

**Author's Note:** . . . *and we're back!*

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"My name is Stephanie Lizewski and I am part of an organisation which is charged with the protection of the City of Chicago. That organisation is known as *Fusion*. . ."

"Hey, it's *my* goddamn story – even if it *is* based on a story called 'Kick-Ass'!"

"My bad, Hit Girl!"

"You're injured – you're not supposed to be doing narratives, so get the fuck back to sleep."

"Purple bitch!"

"Anyway – my name is Mindy Lizewski. I am the vigilante known as Hit Girl and I protect the City of Chicago along with my husband, Dave Lizewski, AKA Kick-Ass. Together, we lead the Chicago vigilantes who are all part of an organisation called *Fusion*. . ."

"I already said that!"

"Do want to lose the use of your *other* arm?"

"Fucking Yank!"

"Chicago and *Fusion* are in danger. After my daughter, Stephanie, was shot down in cold blood, we sought out her attacker. On the way, we discovered an errant bomber and multiple organisations that wished to do *Fusion* and Chicago harm. *Fusion* is at its strongest ever and our enemies will feel the cold steel of my blades as they cut deep into their living flesh. Their blood will be split and Chicago will become safe, once again."

"Who wrote *that* shit?"

"Get to sleep, before I put you out with a bloody spoon . . . and don't you look at me like that, either!"

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***Five days later***

***Saturday, 16<sup>th</sup> July, 2016***

***About nine o'clock***

***The streets of Chicago***

The cunt stopped moving as the long o-kissaki point of the Katana pierced his left eyeball and continued on through the cartilage and bone deep into the brain behind. Blood exploded out as Hit Girl swung the companion Katana horizontally and took off the man's head at the neck.

"Fucking hell!" Hit Girl swore as the severed head refused to fall off her blade.

She attacked the head with her other sword, pushing the disassociated bonce off the end of the affected sword. Jackal appeared to the side of Hit Girl, his Ninja-To severing the carotid artery of another Sicilian cunt.

“Ah – the dreaded ‘head-stuck-on-the-sword’ problem – I feel for you!” he chuckled as he dived back into the mass of criminal scum.

“Fuck you, you. . .” Hit Girl retorted as she swung the recently freed sword around and severed the right leg of a large Russian Solntsevskaya soldier, just above the knee. The fucking asshole made to shoot Hit Girl despite his injury but Hit Girl was ready and she lopped off both of his lower arms and left him to writhe in his own warm, spurting blood.

“Messy bitch!” Wildcat growled as she ran past, her own Katana drenched in, and dripping, blood.

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“You okay, Nightmare?” Wildcat yelled as she saw the trainee-vigilante push a recently deceased body away from her so she could regain her feet.

Nightmare yelled out as a pair of gunshots caused her to be splashed with blood and gore as a Russian had his head blown apart by Foxtail.

“Never lose situational awareness, Nightmare!” she commented as she flipped the Butterfly sword in her left hand inverted and drove it behind her – directly into the stomach of an attacking Corsair.

A pair of armour-clad legs sidestepped the dying Corsair as the body fell to the ground spilling copious amounts of hot, steaming blood.

“Fucking show off!” Raven laughed as she ran past with Splinter beside her.

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“Petra – watch your six; you have several Corsairs approaching your position,” Hal announced from *Mia*.

“Thanks, Hal!” Petra replied over the comms.

“Fucking bastards have marked us!” Battle Guy growled as he shot a pair of Corsairs in the head and quickly dived into the driver’s seat of the green van before accelerating away. After two sharp turns, he skidded to a halt beside a large trailer.

Battle Guy dived out and grabbed hold of a pressure washer lance and pressed the ‘Start’ button on the compressor. High-pressure water burst out of the lance and Battle Guy aimed it at the top of the van’s side. The thin covering of green paint was blasted away to reveal *Mia*’s natural colour: navy blue. Within five minutes, *Mia* was returning to a different vantage point – a very different van after Battle Guy had slapped on a pair of false plates.

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Okay . . . time for questions.

Why was *Fusion* fighting the Sicilian Mafia, the Solntsevskaya Brotherhood, *and* a bunch of mercenary Corsairs? Well, we would need to go back twenty-four hours or more to cover that little change in events.

