

Sunday, June 5th, 2016

The Damen Silos

Nightmare with Hit Girl and Petra

We began our dash to the top of the silos.

Bullets pinged off our shields as we climbed the steel stairs. I had thought I was quite fit – at least after the times I had spent running around the goddamn Safehouse. Now, I was tiring and holding a heavy shield above my head while climbing stairs at the rush was no easy task.

“You can do it.”

“Keep it going.”

“Just think you’re on a leisurely workout.”

Petra’s comments were a big help and they kept me focused on the task at hand: climbing the stairs and ignoring the bullets pelting down on us.

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We reached the tenth floor and excited onto a broad gallery which stretched over the silos. Before emerging from the smoke, we had each rolled a pair of grenades ahead of us. After the six crumps, we followed, spitting death from our pistols as we went. The screams of dying men and women soon faded as the smoke began to dissipate. I glanced out of an unglazed window and was stunned by the view and the sight of the fighting beneath us.

“Time to go up, Nightmare,” Hit Girl chuckled. “You okay?”

“Scared shitless, but yeah – let’s finish this.”

“Kick-Ass! You ready?” Hit Girl called.

“Yes, my queen – I’m always ready; you tell me when you want me to let rip.”

I saw the smirk on Hit Girl’s face and I felt myself blushing at the innuendo. I knew from the plan that Kick-Ass and *Iron Hide* had relocated to cover our ascent up the western face of the tower. We headed out onto a very rickety set of steel steps. I had never suffered from vertigo, but right at that moment, I felt twinges of fear as I looked out and down.

“Kick-Ass! Let rip!” Hit Girl ordered.

Hit Girl

The mini-gun let rip and we began our climb.

We had four sets of steps to climb and then eight feet of vertical ladder. It did not help that there were missing steps and a two hundred foot drop to instant death awaiting us if we slipped. Several bullets screamed past us as we climbed. Two cunts came down the steps towards us. I punched the first between the legs and threw him off the tower. The next cunt kicked out, missed my head, overbalanced and then quickly joined his pal below.

“Fucking doofus!” Nightmare yelled after the second cunt as he fell past.

I laughed as we continued to the final staging point at the top of the final flight of steel steps. I stopped just below the top and then lobbed a pair of grenades into the space at the top of the tower.

“Fire in the hole!” I yelled.

As the grenades exploded, I bolted for the vertical steel ladder to take me the final eight feet onto the roof of the tower.

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The top of the tower was about 1,700 square feet and very exposed. There was a breeze blowing which just added to the danger. Nobody had bothered with a safety rail around the rooftop which I thought would make things fun. I lobbed a pair of grenades and awaited the double crump as both exploded.

I heard screaming and poked my head over the rooftop again. I could see nobody moving and no sign of FEAR as I climbed onto the roof and was soon flanked by Nightmare and Petra. Then I saw movement, at the far end of the rooftop behind the remains of a ventilator. Three shapes arose and we each brought our SIG SAUER MPX-K submachine guns around.

The centre shape was FEAR and she had an armoured henchman to either side.

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“Well, hello,” FEAR called out.

“This is the end for you,” I yelled back.

“I don’t think so, Hit Girl.”

With that comment, FEAR ran at me. I ran forwards firing off a magazine of nine-millimetre rounds. FEAR battered them away and ignored the sting of each bullet. I should have carried something bigger! I saw the two henchmen go down under a hail of bullets from Nightmare and Petra.

Obviously, FEAR spent less on *their* body armour.

Nightmare

I was stunned that Hit Girl was going to fight it out in a space that was only slightly larger than the sparring mat at Safehouse F.

If Hit Girl misjudged, she would go down – and I meant *down*! They collided and both fell down onto the loose gravelly surface of the roof. Hit Girl kicked FEAR away and she received a return punch into her left thigh which obviously stung but did not incapacitate her in any way. I wondered if I should help Hit Girl but I felt the reassuring hand of Petra on my arm and I just watched.

“Overwatch does *not* have a shot. Repeat: Overwatch does *not* have a shot!”

