

Saturday, June 4th, 2016

That Night

Up until that point in my life, I had never actually laid hands on the body of a naked girl, at least not the more private parts.

Now, I was standing completely naked and facing another equally naked thirteen-year-old. She was about the same height as me, with a similar figure. Neither of us had much to see on our bodies; our breasts were minimal, to say the least, and down below there was only a sparse amount of dark pubic hair.

Sarah seemed very nervous and I assumed I must have looked the same but we both knew that neither of us had any choice in what we were about to do. Tentatively, I reached out and touched her stomach – Sarah almost jumped back but she smiled – her skin was silky smooth and very soft to the touch. Sarah reached out with her own hand and she touched my left nipple – it was *my* turn to jump; nobody had *ever* touched me there.

I heard approving murmurs from the rapt audience to my left.

I allowed the sensations to wash over me and I moved my hand up *her* body to *her* left nipple and I gently caressed the tip with my thumb and forefinger – Sarah groaned and she let out a barely stifled moan.

Glen Oak Drive

I came awake with a start from a decidedly lurid dream.

As I lay there and walked my way through what I could remember of the dream, my hands wandered and I found that my knickers were soaked. I always thought that it was only boys who had wet dreams but there I was: I had had a dream and I was most definitely very wet...

I began to play with myself and I found that I was very aroused, which explained certain things. Then I heard my door open and somebody pad across the carpet – the silhouette was familiar. I yanked my hand out of my knickers and I sat up in the bed.

“SD?”

“Morgan?”

“I heard you scream out and thought that something might be wrong,” my big sister explained as she sat on the end of my bed.

“It was a nightmare...”

“Like hell it was!” Morgan retorted. “That was *not* a scared scream – more like an ‘I’ve just had the time of my life’ scream.”

“Christ!” I growled. “I was dreaming about Sarah and our whatever together...”

“SD...”

“What is it, Morgan?”

“You’ve been with a boy, yes?”

“Yeah, I’m no virgin.”

“What’s it like...?”

“Huh – you’ve never been with a boy?” I asked a bit surprised.

“Well, you know about what happened when I was twelve...”

“Yes, you told me...”

I had never paid much attention to it but it now started to fit in. Morgan never changed in front of anybody and I had never seen her in anything less than fully clothed.

“I want to be able to . . . you know...”

“Lie with a boy and have sex?”

“Yeah...”

Morgan’s voice trailed off into an embarrassed silence.

“You want me to help?” I asked.

“I know this is asking a lot but could you help me . . . get used to...”

“You want me to have sex with you?” I asked, slightly incredulous.

“Not exactly; just help me be comfortable with my body...?”

I thought about it and came to a decision.

“Okay – go close the door and you’d better lock it...”

Morgan did so and she walked back over to the bed. I was able to see her by the light of the moon that filtered in through the windows.

“Just stand there and close your eyes...”

Morgan was wearing pyjamas as usual – me, I just wore an overlarge T-shirt and knickers. I sat on the edge of the bed and I gently pulled Morgan towards me – she was so nervous that she was shaking. I gently lifted up her pyjama top and raised it up her body.

“You’re gonna have to lift your arms...”

“Sorry...”

I stood to remove the pyjama top and sat back down again. Morgan covered her breasts with her arms. I coughed and she shyly moved her arms back to her sides. Morgan had a pair of nicely formed breasts, probably a B-cup and her nipples were sticking out from the dark areolas that surrounded them.

Next, I pulled down her pyjama pants and let them fall to the floor where Morgan stepped out of them. The only item that remained on her body were her knickers. I gently eased them down and they followed the pyjama pants. I stopped in surprise once her pubic hair was revealed.

“Morgan – do you dye your hair?” I asked as I noticed the blonde pubic hair which was the total opposite to that on her head.

“Err, yeah, I do – I started doing it when I was eleven; I was going through a strange time and after the attack...”

“You’d look better as a blonde you know...”

“You sure?”

Morgan did not sound too convinced.

“What have you got to lose?” I countered reasonably.

..._...

I reached up and with a single finger-tip, I touched her left nipple... She jumped a fucking mile and then she giggled as she quickly regained her composure. I tried not to laugh.

