

Friday, June 24th, 2016

Glenview

“Hey, Dave . . .”

“Yeah, Marty.”

“When was the last time you checked your Kick-Ass website?”

“Not been on there for many months . . . why?”

“Well, you have a message – actually . . . there are a *lot* of messages, but considering you don’t get kittens down from trees like you used to . . .”

Dave grinned.

“. . . This one is a definite call for help: *‘Fusion: Discord in trouble. Need extraction ASAP.’*”

Safehouse F

The senior staff were gathered in the Command Centre.

“Any chance this is a trap?” Mindy enquired.

“Maybe. According to Joshua, Discord did help us gain entry into that bunker so we could finish *Urban Predator*,” Dave pointed out.

“Dis . . . cord.”

Joshua hissed the two syllables of the word and his face was one of revulsion.

“Okay, Joshua – spit it out!” Mindy ordered.

“That fucking evil bitch stripped Megan naked and then she tried to come onto me. I saved her fucking life *twice*. No more!”

Chloe spoke up first.

“Josh, she’s a troubled kid, just like all the others. I know what she did to Megan was bad, but she did help you in the bunker.”

“She had no choice; I was about to snap her fucking bitch neck!”

“Okay!” Mindy breathed. “Joshua, you are relieved from this mission.”

“Good fucking riddance!” Joshua breathed as he left the Command Centre.

“I’ll talk to him later. He fucking hates that girl *and* the boy. He’ll never forgive them for what they did to Megan,” Chloe said with a grimace.

“Okay,” Mindy said as she came to a decision. “Dave, you will head up the mission. Take Chloe, Joshua, and Megan.”

“Josh?” Chloe asked.

“He needs to learn to control his hatred. I won’t see a fifteen-year-old girl get killed just because she did something bad. She was under the influence of bad people. I know that Megan is still haunted by what did and what might have happened to her. Going will help them both. Most of *Vengeance* are busy with a major operation but Cassie is heading south to open up an MI5 Safehouse. Okay, people, wheels up in one-twenty!”

Chloe was not convinced but nonetheless, she left the Command Centre and went looking for Megan and Joshua.

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She found them both in the armoury and Joshua was firing on all cylinders.

“The fucking bitch can die for all I care!” Joshua growled as he took down his FN Five-seveN Mk2 pistol.

“She did bad things, Josh – she really did – but I can’t let her die just ‘cause she stripped me naked. I won’t stand for it and I know you won’t either. I know you, Joshua – you’re soft as a puppy dog when you want to be but hard as nails when required. I hate to contradict you but you’re wrong this time, *Jack!*”

“Megan – what I saw happen to you . . .”

“It’s behind me. So, I showed a bit of pussy and my tits – big deal; name one person who has *not* seen my tits . . . not to mention that Steph’s comment the other day had my Mom making me piss on a stick to make sure I wasn’t up the duff! I can cope with humiliation; it’s part of my life . . .”

Joshua laughed for a moment before he returned to his sullen state.

“Okay, just for some fucking peace and quiet – all I need is for Chloe to get on my case, now.”

“Here’s your chance!” Megan grinned as I let the door close behind me.

“Fucking great!” Joshua moaned.

“Megan – you have a mission . . . and so do you, Josh.”

“What!” Joshua exclaimed.

“Mindy thinks it’ll do you good,” Chloe advised her boyfriend.

“Does she now!” Joshua groaned knowing he was boxed in.

Two hours later

Chicago Midway Airport

The car drove straight into the hanger before stopping a few feet from the lowered boarding stairs of the jet.

The Gulfstream 650ER executive jet was painted in a matt light grey on the fuselage but with a subtly darker shade of grey on the wings and tail. No markings were visible on the fuselage except for the aircraft’s international identification code on the engine nacelles: N345AF. The aircraft was at *Fusion’s* disposal and came with an experienced flight crew of two pilots and a flight attendant. The crew were all armed and very discrete when it came to their passengers and cargo.

The aircraft could seat 16 with 6 sleeping. The forward section of the aircraft, aft of the cockpit, housed the access hatch and the galley. Next, through a sliding armoured door, came four seats, two per side facing each other across a table either side of the aisle. Aft of them were two sofas which faced one another across the aisle. Further aft were four seats grouped around a table, facing fore and aft in pairs. Across from them was a credenza. Another sliding armoured door separated off a private cabin with seating for four, three on a sofa to port and a single seat and table to starboard.