It was up to Hit Girl to end it, one way or another. The fight was rapid as both armoured individuals span, kicked, and punched each other. It was fairly obvious that both were evenly matched but while I could care less about FEAR diving over the edge, I prayed that Hit Girl would not take any of her notoriously dangerous risks.

That was when FEAR must have decided to bug out as she dived for the far end of the roof, seized a rope, attached it to a carabiner on her belt and then dived off the end of the tower.

“Fuck!” I yelled.

“The bitch is coming down, fast!” Hit Girl called out over the comms. “Hit Girl is airborne!”

“What the hell?” I yelled out as Hit Girl sprinted for the far end of the roof, clipped a rope onto the same mounting as FEAR and then . . . *HOLY FUCK!*

The mad bitch *dived* off the fucking end of the tower!

Kick-Ass

From the back of *Iron Hide*, I saw my partner; the most important thing in my life, dive off the top of the two-hundred-foot plus tower.

My heart almost stopped for a moment as she plummeted towards the ground until the large purple ram-air parachute billowed out above her. Seconds later, she touched down softly and dumped her parachute. Foxtail and Psyche were there to back her up as she landed and they gunned down several cunts who were protecting their leader as she completed her fast-rope down the side of the main tower.

I was very relieved that she had survived the jump – fucking crazy purple bitch!

Psyche with Foxtail

I was stunned – she would get a piece of my mind later for doing something so blatantly dangerous and so *bloody* stupid!

Nonetheless, I protected her as she landed and dumped her parachute. I liked the colour choice; not really a surprise to be honest! Foxtail was there to back me up and I knew that I could rely on her one hundred percent. We had FEAR on the run and we were going to get her and end her, one way or another.

Hit Girl glanced down at me and nodded before she bolted after FEAR with myself and Foxtail in pursuit.

Hit Girl

FEAR ran northeast between the two silos with six of her men.

Beyond the silos was a grassy area and the three of us pursued FEAR and her men. Psyche went down on one knee and levelled her MPX-K and dropped two of FEAR’s men. As Psyche ran forwards, Foxtail repeated her friend’s feat and dropped two more with her own MPX-K. The odds were now even and, I believed, very much in our favour.

“FEAR is mine. Nobody touches her. Understood?”

“Understood, Hit Girl!” both girls responded as they split up and they each headed for one of FEAR’s underlings.

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FEAR stopped and she turned to face me.

"I bet you *hate* having a rival..."

"Hit Girl *has* no rival. I am the Queen Vigilante and I am the Protector of this city. You are nothing but an insignificant piece of shit on the heel of my boot. I destroyed your army tonight; I am now going to destroy *you*."

"Wishful thinking, Hit Girl. I am going to be around for a lot longer than you want. I can drag this out for months, or even years. By the time I'm finished, you will be *begging* me to help you die."

"Kill her!" Psyche growled.

"Do I need to teach *you* a lesson too, young one?" FEAR chuckled.

"Fuck you!" Psyche responded.

"What she said," I added.

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During the verbal sparring, Foxtail and Psyche had closed on FEAR's men. Foxtail struck first, attacking her man and the fighting began. FEAR did not seem to care that she was on the verge of defeat. Her morale appeared high and her skills were just as good as they ever were. The War Sword was out and I attacked with my Katanas.

Cold steel clanged on cold steel.

Safehouse F

The fight was on the big screen.

A news crew had been able to get themselves close and into a good enough position to catch the fight on film. The fight was being broadcast live on most news channels as well as being beamed across the world.

Paige, Marcus, Marty, and Abby looked on stunned at the fast-moving action.

Central Chicago

Seventeen-year-old Kelly Wright looked up from her homework to see a 'breaking news' banner appear on the TV and then some amazing footage.

At the bottom of the screen was the usual scrolling text: '*... Hit Girl is currently engaged in a sword fight with FEAR, the latest super-criminal to make Chicago their home. The fight began...*' which continued on with the story of the night's action.

