

Sunday, June 5th, 2016

The Edwards Apartment

“Mom! It's Fusion again!”

Emily Edwards rushed through from the kitchen in response to Lizzie's yell. She went very pale as she took in the 'breaking news' announcement on the TV.

She readily recognised her eldest child diving for cover as men seemed to appear out of nowhere and open fire on Hit Girl and Nightmare – it was very clearly an ambush.

“Lizzie – you're going next door to stay with Mrs Taylor. I need to go out.”

“Mom?”

“Get your stuff together – move!”

Lizzie was more than a little stunned by her mother's behaviour but she followed instructions and ran upstairs to grab her 'stuff'.

Safehouse D

With the sound of the klaxon and Hal's announcement still echoing around the cavernous subterranean facility, Raven, Petra, Mist, and Medic ran for their transports.

Medic and Petra dived aboard *Titan* while Raven and Mist climbed inside *Iron Hide*. Both armoured vehicles accelerated out of the Safehouse and then headed east. Their occupants were desperate to get on site in time to help their comrades in arms.

Everything had gone to shit so fast.

Damen Silos

Hit Girl and Nightmare

We were in shit – again!

I yelled to Nightmare to dive to her right and I followed. I cringed at the sound of my Panigale crashing to the blacktop but we had more important problems. Bullets flew in our direction and I felt more than one bullet strike my armour. Nightmare screamed out in pain as bullets struck her own armour. It was the first battle for Nightmare and it was *far* too soon for the young vigilante. I pushed her down behind the Panigale and I began to send .40-calibre bullets towards the advancing attackers from the south.

I heard the sharp cracks of a P90 and the duller cracks of a nine-millimetre MPX. Jackal and Wildcat were engaging the attackers coming from the west.

Overwatch

Leon

I steadied my rifle and controlled my breathing.

As I squeezed the trigger, a large calibre bullet struck the billboard a few inches to my right. I rolled to my left and scanned the only high point, looking for a sniper – I saw nothing.

“Leon is compromised – they have a counter-sniper!”

It wasn't exactly difficult to find me – I was occupying the only high point, other than the silos for quite a distance. I was just lucky that their sniper was shit! I quickly packed up my kit and then scrambled down the billboard back to the ground. My SUV was parked a hundred yards away but I was seen almost the instant I hit the ground.

I drew my Beretta and opened fire the moment my prone body hit the ground.

Shadow with Foxtail

We had both been miles away when the call had come in.

Foxtail had been showing some teenage boys her curves – okay, I had allowed them to study mine too. Josh said I was an attention seeker. Maybe he was right about that. Either way, we had both been cheered as we had remounted our machines and headed southwest at speed.

The display in our visors showed *Fusion* converging on a single point in Chicago. We could hear the radio chatter as our friends were engaging some unknown enemy. We were all veterans but I knew that one of our number out that night, was not.

I worried about Nightmare.

Nightmare with Hit Girl

I had never been more frightened.

Not even during the Amber Alert and not even during the rape. Having bullets fly all around me *and hit me* – they were really, really, painful despite the combat suit. Hit Girl was doing her best to defend us both but that was not right. I was a vigilante too.

I pushed myself out from under Hit Girl and I drew my SIG Sauer pistol. Hit Girl moved away from me so we created two targets and we both advanced a few yards apart. I had thought that I was a good shot but my bullets did not seem to be doing anything. Then I realised the problem – they were wearing armour. I adjusted my aim and fired centre mass and kept firing. The man I was targeting went down under the onslaught and I quickly swapped out my magazine.

Hit Girl dropped two more before they got too close and I found myself standing side-by-side with Hit Girl against nine men.

“Remember – keep control of your surroundings. You have the skills you need.”

Hit Girl's words were soothing, despite the fact that I was fucking terrified. I prayed that I wouldn't embarrass myself. The first target came at me – faceless behind the armour. I ducked the first punch and then dodged away from the kick which followed. I kicked out and struck the man in the armoured left thigh. He barely felt my strike as he struck me in the left shoulder with his lower arm. I went down but as I went, I grabbed a hold of his armour and took him down with me.

He must have been shocked as he fell. I only had a small window to push my attack which I did.

Leon

Cops on South Damen Avenue were shooting down at the men and I was soon able to scramble back to my SUV under the covering fire.

I had to find a highpoint – a *real* high, highpoint and as I accelerated out, I noticed a flashing red light, many feet in the air about a kilometre or so to the east. I pushed the needle way past eighty as I took turns on two wheels.

