

Two days later
Saturday, 23rd July, 2016

Safehouse F

The Galley

After a few hours of frenzied activity, the two girls sat down at a table facing each other.

“Why do we do it?” Lauren asked as she sipped at her can of Pepsi.

“A question I ask myself almost every day,” Megan replied as she opened her can of Coke.

“Are we bad people?” Lauren persisted.

“Probably.”

“You are *not* helping!”

Megan laughed.

“We all have a deep-seated desire to help those who can’t help themselves. Yes, we do bad things, but we do ‘em for a good reason – yeah, I struggle to understand that, but then I am only eleven.”

“You’re way more than the average eleven-year-old, Megan. You’ve done so much and you’re an awesome vigilante.”

“You’re gonna get her damn ego going again – we just deflated that damn thing,” Joshua moaned as he sat down with his usual grin. “Got a joke for you two . . . a *cat* joke, as luck would have it.”

“Oh, God!” Megan moaned, dropping her head onto the table, but Joshua ignored her and continued.

“There was a cat by the lake and a sausage came floating by. The cat put its paw in and wet its paw. Then a few minutes later a bigger sausage came floating by and the cat fell in. The moral of this story? The bigger the sausage the wetter the pussy.”

“And people wonder why I like to kill . . .” Megan chuckled as she slapped Joshua while Lauren had a giggling fit.

“You two having a philosophical conversation concerning our existential time on this earth?”

Lauren and Megan both looked blankly at the Brit as he nonchalantly opened a can of Pepsi Max.

“Ignore him – he likes to use big words to confuse us simple Yanks; it’s a British thing!” Hailee commented as she plonked herself down beside Lauren with her own can of Pepsi Max. “Basically, he wants to know if you are discussing the chances of us all losing it and ending up like Mindy.”

“You saying that Mindy is several rounds short of a full magazine?” Lauren asked with a cheeky grin.

“That’s one way to put it – she’s certifiable,” Megan replied. “Mind you, we all kill without a second’s thought.”

“Only when the fuckers deserve it,” Josh reminded them all.

“Yeah – we have standards,” Megan said with a hint of pride. “We stand for something.”

“Very true, Kitty-Kat,” Erika grinned as she helped herself to some coffee – Megan scowled. “*Fusion* is an organisation that is nothing without those who uphold its values.”

“Us?” Lauren ventured.

“Us,” Erika confirmed. “When *Fusion* first began, there were only the four of them. Chloe was little older than you are now, Lauren – same with Joshua. I made the mistake of dismissing the two kids, back when I first met them. Those four gave *Fusion* a reputation . . .”

“But Hit Girl already had a reputation,” Lauren pointed out.

“Yes, she did,” Erika confirmed. “But only amongst a few select criminals. Very few knew much about her – she was very secretive – and until that video where Kick-Ass and Big Daddy were being beaten to death, nobody had ever seen her – and lived. Hit Girl is a legend in her own time.”

“So is Kick-Ass,” Chloe said quickly as she sat down. “I owe those two a lot – everything really. I know I say that all the time, but I mean it; Mindy is like a big sister to me, and Dave is a big brother. Without them, I dread to think how I might have turned out – Mindy also got me back with my Dad. None of us are normal – you can’t be if you do this shit.”

“For many of us, *Fusion* is a home we never had,” Tommy said as he joined the group. “We all owe *Fusion* something – *Fusion* rescued us all from something. Many of us might be dead by now without Dave and Mindy.”

Joshua nodded.

“Chloe was rescued from a bad idea that put her in harm’s way – well intentioned it was, but fucking daft. I was rescued from myself and brought to Chicago. Tommy was rescued from a life worse than death – in my opinion. Curtis was rescued from a nasty twist to *his* life. Stephanie was rescued from what can only be described as a hell on earth. The same with Saoirse and the other *Predators* both here and across the Atlantic. Megan was rescued from a life of crime – am I right?”

Megan nodded with an ashamed look on her face.

