

Author's Note: Events in the latter part of this chapter, and in the next, will operate in parallel with **Chapter 5: Escalation** and **Chapter 6: Take Down** of my other story, **Creatures of the Night**.

Monday, August 29th, 2016

Early morning

Glenview, Chicago

"Oh, come on!" Mindy exclaimed.

"Mindy, you have a reputation for, how should I put it. . ." Marcus chuckled.

"Invading sovereign territory. Sinking foreign yachts. Blowing up just about anything and everything," Megan finished.

"There are times that you need a damn good thrashing - only, I think you'd actually enjoy getting your ass cracked!" Mindy growled.

"You know me so well. . ." Megan laughed.

"I promise - no explosions," Mindy promised.

"One tiny explosion and I tan your backside, young lady," Marcus warned.

"I'd pay to see that!" Paige laughed as Mindy scowled.

"No tiny explosions, I promise."

"I can guarantee no tiny explosions," Megan offered. "It's Mindy - they'll be massive!"

"You are not helping, you little bitch!"

"Love you, big sis. . ."

That same day

Late afternoon

Mission Beach

San Diego

The heat was incredibly soothing after the long flight.

Mindy wasted no time changing into her bikini and heading down to the beach. Dave had also changed and he spent twenty minutes taking his time, coating Mindy in sun cream.

"I am not exposing my nipples, so why cover them in cream?" Mindy demanded with a giggle.

"Just being cautious. I understand that sunburnt nipples can be very sore. But, on the other hand, well creamed ones are very hard!"

Mindy laughed as she pushed his hands away.

"I need a swim."

That evening

Aboard Pacific Predator

Mindy flopped onto the couch on the starboard side of the flying bridge.

Dave appeared a few minutes later with two plates of food. A healthy chicken Caesar salad with a side of fresh fruit. They ate and chatted as they took in the perfect view from their mooring in Quivira Basin. Dave preferred the perfect view that he had of his wife's scantily clad body. Her skin shimmered in the sun that filtered through the sunshade above them.

Mindy pretended not to notice his roaming eyes but the fact that she was assisting with the large and prominent bulge in his shorts made her feel just as aroused. After finishing her meal, Mindy headed below into the main salon. As she went, she shrugged off her bikini before vanishing down the next set of steps to the lower deck. She turned left and entered the master suite. There she strode into the shower and spent ten minutes washing off the sweat and sun lotion.

As she stepped out of the shower, her naked husband pushed past, rubbing his body up against his wife.

"Dave . . . you're all sweaty and I just got clean," Mindy moaned half-heatedly.

"well, we better wash you off, honey," Dave grinned as Mindy reached down and began to caress his stiff member.

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After her *second* shower of the evening, Mindy dressed in black knickers, black sports bra, black leggings, a black T-shirt, and a black leather jacket. On her feet, she wore black socks and lightweight boots, which were also black. Dave was dressing in similar clothing, only he wasn't wearing knickers or a sports bra - just boxers in lieu. He also wore black combat trousers instead of the leggings.

Mindy finished gathering her equipment before smiling at Dave as he finished his own preparations.

"You ready, Mr Lizewski?"

"Are you, Mrs Lizewski?"

"I was born ready!"

An hour or so later

West Harbor Drive

The two Kawasaki machines cruised through the twilight.

Dave was riding a candy lime green and metallic spark black 2016 Ninja 650 ABS motorcycle. Mindy was beside him on a metallic matte carbon grey 2016 Ninja ZX-10R ABS motorcycle.

"We're being followed," Mindy commented over the communications, soon after they had left Seaport Plaza, heading south-east on West Harbor Drive.

They had both paused at the Plaza for twenty minutes to enjoy the evening and talk about nothing in particular.

"I know - Honda Interceptor, three vehicles back - two riders," Dave acknowledged.

"Split up - we'll meet in fifteen at Point Delta," Mindy directed.