That office housed the encrypted communications equipment including satellite communication equipment. There was a large head and then the aft cargo compartment. The aircraft had a range of up to 7,000 nautical miles at a cruise speed of almost 500 knots.

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“Welcome aboard, my name is Amy, please take your seats and we will taxi directly,” the smiling lady advised her four passengers.

She did not appear to notice that only one was an adult, two were teenagers, and the other was a tween. She knew full well that they were not normal passengers and neither was the cargo being loaded into the cargo bay in the tail. Megan and Joshua took their seats to port while Chloe and Dave sat to starboard. Joshua and Chloe both faced forwards. The aircraft began to move under the control of a tractor the moment the cargo hatch and the main boarding hatch were secured. The sleek aircraft swept out of the open hanger doors and began to start its twin tail-mounted engines.

“Take-off clearance has been granted, we are taxiing for a direct take-off at max V,” the pilot announced as the aircraft began to gather momentum along the taxiway.

Six minutes later, the 100-foot jet accelerated down the runway and then took on a steep upward angle as the wheels left the ground and were raised into the fuselage with a thump. The jet continued to climb to its cruising altitude of 41,000 feet and turned onto a north-easterly course over eastern Canada. Fifteen minutes later, the pilot announced their speed and course: “We are cruising at Mach 0.9, on a course of zero-three-seven, at an altitude of 41,000 feet. We are very light and we have a tail wind for most of the flight so our ETA is expected to be approximately 22:00, UK time. Please sit back and enjoy the next seven hours.”

“That take-off was fucking awesome!” Megan exclaimed with a huge grin.

“Hi, guys,” Amy interrupted. “Anybody fancy a soda? We have some freshly made burgers aboard and I can get them cooked in no time – anybody for a cheeseburger?”

Joshua and Megan grinned.

“Got some bacon?” Chloe asked.

“Bacon, double cheeseburger?” Amy asked and Chloe nodded.

“Make that two, please,” Dave added. “Once we’ve stuffed our faces, we need to sleep.”

22:05

RAF Northolt, United Kingdom
A little over thirteen miles east of London

The Gulfstream jet landed without fanfare and the passengers, awoken fifteen minutes previously, prepared to disembark.

Megan was still stretching as she grabbed her bag from the co-pilot as he unloaded the cargo bay. The man smirked at his passengers and wordlessly wished them Godspeed.

Commander Lawrence had been there on the tarmac as the jet had taxied to a halt.

“As Mindy requested, two Sentinels.”

“Thank you, Spook,” Dave said as he shook hands with the Royal Navy officer.

Once all the kit was loaded, Dave climbed aboard one Sentinel with Chloe while Megan climbed aboard the other Sentinel. Dave and Joshua drove the armoured Range Rovers out of the airbase and they both turned south on the A4180 and then east onto the A40 trunk road.

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A little over six miles to the east, Joshua perked up as they passed over the M25 motorway.

“Isn’t this near where Mindy met us in that Police BMW X5 she wrecked a few months back?” he asked.

Dave laughed.

“Yes, it is.”

Four miles later, the two vehicles pulled off at the A355 junction and stopped beside an almost identical Sentinel.

“Good evening, my fellow Yanks!” Cassie smiled from the other vehicle. “Follow me to the Safehouse – it’s just a mile or so from the target.”

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Twenty minutes later, the three armoured vehicles pulled up outside a small property just to the south of Farnham Common. It was away from prying eyes and it allowed the team to change into their body armour and check out their weapons. The house was all ready for them, thanks to Cassie having blazed down from Scotland at high speed and opening up before going to collect them.

“Marty has confirmed the mobile phone pings as coming from a farm just to the south of here. It is isolated and weapons fire should not carry far as long as it is suppressed. Five will intercept any Police activity but we have been cautioned not to involve any outside agencies such as the local plod. I’ll remain here with *Cutlass* . . . just in case I need to rescue your sorry arses!”

“Never gonna happen!” Wildcat hissed with a smile.

Discord with Tempest

“Leave her alone!”

“Shut the fuck up, you little whelp!” The man yelled back as he pistol-whipped Tempest across the face.

The thirteen-year-old boy fell back with a scream as blood flew from his nose. Another man stepped forwards and he kicked the boy in the stomach which elicited another scream of pain. It was totally unnecessary and beyond barbaric but the same man put a bullet into the boy who immediately went silent.