It had all started on the Friday afternoon, at Safehouse F.

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**Friday, 15<sup>th</sup> July**

**Safehouse F**  
**Briefing Room**

“We have a new threat.”

“Not really *new* – we’ve fought cunts like them before,” Chloe pointed out.

“We’re already fighting against FEAR and that pink abortion. We also have whoever shot Stephanie, and some fucked up bomber from Northern Ireland – *now* we have some vendetta-crazed Sicilians and well, I’ve just got a really bad feeling. . .”

“Han Solo, you are not!” Abby interceded.

“Ha, ha!” Mindy continued. “We are increasing defences for the Safehouses and our homes. . .”

“Another row of Claymores amongst the rose bushes?” Joshua chuckled.

Mindy’s expression as her cheeks turned pink confirmed that Joshua’s suggestion was, in fact, a key part of her defence strategy.

“Claymore’s going cheap, were they?” Joshua added. “Bulk discount?”

“Without getting side-tracked – yeah,” Mindy admitted to general laughter. She was glad of Joshua’s humour; it broke the ice in what was otherwise turning out to be a very depressing briefing.

“So, we’re taking the warning seriously?” Murphy asked.

“We have to,” Marty admitted. “We have all our technical resources digging into the Sicilian angle, but so far, we can neither corroborate nor deny the threat.”

“Great!” Fellowes muttered to his partner.

“You will all be on the lookout,” Dave lectured. “Nobody takes risks or draws attention to Safehouses or identities. The senior staff are taking this threat seriously and you should all accept this briefing as a war warning. We don’t want to alarm anybody, nor do we want to scare the younger ones, but we have a city to protect and under no circumstances are we leaving this city.”

“Damn right!” Megan cut in, to general agreement from all those present.

“Let’s get back to work people,” Mindy suggested.

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Mindy had not slept well that Friday night – it was that ‘really bad feeling’.

Therefore, the following evening, *Fusion* had gone out onto the streets of Chicago expecting a war – unfortunately, they had found one.

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**Saturday, 16<sup>th</sup> July**  
**About seven o’clock**

**The streets of Chicago**

“Hello, fuckers!”

The Sicilian men were not overtly menacing but it was obvious that they would not be a walkover either.

“Good evening, Hit Girl. We just wanted to remind you of how serious we are about you and your people leaving Chicago.”

Hit Girl looked around.

“Just you three cunts?” Hit Girl asked, seeing nobody else.

“Not quite,” the same man went on.

Hit Girl shook her head as a very familiar individual joined the three Sicilians.

“So, you guys have joined forces – couldn’t take little me on your own?” Hit Girl sneered.

“You’re good, Hit Girl, we *will* give you that – but we like to be certain. . .” FEAR growled.

“We, too, have a vested interest, товарищ.”

Hit Girl turned to see a large man grinning fiendishly. Hit Girl was getting seriously annoyed.

“Who the *fuck*, are you?”

“Солнцевская братва.”

Hit Girl struggled to keep her composure; things had just taken a major turn for the worse.

“What would the Solntsevskaya Brotherhood be doing in Chicago?”

“We are expanding our operations and, well . . . you’re in the fucking way, Hit Girl!”

“So, Hit Girl, is it time to leave?” the Sicilian chuckled.

“We would miss you,” FEAR added.

“Let the fun . . . *begin!*” Hit Girl shouted as she jumped into the air and dived for an overhanging fire escape just as the Sicilians pulled out their pistols and sent bullets after her.

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### ***About nine fifteen***

So, *that* was how *Fusion* got to be fighting the Sicilian Mafia, the Solntsevskaya Brotherhood, *and* a bunch of mercenary Corsairs.

“Are you going to fight, or just stand there looking like a fucking dick?” Shadow enquired.

“Sorry,” Hit Girl responded. “Zoned out for a sec.”

The two vigilantes bolted forwards into the melee and slashed their way towards where Kick-Ass was quite literally ‘breaking heads’.

“Oy – you bitches give me hand?”

Hit Girl glanced down as she was about to hurdle a dead body and she saw Trojan pinned beneath a very large Russian. Hit Girl glanced over at Shadow who just shrugged and between them they heaved the dead corpse off of Trojan who sprang to his feet.