I skidded to a halt beside my destination, gathered my equipment and I began to climb.

Foxtail with Shadow

It was a full-scale battle.

The enemy appeared formidable and they were clad in body armour from head to toe. As we came up 29th, I noticed a fight underway to our left. Hit Girl and Nightmare. They were up to their necks in it. I saw Nightmare go down with one of the armour-clad attackers and two others making directly for the thirteen-year-old vigilante. I jumped the curb on my Aprilia Caponord and dived off the machine as it cannoned into the two men. I rolled and came back up instantly, a pistol in each hand. Both cunts were double-tapped to the head and I ran over to Nightmare.

I had to pull the girl off the corpse. She had stabbed the man in the neck beneath his face mask – and she had continued to stab him.

“He’s dead, Nightmare – take some of that anger and dish it out on the other cunts,” I advised the angry girl. Nightmare nodded and she ran beside me as we made for another pair of cunts.

Shadow joined up with Hit Girl and the pair went hand-to-hand in close quarters combat.

South Damen

As *Iron Hide* pulled up at the CPD roadblock, it was waved through and then met by Kick-Ass who immediately jumped up into the flatbed where he spun up the mini-gun.

Splinter, Trojan, Psyche, and Medic loaded medical supplies into *Titan*. Along with the two paramedics, Hawk drove the armoured truck towards the action with Kick-Ass, on the back of *Iron Hide* providing covering fire with the mini-gun as Mist drove. Raven and Petra provided reconnaissance of the area looking for any more ambushes.

Titan came under fire almost immediately, despite Kick-Ass sending a stream of bullets towards the twinkling muzzle flashes.

Titan

I was silently shitting myself.

We were both wearing body armour provided by the CPD but I was still worried despite our heavily armed escort. At least three members of the escort were kids – that was obvious. I tried to focus on

the task ahead. There were wounded officers awaiting our medical help. Having '61' blasted out from under us had been one hell of a shock – even in Chicago. It was not unknown for emergency vehicles to come under fire, but this was just ridiculous!

I screamed as we bounced over something with a bang and more and more bullets struck the side of the monster truck. I looked over at my partner, Jimmy – he looked scared too.

“Twenty seconds!” came a shout from the front.

I closed my eyes and I took a deep breath as we entered the silo site and the gunfire became more intense. I felt a hand on mine and I looked up to see a young girl grinning at me from behind her mask.

“Stick with us – you’ll be fine.”

I looked to my other side and I saw another kid, this one a boy, with an armoured shield held ready. Jimmy had his own escort and he looked very apprehensive as the truck swung to the left and then lurched to a stop. The rear hatch was opened and the noise and stench of battle entered our armoured citadel.

Wildcat with Jackal

I was scared.

Anybody would be – expect maybe for Hit Girl and Psyche; they just weren’t wired right. I was very glad to have Jackal close by. I always felt safe with him close to me. Mind you, with all the bullets flying in every which direction, it was only a matter of time. We had done our best to cover the stranded CPD officers but three were in a bad way and my back was bruised to fuck with crawling to help one of the wounded officers. The bullets had rained down during the few seconds that I had been out in the open.

“Titan inbound – thirty seconds...”

You could hear the enormous diesel engine as the truck sped towards us. Then the diesel was drowned out by the chainsaw sound of Kick-Ass’ M134 mini-gun on *Iron Hide*. The stream of bullets was aimed upwards at the tops of the silos which was where most the gunmen were located. Naturally, Kick-Ass drew much of the fire which spared *Titan* and its precious cargo.

Titan slithered to a halt in the mud and the rear hatch opened. First out was Psyche and Trojan with a paramedic close behind. They each dived down into cover and made for the nearest wounded officer. Next out were Splinter and Hawk, followed by another paramedic and Medic. Each vigilante had a ballistic shield to provide cover for the paramedics as they worked.

It was not easy for the three medics to work in the appalling conditions but there was no choice. I heard a loud supersonic crack, then another, followed by two bodies which dropped from the top of the silos.

“Overwatch is back in play!”

Overwatch ***Leon***

The climb had been a killer, but there I was, almost three hundred feet in the air.

The tower crane was in the perfect position for me to rain lead down on the bastards. I had to support the medical evacuation of the wounded personnel and then we could get down to what *Fusion* did best.

“Not bad,” Medic commented over the comms. “Kind of reminds me of that old song: ‘It’s Raining Men’!”