Mindy made a hard left at the next intersection, beside the Convention Centre, heading north up 5th Avenue while Dave continued straight ahead following West Harbor Drive. Their follower turned left after Mindy, but then turned right down L Street.

"Either they weren't following us, or they have training," Mindy mused as she watched her mirror.

Mindy was about to double-back and follow the follower, but then just as she was heading down K Street and approaching the baseball stadium, something else caught her attention and her happy demeanour changed completely as winter came to her expression.

"Dave - black Camaro; I'm trailing. We're heading east on J Street. It's a fucking druggie."

There was a pause before Dave came back over the comms.

"You wanna do this now, honey?"

"You know me, when. . ."

"When you see evil, you just have to act - it's one of the many reasons that I love you."

Mindy grinned enormously.

"Let's go, GI Mindy!"

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The Camaro had zigged and zagged its way through the streets before passing beneath the 75 freeway on East Harbor Drive. Dave had joined up with his wife and he was about thirty yards behind her. Then, rather surprisingly, the Camaro turned right into an industrial area. Dave and Mindy could not follow as the Camaro had passed through steel gates which were guarded by armed security guards.

Dave and Mindy turned around and they hid their motorcycles under the freeway, beneath some trees. It did not take them long to find

their way back down the road and then over a low fence into the industrial area.

Mid-City, just south of Downtown

The industrial area was just that.

Buildings crammed with heavy machinery of indeterminable use and lots of grease. After a brief search, Mindy smiled as she heard voices. She and Dave moved from shadow to shadow until they found a good vantage point. From there, Mindy studied the brightly-lit scene before her with a monocular.

The scene was not much of a surprise. Mindy found herself staring at a bunch of naked females - maybe thirty or more of them. The naked females varied in age from girls not much older than Chloe to women in their late twenties. All wore white dust masks over their faces and their hair was covered by white paper hats. Their only other covering was a pair of rubber gloves on their hands. So, why were they naked? It was the druggies' product protection scheme. While the naked girls and women packed their expensive product, they were free of the temptation to steal as there was nowhere to hide even the smallest sample of powder. Mindy decided that she needed to get closer - she wanted to gather more intel on what was going on.

"I want to get a closer look - see what we're up against."

"How?"

Mindy pointed over to a door, off to one side. Almost on cue, the door opened and a young girl stepped out - she was completely naked, except for a white dust mask which covered her mouth and nose.

"You're just gonna strip naked and saunter in there?" Dave asked - almost rhetorically.

Mindy's cheeks went a little pink and she grinned.

"Remember, eyes on *my* snatch only!"

"I can do that," Dave replied with his own enormous grin.

Mindy passed back her weapons and other accoutrements before heading for the changing room.

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It took a lot of willpower to strip off all her clothing and don just a dust mask, along with the paper hat and rubber gloves. She felt very exposed and vulnerable. The trepidation and nervousness were very real which added to her cover. Just as she reached out to pull open the door, it was pushed open from the other side and a striking red-head walked in - she looked just as nervous and apprehensive as Mindy felt. Mindy left the changing room but paused before entering the dazzling array of lighting. A couple of minutes

later, the red-head appeared completely naked - she was a true redhead, Mindy noticed. She allowed the young girl to approach and beckon Mindy to go with her. Mindy did, following a foot behind, studying the younger girl.

There was something off about the redhead. She wasn't the average street girl looking to make some money by spending a few hours stuffing bags of drugs while standing completely naked so half-a-dozen goons could enjoy a bit of female skin. The girl's body was too perfect - her muscles too hones. There was barely any fat on her body and Mindy was reminded of somebody else with a similar looking body - her own. The girl could only be about fifteen, maybe sixteen. Then Mindy smiled inside as several pieces of the 3D puzzle in her mind began to slot together.

