

November 7th, 2011

Colorado

The nine-year-old girl woke up to her fifth day of hell.

It was the fifth day of waking up to swearing, shouting, nasty smells, and yet more humiliation . . . if more was even possible. Her duvet had been yanked off her, leaving her lying in a tight ball, afraid to open her eyes as the morning routine began. She opened her eyes to see the girl next to her stand up and shed her T-shirt and shorts, dumping them on the floor before grabbing her towel.

"I'd get up if I were you," the naked ten-year-old suggested.

Shannon could not understand why the girls wanted to go naked when they shared a dormitory with boys. Shannon cringed as she saw a boy stroll past her and her naked friend, a broad grin on his face. The boy was naked, and he was the one who had enjoyed stripping her naked and parading her just as naked through the various corridors. Shannon had already learnt that the boy had taken her the long way around to the showers where she had lost her hair. Shannon ignored the boy and she forced back tears as she ran a hand over her shaved head.

"Come on, I'll look after you," the naked girl said.

Shannon forced herself to sit up, and she took a deep breath and stood up, pulling off her own T-shirt and shorts. The boy, Hyde, was still standing there and he was smirking at the two naked girls standing by their beds.

"Stop staring, Hyde - get out of the way!" another girl called out as she shoved Hyde out of the way.

"Fuck you, Guinny!" the boy called after the naked girl.

The naked girl turned, and she stuck a single finger up at the boy.

"Grow a fucking dick, first!"

Shannon actually giggled at that as she looked down at the boy's groin.

"It *is* really small," Shannon admitted and the girl beside her giggled.

"Bitches!" Hyde muttered as his face went bright red and he covered up his very insignificant boyhood.

"I'm Saoirse," the girl said, holding out her hand.

"Shannon."

"I know that," Saoirse commented. "Stick with me, and I'll keep you right, Shannon."

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That day was also the first day where she was beaten.

If she figured that the first four days had been the worst of her life, then she was about to learn that there was something beyond 'worst'. A small boy in yellow joggers and a yellow sweatshirt passed on a message for Shannon Millar to make for the Achilles Quad. That was the smaller of the six quads in the facility, a fact which Shannon had been quick to learn. Shannon was intelligent, to a very high level, and she had decided on her first day of hell, that learning might make her new life a little easier.

When Shannon arrived at the quad, she pushed open the heavy door and she found herself out in the freezing cold - it was barely above six degrees, and she shivered slightly. She never felt the first strike which put her down to the ground, but she did she a few pairs of feet as she was stripped of her clothing and one of her own socks was stuffed into her mouth, preventing her from screaming for help. The youngster's eyes almost popped out of her head with the pain as she was punched in her left side with tremendous force. She screamed into her sock as another punch struck her in the stomach and she doubled up, struggling to breathe as she almost choked on the sock. Then there was a yell of warning from somebody, and before she lost consciousness, she saw somebody punching somebody else very hard and Shannon felt another body beside her.

Everything went black as she felt hands picking her up.

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When Shannon regained consciousness, she was confused.

She could hear voices arguing - a boy and a girl.

"What are you doing, Luc?"

"She was getting the crap beaten out of her . . . for no good reason."

"You know the reason, and you are going to get yourself shit-canned if you go against the instructors again."

"I have to do what's right, and this little girl does not deserve this."

"Where am I?" Shannon asked as she sat up.

She found that she was lying on a couch, still naked, but with her T-shirt laid across her body, covering her up.

"You are safe for the moment, Shannon," a girl said as she sat down.

"You're Lucy."

"Yes, I am," Lucy replied.

"Are you going to hurt me, too?"

"Not right now, Shannon. Look, people want to hurt you . . . but I can't tell you why. I can't prevent it, either . . . so, you're going to have to learn to take the beatings. I will help you there, and I will teach you how to absorb the strikes and how to fight back. For now, get dressed, and get to your next class."

Shannon felt very confused, but confusion seemed to be a key part of her new life. The youngster pulled on her underwear, shorts, joggers, and T-shirt. It was painful, and she could see livid bruises developing on her side. It was painful leaning down to pull on her socks and trainers, but once she was ready, she nodded to the two senior *Predators*, the boy shaking his head at his partner, and Shannon left the apartment. Naturally, she was late for her class.

"You are late, Apprentice!" the instructor bellowed. "Get up front and I want ten good push-ups."