Kelly scowled at the images. While she was no stranger to violence, she abhorred the sort which FEAR seemed to enjoy inflicting on innocent people.

"Kill the bitch, Hit Girl!" she growled at the screen as she saw Hit Girl strike FEAR with her swords.

Wayne Manor
Gotham

“Bruce!”

“What?” Bruce demanded as he ran into the kitchen.

“Chicago,” Selina said as she pointed to the TV. “Go, Mindy!”

Hit Girl had just backflipped away from FEAR who was advancing on her. FEAR closed but Hit Girl kicked out and FEAR doubled over for a moment before she struck Hit Girl hard with the hilt of her enormous sword.

“Crap!” Bruce growled, incensed by FEAR’s attack.

“Too bloody right, Master Bruce!” Alfred Pennyworth added.

Stirling
United Kingdom

It was very late, actually early morning, but I had been unable to sleep.

I was on my way downstairs when I felt a hand on my arm.

“Quick!” my brother ordered as he dragged me towards his bedroom.

“Cam!”

“Look!” my brother persisted as he pointed at his widescreen TV.

“Holy shit!” I breathed.

I saw Psyche viciously beating the living daylights out of some man who wore body armour – not that the armour was helping him much. I grinned at the sight of Foxtail as she did the same to another unfortunate individual. You messed with Foxtail and Psyche; you would be very lucky to survive!

“Go Fusion!” Cameron yelled.

The Damen Silos

Psyche with Foxtail

Hit Girl was all business.

It was not often that I got to see a professional fight another professional. After having eviscerated my cunt – *you fucking know ‘which’ cunt I mean* – I found myself studying the movements of both Hit Girl *and* FEAR. Both were experts and I could learn much from watching them both.

“I wish we had popcorn,” Foxtail commented as she came up beside me.

“Time and a place, Foxy!”

As I watched, FEAR backed away from Hit Girl, but she misjudged where she was going in the darkness and she fell off the remains of a wall. The drop was about eight to ten feet but FEAR was back on her feet in a few seconds. Hit Girl easily jumped down and she made for the hapless FEAR where they both went back to exchanging blows. I had a distinct feeling that the end was nigh for FEAR.

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The show went on as Hit Girl dosed out her special and unique kind of punishment as only she could. I was proud to be a part of what Hit Girl represented.

Hit Girl span around, her left leg horizontal to the ground. She caught FEAR around the head and the woman fell backwards but she was able to keep her feet but only so that Hit Girl could kick her hard in the upper chest. FEAR staggered backwards and she teetered on the edge of the dock for just a moment before Hit Girl gave another swift and potent kick. The armour-clad anti-vigilante flew backwards into the darkness and there was a massive splash. Hit Girl ran forwards and shone her flashlight over the disturbed water.

There was no sign of FEAR.

An hour later

Safehouse F

Marcus, Paige, and Emily, along with the twins, were there to assist the exhausted and battle weary vigilantes into the Safehouse.

Almost to a vigilante, they struggled to remove their heavy armour and weaponry. Emily, in her role as *Fusion* armourer, retrieved utility belts, melee weapons, and firearms. She paused at her daughter and took in the blood-stained body armour and the bloody knife. Saoirse nodded grimly at Emily's unspoken question – yes, her daughter had killed. Marcus and Paige assisted with the removal of armour and boots while Cathy went from person to person checking for injuries.

As far as the kids were concerned, each was helped out of all their equipment and they were then guided towards a suitable spot in the briefing room where they were each provided with a pillow and a blanket by one of the twins. Each youngster was asleep within seconds of their heads hitting the pillows. The teenagers and adults drifted to the bunks once the kids were asleep.

Mindy was the very last to head for bed, but only when she was happy that each and every member of her team had been taken care of.

“At least nobody was hurt,” Cathy mused.

Marcus took a moment to look around at the sleeping kids in the Briefing Room. There was his step-daughter, Megan. She was fast asleep and she looked just like any other eleven-year-old girl might when asleep. There was his granddaughter, Stephanie. She was angelic when asleep too. On the floor beside her were his other grandchildren, Danny and Anne-Marie. The twins had worked tirelessly to help the returning vigilantes and Marcus was as proud of them as he was of every one of his children and grandchildren.

