

*This chapter is the continuation from the standalone **Chapter 5: Wildcat into Darkness** of my other story, **The Trials of Kick-Ass and Hit Girl**. Due to the disturbing content of that chapter, it was decided not to feature the content directly in **Forsaken**.*

*However, the events played out in that chapter are critical to future events in **Forsaken**.*

Wednesday, October 5th, 2016

Gotham City

The twins were very apprehensive, which was to be expected.

It had been a year and a day since either of them had last set foot in that godawful city. However, they were about to meet the person who ordered the death of their father, one year before. They were not allowed to go with Kick-Ass into the city - he refused point-blank. Their Auntie Wildcat had told them to wait with Catwoman until they returned with their prey. She also hinted that it would be well worth the wait.

Nonetheless, the two youngsters were uneasy as they watched Kick-Ass, Hit Girl, Shadow, and Wildcat climb into an armoured Range Rover before they took off into the city with Kick-Ass at the wheel.

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Maroni was smiling as they pulled up outside his club.

"You not wanting us inside?" Kick-Ass chuckled as he climbed out of the Range Rover.

"They're still repairing the damage from your last visit," Maroni replied dryly. "Now, Kick-Ass, I am only helping you because I respect what you and those bitches represent."

"Or because your men failed to kill us!" Wildcat growled back.

"Kick-Ass - please keep your bitches on their leash," Maroni warned, ignoring Wildcat's body language. "It wasn't easy - nor *cheap*! But, I have her - she wasn't easy to find, but I got 'er."

"Her?"

Maroni chuckled.

"Oh, yes."

"What are you hiding, bastard?" Hit Girl demanded as she moved towards the mob boss.

"Kick-Ass . . . leash!" Maroni reminded the veteran vigilante as he glared down at Hit Girl whose own body language dictated her feelings. "I think you may find the revelation . . . poetic."

"What are you talking about?" Kick-Ass asked in a cautionary growl.

"I'd hate to miss the big family reunion but I see you didn't bring the brats with you. . ."

Wildcat flew forwards, only for Hit Girl to grab her sister by the shoulder and thus save Maroni's pathetic life from a violent and painful ending. Maroni turned towards one of his minions and he nodded. A minute passed before a

figure emerged. It was a woman, just as Maroni had advised, only she wore a black hood while her wrists were bound behind her back. Her clothing was smart but a mess - presumably a result of struggling against her captors. Shadow stepped forwards and she opened the back of the Range Rover so the woman could be shoved into the load area before the hatches were slammed shut on her. There had been no sound indicating that the woman was gagged.

"She's a fighter - be careful should you release her," Maroni chuckled as he walked into his club.

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They did not enter the Bat Cave proper - they stopped in one of the outlying buildings of the quarry.

There, the woman was hauled out of the Range Rover and her bindings were cut before she was secured to a prepared framework, her wrists level with her head and her elbows bent at right-angles. Her ankles were secured two feet apart to the same framework. Only then, did Kick-Ass remove the hood. There was something disturbingly familiar about the woman. She had long, light brown hair and blue eyes which matched the hair and eyes of a certain someone else. Shadow removed the gag and the woman took a deep breath, coughing slightly.

"A drink. . ."

Shadow passed up a bottle of water and held it for the woman to drink. After a few pulls, the woman nodded her thanks.

"Who the fuck are you?" Hit Girl demanded.

"My name is Emily. Emily Collins - from what Maroni was bitching about, you may know me better as Emily Jamieson."

The place suddenly turned very cold and there was total silence for over a minute as the assembled vigilantes took in that last piece of information and they processed it through their brains - or tried to.

"There has to be some kind of mistake," Wildcat blurted out.

"No mistake, honey - I married that deadbeat, Ed Jamieson in '07 and had those two brats a year later . . . never did get rid of those blasted stretchmarks. So . . . how are Anne-Marie and Daniel . . . still alive?"

The bitch did not seem to care about her family - not one bit.

"You died in 2012," Hit Girl pointed out and the woman laughed.

"Faked - good, wasn't it? That deadbeat never did find out."

"Why?" Hit Girl pushed on, astounded by the continued revelations.