“Fucker fell on top of me as he died!” Trojan growled as he ran off, yelling over his shoulder.  
“Thanks, girls!”

Shadow and Hit Girl then turned towards a loud and very panicked scream. After slashing down a Corsair and dodging a couple of knives they found the source of the scream. A Sicilian man appeared to be having an argument with an armour-clad canine.

“Help me!” he yelled as the female Chicago vigilantes came close.

“Yeah, there’s a dog on your balls!” Shadow cried out.

“Get it the fuck off of me!” the man was almost hysterical as Eisenhower growled and tugged on her mouthful.

“Eisenhower!” Hit Girl snapped and the dog instantly released her meat and two veg.

“Thank you. . .”

Hit Girl put the man’s lights out with her fist before she, Shadow, and Eisenhower went after some more cunts.

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Despite her still being sore from being caught up in the explosion only a few days previously, Foxtail had not wanted to be left out and so, after a clear bill of health from Doctor Bennett, she had geared up and joined the rest of *Fusion*. Her main task for the evening was to keep an eye on her trainee. Nightmare seemed to be fighting well. She was tired, but she was handling it; just as well as any of the others.

Fatigue was always a danger. Hit Girl and Kick-Ass ignored it, as did Shadow and Jackal – sometimes to their cost. For the younger vigilantes, it was harder to fight against. Wildcat, Trojan, and Raven all suffered from fatigue; their bodies were still getting used to the extra abuse from extended operations. Petra, Psyche, and Foxtail were all acclimatised to pushing themselves way past the point of normal human endurance.

The crucial factor was knowing your limits. Nightmare and Wildcat were still learning those limits and they had to be watched.

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### ***Lawndale***

*“Hit Girl, Battle Guy – you have company!”*

Hit Girl finished administering her latest multiple amputation and she turned at the sound of many powerful engines.

“Well, well, they look right up my street,” she growled as she ran down an alleyway.

A minute later, Hit Girl reappeared on her Panigale with Mist at her tailpipe. Both vigilantes headed directly at the eight black motorcycles, each with their own black-clad rider. The motorcyclists were firing indiscriminately into the buildings which lined West Douglas Boulevard. Hit Girl fired several shots from her pistol to gain the riders’ attention. Once the first head turned, Mist and Hit Girl executed a quick one-eighty before they stopped and looked over their shoulders.

“Come get us you fucking cunts!” Mist growled as she revved the engine of her Ducati Streetfighter 848.

The lead rider accelerated and his seven companions came after him. Each rider was astride a BMW S 1000 RR Sport motorcycle, which by the sounds of their engines, Hit Girl assumed to be non-stock. The ten motorcycles raced east along West Douglas Boulevard before they each took the hard right northbound, onto South Independence Avenue.

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Ten motorcycles soon dropped to nine as one rider was taken out by a semi as we crossed over West Roosevelt Road.

“That must have hurt – pity!” Mist chuckled. “Fucking cunt!”

Mindy had been concerned about Erika’s state of mind after her having lost somebody so close to her but on the other hand, being able to focus and take your anger out on some unfortunate cunt was also good for a troubled mind – Mindy could personally vouch for that!

As the nine motorcycles wove in and out of the light traffic, they attracted many horns and angry gestures. Some recognised Mist and Hit Girl and gave them a merry wave with rude gestures at the obvious enemy. Hit Girl was scanning the street ahead while Abby provided guidance of potential traffic issues. As she flew over I-290, Hit Girl veered over to the right and entered the, currently empty, grounds of Leif Ericson Elementary School. The motorcycles careered across the playing fields and one of the BMWs skidded into a baseball diamond and he became bogged down in the sand. Before he could get his machine out of the sand, he was surrounded by the CPD.

The remaining eight motorcycles spread out as they played a lethal game of dodgems with more than one collision which pissed off both Mist and Hit Girl. Neither vigilante enjoyed their precious motorcycles suffering even the most minor damage. Mist scored a direct hit with her pistol on one of the machines which smashed directly into a large tree, killing the rider instantly. After a brief radio conversation, Hit Girl took the chase back onto West Jackson Boulevard and then a hard right onto South Central Park Boulevard. The CPD had blocked off all the east-west junctions and Hit Girl hit sixty as the seven riders headed right back to where they had begun the chase.