“*Fusion* has even stretched outside of Chicago. Bruce and Selina were both saved from themselves. Cameron and Natasha were saved from getting lost in the system of a foreign country. Christina and Sky, Anne-Marie and Daniel, Marc and Sarah – they were all saved from hell on earth. *Fusion* has taken down many that deserved to die. None of those targets were easy. From the D’Amico family, to *Urban Predator*, via Gotham and the Caribbean – we all bear scars of some description, either physical, or those emotional scars deep inside of us all,” Joshua continued. “For many of us, we are hooked on a life that is illegal in most states, if not in most of the civilised world. Chicago welcomes us, but only because of that high level of professionalism that we show when we are out on the streets. Some of us get carried away, some of us fuck up. We’ve all been there. I am pleased and honoured to say that I know Mindy and Dave very well. Mindy has unbelievably high standards but that is only because she wants us all to come back alive. Even though she has difficulty showing it sometimes, she respects each and every one of you. She is also very thankful for the support you all give to her when it comes to Stephanie, the twins, and her wacky schemes.”

“Right you lazy twats!” Mindy yelled from the doorway. “You all have training and *not* a session of vigilantes anonymous!”

Despite her feigned anger, Mindy was smiling broadly. How much had she overheard?

“Thank you, Josh,” she said as he passed her.

The Command Center

“What have you got?” Mindy demanded.

“We’re still searching,” Marty replied as images flickered across a monitor while facial recognition software attempted to match a face against the computer-generated image of the man provided by Saoirse two night’s previously.

“Could he be this asshole bomber?” Mindy demanded of Saoirse who sat at a console scanning photos on a screen.

Saoirse was feeling awful. She felt immense guilt because the man who had killed Toni, and almost killed her along with dozens of other people, may have only been in Chicago because of her. She also felt that Mindy blamed her. She jumped as she felt Mindy’s hand on her shoulder.

“Saoirse – calm down. None of this is your fault. Our pasts usually catch up with us one way or another.”

“That bastard is out there and he could be building more bombs even as we speak.”

“There is only so much that we can do, Saoirse. We’ll find him and stop him.”

Level 0

Erika stepped back from the punchbag which she had been pounding for a solid forty minutes.

She grabbed a fresh towel from a pile by the door and she sat down on the mat, breathing heavily. She felt two shapes sit down either side of her.

“Here – drink this,” Chrissy said as she offered Erika a cold bottle of water.

“It’ll do you good,” Sky added.

Erika looked to her left and her right, then she took the bottle.

“Maybe I need it – I’m seeing double!” Erika chuckled between swigs. “What do you two devious bitches want?”

“You,” they both replied.

Erika groaned.

“A threesome?” Erika muttered facetiously.

“God, no!” Sky almost yelled. “Sorry – I’m not into that kind of thing; for that, you’d need to speak with Chrissy.”

“With my own sister . . . ewww!” Chrissy replied with a faraway look in her eyes.

“No, Erika,” Sky explained. “We’ve been considering our options and well, Mindy let slip that you’re also considering your options.”

“Mindy’s got a big mouth!” Erika exclaimed.

“You’ve had a massive loss, Erika, and we cannot possibly understand what you have lost.”

“You two haven’t exactly had an easy life – you both got taken when you were eight and subjected to God only knows what, and then you both get yourselves taken down by Shadow with her bō-staff.”

Sky subconsciously rubbed her side where there was a permanent scar visible between her top and her shorts.

“Yes – our lives sucked, but they have suddenly turned around. Meeting Shadow was probably the best – and definitely the most painful – thing that has happened to the both of us. We have a second chance at having a life. We’ve both decided that we’d like to go with you.”

“I barely know either of you and you want me to let you both move in with me?”

“We promise to behave and to do what you tell us. . .”

Erika looked from one set of puppy-dog eyes to the other and she laughed.

“Let me think about it,” she said seriously so the two girls knew that she meant it.

The following morning
Sunday, 24th July

Safehouse Q

Sarah was half asleep as she made her way to the bathroom for a shower.

She never really heard the running water and she just walked straight in, only to be met by the smiling face of Chrissy Abbott.

“Oh, God, I’m sorry, Chrissy!”

“I’m not bothered,” Chrissy said as she stepped out from behind the shower curtain.

Sarah’s eyes went wide as she took in the naked body displayed before her. Sarah did not look away; Chrissy looked stunning as the water ran off her body and accentuated her ample curves.

“So,” Chrissy said calmly, and with a little hope in her voice, “you’re the magnificent muffin muncher that Saoirse says is total ecstasy.”

Sarah felt her face getting very hot and she grinned in response.

“I’d really like to find out what you can do . . . and I can always return the favour. . .” Chrissy said as she ran her eyes over Sarah’s pyjama-clad figure and then licked her lips.