"I only came to Gotham to hideout - Ed was a cover identity, nothing more - the brats were a mistake resulting from a night spent drinking and fucking. I never wanted kids . . . but then I got twins! Screaming. Shitting. Yelling. Crying. Never did get a moment's peace."

"Why did you do it?"

"What - use Ed?"

"No, why did you kill him?" Hit Girl pushed.

"He was about to rat on Maroni - I was worried that he might know something about me being alive, wrongly it turned out, but it was as good a time as any for him to die."

"The twins?" Hit Girl growled as she barely contained her anger.

"I couldn't have them growing up and seeking vengeance, now, could I?" Emily laughed.

"Leave her!" Hit Girl ordered as she reinstalled the gag before they all left the space and climbed back into the Range Rover.

The Bat Cave

"Where is he?" Danny demanded as Hit Girl climbed out of the Range Rover, in the Bat Cave.

"Err - we need to talk," Kick-Ass suggested.

Hit Girl sat down on the rough-hewn stone floor of the cave and she pulled off her mask. Kick-Ass followed suit and he waved Anne-Marie and Danny to join them. Both youngsters looked worried and apprehensive as they sat down. Wildcat sat down behind them but retained her mask. Shadow loitered, waving Bruce, Selina, and Aiden to stay back.

"What do you two remember about your mother?" Mindy began.

"Our mother?" Anne-Marie echoed.

The twins looked at each other before their faces scrunched up in thought and then Anne-Marie spoke for each of them.

"Not all that much, she died a long time ago. We loved her, but there were times when I don't think she liked us very much. Maybe we were just badly behaved."

"What did your father say happened to her?" Dave asked gently.

"We were four when he told us that Mommy had gone away and would not be coming back. When we were six and able to understand things better, he told us that she was dead," Danny explained.

Mindy hated what she had to do next and she reached over to grip Dave's hand while gripping onto her daughter's hand. Dave took hold of his son's hand who then held his sister's hand - that was rare; he didn't think a boy his age should be holding his sister's hand. Mindy struggled with what to say as she felt tears fill his eyes - she had no idea why his tears were there, but they were a mixture of anger and sorrow for what she was about to say.

"Your mother is alive."

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The expressions were mixed.

Disbelief. Surprise. Shock. Happiness. Sadness. They were all there. Both eight-year-olds had tears running down their cheeks at the news. It was almost two minutes before Danny spoke.

"Our Mom is alive?" he asked cautiously.

"She is," Mindy confirmed in a guarded tone. "But . . . there's more."

"What do you mean?" Anne-Marie demanded - guessing that something was very wrong.

"Your father was killed on the orders of your mother."

Anne-Marie's mouth flapped open and closed for a moment.

"Would you care to repeat that?" she asked in a decidedly unfriendly tone.

"Your father was killed by your mother," Mindy reprised. "Not directly, but she ordered it."

"NO!" Anne-Marie shouted. "I refuse to believe it . . . you . . . you're just making it up. You're scared that she'll take us back!"

The young vigilante's eyes were blazing with hate as she smoothly drew her butterfly swords and she pointed them at Mindy. However, Mindy never moved - she couldn't. Anne-Marie looked down at her brother.

"Get up, Daniel."

Danny did not move, he just shook his head.

"Anne-Marie, I love you more than anything, and you are my sister, but you can be so dense."

"What?"

"Look into Mindy's eyes - she's telling the truth, you idiot!"

Anne-Marie looked down at Mindy who looked back up at her daughter.

"I've never lied to either one of you," Mindy said calmly. "You both have the same deal as Stephanie, and now Jamie: no lies."

Anne-Marie looked horror-struck as the realisation of Mindy's claims burrowed into her mind. The tears began to fall unimpeded and Danny stood up to hug his sister. Mindy stood up, too, followed by Dave.

"Can you put those things away?" Mindy asked.

Anne-Marie stowed her swords and then she dived at Mindy, wrapping her arms around her and sobbing hard. Danny joined in and he was sobbing too. Dave wrapped his powerful arms around his family and he held them tightly.

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It was quite a few minutes before the twins calmed down.