There, *Fusion* was waiting in ambush.

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As Hit Girl raced through the junction of West Douglas Boulevard and South Central Park Avenue, she pulled a wheelie and the armour beneath her machine absorbed several bullets from two Solntsevskaya Brotherhood Krysha’s. Behind her, Mist put a bullet into each Krysha as she entered the junction.

As the first BMW made to follow, Jackal threw a discard AK-74 into the front wheel of the machine and . . .

“Holy, fuck!” he exclaimed as the 208-kilogramme high-performance motorcycle went airborne along with its rider.

The combination landed rider first – he cushioned the fall of his ride.

“Like somebody just smashed a large tomato!” Nightmare laughed as the next BMW came through.

"I give him a nine for artistic presentation," Wildcat added as she ran past before yelling back over her shoulder. "He lost a point for the bad landing."

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Kick-Ass dove out of the shadows and he took the rider out of his saddle. The rider-less motorcycle continued on for two dozen yards before it crashed into a parked car. Kick-Ass proceeded to pulverise the cunt, ripping off his helmet and kicking the living shit out of the asshole. Kick-Ass was just in time to take down the final BMW motorcycle by throwing the unconscious cunt into the road at the last minute and causing the oncoming rider to swerve and lose control of his machine – he was thrown forwards and he hit the wall of a building rather hard.

"Was that the sound of his neck snapping?" Shadow queried.

"Cool, huh!" Foxtail replied.

"Crazy *Predator* nut!" Shadow growled as she examined the previous pair of motorcycles which had kind of become mechanical headless horsemen as Shadow had lopped off their heads as they had ridden past her.

"Okay, who's next?" Kick-Ass growled as he turned towards the remaining enemy.

"Yeah, do you wish to engage?" Hit Girl growled as she walked up and stood beside her partner.

The enemy slunk off into the night.

"I didn't think so," Hit Girl finished.

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***The following day***

***Sunday, 17<sup>th</sup> July***

***Synthesis Data Core***

"Hit Girl!"

"Hello," Hit Girl replied before continuing without any further preamble. "We face a grave threat and I want you all to be safe. We will start with some weapons' training, but first, I want you all to go to this place and ask for Paige. Tell her your names and you will find yourselves enrolled in a beginner's class."

Hit Girl passed out a business card to each of the five teenagers.

"D-JAK?"

"I hear it's a great place – they train youngsters and even a few cops. . . Be there!"

The youngsters knew that they had no choice.

"We can do that."

"Good night!"

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***That afternoon***

## ***D-JAK Prime***

As directed, the five friends turned up at the D-JAK studio, on West North Avenue.

Paige had been waiting for them, and after taking their details, she had provided them with uniforms and then handed them over to Kyle and Saoirse. The five teenagers were provided with a personal training session off to one side of the facility, away from the other classes.

Saoirse and Kyle took them through basic defence and disarming – there was limited messing about and the five friends took it all very seriously. An hour later, after a break, they were separated into three groups. Saoirse partnered with Jesse while Peter partnered with Laurence and Libby partnered with Kate. Thirteen-year-old Jesse struggled to keep his eyes off of Saoirse’s gentle curves and her pert breasts . . . Jesse was kicked down to the floor, three times, before Saoirse decided to go easy on him.

“You land a kick on me – and I’ll let you touch them . . .”

Jesse’s concentration instantly increased ten-fold! Although, he did notice when his almost fourteen-year-old sister screamed out and hit the mat, hard. Kate was actually very good and she grinned enormously as she looked down at her friend.

“Well, that went well!” Kyle chuckled as he helped the girl back to her feet. “Libby, isn’t it?”

Libby allowed herself to be helped to her feet and she smiled up at the boy.

“Oh, God; she’s got the hots for him!” her brother grimaced.

“Have not!” Libby sniped back.

“She fancies anything with a cock that’s vaguely human,” Laurence confirmed as Libby’s mouth dropped open in stunned incredulity and her face went a deep shade of red.

