

Author's Note: *This chapter follows on from Chapter 46: Alive of my other story: Vengeance.*

Dave and Mindy have travelled to the United Kingdom, along with Stephanie and Abby. After visiting young Harper Sharp in hospital, Dave and Mindy are heading off to belatedly celebrate their first wedding anniversary as well as Mindy's nineteenth birthday.

Please be warned that this chapter will include dubious, salacious, and downright crude activity.

Tuesday, November 2nd, 2016

London, England

After leaving Stephanie in the willing hands of Keira, Dave and Mindy headed a short distance across the city to their hotel for the night.

After a very brief check-in, they were led up thirty-eight floors to their suite for the night. The London Suite, on the thirty-eighth-floor of The Shard, cost over £3,000 a night and was exquisitely appointed. The view alone was worth every penny. Not that either of them was interested in the view outside as they both took a little longer than usual together in the shower. Once they were thoroughly clean, they dressed for dinner. Mindy eased her tender nipples into a crimson bra which matched the very limited crimson panties which could almost have been described as a thong. Over those sexily revealing items of lingerie, Mindy slipped into a below the knee evening dress in a dazzling purple. On her left hand, she wore her diamond wedding ring plus a stunning solitaire diamond bracelet on her left wrist which Dave had bought for her that very afternoon. That was joined by a matching set of diamond sleeper earrings and an eye-catching diamond pendant which nestled close to Mindy's cleavage.

The entire ensemble had checked in at £14,500 - but worth every pound as far as Dave was concerned. He assisted his wife with the necklace, fastening the device around her slender neck. His fingers gently caressed her silky-soft skin and he felt Mindy shudder beneath his gentle touch. He bent down and kissed her on the neck causing another shudder and a groan as Mindy fought back certain sensations which began to grow deep within her. As Hit Girl, she could fight men twice her size or even an army of men - and win - but her husband could reduce her to a giggling amoeba with just a simple touch or a kiss. Once her jewellery was in place, Mindy sat down on the edge of the bed and she pulled on a pair of purple open shoes with low heels - Mindy had never really mastered walking on high-heels.

Dave was dressed in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and a fetching black bow-tie which Mindy had assisted Dave in tying. He looked perfect, all the way from his dorky grin, down to his polished black shoes. Mindy reached up and she gave him a deep kiss on the lips. The man she loved looked down at her with his deep eyes and she felt her legs weakening beneath her.

"Let's go before I orgasm everywhere," Mindy suggested as she broke the kiss.

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Their transport for the evening had been provided by none other than Commander Haig.

At exactly 7:45 P.M. the jet-black Rolls Royce Phantom swept into the access road which led to The Shard and it pulled up smartly at the top beside the curb. Four metres away, a similarly jet-black Range Rover Sentinel pulled up

without fanfare and disgorged two large men in baggy suits. As the doorman pulled open the door to the Phantom, the two men nodded at Dave and Mindy - they were to be the vigilantes' armed escorts for the evening. Mindy grinned, allowing her right hand to confirm that her hidden Glock 43 and the small knife were secure. Dave was not exactly unarmed either - only he could hide something a lot bigger than a Glock 43. In his pants, he had an awesome loaded weapon. NO! Not *that* - it was loaded alright and it was awesome, but it was reserved for Mindy and only Mindy. Blushing at the thought of what Dave had in his pants, Mindy climbed into the back of the Phantom and moved over to the far side. Dave followed, and he took her hand as she rested it on the armrest between them.

Mindy grinned as she firmly squeezed her partner's hand - Mindy scowled; it had been a hard squeeze, only Dave did not even flinch - he just grinned.

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The Rolls Royce swept into the access road for their restaurant and took a wide berth around the tight roundabout at the top where the doorman opened the rear door within a split-second of the enormous vehicle stopping.

"Welcome to The Savoy, sir, ma'am."

"Thank you, my good man," Dave replied in the most perfect English accent.