The Silos

“You’re showing your age, ma’am!” Sylvie laughed as she finished patching up the last officer.

Medic chuckled and advised Hal that they were ready to move. Sylvie and Jimmy each took hold of an injured officer while Hawk grabbed the third. As Sylvie followed last, Medic caught sight of movement and turned to face an armour-clad man. Sylvie froze as the man brought his pistol up and three loud bangs rang out.

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The man fell to the ground as Medic lowered her own pistol.

“Let’s move people!”

Once the injured were aboard *Titan* with the paramedics, the other officers were brought in behind the shields and armour of the vigilantes. Unsurprisingly, they were all mightily relieved to be in relative safety. Once the last person was aboard *Titan*, Hawk pulled away.

Splinter, Psyche, Jackal, and Wildcat remained behind ready for the main assault.

Hit Girl with Shadow

The men were almost gone as we put down the last few with coordinated strikes.

As well as fighting our own targets, we had to provide cover for Nightmare – the attack was way beyond anything that she was prepared for. Foxtail was using our attacks to disengage herself and Nightmare but between them they still managed to put down three more men. Next, we had to join up with the rest of the team so that we could form a coordinated attack on the silos.

“CPD is clear!”

I was never so happy to hear those words from Hal. I had heard the roar of *Titan’s* engine. It meant that all non-combatants were out of the combat zone and presumably safe.

Nightmare with Foxtail

I had never been so scared, but I had never felt so alive.

Adrenalin coursed through me and I wasted no time thinking about whom I might have killed. My knife dripped blood as I slashed at anything that came within reach. Foxtail had her beautiful butterfly swords out and she used them to devastating effect. Her fighting style was . . . ferocious, I

suppose. The men did not seem to stand a chance as she dissected them the moment they came within reach. I felt a yearning to be as good as her – one day.

Those men had wanted to hurt me; they had wanted to kill me. They deserved no quarter and I gave them none.

Hit Girl

With the first attack thwarted, we joined up with Jackal, Wildcat, Psyche, and Splinter.

I was very pleased to see that they were all still alive. Everyone was tired, but they still had plenty of fight left in them. Psyche gave me a very reassuring smile as I studied each one of them for injuries. Just as I hoped that we might just have a simple assault up the silos, Wildcat yelled out a warning. There was a roar of sound as more cunts came out from the base of the silos yelling at the tops of their voices. Another roar and *more* cunts came from the left where a corrugated iron shed had kept them out of sight.

Fear, it seemed, had more fun laid on for us.

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Kick-Ass was occupied with his monster gun as he kept the heavy weapons sited on the silos off us. Leon was dropping cunts that she could target, but most were now out of her range of vision.

“Wildcat, Psyche, Splinter, Foxtail – standby to advance under covering fire. Shadow, Jackal – provide covering fire. Nightmare, watch our backs.”

“Advance!” I yelled out and I surged forwards with the three girls and Splinter. It was chaos as we each used our pistols to drop targets and then attempted to dodge the incoming fire from pistols and submachine guns.

Shadow and Jackal sent controlled bursts from their P90s into the maelstrom of cunts to our left and ahead.

Foxtail with Wildcat, Psyche, and Splinter

I smiled as I caught sight of the red and blue Psyche as she dodged bullets and ran headlong towards the enemy.

The girl was totally fearless. Despite having had very different training, Wildcat appeared just as fearless. I knew that once we closed the range she would relish drawing blood with her claws. Splinter was something different. He had been trained in a similar manner to us *Predators*. However, from what I had heard – we had had it easy! His ordeal had been horrible. But he had skills; he could shoot the dick off a gnat at twenty yards. Within *Fusion*, he was one of the few that I was not able to easily beat on a regular basis during sparring.

It did not take us long to empty our pistols, dropping several of the enemy. We holstered our pistols and drew our melee weapons. Claws, Sai, Ninja-To, and Butterfly Swords. Hit Girl was over to our left, covering us from the flanking manoeuvre. She waded in with her twin Wakizashi Swords.

Foxtail had come home. Home was fighting. Home was blood. Home was death.

Overwatch

Leon

I kept up fire on those who occupied the tower at the top of the silos.

I would also keep watch on the lower zone to see if I could take out a target or two. On my regular cycle, I was stunned as Kick-Ass was struck by several large calibre rounds and he was knocked off the back of *Iron Hide*. I saw him land in the mud beside the truck and roll into cover. With relief, *Titan* roared back into the fight. Hawk stomped on the brakes and the eight-tonne truck slithered to a halt in the mud field a short distance behind *Iron Hide*. Petra dived out of the right-hand rear door, a tube on her shoulder and a control unit in her hands. Raven provided covering fire with her H&K G46C assault rifle from the main roof hatch as her colleague dived for cover behind *Iron Hide*.