Mindy took in everything as she strode timidly across the brightly lit area. She saw the eyes of the men and the grins as they took in the fresh meat as it walked towards the table. One of the men pointed them both to a space at an array of long tables, laid out in a 'T'. Mindy watched as the other women scooped white powder out of large steel tubs, before pouring said powder into small plastic bags. The bags were weighed and where the necessary product was added or removed. It was obvious that the guards preferred the younger girls, like Mindy and the redhead. The man at the far end of the table was looking at Mindy - his looks were giving her second thoughts about exposing herself so blatantly and her skin crawled as she felt his eyes running over her breasts and moving downwards to her dark pubic hair.

Beyond the creepy man, Mindy could see another room. In that room were more men, all armed, all smoking, and all playing cards. There were about eight of them. So, about thirty workers, and about fifteen guards. Then . . . fuck me! In the same room as the armed men playing cards, there was a man counting wads of cash. As the fat bastard counted the cash, he placed the wads into a large leather case. There was another man, off to the side - he had to be a courier waiting to take the cash somewhere safe at the end of the night.

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It wasn't until Mindy was busy stuffing small plastic bags with white powder that Dave noticed another watcher in the shadows - okay, he had been distracted a bit, watching Mindy's tight butt as she stood at a table beside a stunning looking redhead who, Dave had noticed, was very much a natural red-head from the thick red pubic hair visible in her crotch.

The other watcher was small - maybe a very young girl. She was wearing a bandanna across her face and a cap to put her face into shadow. Was the girl a threat? If so, to whom? Was she a threat to him and Mindy, or just a threat to the drug dealers? Dave moved so that he could keep both Mindy and the watcher in his frame of vision.

As he watched, the watcher began to look around her - something was wrong; she smelt a rat. Dave knew he was safe, hidden in the shadows. As he watched, though, he was very surprised to see the watcher stand up behind a piece of machinery and then begin to strip. Within two minutes the watcher had turned into a naked girl of about thirteen. The girl ran barefoot and very naked towards the bright lights and the other naked girls. Dave heard laughter and then a man's taunt.

"Piss off, little girl - come back when you've got some tits and a pussy!"

The naked girl had fled back into the darkness and back to her clothing, donning everything as fast as she could. Dave took in the tears streaming down the girl's face as well as the pistol which she scooped up off the floor and stuffed into the back of her pants. There was more to that girl than met the eye - a *Predator*?

"Okay - times up beautiful ladies, get your Jacksons, get your clothes - and fuck off home!"

Dave was very relieved to see Mindy scampering off towards the changing room after collecting the wage for her work. He enjoyed seeing Mindy run naked - it was a definite turn on. He was a little disappointed to see her appear a few minutes later, fully dressed. Mindy saw his expression on her return.

"Don't worry, I'll strip the minute we're aboard and you can have your wicked way with me, big boy!" she promised.

Pacific Predator

Mindy was true to her word.

The moment the doors were closed and latched, Mindy shed everything and stood there, hands on her hips as Dave ran his eyes across her gorgeous body. Mindy grinned as she stepped forwards and began to undress her husband. Off came his t-shirt to reveal the chest which Mindy found so attractive. She ran her hands across the firm pectorals and she worked her way down to his pants. The belt was rapidly released and the combats fell to the floor as Mindy undid the button and pulled down the zip.

Mindy groaned as she saw that just a thin piece of cotton separated her from her target which was standing up very straight behind its cotton protection. Mindy could not stand it a moment longer. It had surprised her how much standing naked in public had actually turned her on inside. The ride back and the thought of what she was going to do once back aboard had kept her going long enough so she could feel herself very ready. She yanked down the boxer shorts and gently rubbed the hard member which stood before her. Dave moaned with pleasure - he had been hard for quite a bit of the evening, what with so many naked women about.

Mindy began to kiss Dave on the tip of his cock, licking some of the precum which seeped out. Enough was enough - the taste had set her off.

"Dave - I need you. . ."