Mindy scowled, but she was enjoying the attention and as they were escorted inside by the Maître d' and then directly into the Savoy Grill and through to their reserved table. They sat at a table cum booth where they had a comfortable bench seat at right-angles to each other. Mindy was grinning fit to burst and her cheeks were very warm. Just about every male - and some females - in the restaurant were gazing at Mindy. Dave could understand why. She was showing a lot more of her perfect skin than was usual while the dress with the sparkling jewellery just set everything off perfectly. After they were seated, they were brought the extensive menu and Dave was passed the wine list. While Mindy and Dave did not drink as a rule - they were determined to enjoy the evening. Dave selected a £52 bottle of Prieure de Montezargue Rosé wine while they flicked through the menu. Mindy ordered a Cornish crab salad with brown crab mayonnaise and toast for her starter followed by a 10.5-oz Hereford beef sirloin steak with béarnaise sauce for her main course. Dave countered with Severn and Wye smoked salmon with soda bread for his starter and a slightly larger 14.1-oz Shorthorn rib-eye steak with a peppercorn sauce for his main course.

"This is awesome, Dave."

"Just the two of his - first time in a long time."

"It's been hell on earth these past few months. Between Stephanie being shot, FEAR, the pink bitch, then *Vengeance* - it's really pushing my sanity."

"You have sanity to push?" Dave quipped, receiving a nasty glare in return before Mindy giggled.

"Funny!"

"It's been hard, but we've got through it as a team; just like always, honey."

"Yeah," Mindy mused. "You've always had my back, Dave - ever since I was eleven. Here we are, eight years later, and I've been married for a year. When we married, we had just acquired a pair of little kids - now, we have four little monsters."

"You got that right!" Dave replied with a chuckle.

"What might Daddy think of me?"

"Poor old Damon - I think he'd be very pleased with how his only daughter has turned out . . . despite him turning her into a psychotic nutcase."

In a place between Heaven and Hell

"Psychotic nutcase!"

"Yes, Damon - you turned our daughter into a psychotic nutcase."

"I helped her learn to look after herself."

"She was five-years-old, Damon!"

"She has a point, Damon, old pal."

"Stay out of it, James."

"Hey, Damon, my boy is there too, remember?"

"One little mistake and I'm never allowed to forget it - maybe I should have taken the damn blue pill and gone straight to hell."

"Despite your 'mistake', Damon, Mindy has grown into a beautiful and amazing young woman," Kathleen Macready commented.

"So, what's the big deal?"

"What did I ever see in you, Damon!"

The Savoy

London, England

The starters were perfect, and Mindy was savouring every mouthful along with the precious time alone with her man.

Alone wasn't quite the term, considering that they were surrounded by dozens of other diners, however, everybody was busy at their own tables, paying attention to their fellow diners. Nobody paid any attention as Dave rang his fingers gently up Mindy's right arm causing her to giggle and drop a chunk of Cornish crab off her fork. For Dave, seeing Mindy smiling and carefree was a rarity. Mindy carried so much on her young shoulders that she rarely had time to herself. When she was not planning the downfall of an enemy such as FEAR, she was chasing around after four wild kids, three mad dogs, and a crazy cat. There was a lot going on in Chicago, but just as much in Europe. Just taking one night off was worth its weight in gold. From a more serious point of view, Dave was worried for what remained of his wife's sanity and he was concerned that she was taking on far too much. The stress of the previous months had taken its toll on Mindy, and Dave knew that at some stage, she might collapse under the burden placed upon her.

The lovely young woman who sat to his left was the most perfect female he had ever laid eyes on. She had the most gorgeous green eyes he had ever seen, and they entranced him - they always had. He could remember those same green eyes glaring up at him in Safehouse A when they were preparing to assault the D'Amico penthouse. Though he had been scared out of his wits back then, those eyes had been mesmerising. It had been them that had given him the strength to

overcome his abject fear at what lay ahead that night. As the years had passed and Mindy had grown, the eyes had remained the same - mesmerizing. Even when there had been a period of time where they had rarely seen one another, those eyes had still filled him with warmth each time Mindy had passed him in the school corridor - on the few times she actually attended while she was upgrading young Hit Girl to the teenaged Hit Girl at Safehouse C.