“This is ridiculous – I’m standing here in your bedroom stark naked and...”

“Hold on...”

I quickly pulled my T-shirt over my head and shoved my still damp knickers to the floor. I wrapped my arms around Morgan and I hugged her.

“That better?” I asked tentatively and I felt her warmth engulf me as she noticeably relaxed – slightly.

“Your nipples are poking me...” Morgan commented with another giggle.

Then she shocked me as she kissed me on the lips. In the darkness, I had no need to see that she was blushing; I could feel the heat which emanated from her face as she bit her lip. How far was I going to take this? How far did Morgan *want* to take this? Oh well, she had allowed me to strip her naked; maybe, metaphorically, I was stripping her of her inhibitions too...

I kept my eyes locked on Morgan’s and I moved away enough for me to look down at her breasts as her nipples touched my own. We both seemed to shudder together as if an electric charge had just flowed through us. I wondered if she was turned on by what we were doing – instead of asking her, I reached down and placed a finger against her labia and gently pushed through.

Morgan squealed and I felt her thighs instinctively come together but then she relaxed as I moved my finger through the thoroughly damp pubic hair and up to her clit... She jumped again and I heard another squeal. Okay, Morgan was a squealer!

Morgan was obviously getting into the spirit of things as she pushed me backwards and we both landed in a giggling heap on the bed.

Sunday, June 5th

“I’ve come to a conclusion,” Morgan said to her Aunt and Uncle the next morning.

“Oh, yeah,” Saoirse added. “That word, come, is very accurate!”

Morgan blushed red and glared at Saoirse who just smirked back at her elder sister. Morgan ignored Saoirse and continued.

“I’m ditching this hair and going back to my natural colour. I also want to change my ‘other name’.”

“What brought this on?” her Uncle asked.

“Saoirse. She showed me that I needed to leave the past in the past.”

“So that was what all the squealing was about,” Emily Newton chuckled and both teenagers blushed wildly.

City of Joliet

Thirty miles, south-west of Chicago

Everybody wore a mask.

But it was not a free for all – every masked person wore the same mask and the same body armour. Each man and woman in the space wore a light grey body armour that covered their head and face. Additional panels covered the upper chest, upper arms and back. Similar armour covered the lower arms while lighter armour covered the lower torso, thighs, knees, and the lower legs.

Various pistols were visible on the thighs of each warrior, each of large calibre. Many pouches were mounted for additional magazines. No heavy weapons were present but they all carried at least one knife mounted on a belt or on an ankle.

Before them stood a woman clad in very different armour. She waved one of her minions forwards. It was her way of maintaining her fitness and fighting skills as well as ensuring that her minions were fighting fit themselves. Her minions had learnt long ago that when they were fighting the boss, they had to fight the boss – there was no alternative. FEAR instilled fear within her own warriors and she maintained this by ensuring that she remained in full control of each of them.

They were a mixture of men and women; many of whom ex-military from around the world. There were ex-members of the British Army, US Army, Russian Army amongst many others. The number of warriors currently numbered sixty-five and the number was growing every day as more signed up to the mini-army that FEAR was assembling.

The army had just one, not so simple task: the downfall of *Fusion*.

That night

The night began like any other night, only it would not end as peacefully as many had before it.

It began with a routine call to the CPD. A woman was missing and she had last been seen near the abandoned silos off of I-55. Two CPD units were dispatched and the four officers began to search the darkened site. Unbeknownst to them, they were headed into an ambush. It had all been very carefully planned and executed with precision. Across the city at the very same time, SWAT was careering through north-eastern Chicago towards an armed disturbance pertaining to masked men.

Fusion were out on the streets, just as they were on most nights. Wildcat and Jackal were to the south of Chicago. Psyche and Hawk were out in *Hound*, to the west of the city. Shadow and Foxtail were entertaining the male population of northern Chicago. Hal and Raven were on duty at Safehouse F with Medic while Mist and Petra were in reserve. Hit Girl was at Safehouse K with Nightmare. Kick-Ass was on roving patrol in *Brute* with Splinter and Trojan.