Dave picked up his wife and he kissed her full on the lips, pushing his tongue inside as Mindy did the same. They both sagged down onto the floor of the main salon and they went to town on each other's body. Mindy squealed as Dave's fingers worked their magic on her rock-hard nipples. Then one of his hands moved downwards.

"Wow - you are hot and moist, tonight!"

"More action . . . less talk . . ."

Dave's magic fingers moved up and down on Mindy's labia exciting them to levels which Mindy was struggling to handle. Her breathing was becoming more laboured as she came (pun intended) closer to a raging orgasm. There were times when she feared her own orgasms - they were *that* strong. One was building up steadily inside her, the epicentre at the top of her vulva as Dave moved his fingers to the top of her labia. Dave cringed as Mindy's fingernails dug deep into his back as she struggled to cope with the body shattering orgasm which exploded inside of her. Mindy screamed and she rolled over into a tight ball.

Dave grinned as he ran his fingers up and down Mindy's taugt backbone. He watched the tremors in her back as he did so and he heard her moan. To Mindy it just accentuated her orgasm - yes, it was a form of torture, but he knew that Mindy loved it. It was another few minutes before she opened her beautiful green eyes and she smiled. To Dave, she was the most beautiful thing in the world as she lay on the thick carpeting, with sweat glistening across her naked body.

"You ready for round two?" Dave asked.

Mindy giggled as she lay on her back and spread her legs wide open.

The following morning
Tuesday, August 30th

Over breakfast, Mindy studied her laptop.

"You going to get dressed anytime soon?" Dave asked as he enjoyed the view.

"I need a shower first," Mindy replied as she nonchalantly dug into a bowl of cereal while she studied the map of San Diego on the laptop screen.

Mindy was still naked from the previous night and her skin glowed.

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An hour later, they were both out on the road. Each had tasks to complete before the big mission that night. While Dave was busy sightseeing, Mindy rode up I-8 on an easterly heading. After seven-and-a-half miles, Mindy turned north onto I-5 and then off to the right into the urban surroundings. She pulled over on San Diego Mission Road and she studied the nearby apartment complex. Mindy pulled out her smart phone and selected a particular app. A pulsing symbol was visible on the map of San Diego.

The girl was still there - just a few dozen yards away.

Qualcomm Stadium Station

Mindy had watched them leave the apartment and followed them.

On arrival at the stadium, she had taken a faster route to the station - the two girls on the motorcycle were in no hurry. Thus, she was ready for them when they pulled up.

"Good morning!"

The older girl slipped off the motorcycle and she turned to face Mindy.

"What the fuck do you want?" the older girl demanded as she stood covering the younger girl who looked very scared.

Mindy studied the older girl for a moment before she responded.

"I just wanted to talk with you - we appear to have a similar agenda."

"Fuck your agenda - stay away from us," the girl warned.

Mindy kept her eyes on the girl but then she saw movement behind her and a pistol came into view. Then flashes as the suppressed bullets were expelled from the muzzle of the pistol. She felt two of the bullets strike home, pushing her off her feet - the third bullet missed.

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'The fucking bitch!' Mindy thought angrily as she felt the searing bruises on her left shoulder and chest.

She heard an exclamation and then feet coming towards her - she remained still - at least until she felt the presence of somebody else very close. She took a breath and reached out with her legs, dragging the girl to the ground. The girl was skilled, Mindy would give her that. For the moment, she would give the girl a pass and just play with her.

It wasn't long before they were both back on their feet, facing off against one another. The girl dived forwards attacking Mindy. The strikes were good, but Mindy was able to dodge or absorb all of them. In return, Mindy was able to connect with a good amount of her

strikes causing the girl to call out in pain. Then Mindy got in a good kick to the girl's left thigh and she went down. Mindy dived after her, pinning her with a leg across her throat. The fight was all but over, but then out of the blue, came a kick from the younger girl. Mindy punched her hard in the chest and the girl screamed as she fell backwards against a concrete pillar.