Dave had always been a geek - one of those kids who only had other geeks as a friend - and as such he had rarely come into contact with the opposite sex. Somehow, he had managed to land the most outrageous female possible. Okay, she was a geek too, but she was so much more. Beyond Mindy being Hit Girl, she was also so very unlike any other girl Dave had ever met. Whereas every other girl Dave had met was normal, Mindy was . . . well, she was different - but in a very good way. Dave loved her more than anything and he would protect her with his life. Everything which she did was perfect and executed with precision - Mindy did nothing without a plan which considered every conceivable outcome. He could see her mind working as she ate, enjoying each morsel. He could see her eyes darting about the restaurant and he knew that she was gauging the other diners, looking out for every conceivable problem. He knew that Mindy had scoped out all routes of escape should things go wrong. He also knew that most of the time, Mindy had no idea she was even doing it - it had been ingrained into her psyche so perfectly by her father during her training which had begun fourteen years before.

Mindy grinned up at Dave as she finished the very last of her Cornish Crab.

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Dave was no longer the young man she had met, all those years ago, frightened to death as she had happily sliced and diced at Rasul's.

He may not have taken the leap of faith on the roof of that apartment, but he *had* taken a ginormous leap of faith that night after her father had died. Without him, she would no longer exist. From the very moment she had first laid eyes on Kick-Ass, she had been mesmerised by him - not that she had been able to figure out why, back then. Of course, she had been too young to understand crushes and such like. She was trained to maim and kill, not to understand emotions - she was trained to bury emotions or, where necessary, to use those emotions against her foes. She knew nothing of the outside world or how to live. Her Daddy had fed her, and he had always taken care of anything and everything outside their safehouse. Then it had all crumbled and she had been thrust into the real world where she had discovered that while she was highly skilled and could kill a man in any one of a hundred different and creative ways, she could not care for herself. Her time with Marcus had shown her that she could not even cook. Making hot chocolate had been her limit. She had even struggled with the damn microwave - that had taken some getting used to - and she had quickly learnt never to put anything metallic into the microwave.

Dave's hand touched hers and it was like she had been electrocuted. She could not understand how his simply touching her could have such an effect as almost rendering her unable to move. However, she enjoyed the touch more than she could ever know. Dave gave balance to her life, a balance that prevented her from regressing into something horrible. That had been allowed to happen, just the once - never again. His scintillating blue eyes flickered around the room and back to her - always back to her. She loved having Dave look at her. She loved having him focus on her. Her skin tingled, and she felt pangs of longing for him. He was everything that was good about her life. He kept her sane and he prevented her from taking on too much. She could not help it - she had to act, and she had to see things through to the very end, that was her nature.

With Dave by her side, she had risen from the orphaned child of a man who had allowed the death of his wife to take over his life, to a powerful young woman who commanded a decisive force of vigilantes and protected not just a single city but also stretched her influence across the Atlantic Ocean. Mindy Lizewski née Macready was a young woman with the world at her feet. She had everything which a woman might want. She had an awesome home, a gorgeously handsome husband, four perfect(-ish) kids, a hoard of wild animals as pets, and many friends - not to mention gaining a mother who came with a little sister who was nuttier than a fruit cake with extra nuts.

The starter had been consumed with little in the way of speech - they had mastered the ability to communicate with each other silently, a long time ago.

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The steaks came out exactly two minutes after they had finished their starter.

"Oh, wow!" Mindy exclaimed as she saw her meal arrive. "Damn, that smells good!"

"Yes, it does," Dave agreed emphatically as he examined his own steak.

Mindy dived in like she had not eaten in a month - the girl had a large appetite and she could pile away enormous meals without putting on a pound. As they ate, they chatted, until about mid-way through their steaks when Mindy put down her knife and fork. She took a large sip of wine before looking across at her husband. Dave instinctively put down his own eating irons and he took the opportunity to gaze into the gorgeous green eyes of his wife knowing that she had something to say.

"Dave."

"Mindy."

