reminded the almost sixteen-year-old.

"She wasn't exactly complaining," Ethan threw back.

"She's a junior, too," Chloe commented.

"Was there any part of her body you *didn't* touch?" Avery asked.

"Yeah," Ethan replied as his face turned very red. "She said, and I quote, 'touch my snatch and I break your fucking fingers'."

Everybody laughed at that.

“Any comments on her body?” Riley enquired with a grin.

“Her boobs are bigger than yours,” Ethan replied.

“Hey!” Riley retorted in an annoyed tone.

“Don’t feel bad, Riley,” Chloe offered. “Everybody’s boobs are bigger than yours!”

There was more laughter and Riley scowled.

Chicago University

“You waiting for her again, cuz?”

“Yeah – I’ll catch you later, Adora.”

I hoped she would be there... The wait was worth it as the all black 2015 Kawasaki Ninja 1000 ABS swept into the parking lot. It came to a swift halt a few yards from where I stood. The lady astride the beautiful machine swung a leg over the frame and removed her helmet. She shook out her below shoulder-length brown hair and stuffed her helmet into the right-hand pannier.

“Hi,” I offered as she walked past me.

“Hi, yourself.”

She smiled.

“I’m Adam Stockdale.”

“Hailee Richards.”

That afternoon

D-JAK

We were having some down time and I was spending some quality time down at D-JAK Prime.

It was great just to be able to work through my aches and pains with some Taekwondo or some Aikido. As was usual when I performed, I had an audience. Okay, my Gi was showing off my curves and there were several teenage boys who tried to get a good look at my nether regions. A few back flips usually had some of the older boys drooling...

“You are so awful, Mindy!” Paige laughed as she enjoyed a day of freedom while Cathy was looking after little Damon.

“It brings in the custom...” I reasoned as I drank some cold water.

“Mommy, mommy!”

I turned to see Anne-Marie running towards me; her face lit up with an enormous smile.

“I did it!”

I waited patiently for the rest of the explanation – it was like waiting for a grenade to explode...

“I did my first backflip!”

“Wow!” I replied and I was genuinely impressed.

I knew from personal experience how hard a backflip was to do. I was physically dragged by the eight-year-old over to the corner where I found Hailee and Saoirse. They both grinned at me and I stood to one side while Anne-Marie took up position on the mat and she looked over at me; I nodded and she took a deep breath...

The young girl was very flexible and she demonstrated this by performing a passable standing backflip in which she cleared the mat and only her feet touched down again. I clapped and so did many of the watching parents. Anne-Marie went pink and bowed to everybody. Then she turned to me.

“Your turn, Mom...”

She knew I found it really difficult to turn down a challenge and I had also warned her about getting me to show off my Hit Girl skills in public while I was Mindy Lizewski. Nevertheless, I had performed my patented backflip at D-JAK before. I decided to add something more to the movement and I did something that I had not done in many years. I took off at a run, directly at the wall and with a perfectly timed jump followed by two steady paces, I ran *up* the wall and flipped over backwards before I performed an added twist and landed back on my feet to face the astonished Anne-Marie.

Behind my stunned daughter, several of my male fans broke into raging cheers and I felt my face get very warm.

“Not bad, girl!” Saoirse commented and Hailee nodded her own approval.

Not to be outdone, my two black belt instructors began a routine to show off their own fighting skills as they tried to outdo each other and put the other down hard. The boys and girls loved it and so did the parents, especially the few dads present...

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Anne-Marie, with the assistance of her big sister, showed off what else she had learnt over her months at D-JAK. Stephanie walked towards her younger sister, a soft plastic training knife in her right hand. As she came closer to Anne-Marie, the younger girl took up a fighting stance and when Stephanie made to ‘stab’ her sister, Anne-Marie expertly disarmed the bigger girl and we all heard the air forced out of Stephanie’s lungs when she hit the mat. The sprightly Anne-Marie bowed and curtsied to the cheering watchers – she loved the attention. She then proceeded to put her brother down as he picked up the same knife and tried to attack his sister while she was busy with her adoring crowd.

Stephanie had, meantime, jumped back to her feet and she made her way towards Chloe who was talking to several kids about self-protection techniques. Stephanie’s approach was perfect but Chloe had developed an awesome sixth sense that made Shadow a considerably more dangerous opponent. There in D-JAK, though, she would not kill her assailant but still, Stephanie found herself landing flat on her face as Chloe deftly kicked the younger girl’s feet out from under her and without missing a beat, she went back to her instruction.

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Stephanie was not beaten – she rarely was.

"I need a volunteer," she called out as she studied some of the kids that had come in for a look.
"Anybody think they can take me?"

The challenge was taken up by a tall girl with long blonde hair. She wore a blouse, loose jeans and sneakers.

"Who are you?" Stephanie asked.

"My name is Kelly..."

"Age?"

"Seventeen..."

I watched as Stephanie grinned. They both took up a fighting stance – the girl obviously had some skills and I saw her eyes focus on Stephanie. Quick as a flash, Stephanie moved and put the much older girl down on the mat with her knee across Kelly's throat.