Discord screamed as the man roughly shoved her down to the floor and two other men pinned her. She struggled and she screamed as the man began to attack her clothing. The fifteen-year-old felt the first vestiges of panic as the tips of the man's fingers dug under the waistband of her jeans, then a hand roughly reached around and yanked at her belt buckle.

With a jerk, the belt came apart and the buttons on the jeans were pulled open. The hand yanked the jeans and panties down together. Discord had never felt so scared and she screamed as loud as she could for help. Her mind told her that none was coming and that she would die that night. However, she feared what the men were about to do much worse to her than dying.

She felt her boots, socks, jeans, and panties pulled off her. The man slapped her hard on her bare backside eliciting a yell of pain and Discord began to shake as well as sob and scream. She was roughly rolled onto her back and through her tears she saw the men smirking as they pulled her legs apart and studied what resided at the top of her long legs and shapely thighs.

One of the men then attacked her blouse which ripped and was pulled off her. Her bra came next leaving her completely naked with several men staring down at her body from head to toe. Discord shook with fear. She had been stripped just like she was then, by another; Joshua. She had deserved it after what she had done to that Megan girl. Joshua had let her live to face punishment.

Both her and Tempest had been beaten for that act of misjudgement. They had then been sent to die on guard duty. Only it was Joshua that had found them, in his guise as Jackal. That had shocked her – she had had a member of *Fusion* at her fingertips, maybe another; that Megan. That could have been a route to glory for them both; only it all went wrong – she was glad it had all gone wrong.

She had had an out – or she thought she did. But *Fusion* had not appeared, so she was going to die. She concentrated on anything as her body was lifted off the ground and she was pushed against a table, face down and her legs were pulled apart.

Kick-Ass

While the others kept watch, Kick-Ass moved forwards and he studied the layout of the farm through his NVGs.

He already knew the rough layout of the site from overhead imagery supplied by Battle-Guy. To the left was a low bungalow, with several lights burning. To the right was a low barn and screaming could be heard coming from an open door. Five cars were parked in the space between the barn and the bungalow.

Kick-Ass checked out the partially open barn door and he signalled the rest of the team and waved them inside while he kept overwatch.

Jackal with Shadow and Wildcat

We had arrived not a moment too soon.

The girl was naked again and this time I was *not* gratified to see it.

Only this time, it was not intended purely to humiliate; the intention was obvious as the girl was held up against a table and the man behind her had his trousers around his ankles. The man was only seconds away from driving his rock-hard cock in between the sobbing girl's exposed labia. The man was oblivious to our presence as were the others watching eagerly – tough; their loss.

I raised my pistol and double-tapped the man in the back of the head; the second round was totally unnecessary but it felt good. The corpse with the destroyed head fell forwards against the now screaming girl; her naked body covered in the man's blood and brains. I ran forwards, dragged the corpse off Discord and grabbed hold of the girl as she sank to the ground, sobbing.

"I've found the boy; he's been badly beaten up and I think he's been shot in the back..." Wildcat announced as she examined a body that lay on the ground several yards away.

"She's very beautiful, Jackal, no wonder you got hard . . ." Shadow commented without malice.

"She has a nice body but I only have eyes for you, my lover . . ." I replied quickly.

"Just remember that Jackal – you can look, but you can't touch," Shadow cautioned as she helped me lower the girl gently to the ground.

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Her being naked allowed us to easily assess her wounds. They were mostly superficial and mainly consisted of many cuts, scratches, grazes, and bruises. I had to remember that this was the girl who had made light of humiliating Wildcat, not to mention her attempt to get a rise out of me . . . but she had also shown Wildcat compassion *and* she had helped us big time in Toulouse. The worst, I figured, would probably be the mental trauma at almost being raped, but with what I knew about the *Urban Predator* kids that I had already encountered, I knew it would most likely go much deeper than that.

The enemy was at bay, so we carefully loaded Discord and Tempest into our vehicles. Tempest was still unconscious, which was good, considering his wounds.

M15 Safehouse Farnham Common

We very quickly left the area and we made it back to the Safehouse unscathed.

There, Chloe took Discord – apparently, her real name was Sarah – to get cleaned up and dressed. Dave carried Tempest into the kitchen where the table had been cleared and the boy was laid face down on the table.

Dave and Cassie, with help from Megan, cut away the boy's clothing to find his bullet wound. It was a through and through, so no bullet was visible. After cleansing the wound and dressing it to prevent further infection, Cassie and Dave pulled off their rubber gloves and they went to wash their hands.