“Let’s get back to the training, shall we?” Chloe advised as she came over to see what was going on.

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## ***That evening***

### ***Safehouse F***

Mindy was very pleased to hear that *Synthesis* was doing well with their training.

To them, it was all a bit of fun, although they understood the seriousness of the necessity for the training. Mindy knew only too well what could happen to them if they were attacked and she wanted to ensure that they could look after themselves. Did Mindy feel guilty about using five innocent teenagers? Did she feel guilty about putting their lives at risk? A few years before, the answer would have been a resounding ‘no’, only, Mindy had changed and she now recognised how precious human life was. Compassion had grown within her and she could no longer put people at risk without a damn good reason.

As she looked around the main area of the Safehouse, she smiled at all those who were training hard to be the best that they could be.

Saoirse was training Anne-Marie, in a one-on-one lesson, outside the Command Centre. Both girls held out their Butterfly swords before them and as such, everybody else kept well away for their own safety. Danny was with Joshua; where he was teaching the young boy how to use his Tactical



Wakizashi properly. Chloe sat with Lizzie and Lauren, taking Lauren through some of the events of the other night and explaining the tactics used to Lizzie.

Mindy was very pleased that beyond dozens of bruises, nobody had required the services of Dr Bennett, despite a hard night fighting against some very skilled adversaries . . . OW!

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Mindy turned to glare at Sarah who looked very scared and she backed away from Mindy.

“Wow!” Marc exclaimed. “You just struck Hit Girl around the face – you are fucking toast, girl!”

“I’m so sorry, Mindy . . .”

Mindy chuckled and then kicked out and sent Marc flying backwards onto the mat – he yelled out as he landed and then glared at the unrepentant Mindy.

“You do remember I was shot not that long ago,” he moaned.

“You’re fine,” Mindy retorted before she turned to Sarah. “Well done! Marc, Sarah did the right thing – she took advantage of the situation; my momentary distraction, and she attacked. You have to take every chance in a fight, so you can win.”

Sarah nodded and so did Marc once he had got back to his feet. Mindy left them both sparring so she could head over to see Marty, Kim, and little Matty. She was intercepted by a nervous looking Sky.

“Mindy?”

“Yeah, Sky.”

“Could Chrissy and me go see Stephanie, tonight?”

“Of course, you can, Sky – just don’t over excite her, please.”

“No, problem, Mindy – it’ll be the most boring hospital visit, *ever!*”

Mindy laughed as the girl ran over to her twin.

“Hi, Marty – Kim.”

“Mindy – fancy a hold?” Kim asked.

Mindy was almost scared when it came to the babies – Damon was five weeks old while Matty was nine months old. While she often held her little step-brother, she felt like she might break him, he was so small and fragile. Marcus and Paige thought it so funny, considering that Mindy was Hirt Girl. Nonetheless, Matty was easier – he was bigger and slightly less fragile. As Mindy took the boy from his mother, he looked up at Mindy, and he smiled.

“She looks petrified!” Dave chuckled as he walked over.

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***Later that night***

***Northwestern Memorial Hospital  
Room 32***

Stephanie was very disgruntled.

She was fed up. She knew that *Fusion* had been out on the streets of Chicago, but she knew very little about what had occurred, apart from what she could glean from the news reports. She felt left out and she was desperate to get out of the bed and go home. She missed her friends. She missed her family. Oh, they all came to visit, but they would never tell her what was going on – security, apparently!

“Fuck!” Stephanie yelled out to the empty room.

“Now *that* was a curse and a half!”

“Chrissy!” Stephanie exclaimed, her mood instantly improving.

“Hospital getting to you?” Sky asked, noticing immediately, Stephanie’s previous mood.

“Yeah.”

“We know how it feels, Stephanie – we thought we’d come to see how you were . . . and . . .”

“*What* is that smell?” Stephanie demanded as she sniffed the air. “Whatever it is, I want it. . .”

Sky laughed as she opened up her bag and she pulled out a McDonalds bag.

“Big Mac and fries, plus a vanilla milkshake – was that right?”

“My favourite!”

Stephanie ripped open the packaging in her excitement and she began to cram the burger into her mouth. Chrissy and Sky both laughed as they began to eat their own burgers.