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Shannon Millar could not manage a proper push-up to save her life - and it showed.

Most of the class was spent with the instructor yelling at her. First, she could not complete the ten push-ups to his satisfaction, and she ended up doing

six more before she was released and sent to her seat. Shannon wiped away her tears, ignoring the stares and chuckles from her classmates. The class was an introductory class for self-defence, however, Shannon was three months behind her classmates, and she suffered greatly as she made futile attempts to deflect the blows of the girl she was teamed up with. The girl was called Natalie, and she was a bitch. She was also better at fighting than Shannon was - which was not exactly hard. Every time Natalie put Shannon down, the instructor yelled at Shannon, every time Shannon put a foot wrong, the instructor yelled at Shannon. By the end of the class, Shannon was sobbing, and she did everything that she could to block out the taunting from her fellow Apprentice *Predators*.

Things only got worse as the nine-year-old showered that evening before dinner. As usual, she was naked and showering with other naked girls of varying ages, from girls younger than her to girls a lot older. The oldest girls appeared to be about eleven, with Lucy, a year older. The same applied to the boys. Shannon hated to be naked in front of boys, and she hated to be naked when the boys were naked. For reasons known only to the boys, they enjoyed flaunting what they did not have and making the lives of the girls a living hell, even more than it already was. Currently, one girl, Kate Fincham, was being tormented by the boys because she had been the very first girl to have visible breasts, and visible pubic hair - not much, but enough for the boys to target. Shannon kept well away from the sobbing eleven-year-old, and she concentrated on washing her body.

Suddenly, Shannon felt something warm on her left thigh. She turned to feel the same warmth on her stomach and she saw the source. The tears flooded down her cheeks just like the yellow urine which ran down her stomach, groin, and legs. The boy, Hyde, had his dick in his hand, and he was peeing on Shannon. Apart from one incident when she was seven, Shannon had never sworn in her life, however, Shannon had finally lost her temper.

"You little bastard!" she yelled.

Sunday, December 25th, 2016

Christmas Day

Sheridan Road

Shannon snapped awake sobbing her heart out.

"That was a little strong, sis," Annabelle commented.

"What?" Shannon asked as Annabelle hugged her.

"You called me a 'little bastard'."

"No, Annabelle - I'm sorry. It was just a stupid nightmare."

"From 'you know where'?"

"Yes, it was my fifth day, there, and it was the beginning of my sentence into hell."

Annabelle always felt uncomfortable discussing Shannon's five-year absence, so she simply gave her sister a big hug.

"I'm just glad that you're back," Annabelle whispered.

"So am I. Happy Christmas."

"What's going on?" a voice growled.

"Happy Christmas, Marc!" Annabelle said as she gave the boy a hug.

"Hi, Annabelle - Happy Christmas," the tired boy responded as he sat up and threw back the duvet.

Annabelle grinned - Shannon was naked, as was Marc.

"Do you have to point that thing at me?" Annabelle giggled.

"It kind of does its own thing," Marc responded as he stood up and stretched.

"As much as I like seeing penises first thing in the morning, I think I had enough the other night."

"Jesse seemed to enjoy himself," Shannon teased.

"Is semen always that sticky - he kind of exploded all over my hand. It was my first penis."

"Pretty much," Shannon laughed. "Just be careful."

"I will," Annabelle promised. "Let's go wake Mom and Dad."

Glenview

As was usual, on that day of the year, Dave was awoken at dawn.

Not by any excited youngster or pre-teen, no, he was awoken by Hit Girl herself - a very naked Hit Girl, but still Hit Girl. She had a grin on her face reminiscent of somebody who was crazily in love with Christmas. She also had the most adorable body and a certain component of Dave's body was reacting and getting very, very hard. Hit Girl growled as she ripped back the quilt and she dived onto the erect penis, wrapping her mouth around the shaft and sucking her husband off like there was no tomorrow. Dave reacted by pulling Mindy's midriff around and he buried his face in her snatch, his tongue pushing in deeply. Mindy screamed into Dave's dick as she felt her clit being caressed by his tongue. Then she screamed again as her right nipple was tweaked from below. The stimulation was building deep within her - the fact that it was Christmas had already aroused her - and her fingers had already explored that same part which Dave's tongue was rapidly bringing to the point of no return.