Petra took a moment to aim her control unit upwards towards the top of the silos. She fixed the sights onto the machinegun nest at the southern portion of the tower. Seconds later, she yelled out a warning.

“Fire in the hole!” I heard over the comms.

Raven ducked as Petra squeezed the firing trigger and the FGM-148 Javelin missile exited its launch tube and powered upwards towards the top of the tower. It struck barely a second later. The warhead exploded and sections of reinforced concrete came crashing down, along with three men and a tripod-mounted machine gun.

Kick-Ass picked himself up and he climbed back aboard *Iron Hide*. His stance showed his anger as he opened fire again.

Hit Girl

Things weren't exactly going bad, but they weren't exactly going good either – however, that was when we shined.

The current cunts were of a higher calibre than those which we had fought earlier in the evening. Fear was toying with us and that worried me. Had I misjudged her? What freakish activities might she have planned for my team? I absentmindedly slashed a cunt across the waist and then quickly jumped to my right to avoid the rushing flood of steaming bloody entrails and bodily fluids. I was jerked back to the moment as I heard a scream over to my left.

I turned to see Wildcat being attacked by upwards of five cunts. Two of them had hold of the eleven-years-old vigilante's right arm to prevent that set of lethal claws from catching any of them. Two more, women by the looks of things, were punching her and narrowly avoiding her other set of claws with which she was lashing out at anything close by.

“Let me the fuck go, you bastards . . . I'll fucking cut you to pieces and feed you to your cock-sucking, ass-stabbing pussy friends... I'll ram my claws up your dripping cunts, you fucking lesbian whore bitches!”

I had to give points to Wildcat for creative insults! Mere feet away, Psyche was battling to free her aunt. While Wildcat and Psyche were strong, agile, and highly skilled, they both had an Achilles heel – their size. Psyche was especially vulnerable as she weighed next to nothing and the cunts had

obviously figured that out. Psyche had been lifted off the ground and then bodily thrown through the air – but not before she had stabbed out and left a Sai embedded in the side of some unfortunate cunt’s head.

I ran towards Psyche – I wanted to help them both but I had to choose. I knew that Wildcat would understand.

Splinter

I had heard some laughter as I had advanced on the enemy – it had been directed at me.

That laughter soon vanished when I separated some legs. I ignored the bullets that struck my armour and pushed on. My limited stature assisted me in stabbing upwards, beneath their armour. Evisceration was the name of the game as I dumped dozens of feet of intestines onto the ground. A sharp stab into the armpit had proved successful too.

I heard a scream and I looked up to see Wildcat being singled out. Then Psyche was actually *thrown* by a pair of cunts. I had no idea where she had landed, but I ran after her. En route, I saw the familiar hilt of a Sai embedded in the head of a fallen corpse. With some doing, I yanked it out and stuck it into my utility belt. I caught up with Hit Girl who was going after Psyche.

“Go for Wildcat; I’ll get Psyche!” I yelled out and Hit Girl nodded as she dived into the maelstrom.

Shadow with Jackal and Nightmare

It was getting more and more difficult to fire on the pervading army in case we hit our own people.

All we could do was take out what we could and watch for anybody making for our own side. Nightmare suddenly yelled out and she pointed into the melee. I saw Wildcat surrounded by hoards of the enemy. I smirked as I heard her epithets which she spat out to all who were listening.

“Bloody hell!” Jackal breathed as we both saw Psyche physically thrown quite a few feet before the girl crashed down into the advancing cunts.

“Oh, God!” Nightmare exclaimed in horror.

Splinter

I was determined to get to my friend.

She was one of the very few people who could understand what I had gone through. There were a couple of years between us, but I could relate to Stephanie and she to me, or so it seemed. I slashed my way through the armoured men and women until I saw some red and blue down low.

I found Psyche on the ground; two guys were kicking her – at least until I chopped their backbones in two just above the tailbone. Both men fell and I dropped to the ground beside my friend. I quickly ran my hands over her combat suit, checking for injuries.

“Hey! Hands off the merchandise – you’re getting a bit personal there, boy; those parts are private for a reason!”

I laughed as Psyche sat up and got to her feet. I handed her the Sai from my belt.