"Not bad . . . but you've left yourself open..." Kelly said as she twisted and wrapped her leg around Stephanie's neck.

Stephanie instantly realised her mistake and tried to correct her error but to no avail as for about the third time that afternoon, she hit the mat rather hard.

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I noticed a tall woman who watched Kelly intently; she seemed far too young to be the girl's mother, she was about my age – a sister maybe? I walked over to her.

"Your sister?"

"Yes, Kelly is my younger sister. My name is Katrina, Katrina Wright."

The woman had long, flowing black hair and she had piercing eyes that seemed to radiate superiority as she looked down at me.

"Mindy, Mindy Lizewski," I said as I offered my hand.

"Good to meet you, Mindy Lizewski."

"Your sister is skilled. Where did she learn?"

"From me. Our parents died some time ago and I have taught her to be self-reliant."

"I applaud you for that decision," I replied.

"If you'll excuse us, we have another appointment..."

"We look forward to seeing you both again, sometime."

I watched as the two young women left. For some reason which I could not explain, I felt a nagging worry about the elder one.

That night

Glenview

“Why is it,” Dave enquired of his eldest daughter as he observed the food around her mouth, “no matter what you eat, you still manage to get a good deal of it on your face and even some down your front?”

“I don’t...” Stephanie began.

“Maybe we should have her eat naked – then we can just throw her in the bath rather than having to try and get the stains out of her clothes,” Mindy suggested.

Stephanie scowled – Anne-Marie and Danny laughed.

“Little Lady doesn’t like that idea,” Dave chuckled.

“I am *not* little...” Stephanie retorted.

“...Nor a lady,” Danny added.

“Good one, Danny!” Anne-Marie laughed.

While Stephanie glared at her younger siblings, Dave attacked her with a wet-wipe. Stephanie fought but Dave was stronger and two seconds later, Dave released a now much cleaner-faced Stephanie.

“Well,” Anne-Marie teased, “that must have been humiliating for you.”

“Well,” Dave threw in, “you’re about to find out just *how* humiliating.”

Dave then attacked Anne-Marie’s face with another wet-wipe. When he had finished the much cleaner Anne-Marie glowered at Stephanie who just glowered back.

“Dad, may I have a wipe too, please?”

“Of course, Daniel,” Dave replied as he passed a fresh one over.

The two girls looked up at Dave and then at Danny while their mouths hung open.

“What?” Danny asked. “I’m old enough to wipe my own face . . . unlike you two little girls.”

The looks Danny received were anything but friendly.

There was one downside to the puppies being house-trained.

We allowed them to wander around the house while we were home and that meant that I could be sitting on the toilet taking a pee when a muzzle would appear around the door – and *not* the muzzle that I was used to, either. The muzzle was usually furry and belonged to a rather ungainly young pup which tended to be Kiara or Razor. I had no real problem with them coming to visit – they would just sit there and stare, tongues hanging out – but I hated to have an audience while I peed.

More than once I had found no toilet paper on the holder and then subsequently discovered miles of it running around the house – that had usually resulted in a major telling off for the unfortunate culprit who was usually found half-buried in Andrex. If it were Razor, then Stephanie gained the unenviable job of putting the toilet paper *back* onto the roll – which usually resulted in Razor sulking even more because Stephanie would glower at him for the rest of the day!

It was also getting annoyingly regular to be taking a shower and then to find yourself with a pup or two at your feet, enjoying the rushing water; they all loved water and none of them would pass up

any chance to get wet. Once, I had ended up with all seven in the shower with me, which was a squeeze, even in our giant shower! Effort was made to dissuade them as they grew, but they were very mischievous, especially Kiara who appeared to be the ring leader of any uprising.

It was almost time for the relevant pups to go to their respective homes. Hope would go to Marty and Kim. Josie would join Hailee. Piper would annoy Megan. Hercules would join Chloe and Joshua in their apartment – maybe they might just need a bigger place. Layla would make her home with Abby.

That would just leave us with four pets: Sophia, Kiara, Razor, and Horatio.

Later that night

“You playing with your pussy, again?”

“I find it relaxing,” Mindy replied with a grin at the innuendo as her finger moved gently and rhythmically.

“I like stroking pussies, too.”

“This one is softer and he purrs really loudly.”

“He’s got sharp claws, too.”

“Only when he wants to play – or you make him mad.”

“Well, I prefer my pussies to be moist...”

Mindy picked up Horatio and headed out of the living room.

“Time for little man to go to bed and then you can play with my other pussy.”

Tuesday, May 31st

Evening

Central Chicago

“You two have fun now. I’ll be back about eight-thirty.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Brad called out as he helped his date out of the Jeep SUV.

“Your Dad’s nice.”

“Thanks, Lauren.”