Sarah hesitated but after less than a minute, she dropped her towel . . . and then she shucked off her pyjama bottoms followed by her top. Completely naked, she bit her lip as she moved towards Chrissy, who held out her hand to Sarah. Sarah took the hand and Chrissy pulled her under the hot water and they both studied each other’s bodies up close.

As their skin touched, Sarah felt a sense of longing which spread from her groin up to her breasts. As their nipples touched, both girls moaned and all barriers dropped away as their hands began to caress each other’s bodies. Sarah’s hands gently mapped out Chrissy’s ample breasts, every curve, all the way to the nipples at the tip. Chrissy’s hands were doing the same and Sarah felt emotions and

sensations that she had not felt in a long time. A lot of pent up sexual frustration began to ease as hands wandered across her stomach and found her belly button.

Sarah giggled.

“Your skin is so silky smooth,” Chrissy purred as she continued downwards into Sarah’s pubic hair.

Sarah was doing the same and she gently caressed Chrissy’s own pubic hair. Sarah leaned down and she nibbled at Chrissy’s right nipple which elicited a long, drawn out moan. The next few minutes or so passed in a blur of feverish sexual activity as both girls brought each other ever closer to an excruciating orgasm. Sarah took a deep breath and she sank to her knees . . . Chrissy smiled as she moved her legs further apart and then she braced herself with her arms for what was to come (pun intended).

Sarah’s fingers gently caressed Chrissy’s labia before pushing them apart with her fingertips and then she leant forwards. Chrissy could feel Sarah’s fingers being replaced by the girl’s tongue which pushed inside and then flicked up towards her . . . Chrissy yelped at the instantaneous stimulation that sent electrical impulses racing up her body to her brain. Sarah’s reputation was well earned! After another minute of intense stimulation, Chrissy could take no more as she pushed Sarah’s face away from her labia and she fell to her knees. Chrissy kissed Sarah on the lips and then she wrapped her arms around the other girl as wave after wave of crippling sensations coursed throughout her body.

The orgasm was just about the biggest that Chrissy had ever endured. She fell onto her back, pulling Sarah with her. They kissed under the water which streamed down from the shower head. Just as the two teens parted from their final kiss, there was a crash as the door was slammed shut. Both girls jumped as they turned to see Marc on the floor by the door, his pants down by his knees and his right hand wrapped around his dick. A thick substance oozed over his hand and dripped onto the floor.

Sarah giggled as she sunk her face into Chrissy’s breasts.

Chrissy winked at the boy as he grinned sheepishly.

Mid-April, 2014

An unknown location in the USA

The instructor studied the scene before him.

He was standing in the communal area reserved for the ‘yellows’, the kids who were deemed too young, or otherwise unsuitable as *Predators* but retained for limited duties around the facility that were deemed below the status of even a Phase 1 *Predator*. An eight-year-old boy was holding his nose as blood continued to pour down his front. The boy glared at a seven-year-old girl wearing glasses who had an enormous and very satisfied grin on her face.

“You did this?” the instructor demanded incredulously as he looked down at the diminutive little girl.

“Yes, sir.”

He smirked appreciatively.

“Where did you learn to do that?” he asked.

“I’d rather not say, sir.”

“What!”

“I don’t want to get them into trouble, sir.”

“Well, they have broken a few rules by teaching you to fight, and I want to know who it is – *now*, young lady.”

The young girl looked very frightened but she stuck to her guns and showed great courage as she faced down the instructor.

“Sorry, sir – no.”

There was stunned silence in the room – no yellow *ever* disobeyed an order.

“Time for you to experience The Cage from the other side!”

The girl was seized and stripped naked before being hauled off down the corridor.

Stephanie heard screaming in the corridor outside The Cage and then the door opened and she saw a struggling naked girl being dragged into the concrete room.

“Open Number Three!” the instructor ordered and the yellow on duty hit the correct button.

The sobbing girl was dropped onto the bare mattress in the cage next to Stephanie before the door was slammed shut.

“What the fuck, Electra?” Stephanie demanded in surprise as she recognised the girl.

“It worked,” Electra said through her sobs and she forced a grin. “I broke his nose. . .”

“Why are you in here?” It was unheard of for a yellow to actually be *in* a cage in The Cage.

“I refused to give up where I learnt to fight back.”

“You are such a *stupid* little girl!” Stephanie groaned.