Just as Mindy could hold it no longer, her body went rigid and everything tensed up as the orgasm hit, full force, just as Dave ejaculated, full force, into her mouth, almost choking her with the hot, silky substance as it struck the back of her throat. As Mindy fell off to one side, the rest of days effluent splash across her face. It was a full minute before Mindy unfolded her long legs and she stretched out on the bed, and she giggled as she realised how she must look with semen all over her face and chest. Dave pulled his wife into a hug, using a convenient towel to wipe Mindy's face. He kissed her full on the lips and he savoured her luscious lips as they pushed back against his own.

"I need a shower," Mindy stated.

"Tell me about it," Dave responded as he carried Mindy out of the bed and into the bathroom.

Mindy reached for the taps and she spun them. Before the water had had a chance to warm up, Dave had shoved Mindy underneath the ice-cold stream.

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Stephanie bolted awake as a massive scream pervaded her sleep.

The youngster looked around and she grimaced. Her body was sore. So much of the previous night's operation had been painful and not all that well thought out. However, it had been successful.

Stephanie slipped out of bed and she made use of the bathroom before she headed out onto the landing - it was cold! She peered into her sister's bedroom and she grinned as she saw their four visitors. Three were still asleep.

"Merry Christmas, Willow," Stephanie said.

"And to you, Stephanie," Willow replied as she sat up.

"You want to get some breakfast?"

"Okay - I need to pee."

Once Willow was done with the bathroom, the two girls headed downstairs, still dressed in their oversize T-shirts. Stephanie cringed as she heard giggling coming from a certain bedroom.

"What's that?" Willow asked.

"Something obscene most probably."

"Oh."

Stephanie pulled open the fridge and she grabbed a carton of milk.

"Dad will probably be doing pancakes, but I like to grab a bowl of cereal first," Stephanie explained as she placed the milk onto the counter and went to grab two bowls and two spoons. "Cereal is over there - grab whatever you want."

Willow did so, and she sat at the counter feeling a little bewildered. Stephanie grinned as she saw that Willow had grabbed the same cereal she liked - Cocoa Krispies. Stephanie sat down beside Willow and waited while Willow filled her own bowl with cereal.

"You have a great home, Steph - I hope I get to live somewhere nice."

Stephanie grinned - she knew what was waiting for Willow, just around the corner.

"You will, I promise."

"Why do you care so much?"

"Somebody has to."

"I suppose."

"Good morning, girls, and a Merry Christmas," Dave said as he stepped into the kitchen.

"Hi, Dad - Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Mr Lizewski."

"It's 'Dave', Willow. Pancakes?"

"Yes, please, Dad."

"Okay," Willow added.

There was a loud bang from upstairs followed by yelling.

"I think the animals are awake," Mindy commented as she wrapped her arms around Stephanie and gave her a hug and a kiss. "The two-legged ones, anyway."

"Merry Christmas, Mum."

"Merry Christmas, Steph - you too, Willow."

"Merry Christmas, err Mindy."

Willow felt a little weird speaking with the famous Hit Girl on such a personal level. Then there came a thunder of feet and what sounded like a heard of raging elephants came hurtling down the stairs and the kitchen was assaulted by five youngsters who were followed up by a very tired-looking teenager.

"They woke me up," Rachel complained as she slumped onto a stool beside Willow.

"Merry Christmas, Rachel," Willow said uneasily.

"Back at ya, Willow," Rachel grinned.

"Coffee?" Dave asked Willow.

"Yes, please."

Willow then found herself being hugged by Kendra as Rachel was attacked by Billy. Stephanie was herself hounded by her three younger siblings who had just released Mindy from being squeezed to death. Not to be outdone, Sophia appeared followed by Kiara and Razor, both of whom were barking and pretending to bite one another. Horatio strolled into the kitchen and he stood beside his dish and looked up at Dave before meowing indignantly because his dish was empty.

"Steph, feed the animals, please," Dave asked.

"Can't the boys feed themselves?" Stephanie responded with a sly glance at her brothers.

"Funny," Dave growled. "Very funny."

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After breakfast, Dave and Mindy sought cover as a raging mob of children invaded the living room and quite literally tore into all the presents piled underneath the Christmas tree.

Initially, Willow, Kendra, and Billy hung back believing that there would be nothing for them. Only, Mindy nudged all three of them forwards - well, she shoved them all forwards, actually. Tentatively, the two youngsters moved towards the tree, just as Stephanie winked at Willow and she passed out several presents each to an amazed Kendra and Billy.