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Two hours later, the two kids came out of the cinema hand-in-hand. They had enjoyed pizza and a movie. It was very close to the time when Brad’s father would arrive to collect them and take them home. It had been a first for them both and very special to boot. Brad leant in and gave Lauren a swift peck on the cheek. Lauren blushed and she was about to return the sentiment when somebody shouted from very close by.

“What the bloody hell are you doing with my daughter?”

The yell came out of nowhere and Brad spun around very confused. He was instantly accosted by an angry looking man who pushed him back against the wall of the cinema. Lauren's eyes went wide for a moment before they narrowed.

"What do *want*, Dad?" she demanded.

"I want to know what the fuck you are doing with a *boy*? You're still thirteen, right?"

"You don't even know how old I am!" Lauren thundered back derisively. "Why can't you just stay out of my life?"

"You and Lizzie are my daughters and I care..."

"*Care!*" Lauren retorted angrily. "You don't *care* about us, or Mom."

"Well, she ain't exactly doing a good job if she lets you run around like a common hussy."

Brad jumped in to defend Lauren.

"Don't talk about Lauren like that."

Bill Edwards turned on the almost-thirteen-year-old boy and he raised his right hand...

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The next few seconds were a blur for the man as his world seemed to rotate and then he found the hard concrete of the ground rushing towards him. He screamed in pain as his face hit the concrete and as he rolled onto his back, he looked up into the very angry face of his teenage daughter.

"What the hell?" he spat out as he got back to his feet a little shakily.

He had not taken more than two steps when he again hit concrete. Only it was the wall of the cinema as Bill Edwards felt cold steel on his left wrist as it was yanked behind him. He felt the same cold steel on his right wrist as he was secured and pushed down to the ground.

A very angry Sergeant Paul Murphy glared down at the man with blood on his face.

Chicago Police Department
District 21
Chicago

Sergeant Trudy Platt looked up as Murphy entered the precinct with a perp in cuffs.

"Thought it was your night off, Paul?" she queried as she took in the two kids, one of whom was Murphy's teenage son.

"Took my son and his girl to the movies – this asshole interfered," Paul explained.

"Was all that blood you, Paul?"

"It was me," the young girl replied. "He's my father and he went to hit Brad."

"Lauren put him down like he was nothing!" Brad commented.

"He is nothing – nothing to me," Lauren growled angrily.

The following morning
Wednesday, June 1st

North Park Elementary School

The door to the classroom burst open.

It was Jackson. Stephanie was about to comment about being disturbed during recess when she saw Jackson's worried expression.

"Steph, some quick – it's your sister!"

Stephanie bolted up from her seat and she left a confused Katy and Ali in her wake as she ran out of the room. She was quickly joined by an anxious-faced Megan. Jackson led them both to a classroom on the first floor and he stopped just inside the door. They had heard the crying and muted screams as they approached the classroom. The source was Anne-Marie and she lay on the floor in obvious pain. Tears streamed down her face as a teacher inspected her left arm which for some reason did not look right.

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Stephanie and Megan both zeroed in on a young boy of eight who looked very guilty.

The boy also looked *very* scared as the two girls, both of whom were not just older but well-known for their tendency towards violence, moved towards him. He had hurt their sister/aunt and he knew that he was in *big* trouble. They were rapidly intercepted by Danny who stopped them in their vengeful tracks.

"Not his fault!" Danny said quickly. "Silly bitch was messing about and she fell – her fault, one hundred percent."

Megan did not look convinced, but neither she nor Stephanie continued their advance on the unfortunate boy.

An hour later

Northwestern Memorial Hospital

"Nothing bad, Mindy," Cathy offered soothingly.

"What were you doing?" Mindy demanded of her youngest daughter.

Anne-Marie knew that she was in trouble and she just stared at the floor as Cathy studied the X-Rays of her left forearm. The arm was very painful but nowhere near as painful as it had been an hour previously. The painkillers had taken care of that.

"Well?"

"I fell."

"Doing what?"

"Nothing."

“Do you think I enjoy receiving phone calls from Principals saying that my child has been hurt?”
Mindy’s tone dictated the correct answer.

“No.”

“Tell me the truth.”

“I was showing off,” the eight-year-old muttered as she sobbed.

“I can’t hear you.”

“I was showing off and I tried a cartwheel. It worked fine the first time, but then I misjudged it and I fell against the teacher’s desk...”

The sobbing then got worse and Mindy finally relented as she hugged the distraught little girl.

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“It’s a simple fracture and we can realign it easily. A cast will keep it secure until it heals fully. She’s young, Mindy, so don’t worry about any future problems.”

“How long?”

“Could be six weeks in total – say three in the cast and then three weeks for the arm to regain its strength.”

Once the arm was aligned securely, Cathy wrapped several layers of soft cotton over the lower arm. A little extra padding was applied around the thumb and then the outer layers were added. This was pink-coloured fibreglass and it was applied from just below the elbow all the way past the thumb to the knuckles of Anne-Marie’s left hand. A thick cloth was wrapped around the cast to assist with the setting of the fibreglass.

Half an hour later, Anne-Marie was ready to leave the hospital.