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It was now blazingly obvious to Stephanie that the instructors were using Electra to get at her. They obviously knew who had taught her to fight – they were not stupid. Stephanie also knew that she herself had broken about a dozen rules concerning yellows. Stephanie shrugged as she gave the sobbing, naked Electra another glance before she lay back to rest.

What was their warped plan? Stephanie was fed up with them using *her* as their personal punch bag and scapegoat. Either they should just kill her and be done with it, or maybe she should just call them out on it.

Though Stephanie was unaware of it, there were a lot of murmurings in the upper echelons of *Urban Predator* concerning the young British girl with her codename years before it was due. The girl was very advanced for her age and she had showed a level of progression way beyond just about anybody else who had gone through the program before.

All except maybe one girl . . .

Sunday, 24th July, 2016

Glenview

“Oh, for the love of God!”

“I could come back, later. . .”

“No, Anne-Marie – what is it?” Mindy asked her youngest daughter. Impromptu meetings in the shower seemed to be a thing for Anne-Marie; the young girl didn’t appear to see anything wrong with invading somebody’s privacy during such an intimate time.

“Can I go see Steph, this afternoon?”

“Yes, you can,” Mindy replied as she continued to rinse her hair – then she had a thought. “Did you close the bathroom door?”

“Err . . .”

“Never mind,” Mindy grimaced as she was shoved to one side by Razor who began to play in the water.

Then Mindy yelped as something sharp dug into her right foot. She looked down to see. . .

“Horatio!” Mindy growled. “Get your claws out of my foot!”

Anne-Marie giggled as Horatio looked up and meowed happily.

“Razor! Anne-Marie – get that mutt outside where he can dry off. As for you. . .” Mindy seized hold of the soggy moggy and stared into his eyes. “You go with Anne-Marie and get yourself dried off in the kitchen.”

Mindy passed a horrified Anne-Marie the wet kitty which she held away from her dry clothes.

That afternoon

**Northwestern Memorial Hospital
Room 32**

Stephanie’s mood lifted as her brother and sister entered the room.

“Hi, guys!”

“Just thought we’d come by to see how you are,” Danny said.

Anne-Marie just grinned at her big sister.

“Is that gap in your teeth ever going to be filled?” Stephanie grinned.

“Not exactly my fault, Steph!” Anne-Marie retorted.

“I know, sorry.”

“When are you coming home – I really miss you.”

"I can't believe I'm saying it, but I miss the both of you," Stephanie replied.

"I'm stuck with Moaning Annie – it's getting beyond a joke," Danny commented.

"I'm not *that* bad. . ."

"Have you heard yourself?"

"Okay – it's been a hard time for us all. We got to go out on our motorcycles the other weekend, it was awesome!"

"Did you stay out of the mud? Stephanie asked her little sister.

Anne-Marie grimaced.

"I may have come off once or twice. . ."

"Eight times," Danny laughed as his sister scowled.

"Still using too much throttle?" Stephanie asked knowingly with a patronising look at the eight-year-old girl.

"It gets away from me – I can't help it; I suck at riding a motorbike."

"No, you don't," Stephanie replied. "You're only just starting to learn. You're a fiery little thing, and you get carried away sometimes; that is nothing to be ashamed of."

"I just feel bad, is all. I wish I could be as good as you are, Steph."

"You're young, Anne-Marie, and I am very glad that you never had the same upbringing that I did. You will grow and you will be trained – I will train you to be as good as you can be. You just need patience, young one."

"Sage advice from a seasoned *Predator*," Mindy commented as she entered the room. "Don't rush to leave your childhood behind, little one. I lost mine and so did Stephanie. Listen to us when we tell you to enjoy what you have."

"I will," Anne-Marie replied with a smile.

Three days later

Wednesday, 27th July, 2016

Glenview

"Why do you *have* to keep trawling *that* up?"

Mindy's scowl was impressive and Chloe grinned to show that she was joking.

"Chloe, it's two years ago – get over it!" Joshua laughed.

"She almost cut your damn head off – she's an animal!" Chloe replied with a broad grin.

"I don't blame her – not really; I *had* invaded her favourite Safehouse – the one where she had lived with her father," Joshua pointed out.

"But," Mindy said with an evil grin. "Finding you, did get Chloe off my back. . ."

“How so?” Joshua asked and Chloe groaned.

“When she’s spreading her legs for you, she ain’t bellyaching in my lug hole!” Mindy replied with an evil chuckle.

“Bitch!” Chloe growled as she blushed pink.