"Stay out of this!" Mindy suggested.

The fight was over, plus the police were probably not all that far away. Mindy released the girl and ran for her motorcycle, grabbing her helmet as she swung a leg over the machine.

"Till we meet again!" Mindy called out to the two girls before she accelerated away.

Aboard the Pacific Predator

"Have a fun morning?" Dave asked.

"Yeah," Mindy mused.

"Anything exciting happen?"

"Nothing that I'd call exciting. . ."

"You fought that girl, didn't you?"

"She was good - not as good as me, obviously."

"Obviously. . ."

"I'm going to speak with Homeplate - you doing lunch?"

"Obviously," Dave mused as Mindy vanished below.

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Down in the master stateroom, Mindy set up her laptop and dialled Safehouse F.

"Fusion Operations - speak to me, but be warned: Psyche is very busy right now."

Mindy grinned as she enabled the far end camera and saw her eldest daughter lounging in the Kirk Chair with a large chocolate bar in one hand and a large glass of Coke in the other.

"Well, young lady, could you tear yourself away from that tasty chocolate bar for a moment?"

Stephanie almost dropped everything as she swallowed her mouthful of chocolate and placed the glass and the chocolate down on the adjacent table before stabbing a button on the arm of the chair.

"Hi, err Mum!" she smiled as Mindy appeared on the giant wall-mounted screen before her.

"Hi, Steph; you look as though you're enjoying yourself."

"It's been a slow day."

"I bet it has!" Mindy chuckled. "Has Marty got that data I requested?"

"Yes - he mentioned that you were up to no good, out there," Stephanie replied with a fiendish grin. "Shouldn't you be setting a good example for your kids?"

"Would it make a difference?" Mindy asked seriously.

Stephanie thought about that for a moment.

"Probably not," Stephanie replied.

"Hi, munchkin!" Dave called out as he entered the stateroom.

"Hi, Dad - is Mum behaving?"

Dave grinned.

"It's Mindy - what do you think?"

"Hey!" Mindy growled good-naturedly.

"Hi, Mindy: the packet is ready for us to send to your laptop," Marty commented from offscreen.

"Hi, Marty - thanks for your help," Mindy replied.

"You two stay safe," Marty called out.

"Hey, it's me!" Mindy laughed.

"That's what we're afraid of!" Marty and Stephanie said at the same time.

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"You find what you needed?" Mindy asked as she dug into her chicken sandwich.

"I did - enough for us to go for a little ride, tonight, honey."

"Will I get to kill someone?"

"It's highly possible," Dave chuckled.

"Cool - I'm going to lie down, up top, for an hour or so . . . you wanna oil me up?"

Dave grinned as he wolfed down the rest of his sandwich. A few minutes later, he was very angry.

"You got shot!"

Dave glared at the twin bruises on his wife's shoulder and chest.

"It was the little bitch - her third shot missed," Mindy growled.

Dave relented as he leaned down and tenderly kissed each bruise.

That evening

***National City
East 19th Street***

The ride had taken about thirty minutes and they had arrived at their destination after dark.

Hit Girl parked up her motorcycles, some sixty yards down the street and moved in under the cover of the darkness and numerous unlit light poles. The target was a non-descript house set back from the street. Within that house, there was a lot of cash - upwards of \$200,000. It was where the cash went when it left the industrial facility. Dave had been able to track it down with information gleaned from local sources. The plan for the night was to take the place down and confiscate the cash. There was also no requirement to leave anybody alive which Mindy felt was very agreeable.

At the front of the property, three men were visible, one in the drive and the other two patrolling the front lawn. No weapons were in evidence, but they were there.

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Kick-Ass made his way to the rear of the property and hopped over the concrete wall there while Hit Girl made her way towards the front of the property. The men decorating the front lawn were the first to die as Hit Girl vaulted the fence and silently severed a pair of carotid arteries.