"I love you with all my heart and you have made me the happiest woman alive. I just want to thank you for taking me as your wife. I want to thank you for putting up with me all these years - I know it cannot have been easy . . . I don't give a crap about what my Daddy thinks about you - I love you and that is all that is important. The day our lives first crossed was the best moment of my life and don't regret a moment - well, maybe a few moments when you weren't there to protect me. No matter what you do, you make me the happiest I can be. Whenever I am blue - you are there to talk to, or just for me to cry on. Whenever things get too much, you are there to ease the burden on my shoulders. You make me so proud to be your wife and I know that no matter what, you will be there to protect not just me, but our entire family. More than once you have put yourself bodily between me and danger - at the time, I may sound ungrateful, but right now, I want to say I thank you for each and every time you have saved my life. I love you Dave Lizewski. The day you pushed this ring onto my finger was the best day of my life. Happy Anniversary, Dave."

Mindy held up her left hand and the diamond ring on her third finger twinkled in the lights. Mindy's smile was enough to make Dave wish for the meal to be over so that they could return to their hotel room. He reached out and clasped Mindy's hands. His own wedding ring, a simple gold band, evident on the same finger of his left hand.

"Mindy, you are the catch of a lifetime and I have never regretted my time with you - even the parts where you almost broke my ribs! You've taught me so much and I am still learning things from you. You are the strongest person I know, and you are beautiful. I would always put myself between you and danger - most of the time it winds you up and I love that. I can never get enough of you,

Mindy, and I will never get tired of you. Every month we face a different challenge and you rise to that challenge without complaint. I married a woman powerful in her own right. I married a woman who is never afraid to speak her mind - even if what she has to say is often crude and unbecoming. I love you for your little tantrums - whether that is over a Chicago pizza or because you find yourself doing something you are not very good at. If simply being obnoxious featured in the Olympic games, you would always get the gold medal. There is nobody I would rather have by my side, no matter what the occasion. Mindy Lizewski, I love you more than anything else and I would not trade you for anything. Happy Anniversary, Mindy."

Surprisingly for Mindy, she was lost for words and her face had gone very pink.

In a place between Heaven and Hell

Damon and James were playing cards while their wives, Kathleen and Alice, were chatting.

There was a tentative knock on the door of their shared apartment. Neither man moved. Alice just shook her head as she got up to answer the door.

"Welcome, we've been expecting you," Alice said as she waved in the newcomers.

"It's getting damn crowded around here, Damon!" James observed as three people entered the living room.

"We're gonna need a goddamn hotel at this rate, James," Damon chuckled in reply.

"For goodness sake, James!" Alice growled. "They never asked to be part of our little club - let them be."

"Behave, Damon - if you know what's good for you!" Kathleen added.

"What you gonna do, honey?" Damon laughed before continuing in a sarcastic tone. "Kill me?"

"If only I could," Kathleen muttered as she turned to the first two newcomers. "Welcome! You must be the parents of Stephanie and Jamie - the eyes match perfectly."

"And you must be the father of Anne-Marie and Daniel," Alice said to the other newcomers.

The newcomers appeared a little unsure of themselves.

"Where exactly are we?" Jocelyn Reeman asked.

"You are the latest members of the 'my kid is a fucking nutcase club'," Damon offered with a chuckle.

"Damon!" Kathleen growled.

"To be honest, I have no idea where we are," Alice replied. "I believe that we are here to oversee our children and ensure that no harm comes to them."

"Yeah - I stopped them getting blown up a few months back," Damon threw in, ignoring the unamused expression of his wife.

"Any space for me?" a voice called from the door and a tall woman entered.

"You got a nutcase for a kid?"

"DAMON!"

"I have actually. She sees your daughter as her best friend, Mr Macready."

"You know who I am?" Damon asked.

"You and Mindy share many features and traits. However, she makes a much better parent."

Damon scowled while Kathleen just chuckled at the cruel put down which had shut her husband up - no mean feat in itself.

"Oooh!" James chuckled. "Right in the kisser!"

"Sorry about my dick of a husband," Kathleen said bluntly. "I'm Kathleen, Mindy's mother."

"The resemblance is uncanny. Catherine Bennett - please call me Cathy."

"Could somebody please tell me what is going on?" Ed Jamieson demanded.

"It seems that there is a special place, between Heaven and Hell, that is reserved for the likes of us - we are ghosts, I suppose," Kathleen replied. "We watch over our earthly kin and protect them where we can. We cannot intervene - at least not directly, only Damon has managed on at least one occasion."