The terrible tikes were with Marcus and Paige for the evening while Marty was with little Matty.

Safehouse K

“Wow!”

“Nice isn’t it,” Hit Girl replied to her Senior Trainee Operator.

“It looks almost new.”

“It is – the fucking CIA blew the place up a few months back.”

“Oh.”

“Now – it’s better than ever! Would you like a tour, Nightmare?”

“Yes, please, Hit Girl!”

Damen Silos

The ambush was sprung on the unsuspecting police officers.

Gunshots began to echo around the abandoned concrete structures as the police officers dove for cover and reported in. None of the officers were targeted directly but their rides were quickly disabled to prevent their escape. It did not take long for the upper echelons of the Chicago Police Department to discover that SWAT was miles away and they were in no position to break away any time soon.

Anyway, the disturbance seemed minor so more officers were sent...

Safehouse F

Hal studied the police radio band which was automatically transcribed on the left side of her screen.

Certain words and phrases were flagged by the computer:

‘Officers pinned down’

‘SWAT unavailable’

‘Additional support sent but pinned down too’

“Fusion, stand to!” Hal ordered over the master voice circuit.

Raven looked over.

“Trouble?”

“Looking like it.”

Raven checked the large screen with the map before she continued.

“Send in Jackal and his sidekick. Best notify her purpleness that she might be needed. Put Mist and Petra on standby.”

“Good call!” Hal replied as she began to send out orders.

Safehouse K
Lower Level

Hit Girl with Nightmare

Nightmare braced up as the radio call came in and she looked over at Hit Girl.

Hit Girl lowered her cup of coffee and pondered the information before she came to a decision.

“Let’s go for a ride.”

With that, the two vigilantes pulled on their masks and headed up to where Hit Girl’s Panigale sat with two helmets on the seat. Nightmare grinned as she grabbed her helmet. Sixty seconds later the Panigale was accelerating up South Iron Street. Their route was displayed on the inside of their visors and the information included speed. Nightmare gripped Hit Girl’s waist tighter as they passed sixty-miles-per-hour.

Hit Girl just laughed as she felt the arms tighten around her slim waist and she twisted the throttle open a bit more.

Safehouse F

“Speed freak is out of her cage...”

“She’s never obeyed a speed limit in her life; why start now?” Hal chuckled in response before studying the changing symbols on the large map displayed on the screen. “Jackal and Wildcat are two minutes out. Kick-Ass and the boys are sixty seconds behind them heading south.”

“We’re ready,” Mist called from the door with Petra peering over her shoulder.

“We’ll let Jackal decide if reinforcements are required.”

I-55

I noticed two headlights blazing behind me and then seconds later, two motorcycles roared past.

Jackal and Wildcat!

Something was going down. I floored the accelerator and followed close behind. I also thumbed the steering wheel controls and selected ‘Tony’s Pizzeria’ from the saved contacts.

“Tony’s Pizzeria, how may I help you this fine night?”

“Funny!” I growled as I recognised Abby’s voice. “What’s going down?”

“Firefight at Damon Silos – no idea how big it’s gonna get; intel is zero.”

“I’ve just been buzzed by the Kitty and her friend. I’m close behind. I’ll find a position for overwatch.”

“Copy that, Mathilda.”

Damen Silos***Jackal with Wildcat***

“Oh, wow!” Wildcat commented as she slithered to a halt a dozen yards or so from the four CPD units that blocked the access road from the overpass on South Damen Avenue. More blue flashing lights could be seen about 350 yards down 29th Street where the CPD had blocked off the street. Additional wrecked units along 29th Street showed what happened to anything which approached the abandoned silos.

“Not good...” Jackal added as he dismounted and pulled out his P90 from the rear of his Tiger 800 XCA. Beside him, Wildcat pulled out a SIG Sauer MPX-K sub-machine gun from the rear of her own Ducati.

They both studied the muzzle flashes which appeared to light up the silos in many places. They took in the six disabled CPD vehicles and the officers desperately trying to not get shot. The officers were responding to the gunfire with pistols and shotguns but they had to be low on ammunition. Both motorcycles were pointed at the action so that Hal could use their high-definition cameras to study the scene.