The revelations had been too much for them to handle. The expressions on the other faces - Bruce, Selina, and Aiden - were beginning to move from stunned to anger. How could anybody put out a contract on two then seven-year-olds? How could somebody put a contract out on their own children? It was unthinkable, but then Selina came up with the answer.

"Gotham fucking sucks!" she growled angrily.

Her voice helped to move things along as the tight family group moved apart. Anne-Marie looked at her brother and then up and Dave.

"Where is the fucking bitch?" she growled in a voice which nobody had ever heard before. "Sorry - I'll put a few bucks in the jar when we get home."

"No, honey," Dave said slowly. "Tonight, there's no swear jar."

"So?" Danny scowled. "Where's the fucking bitch?"

The Quarry

"Hello, mother!"

Emily Jamieson looked down at the boy for a moment before she said anything.

"You must be Daniel - you look well."

"No thanks to you!"

"A minor disagreement. . ."

"A *MINOR disagreement!*" Anne-Marie exploded. "You killed our father!"

"Hello, Anne-Marie - you're looking very beautiful."

"*DON'T* you talk to *me*, *BITCH!* You killed our Dad - he gave his life for us. . . He kept us going after you went - after you left Gotham!"

Anne-Marie was seething as she spat the words out at her mother.

"You made us think you were bloody dead!" Danny growled, tears running down his young face. "How could you?"

The woman's face showed a little compassion for the boy, but only for a fleeting second.

"Your father was a soft bastard and I needed him - then I didn't. I had no feelings for any of you."

"Don't you *DARE* call him that!" Anne-Marie yelled as she stepped forwards and she drove her armoured fist into her mother's stomach.

The woman tried to double over, but her bindings prevented it. Instead, she coughed violently as she struggled to regain her breath and refill her lungs. The arrogant smirk had gone - to be replaced by a slightly concerned expression as she regained her composure. She took a moment to look at her flesh and blood properly. They appeared healthy and well cared for - somebody had obviously taken good care of them during the year since their father had died. She frowned as she took in the armoured suits and the weapons. It appeared fairly obvious who their adoptive parents were as two masked individuals appeared behind Anne-Marie and Daniel.

"So, the mighty Hit Girl is going to avenge my husband and kill me, all so that my fucking offspring can sleep better at night."

Hit Girl stepped forwards and she chuckled.

"Oh, no," she growled.

"No," Kick-Ass hissed. "We're not going to kill you."

"We are!" the twins said together in a disturbingly flat tone.

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"You would never hurt you own mother. . ."

Anne-Marie laughed in a disturbingly theatrical manner.

"We have a mother who loves us. We have a mother who cares for us. We have a mother who would do *anything* to keep us safe," she growled up at Emily.

"We have a father who loves us. We have a father who cares for us. We have a father who would do *anything* to keep us safe," Danny added in a cold, icy tone.

"You no longer have any right to call yourself our mother," Anne-Marie continued. "We respect and miss our Daddy, but he has gone on to a better place, as have we. We want for nothing and we don't need you."

"You haven't the *ability* to kill - you're just a pair of kiddies playing dress up!"

Anne-Marie smirked darkly.

"I've killed two men - with these," she stated as she drew her highly-polished, and very deadly, butterfly swords. "I am a vigilante just like my mother before me. I am Rogue."

"I only have the one notch in my belt," Danny stated as he drew his tactical wakizashi. "But I have no qualms about using this blade again. I am a vigilante like my Dad. I am Ravage."

"Qualms?" Anne-Marie queried.

"Read it somewhere," Danny replied with a grin.

Emily Jamieson laughed out loud.

"How adorable!"

Hit Girl could see the bravado beginning to wane but the woman still had plenty of fight left in her.

"Mask up, Rogue and Ravage - time to play," she growled.

Once the two miniature vigilantes were masked and ready, Hit Girl severed the bindings on Emily Jamieson.

"You have twenty seconds. . ."

Emily Jamieson ran for her life.

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She bolted for what she hoped was the exit from the madhouse she had somehow found herself in.