Megan had noticed that Marc had a tattoo on his right bicep: it was of a thundercloud emitting lightning bolts.

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Chloe had taken her time with Sarah. The girl was humiliated and worried as she took a quick shower before Chloe handed her what was left of her clothing. Chloe had Sarah wear one of a similar build so Chloe produced a spare t-shirt to replace the ripped blouse. As Sarah had pulled on the t-shirt, Chloe had noticed a large tattoo on the girl's right shoulder blade. It was black and based on a 'draconequus' creature inspired by Greek mythology which was a serpentine being with the head of a pony, but numerous different animal parts to symbolise the inharmonious nature of the creature.

I had been pacing up and down in the living room awaiting her arrival.

I had no idea how I was going to react when I spoke to her. I felt compassion for the girl; none of what had occurred was her fault and I had to consider her past actions since that time in Milan. Chloe was right, as ever, I had to give her a chance. Sarah looked very shy when she came into the living room and she saw me.

"Hello, Sarah, how are you feeling?" I inquired as nicely as I could.

"Embarrassed."

"You have no reason to be; you are among friends," I tried.

"I was naked, *again* – not to mention that I was about to be . . ."

Sarah broke down and she began to sob. I hugged her tightly as she cried.

"Am I interrupting something, Joshua?" Came a very familiar voice a few minutes later and I instantly released the girl.

"I think the attack has just come to the fore . . ." I explained quickly.

Chloe smiled and nodded approvingly at my actions.

"I wouldn't wish something like that on anyone," she said calmly.

With Chloe's help, I guided Sarah to a couch and sat her down.

"I'm sorry . . ." she sobbed with obvious relief in her tone.

"Don't be; you've been through hell, Sarah," Chloe tried as she sat down beside Sarah.

A few minutes later, Sarah had calmed down and she stood up.

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Megan then walked into the room and she headed over towards Sarah who looked down at the ground and she tried desperately to avoid Megan's eyes.

"Bet you are *overjoyed* at seeing me almost raped or worse . . ." Sarah said.

Megan did not respond, she simply reached up and slapped the older girl around the face.

"I am *not* in any way *overjoyed*, Sarah, and I am appalled that you would even think that," Megan replied as she controlled her anger.

"Sorry . . ." Sarah mumbled.

"You were *forced* to become Discord, against your will. I don't believe that you enjoy what you do – except for maybe getting a rise out of Josh . . . only joking. I want to believe that there is good in you; you showed me compassion when you did not have to and you saved my life so I owe you for that. I hope that we can be friends, Sarah – Marc, too."

Megan reached up again and the older girl flinched away. Megan touched the scar on Sarah's right cheek.

"I'm sorry about giving you that scar."

"That Glock hurt," Sarah admitted with a smile but then the smile faded. "How's Marc?"

"He's got a new hole in his side but nothing to worry about," Dave explained. "Let's get packed up; the plane is awaiting our arrival."

Saturday, June 25th

RAF Northolt, United Kingdom

It was not long after one in the morning when they boarded the Gulfstream for the return flight.

Marc, still unconscious, was strapped into one of the sofas and a drip was hung from the overhead. Sarah and Megan sat on the sofa opposite while Dave, Joshua, and Chloe took seats at tables. Once airborne, Amy came aft and asked for any food and drink orders.

Megan waved Sarah to go first.

"I could murder a wildcat burger," she quipped and even Joshua laughed.

"Fresh out of wildcat," Amy advised with a wink at Megan. "Unless you want it fresh off the bone . . ."

Megan's eyes went wide for a moment before she quickly suggested a normal burger.

"Make them doubles with bacon and cheese, please, Amy," Dave suggested to nods all round.

"Some Coke too, thanks."

Amy chuckled as she headed forward to the galley.

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"Sorry if I spoke out of turn, Megan," Sarah offered apologetically.

"I had a feeling that you knew who we all were," Joshua mused.

"If I had known back in France . . ."

"I know – ticket to glory," Megan added.

"We're all friends now," Dave confirmed.

"How many does that make, now?" Chloe asked.

"Too damn many, if you ask me!" Joshua chuckled. "At least we have a boy now – they've all been damn split-arses up to now."

“Is that an extension of ‘tramp’?” Sarah grinned and Joshua grimaced at the reference.

“I was very wrong to say that; you’re most definitely not a tramp, Sarah. To be honest all you fucking *Predators* are fucking nuts!”