"I do what I can to protect my psychologically damaged daughter."

"You want to check on your children?" Kathleen asked the newcomers, ignoring Damon completely. "Ed - you first."

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The apartment faded, and a young girl became visible.

"Anne-Marie!" Ed exclaimed.

The youngster was in a bedroom and she was evidently searching for something. The bedroom did not appear to be that of a little girl - more it appeared to be a boy's bedroom.

"That is *not* her bedroom," James observed.

"What are you doing in here?" a voice called out.

"Daniel!" Ed exclaimed.

"You have two super kids there, Ed," James commented.

"They've really grown," Ed replied - he had not seen them in over a year.

"They are doing really well, and they love their new family," Cathy commented.

"Jamie is going to kill you," Danny commented as she watched his sister ferreting around for something. "What are looking for?"

"He took my headphones - I want them back."

"You certain he took 'em?"

"Who else?"

"You looked down in the living room where you usually leave all your junk?" Danny asked.

"I don't leave everything down there," Anne-Marie replied indignantly.

"I would suggest you go check first, *before* invading somebody's privacy," Danny suggested.

"He'll never know. . ."

"That's what you think," Jamie commented as he appeared behind the smirking Danny.

"Oops," Anne-Marie commented as the eight-year-old fled down the spiral stairs into her brother's bedroom and then out the door.

"That was Jamie!" Mark Reeman exclaimed.

"Where's Stephanie?" Jocelyn Reeman asked.

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The view faded again and reformed into that of a hotel room.

Stephanie was seated on a couch beside a young woman and both were laughing hysterically. They were watching a movie on the television and there was popcorn scattered around what appeared to be the remnants of a Chinese takeaway.

"Oh, my God!" Jocelyn exclaimed. "What happened to her hair?"

"Long story," Cathy commented.

"She appears to be having fun," Mark observed. "Who's she with?"

"That's a young Royal Navy pilot, Keira Sharp," Cathy explained. "She is a part of *Vengeance*, the British arm of *Fusion*."

"You've lost us," Mark commented.

"That would be what my old partner would call 'the fucked-up superhero club'!" Damon chuckled dryly.

"What about my daughter?" Cathy asked.

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Again, things faded, and they found themselves in a kitchen.

A small girl of maybe eight-years-old was seated at a table and awaiting her lunch - a knife and fork held vertically in eager anticipation. She was not to be disappointed as a plate of food was put before the youngster.

"Dig in, Becky," Joshua directed.

"What is it?" Becky asked as she prodded the tall item on her plate.

"Steak and kidney pudding - try it," Joshua replied.

"I am *not* eating kidneys!"

"No kidneys - no ice-cream," Chloe directed.

Becky groaned, and she pouted.

"It's chocolate ice-cream," Joshua offered as he sat down and dug into his own plate.

Becky prodded the pudding until the sides split and dark gravy spilled out over Becky's chips and peas. The youngster grimaced as she spied a kidney.

"They call these 'babies heads' in the Royal Navy," Joshua commented. "My Dad called them that too."

"That's disgusting!" Becky commented as she took a tentative nibble at a piece of kidney before eating the whole thing.

"Was that okay?" Chloe asked.

Becky grinned.

"It was good," the girl commented as she dug around for another piece of kidney. "Do I still get ice-cream, Mum?"

"Yes, Peanut."

Cathy wiped away a few tears from her eyes as she watched her daughter with her family.

"A perfect little family, Cathy," Damon commented. "I've seen your daughter in action and I've watched her keeping Mindy in line. I apologise for my comment earlier. Chloe's alright in my book."

Cathy appeared surprised, as did Kathleen, and the two women exchanged an approving glance.

Author's Note: *If you get squeamish where graphic sexual references are concerned then please read no further and I would suggest that you go read the My Little Pony fan fiction instead.*

The Shard

London, England

Mindy giggled as Dave swept her off her feet and through the door to their suite.