However, as she dodged unidentifiable chunks of machinery, she found herself lost - she had no idea where she was. Was she still in Gotham? Then she saw a glimmer of something - moonlight? She ran for it and she skidded to a stop just before a doorway.

"Not this way, bitch!" Wildcat drawled as she nonchalantly blocked the doorway.

"Let me go - please."

Get running, bitch!" Wildcat ordered as she shoved the woman hard enough to make her fall over backwards onto the ground which was covered in bird crap and other undesirable substances which had built up in the decades since the decaying building had last seen active use. "Get up!"

Fear coursed through Emily Jamieson as she scrambled to her feet and she ran away from Wildcat.

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Emily lost track of time as she dodged in and out of passageways looking for a way out.

She could not believe what was happening to her - she was being hunted by her own children. She was in two minds as to whether she really believed that either of them could kill, despite their claims.

"Hello, Mother!"

It was Daniel - he was standing before her, having appeared out of the darkness with a vicious looking blade in his hand. He ran at her and she dodged the blade which cut into her side enough to soak her blouse in blood but not enough to do any major damage.

The little bastard laughed as he vanished back into the darkness. The pain was sharp but bearable and she could still run. She never saw the pipes which ran a few inches above the concrete floor and she tripped over them, landing in God only knew what and she came to a halt. She froze, listening for any sound - there was none, except for some creaking from the structure and a few drips from leaking water. She slowly regained her feet and just as slowly she moved through the darkness trying desperately to find a way out. After a short distance, she stopped beneath a broken skylight. The moonlight was shining through and she could see a little of what was around her. She heard movement and she turned to see them standing just a few feet away from her.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded as she eyed the pistols on their belts. "I'm your mother - you would never shoot your own mother."

"You are *not* our mother, bitch!" Rogue growled. "No, we would not shoot you."

There was a moment of hope for Emily Jamieson which lasted mere seconds before it was quashed.

"But we would enjoy gutting you," Ravage added as he stepped forwards and he drove his tactical wakizashi deep into the woman's left side, tearing through internal organs before wrenching the sword out.

Rogue followed suit as she expertly drove her twin butterfly swords into the woman's stomach, twisting them savagely and encouraging copious amounts of blood to spill to the floor as the woman fell to her knees. Shock crossed her face which was then replaced with momentary anger before her face went blank as she fell to the floor, dead.

"She *is* dead, this time?" Rogue queried as shadows appeared around her and her brother.

"Yes - she is dead," Kick-Ass growled without any emotion.

"You guys, okay?" Hit Girl asked.

"Never better!" Ravage announced as Shadow and Wildcat appeared out of the gloom.

Thursday, October 6th

Chicago

The flight back had been quiet.

Megan had kept to herself, while the twins had slept most of the way. While Mindy was glad to be back home, she was concerned about what lay ahead. There were two days left to the deadline set by the tri-partite criminal organisation. As they drove to drop off Chloe and collect Stephanie and Jamie, Mindy decided that worrying about it would not alter the fact that Chicago was about to sink into the quagmire of war.

It was a relief to arrive at the home of Joshua and Chloe and not have to worry about any problems.

Fielding Drive

Mindy and Dave were almost mown down by Stephanie and Jamie when they appeared. Stephanie's hugs were borderline painful. However, the hug which Chloe was forced to endure was of epic proportions and poor little Becky was almost squished as she and Joshua fought to hug Chloe first. Stephanie received enormous hugs from her younger siblings before they dived at Jamie who tried to run but was dragged into a hug - he was still getting used to having younger siblings, not to mention people who cared for him.

"You two been well behaved for Joshua?" Mindy asked as Stephanie appeared a little apprehensive. She welcomed her siblings as well as her parents, but she held back, just a bit.

"I was a *perfect* angel," Jamie reported with a shit-eating grin. "Can't say so much for my criminal sister and her partners in crime."

Mindy scowled at Stephanie who visibly flinched away.

"I have your package from Lucius - should I ask what it is?" Mindy asked her daughter.

"Not really . . . I, err . . . I have an admission to make."

"It wasn't *entirely* her fault," Joshua offered in Stephanie's defence.

"The blame kind of goes three ways. . ." Becky suggested with an uneasy grin.