“How many more of us have been rescued?” Sarah asked.

“You and Marc make nine,” Dave replied.

Seven hours later

Chicago Midway Airport

As soon as the aircraft landed, it taxied directly into the hanger where they were met by Dr Bennett and Mindy.

Dr Bennett immediately came aboard and she quickly set to work examining Marc’s injuries. He had regained consciousness around the time we had started our descent into Chicago. At first, he had been apprehensive and worried but the sight of Sarah and her soothing words had quickly calmed him down. Dave updated the boy on what had been happening, where they were, and where they were going.

“Where are they going?” Megan asked.

“Glenview, to meet Stephanie and Saoirse, and then onto Safehouse Q,” Mindy replied.

Later that morning

Glenview

I led Sarah and Marc into the living room where Stephanie and Saoirse were awaiting their arrival.

Sarah stopped dead as she entered the room and as she stared at Saoirse, a whole host of emotions seemed to sweep across her face before she spoke.

“Saoirse – I . . .”

“She knows you,” growled Stephanie, who had a none too friendly expression on her face as she studied the new arrivals.

The same expression crossed Sarah’s face as she turned her gaze onto the younger girl.

“What is *she* doing here?” Sarah spat.

“*She* has a name,” Saoirse retorted, a little anger in her tone. “Her name is Stephanie.”

“I don’t care *what* her name is; she’s a fucking wild animal!”

I looked over at my daughter – obviously, she got about in the *Predator* world!

“You’re a bit like Mindy, Steph: people always remember you but not always for the best of reasons!” Dave quipped as his wife scowled before turning her attentions back to her daughter.

“What did you do, Stephanie?” Mindy asked wearily and dreading the answer.

In response, Sarah pulled up the left side of her t-shirt and she revealed a nasty looking scar about four-inches long.

"She slashed me," Sarah explained.

I looked back at Stephanie.

"She pissed me off – she's damn lucky that I was in a good mood and I chose not to kill her."

"Ladies – please," I insisted.

Stephanie grimaced and she stepped forwards, towards Sarah, who backed off. At any other time, seeing a fourteen-year-old back down from a ten-year-old would have been funny.

"I'm sorry, Sarah," Stephanie said as she held out her hand to Sarah. "That was a bad time for us all. Us *Predators* need to stick together. Friends?"

"Thank you, Stephanie," Sarah replied as she tentatively took the offered hand and shook it.

"My friends call me, Steph."

"Me, too?" Marc asked.

"As long as you don't tie me up, naked, and then wank over me."

Marc went bright red and Sarah did her best not to giggle.

"What are *you* so grumpy about?" Stephanie asked Megan while Sarah talked with Mindy.

"I'm flat broke."

"Why?"

"The tantrum I threw when Mom made me take that damn pregnancy test; it cost me nearly thirty bucks . . . thanks for that by the way!"

"You're always welcome!"

"How's it feel, meeting two more *Predators*?"

"It sucks; they all remember who I was. Either 'cause I was a traitor or because I hurt people for the sake of it . . . I'm not that Psyche – not anymore."

Stephanie looked genuinely hurt and unhappy so Megan quickly changed the subject.

"Where's Horatio?"

"The pussy is with that great canine pussy, Razor – it's almost impossible to separate those too . . . pussy . . . fuck, dammit!"

"Problem, Stephanie?" Mindy asked.

Stephanie turned to look at Sarah and then at Saoirse with a quizzical look on her face and then she smirked.

"SD?"

“Yes, Steph.”

“A though just occurred to me. Is this the very same Sarah that you ate out on stage?”

Saoirse went a brilliant shade of pink.

“Fuck, Stephanie!” Saoirse growled as she felt Sarah’s hand on her shoulder.

Saoirse turned to see a very angry teenage girl a foot away from her.

“You told *this* girl about *that*?” Sarah demanded angrily.

“It was accidental – how the fuck was I meant to know that I would ever see you again, Sarah?”

Saoirse tried and quite reasonably she thought.

“Still – that was a *very* private moment . . .”

“*Private*?” Stephanie demanded incredulously. “You ate each other out in front of *two-hundred* people!”

Sarah smiled before she replied.

“Believe it or not, Steph, we have never spoken about that moment, since it happened; to be honest we never even spoke afterwards – we were too embarrassed to even *look* at each other.”

“So, an encore is out of the question, then?” Stephanie inquired with a deadpan expression.