“We need backup!” Jackal commented as they both headed towards the action.

The officers blocking the road all stood back as the armoured vigilantes strode past.

Damen Silos***Atop the main tower***

“Boss – *Fusion* have arrived and are inbound.”

“Perfect!” came the reply over the radio.

Overwatch***Leon***

The location sucked.

I was atop the display board adjacent to South Damen Avenue. About the only good news was that I was less than four-hundred yards from the battle zone – best description for it! Part of the site was blocked from my vision by the main tower, but I could readily see the trapped officers in my night-vision scope.

Something did not seem right. Nobody was making any attempt to go after the officers. It was like the dozen officers were being herded into position – why?

West Columbia

“Fuck me!”

“Anne-Marie!”

“Sorry, Paige.”

“For an eight-year-old girl to come out with that is very bad. *Five* dollars.”

“*WHAT!*”

“Six dollars for complaining.”

“Sis – shut your trap!” Danny advised.

“Good advice!” Marcus chuckled as the young girl stuck her tongue out at her brother who just grinned.

“So, little one, what’s got *your* panties in a twist?” Paige inquired.

“They’re on the TV.”

Marcus took one look at the screen and he dove for his phone. Paige grimaced as she saw her eleven-year-old daughter clad in her combat suit running beside Jackal, a P90 in her hands. Marcus was losing his temper on the phone.

“I said let me know about anything important – I think a goddamn firefight is classified as important, don’t you?”

Paige pitied the poor individual being chewed out by her husband.

Damen Silos

Hit Girl with Nightmare

I was stunned as I came along 29th Street from the east.

Ahead of us was an array of blue flashing lights and strobes. The brief flashes as bullets erupted from muzzles. The silos were an imposing structure with the main tower which at fifteen stories was quite a size. It was the tallest structure for quite a distance and as I studied it, I got a really bad feeling about the site.

“*Fusion, Overwatch: take evasive action! Jackal, Wildcat, stay close to cover.*”

“Hit Girl!” Nightmare almost yelled from behind me. “We have enemy coming from the left.”

I looked to my left and I felt myself going cold.

“It’s a trap!” I yelled.

South Blue Island Avenue and West 19th Street

It had been a tiring evening and Ambulance 51 was a little over half a mile from Firehouse 51.

“I need a coffee and just a second to rest my aching feet,” Paramedic Sylvie Brett announced to her colleague Jimmy Borrelli.

“A coffee would really...”

“Firehouse 51, Ambulance 61. Damen and 29th. Gun battle underway.”

“You gotta be kiddin’ me!” Sylvie yelled as she hit the lights and siren while Jimmy cranked the large Ford truck around to head back the way they had come.

Overwatch

Leon

It was a worst case scenario.

Nothing could have prepared me for it. It was a classic ambush in every sense. From the ground south of the silos a dozen shapes arose. They must have been covered in heat-deadening blankets as my thermal scope had not seen them hiding. More came from beneath the underpass below South Damen Avenue just as *Hound* passed through the police cordon.

“Hit Girl, a dozen coming from the south. Maybe ten coming from the west.”

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The unknown assailants’ strategy suddenly changed dramatically.

Gunfire was now raining down on the even dozen CPD officers who were pinned down behind their bullet-riddled patrol vehicles. First one, then another, then another. Three were down and screaming out in agony.

Ambulance 61 which had been waiting patiently at the top of the road now headed in with *Hound* providing escort. ‘61’ skidded to a halt after barely a hundred yards as the front tyres were shredded by bullets fired from a medium-calibre machine gun mounted high up on the silos. The crew bailed out at the urging of Hawk and Psyche. The two paramedics, Sylvie and Jimmy, grabbed what they could of their equipment and they quickly scrambled into the armoured body shell of *Hound*.

Hawk stomped on the gas and *Hound* accelerated backwards away from the carnage.

Safehouse D

A klaxon sounded three times and the coarse sound reverberated around the Safehouse followed by the sound of Hal’s voice over a set of speakers.

“All operators! Scramble! Scramble! Scramble!”