"Well, that's the lawn watered," she muttered to herself as she moved just as silently towards the guard on the drive.

He never heard death creeping up behind him. The first he knew was when an arm wrapped itself around his neck and his head was twisted violently to the right. His dead body was dumped under a tree out of sight.

"Three down - moving towards the house," Hit Girl reported.

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Kick-Ass moved silently across the back garden. No guards were evident but he knew that they would be close by. As he closed the house, a door opened and Kick-Ass hid behind the garage. A guard stepped out of the door and he lit a cigarette, his automatic weapon dangling by his side. That was his loss. He never saw the fist which came out of the darkness and smashed his head against the garage wall. A large red stain on the white wall indicated that the man was all but dead.

"One, kind of down - I'm at the back door," Kick-Ass reported.

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"Breaching in three . . . two . . . one. . ."

Hit Girl ignored the door - it was armoured - and she instead crashed through a window, rolling and coming up with a suppressed pistol in each hand.

"Fuck!" came a voice.

"Not very original!" Hit Girl growled as she dropped the speaker with a single bullet to the head.

Three more men died where they stood as they tried to bring weapons to bear. There was the sound of running as two more men appeared but before Hit Girl could open fire, they both fell forwards as bullets tore into their backs. Kick-Ass stood in the doorway looking at his wife, a suppressed Glock 17 in his gauntlet.

"That was fun!" he drawled.

"Let's get the cash," Hit Girl directed and they kicked open the door to a bedroom.

Gunfire ripped out, narrowly missing the two vigilantes. Hit Girl dived inside and kicked the MAC-10 out of the hands of a large man who was evidently the guard for the large packages of cash which were stacked up all around him. The man was strong - he punched hard, much to Hit Girl's annoyance. He had obviously been selected for his guard duty because of his skill and his bulk.

As Hit Girl fought the man, she could hear more fighting outside in the corridor. Two more men had appeared from outside and they had attacked Kick-Ass. Pandemonium ensued as the two veteran vigilantes fought their attackers in close quarters combat. Kick-Ass was fighting in a corridor which prevented him from using any of his weapons - however, it also prevented *his* attackers from attacking in a coordinated fashion.

Hit Girl was exchanging punches and kicks when the drywall beside her suddenly exploded outwards and a body crashed down between her and her opponent. Immediately behind the body came the muscular bulk of Kick-Ass who took the opportunity to kick Hit Girl's assailant in the chest with enough force to send him crashing into another wall and destroying some more drywall. Hit Girl wasted no time in putting a bullet in his head before she ran out into the corridor and then into the kitchen.

The last man was deciding whether to attack or run, but Hit Girl made his decision for him as she kicked him into the corner of the kitchen where he fell hard against the cooker.

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"I think we're done, honey!" Kick-Ass announced as they began to check out the packages of cash.

Hit Girl ran an electronic device over and around the packages looking for any transponders - she found two which she left in the room. The packages were then hefted out of the room by Kick-Ass and into the back yard. Kick-Ass jumped the wall and opened the back door of a Jeep SUV. From the back yard, Hit Girl passed over the packages of cash in a speedy fashion before they both headed back inside the house to check for anything that they had missed.

"Do I smell gas?" Hit Girl demanded.

"Oh, shit!" Kick-Ass responded as he kicked out the nearest window.

"We need to get the fuck outta here!" Hit Girl pointed out unnecessarily.

"Let's go!" Kick-Ass suggested as he picked Hit Girl up and threw her out the window.

"Hey!" she yelled as she flew through the air before coming down hard on the grass beside the house.

Kick-Ass dived after her just as there was an almighty explosion which showered the area with flaming bits of house.

"Okay - it went bang!" Hit Girl growled.

"Marcus is going to. . ."

"Marcus doesn't need to know!"

Kick-Ass rolled his eyes and he chuckled as his wife scowled.