“No and I am very thankful for that.”

“A lot of bruises and their muscles will hurt like hell come the morning, but they are all used to that.”

“They were all amazing. The CPD are extremely thankful for *Fusion’s* help. I have a feeling that Hit Girl’s speeding will be ignored for a few months!”

Cathy chuckled. She took a moment to look over at Curtis, fast asleep a few feet away from Megan. She was so proud of her nephew and her daughter.

The following morning

Monday, 6th June

Safehouse F

It was the smell of fresh coffee and cooking bacon that did it.

Slowly and in dribs and drabs, the tired vigilantes made their way towards the Galley. The first through the door were Stephanie and Megan. Both girls wore nothing more than the underwear in which they had slept. Both headed for a table and plonked themselves down in two adjacent chairs. Both girls then fell against each other on the table and went back to sleep.

“If I had not known what those two had been doing, last night, I’d have said they both looked cute,” Paige commented.

“I know what you mean,” Cathy replied with a chuckle.

Both women then laughed as one of the elder vigilantes appeared. Chloe grimaced as she entered the galley and sat down heavily next to Megan.

“You look rough!” Marcus chuckled as he placed two mugs of coffee and a mug of tea down before the three girls.

“Tea, thanks, Marcus,” Stephanie muttered as she took a sip.

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Mindy and Dave were next. Mindy was clad in just a sport’s bra and knickers, as were Chloe and Megan. Dave wore joggers and a t-shirt. He gratefully received two mugs of steaming coffee and guided Mindy over to a seat at an empty table. He pushed aside the long blonde hair that covered her face and handed her a mug of coffee.

“You know, there’s gotta be a joke here,” Joshua commented as he saw all the half-naked females in the galley. “Got no energy for a joke though... Need some of that bacon!”

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Within another ten minutes, all had appeared in various stages of undress and had sat down to breakfast. Most sported vicious bruises on their bodies but all were happy. After finishing her mug of coffee and taking more than a few bites out of her plate of bacon, Mindy stood up before everybody.

“Sorry about the lack of clothing but I could not be fucked to put anything else on!” Mindy began to general laughter.

"I'm not complaining," Dave quipped as Mindy blushed pink and laughter rang out in the galley.

"Well done!" Mindy continued. "You all fought better than anybody could have hoped. You all fought as a team and there was not a single fuck up. All of you went way beyond your normal comfort zones. I want to single out Nightmare, for extra praise. Last night went way beyond anything that I wanted you to experience at this point in your training, but you performed just as well as, if not better than, the more experienced vigilantes of *Fusion*. I know that you are going to have questions . . . certain feelings, after last night. We are all here for you."

Lauren blushed red and sank low in her seat as everybody clapped and cheered the thirteen-year-old. Emily smiled broadly as she looked with immense pride at her eldest daughter.

"It's time to take some time off, people. We all need to recover from our bruises and strained muscles. Enjoy a well-earned break and a peaceful holiday. Thank you, all of you. That's it – I need to pee!"

With that, Mindy vanished out of the door to more laughter from those in the galley.

Later that morning

"Fucking hell, Megan!"

"Huh?"

"Your back . . . it's black and blue."

"Is it *that* bad?"

"Yes, it is," Stephanie commented as she studied her aunt's back.

Megan was in the shower while Stephanie was brushing her teeth. Stephanie just wore her knickers, having already taken her shower just before Megan.

"You spoken with Lauren, yet?" Megan asked as she stepped out of the shower.

"No – been looking to pick the right moment," Stephanie replied as she pulled on a *Fusion* t-shirt and shorts.

"Well," Megan went on. "I think we should go look for her."

Once Megan had pulled on a sports bra and shorts, she and Stephanie headed out towards the galley. They found Tommy first.

"You seen Lauren?" Stephanie asked with a slight blush.

"I think I saw her heading down to Zero," he replied with a grin.