Dave dropped her - yes, he dropped her - onto the thick rug on the floor in the living room. Mindy let out a little scream as she fell the two feet, but she had no problems with rough handling and she just lay there as Dave took off his jacket and threw it onto the sofa along with his bow-tie. Mindy groaned as she stared up at her man - was that his pistol or was he just pleased to see her, Mindy thought? Mindy kicked off her shoes as Dave knelt down, a knee either side of her legs. She felt her heartbeat quickening and her breathing increased - she moaned, audibly, and Dave grinned. Dave knew exactly what he was doing, and Mindy knew it. She knew what was ahead of her and the mere thought of what Dave was going to do to her both scared her and enthralled her. She jumped as his fingers touched her legs, just below her knees. The mischievous look on his face filled Mindy with foreboding and unbidden she squeezed her thighs together, trying to control the irresistible feeling which was growing between them.

Dave's fingers moved over her knees and she trembled. God! What was he doing to her? Mindy just lay back and she focussed everything on controlling her arousal and making it last as long as possible before that crippling orgasm engulfed her. The excitement was building - that was an emotion she had never been able to control and right at that moment it was taking control of her body and her thoughts. Mindy moaned as she felt her body changing in response to Dave's foreplay. Her bra was feeling a little tight as her breasts began to enlarge and she was sure her rock-hard nipples were going to drill through the soft cotton of the bra. She squeezed her thighs even tighter together as she felt the blood pounding into her clit, erecting the organ and increasing its sensitivity ten-fold. Her body was on automatic and Mindy had no control over what was happening on her chest, nor what was happening between her legs where she could feel her labia tingling as they adjusted, and the wetness began. Her

breathing was quickening, and her heart was threatening to pound its way out of her chest. Her hands dug into the thick rug beneath her while her toes flexed and twisted as she fought through the sensations which her husband was causing.

Mindy yelped as she felt fingers moving under her dress and up her thighs. However, Dave did not stop at her groin, he continued upwards and her tummy trembled at the touch of his hands. Mindy had not noticed it, but Dave had been gathering up the dress and he was gently sliding it up her body, exposing his wife's long and shapely legs, then her thighs, her groin, and her stomach. She closed her eyes as she suddenly became aware of the dress' movement and she gulped as she realised how much she was exposed. She could feel goose bumps on each section of freshly exposed skin as the fresh air touched it. Then she felt the dress pass over her head and she allowed Dave to pull the dress off her arms and he threw it onto the sofa, on top of his jacket and bow-tie. Mindy trembled at the thought that she wore nothing but skimpy panties and a bra. Her nipples actually grew harder - if that were actually possible - and her arousal was like nothing she had ever experienced before.

With her eyes closed, she had to rely on her senses. She could feel Dave close to her. She could feel his clothing on her skin. She could smell him - his scent was a major turn-on for her. Then she felt his lips on her own and she pushed her tongue into a conflict with his own and they kissed for several minutes like they were one. As they broke apart, Hit Girl turned up and Dave found himself lying on his back with his scantily-clad wife beaming down at him. Mindy gripped him tightly between her thighs, her aroused vulva just inches from the large bulge in his pants. She licked her lips as she carefully unbuttoned his white shirt, exposing his chest to her fingers. She ruffled the hair on his manly chest, gently caressing his own nipples. Dave, in turn, reached up and he gently massaged Mindy's breasts through the bra including the nipples which were readily visible despite being covered. Dave expertly reached behind his wife and with a singularly deft movement, he released the catch and the bra fell off, joining the dress and other discarded garments.

Dave grinned as his wife's uppermost assets became visible above him - damn, she really was aroused, he thought as he tentatively touched a bare nipple. Mindy yelped and groaned. She threw back her head as Dave grasped both breasts and he ran his thumbs over the deeply-red nipples. Dave could see her chest moving quickly with each breath and the breathing increased in rhythm as he tweaked the nipples and massaged the breasts. The breasts were very warm and despite their compact size, Dave loved them, and he caressed their silky softness beneath his hands. Mindy was fighting through the ecstasy of Dave's movements, so she was unable to prevent him from twisting her and pushing her down into the rug. He quickly pulled off his shirt, throwing it away and kicking off his shoes. He returned to the breasts with their pert nipples and he began to kiss them and gently nuzzle each nipple with his lips before taking in Mindy's left nipple into his mouth and gently licking the tip with his tongue.