“Here. Next time, try not to lose it.”

“Thanks, pal... Get down!”

Psyche drew a pistol and she double-tapped the man who had tried to come up behind me. I rolled to my right and sent a throwing knife at the next target. The blade entered at the base of the man’s jaw and severed his carotid artery. He sank to the ground as blood spattered all around him.

“Nice!” Psyche growled as she ran back into the action.

Wildcat

I could not believe what was happening to me.

The bastards held one arm and some bitches were kicking and punching the fuck out of me. One of them had a foot on my other arm. I struggled and swore at the bastards – but to no avail. As the punches rained down, I began to feel the faint tinges of fear but I pushed them down deep. I was Wildcat; I did not feel fear. I had never felt so helpless, not even when I had been taken with Joshua.

“*Fusion*, Wildcat – I need some help here!”

“Hey, little kitty – I’ll be with you in a few cunts time.”

I laughed at Hit Girl’s comment.

“You fuckers are so gonna get it!” I growled.

“Oh, yeah? You’re just a fucked up psychotic wretch,” one of the women growled back.

“She’s not the psychotic one – that would be me.”

I tilted my head around and grinned as I saw the vigilante that matched the voice. The woman never had a chance to react as the sharp tip of a Wakizashi appeared out of her throat. Her colleague turned but another, identical blade hacked her down.

“You want to fuck with my team?” Hit Girl growled at the three men who had literally dropped me to the ground. “You fuck with me.”

I stood up and rammed my right fist in the stomach of the man to my left. My claws plunged through his armour and as I pulled my claws out, he fell to his knees before he collapsed to the ground. A head rolled onto the ground beside the man. I was so incensed by my treatment that I grabbed hold of the head by the helmet and smashed it into the face of another cunt. If he was surprised at being attacked by the severed head of his colleague, he did not show it.

The head proved to be an excellent weapon, if a heavy weapon – I’d never realised a head weighed so much!

Hit Girl

Wildcat was safe and so was Psyche.

The teamwork was like second nature to all. As I rejoined the action alongside my sister, we were joined by Psyche and Splinter who seemed to be marking Psyche and protecting her back. The boy was very protective of my daughter; not that I was complaining. It was hard work but the cunts were losing cohesion and despite command and control from the silos, their attack was coming apart.

Had they stayed together, we might have struggled, but now they were breaking into smaller groups they were easy prey for Jackal and Shadow with their P90s and it seemed, Nightmare, who had acquired a P90 herself and she was taking pot-shots as she guarded the two senior operators. A little further over, Foxtail was in her own world. From what I could see, the cunts were giving her and her swords and wide birth so she had to chase after them.

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I looked upwards, towards the top of the silos. There she was. Her black and red armour was visible against the grey background. It was a fleeting glance as something exploded but at least I was certain that she was there.

It was time to move the fight to *her* doorstep.

I broke off from the action and I made my way towards the base of the main silos and the tower.

“Can I come?”

It was Nightmare. After a moment’s thought, I nodded.

“In *Iron Hide*, mounted behind the passenger seat, you will find a black and purple backpack with a harness; bring it.”

Nightmare ran off, jumping over dead and wounded as she went. Petra came up to me with Nightmare close behind.

“We’re ready,” Petra announced.

“Let’s go, girls!”

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The route to the roof of the silos was not an easy one and it involved going via the basement – no idea why! Hal was guiding us while Battle Guy provided support for the rest. Almost every step was an effort as we made our way down stone staircases and onto steel walkways. It was dark and we relied on our NVGs to assist us in identifying our targets.

I went first with Nightmare behind while Petra took up the rear. We each had pistols out and raised, searching for targets. The left sector was for me, the right for Petra while Nightmare had the centre. I was impressed when then younger girl never hesitated when a target came into her sector. I figured that it was only the adrenalin and focus that was keeping the girl going.

After dropping several cunts, we reached the main stairway to the tower roof. It was a steel staircase and we would be easy targets as we made our way up almost ten stories – yes ten, the rest of the way would be up an external steel staircase!

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“Pop smoke! Pop Strobes!”

Petra and Nightmare pulled the pins on two smoke grenades. Purple smoke gushed out to fill the staircase. Both girls then threw two spherical objects which landed on the next landing. Both devices began to emit ultra-bright strobing effects. Combined with the smoke, it would be impossible for anybody above to see where we were as we advanced.

“Shields!”

We each pulled a shield off our backs and held it above us as we prepared ourselves to run the gauntlet.