"Thanks," Megan replied with a smirk in Stephanie's direction.

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Both girls headed down the steps and then down again to Level Zero. The lights were off in the Exercise Room which was strange – they were usually on dim when nobody was in there – somebody had turned them off. Megan placed her hand on the reader and the door released.

"Hey, Steph. Why does Santa Claus have such a big sack?"

"I don't know."

"He only comes once a year!"

Stephanie laughed out loud.

"Why does Dr Pepper come in a bottle?" Stephanie asked.

"No idea, Steph."

"Because his wife died!"

Megan laughed. There was also a giggle from somewhere in the darkness.

"Got another one," Stephanie said quickly. "What do you call the useless piece of skin on a dick?"

Megan groaned before she replied. "The man!"

"Okay, guys!" Lauren called out from the darkness and Megan hit the lights.

"You liked that?" Megan asked.

"Yes, thanks," Lauren replied with a grin, her cheeks colouring up.

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"Your first battle, eh?" Stephanie said as she correctly understood the underlying anxiety in Lauren.

"Yeah..."

"You killed," Stephanie went on as she read Lauren's eyes.

"I did – but they deserved it. I tried to keep count... I'm scared of what I've done."

With that, Lauren began to cry – her eyes were red showing that it was not the first time. Megan and Stephanie sat down either side of the girl and held her while she cried. After a few minutes, Lauren had calmed down enough for Stephanie to talk to her.

"We've both been there, Lauren. Me, when I was eight, and Megan when she was ten. Mindy was right, it was way too early for you to be out there – but you did very well; you surprised the fuck out of me."

"Thanks," Lauren replied with the beginnings of a smile. "That's high praise from a *Predator*."

Stephanie grinned as Saoirse entered the Exercise Room.

"Hi. I was concerned about Lauren and I came to talk . . . I see its already happened," she commented as she sat down on the floor in front of Lauren. "I'm sorry you had to go through last night. You did really well, though – only it *was* way too early for you, but you earned your stripes girl and that's a *Predator* talking."

"We are all here for you, Lauren," Megan reassured the elder girl.

A good shower had made me feel a lot better.

As I set foot out of my bedroom and made my way towards the galley, I heard a none too pleasant tone of voice call me.

"I want a word with you!"

I turned to see a very pissed off looking Stephanie advancing on me.

"Hi, Steph."

"Since when did Hit Girl take on bloody base jumping?"

Stephanie was furious and she pushed me into the bathroom before she locked the door behind her.

"I always wanted to do it."

"Of all the idiotic things that I have seen in my short life, that took the fucking biscuit! You could have died or been badly injured. I'm on my second mother, right now – I don't want to move onto a third, thank you very much! Nobody had the faintest fucking idea that you were going to do that. Did Dave know? You almost gave Lauren and Hailee a goddamn heart attack!"

"Dave knew. I've had a chute stowed in each vehicle 'just in case' and, well, it came in handy. I'm not apologising Stephanie. I am Hit Girl, whether you like it or not."

"I'll take that as an apology and I accept it. Please don't do anything like that again . . . I don't want to lose you, Mum."

The following evening

Tuesday, June 7th

Glenview

"Steph, what are you doing?"

"I'm answering an email."

"You're sitting there, naked!"

"I was on my way to the shower when my laptop pinged. It's an email from Cassie. I think they might be coming over very soon. Anyway – I've got a towel here."

"Still weird," Anne-Marie commented dryly. "Those bruises look horrible, Steph. I wish I could have been there with you."

Stephanie scowled.

"The silos were bad, Rogue. I'm glad you weren't there – you are *not* ready for any of that shit. To be honest, I don't think I was either."

"Stephanie, you remember what happened the last time you talked like a sap?"

"Punch me and I punch back," Stephanie grinned.

"I thought that I'd left all this madness back in Gotham. Now Chicago is tearing itself apart."

"I find it hard to take, when people run in circles it's a very, very, mad world."

"Sounds like a line from a song."

"It is – we'll make it better, Anne-Marie."