Mindy strained as she struggled with her increasing arousal. Then she felt a moments relief as Dave moved from one nipple to the other and it began again. Mindy loved the moistness of her nipples as the cool air in the room swept across them, stiffening them enough that Mindy thought they might explode. Dave released the nipple, much to Mindy's annoyance and relief. The conflicting emotions were suddenly replaced by intrigue as Dave moved down to her stomach, kissing as he went. Mindy knew where he was headed and that thought appeared to increase the wetness between her legs and she knew that her panties had to be soaked through. Dave himself was intoxicated by Mindy's scent. Her body smelt and tasted so good. The aroma of Mindy's nether regions lured him ever closer.

He could smell her wetness and he knew that she was lubricated as hell and ready for the next phase of the operation - only, Dave was not giving her that . . . not straight away.

Dave laid a hand on Mindy's groin - damn! She was hotter than the fires of Hell. She was also as wet as a pussy that had just fallen in a river. Dave dug his fingers into the waistband of her panties and he peeled the sodden garment from her skin. Mindy lifted her bottom off the rug for Dave to remove the panties completely. They swept down her long, long legs, over the pistol which still sat in its slim holster strapped to her left thigh, and then flew across the suite to strike the capacious floor to ceiling windows where, for a brief moment, they stuck before slowly sliding down the glass before they landed on the writing desk. However, nobody was watching the soaked panties, Mindy was staring straight up at the discretely lit ceiling as Dave stared straight at Mindy's exposed vulva with its covering of dark blonde pubic hair. He grinned as he ran his fingers through the pubic hair, coming very close to Mindy's labia but not quite touching them. The teasing caused Mindy's midriff to buck in Dave's direction, desperate for more. Dave relented, and his finger ran down Mindy's labia causing an explosion of movement and moaning.

Dave's fingers traced circles on the soft skin of Mindy's muscular but understated thighs, moving upwards and instinctively, she spread her legs to allow Dave better access. Dave's finger pushed through the moist folds of Mindy's labia and onwards. He could see her thighs tensing and trembling as he gently ran his finger upwards and Mindy screamed as he touched her clit.

"Please!" she begged.

Dave leaned down and he kissed Mindy just above her clit causing her to shudder as he gently moved lower and he began to tease her clit with his tongue - God! She tasted so good, he thought. Each thrust of his tongue had Mindy moaning and her thighs bucking, and after a full minute, Mindy screamed as the orgasm built and built, deep within her loins. Dave leapt backwards as Mindy's powerful thighs snapped together and the naked young woman curled up into a ball as the orgasm struck her full force. Dave gently ran his fingers down his wife's bare spine as she shook, his hands moving down her body and then across her firm but soft buttocks and onto her thighs.

It was another few minutes before Mindy carefully unfolded herself and she looked up at her husband.

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"I thought . . . I was going to fucking . . . snap in two, Dave."

"I think they heard your scream in Edinburgh!"

Mindy giggled, out of breath from all her exertions. She sat up and Dave chuckled. Mindy's thighs were still shuddering from the muscle spasms and her discrete breasts jiggled slightly as the rest of her body tried to contain its shuddering. Yet again, she knew that she had selected the right man to be her lifelong partner. Her love for him grew every day and right at that moment, her love for Dave was at its highest ever. She also knew that she had to return the favour as the bulge in Dave's trousers had to very uncomfortable. So, with a few deep breaths to compose herself, she forced herself onto her knees and despite the shaking of her legs, she began to attack Dave's trousers as he too knelt before her. Her tingling fingers fought to remove his belt and then undo the button of his trousers.

For Dave, Mindy looked awesome. There she was, naked, but for her wedding ring, engagement ring, jewellery, a pistol in a holster on her left thigh, and a

small knife attached to the same holster. She was the epitome of Hit Girl - armed and lethal, despite being completely naked. She was beautiful as she knelt there, sweat glistening on her perfect skin. Dave could see the various scars which littered her otherwise unblemished body. She was an example of the perfect woman. Her body was lean with very little fat and large amounts of muscle. Just the mere sight of her as she was, naked and beautiful, was having a major effect on him and he was glad that Mindy was about to release that which was threatening to thrust out of his trousers. It was with great relief that his trousers sank to gather around his knees. He saw the corners of Mindy's mouth twitch and her hands tremble with anticipation as she gently eased Dave's boxers over the organ which threatened to poke out on of Mindy's eyes.