Safehouse D

Mindy took one look at the Ford Fiesta ST and she growled.

She growled loudly enough that Stephanie took several steps back, away from her mother. The front end of the car was smashed in on the right-hand side, obliterating the headlight and everything back to the wheel arch.

"Were any of you hurt?" Mindy asked.

"No - well, just our pride . . . I'm sorry."

"Were you driving?"

"Yes - Abigail was in the front next to me and Becky was in the back . . . We all had our seatbelts on - the pillar kind of . . . appeared."

Mindy grimaced and just shook her head.

"I'm mad but I'm pleased that none of you were hurt. We can replace the car but we can never replace any of you - thankfully there *is* only one of each of you!"

Stephanie decided not to issue a snarky response.

"Abigail's crapping herself - she thinks that Hit Girl will kill her."

"You were the senior one there, so I hold you responsible, Stephanie."

"I know - that's why I told them both to leave it to me."

"Very mature of you."

"You going to make my life hell?"

"Oh, yeah!" Mindy replied with a smile as she wrapped an arm around her daughter's shoulders. "You're grounded until you're eighteen, for a start."

"Better than I expected. . ."

South Whipple

"Come to see the condemned?" Paul Murphy chuckled.

"Something like that," Mindy replied with a grin.

"She's feeling really bad about it."

"I know - Steph told me. Is she okay?"

"Other than feeling like the sky just fell in on her, yeah."

"Can I see her?"

"Go right on up."

Mindy headed up the stairs and she found Brad on the landing with Lauren.

"Oooh!" he muttered. "So much for having a little sister. . ."

Mindy glared at the boy who grinned sheepishly and then fled downstairs.

"She's suffering, Mindy," Lauren advised before she followed her boyfriend.

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Mindy pushed open the bedroom door to find a very miserable ten-year-old.

Abigail refused to look up at Mindy as she entered the room. Mindy sat down on the bed beside the girl and she lifted Abigail's chin with her hand. Abigail tried not to make eye contact.

"Look, Abigail, I can't kill you just by looking at you," Mindy chuckled.

"I'm really sorry - we shouldn't have been in the car . . . it kind of got away from us."

"Have you learnt your lesson?" Mindy asked.

Abigail nodded slowly.

"You've been through a lot, Abigail, more than the other *Predators*. I would never hurt any of you - even though some of you may deserve it."

"Paul says I'm grounded."

"Yeah - so's Stephanie and Rebecca. Mistakes happen - I've made a lot, myself. As long as we all learn from our mistakes then we're getting somewhere. You're a young girl with your whole life ahead of you - don't let something like this weigh you down."

"Steph said that you'd make our lives a living hell."

"Oh, she's right about that," Mindy grinned.

"You're the best, Mindy."

"Of course, I am."

Glenview

"You're still alive, then?"

"I love you, too, little brother."

"You heard about what happened in Gotham?"

"No."

"Apparently, Danny and Anne-Marie found their mother - alive!"

"Bullshit!"

"No shit."

Stephanie sought out Anne-Marie who was lying on her bed, staring at the ceiling. Daniel was lying beside her.

"You guys okay?"

"Hi, Steph - we killed our mother, today," Danny said.

"Can we join you?" Stephanie asked.

"If you want," Anne-Marie replied as she shifted over to make room on the queen-size bed for Jamie and Stephanie.

"I know what you're feeling - I put a bullet in *my* mother's head, my dad's too."

"I'd forgotten."

"Lucky you!" Stephanie replied darkly.

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When Mindy searched out the kids, that evening for dinner, she found them all fast asleep on Anne-Marie's bed.

She knew why Stephanie was there and that made her feel angry - so angry. That woman had torn apart a family for her own ideals. At least the twins had closure for their father - in a decidedly unexpected manner. She felt Dave's hands around her waist and she reached down to hold them.

"Why do so many bad things happen to good people?"

"It's the world we live in, honey."

"Fuck the world!"

"I love your outlook - it's so straight forward."

"Makes everything easier."

"Only you don't like doing things the easy way," Dave reminded his wife.

"True."

"Never change," Dave whispered into his wife's ear and she giggled.