The twitching of Mindy's mouth turned into a full-blown grin as her husband's genitalia were laid open for her inspection. There were times when she struggled to understand how something so large could fit inside her. Indeed, Dave did fill her, each and every time. His dick glistened at the tip as a thin liquid seeped out. Mindy did not hesitate as she took him in deep, stopping before she choked herself. She could feel his fingers teasing her hard nipples as his breathing increased and she could almost hear his heart beating harder, pumping blood into his penis as she sucked and licked it into submission. Mindy loved being in control and she knew that Dave had significant concerns about Hit Girl's teeth being so close to something so very important to him. However, Mindy would *never* hurt something so very important to herself - she not only loved her husband, she also loved his penis and what it was able to do to her. She had been penetrated by knives and bullets, but only Dave's penis caused her to almost die out of erotic pleasure.

Within her mouth, she could taste the salt of Dave's sweat, and the sweet taste of the seminal fluid which was leaking out. She felt her man trembling as her ministrations brought him closer and closer to his explosive climax. To Mindy, it was like disarming a bomb and not knowing when it might explode in your face without any warning. Dave's penis was just the same. No matter how she tried to predict the moment of orgasm, she had never managed it and was almost always caught unawares as either her throat was filled, or her face was covered. Mindy enjoyed the feel and taste of semen - it was icky and sometimes gross, but she loved it. The only substance she enjoyed better than semen was the feel and smell of blood. She almost missed it as Dave groaned loudly and then suddenly, her throat was burning from the hot fluid which erupted from Dave's penis. She pulled backwards in shock and received a second burst directly into her face. Quickly, she swallowed what was already in her mouth, so that she could breathe and then she took his penis back into her mouth and she sucked it clean before releasing the almost limp penis as Dave fell onto his backside on the rug.

Mindy cuddled into Dave and before they knew it, both fell asleep, right there on the rug in the living room.

The following morning

Thursday, November 3rd

Dave stirred first, feeling the slight chill on his naked body.

Beside him, his equally naked wife lay fast asleep, her face covered in dried semen. He needed to pee, so he got to his feet and shrugged off the last leg of his discarded trousers. He pulled off his socks and emptied his bladder into the toilet. He figured that he needed a shower, so he dived under the hot water

in the enormous shower. He had barely rinsed off his sweaty body before he felt hands on his chest and Mindy hugged him from behind.

"Hi, hunk!" she said as she quickly washed her face under the stream of hot water before kissing her man full on the lips.

Dave could still taste the saltiness of his semen on her tongue - not that he cared any. They kissed and kissed, and Dave could feel his penis getting into the act as blood was diverted south. Mindy grinned and giggled as she gently rubbed her hand up and down his vertical member. After several minutes of foreplay, Dave picked Mindy up and allowed her to slide onto him, his penis slipping easily into her already aroused vagina. Mindy's long legs wrapped around his waist tightly, her arms around his neck. Dave carried Mindy out of the shower and slammed her against the floor to ceiling window which overlooked the River Thames. His pelvis flexed as he pushed his penis in and out of his wife's vagina, increasing the pace as Mindy moaned. Dave followed suit, still tender from just a few hours previously. Then they were on the heated marble floor of the bathroom, Dave pounding into Mindy like there was to be no tomorrow. Mindy's fingernails dug deep into Dave's back, adding to the myriad of similar markings from the night before.

Mindy screamed and screamed as an orgasm hit her like a freight train into a truck on a railroad crossing. As she orgasmed, her vagina contracted onto Dave's penis and the extra force caused him to ejaculate his load into Mindy. Dave groaned with the force of the ejaculation and he kissed his wife on the lips.

"Happy Birthday, Mindy."

"I love you . . . so very much," Mindy panted.

*This storyline continues in **Chapter 47: The Vigilante of Vengeance.***