"Santa always finds where to deliver presents," Stephanie grinned. "Here, Willow; even cold-hearted bitches get visited by Santa."

Willow scowled but she humbly accepted the large gifts which Stephanie passed her.

"How the fuck?" Willow growled as she saw that the presents were indeed for her - her name was written on them.

"There is always a store open on Christmas Eve, Willow," Dave admitted.

There had been a bit more to it than that, but that was a story for another time - and yet another favour that Mindy owed somebody. Willow found herself inundated with gifts and she was forced to sit down where she was quickly joined by a grinning Kendra. For the ten-year-old, all the bad from the previous day had vanished and she was focussed on the presents which she was cradling like they were precious items which she would never give up. Willow had to coax her into sitting down and opening the presents. Rachel was doing

the same with Billy who appeared a little overwhelmed as he began to cry. Stephanie was scowling as her three siblings buried her in discarded wrapping paper. As far as Dave could tell, it had been pre-planned. Horatio, on the other hand, was having the time of his life as he pounced on everything and anything that moved - wrapping paper, a dog, a child; if it moved, it was a valid target . . . and, therefore, it was pounced on - claws first.

There was no sign of Sophia, although another pile of wrapping paper groaned periodically, so that may have been her - or just simply a groaning pile of wrapping paper; *anything* was possible in the Lizewski home.

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Willow was stunned as she found herself holding a large pile of clothing - it was all there: bras, panties, socks, trousers, tops, a jacket, a pair of expensive boots, two pairs of equally expensive trainers, and an expensive set of makeup.

It was Willow's turn to cry as she looked up at Dave and Mindy. Kendra too had a large array of clothing, as well as toys and games, children's makeup, and several books. Billy too had a similar haul but with toys and games more suitable to a boy. Rachel was amazed at what Billy had been given. She herself had a respectable pile too.

"I promised the both of you," Mindy said to Rachel and Willow. "I will look after you to the best of my ability. "Besides, you can't go out in just a T-shirt, eh, Willow?"

"Thank you."

"Get dressed, girls, and Billy. You four are going to join the other nutcase Predators downtown. I've arranged a special place for you all to have some fun, food, and you will all be unsupervised."

"Is that wise?" Rachel asked, and Willow appeared to agree.

"Probably not," Mindy admitted before she grinned nastily. "But you will all have me to answer to in the morning."

Safehouse K

"You absolutely certain about this?" Patrick asked.

"Not really, but they have each been warned," Mindy replied.

The safehouse was full of youthful testosterone and oestrogen. Sixteen youths and children occupied the facility. They varied from Lucy Ford and Sarah Hampton, through Kieran Brennan, Carrie Milligan, Dylan Page, Joel Burnell, Jay Hilton, and Willow, not to mention her sister, Kendra, to Rachel Ascot with her brother, Billy, and onto Lily, followed by Guinevere, Juno, Nicholas, and Logan. Lucy was in charge along with Sarah. Food had been delivered and a massive buffet had been set up (by Paige and Kim) with hot and cold food, plus gallons and gallons of soft drinks.

Several adults were available to come and rain hell down on the youngsters should things get out of hand, but Mindy had suitable plans in place to prevent such an event.

West Ridge

"Hi, honey - all good?" Marty asked as Kim returned from the safehouse.

"As good as having fifteen nutcases all in one room with nobody to watch them, can be."

"Should be entertaining," Marty chuckled.

"How is Matty enjoying his second Christmas?" Kim asked.

"Well, that stuffed Hit Girl doll has gone down a treat - who knew merchandising would be so useful," Marty replied as he looked down at his one-year-old son who was happily chewing on a twelve-inch-tall (Marty had joked it was life-sized - Mindy was *not* amused) Hit Girl stuffed toy.

Kim headed into the kitchen to check on the turkey in the oven and to begin sorting out her vegetables and the other items required for a Christmas lunch.

Indian Knoll Road

Hailee was excited as always.

The nineteen-year-old loved Christmas; she always had. She had endured a tumultuous year, but it had been worth *most* of the cuts and bruises. After an hour walking Josie, Hailee had returned home to find that their guests for the day were just arriving.

"Mathilda! Kelly!" Hailee exclaimed as she welcomed her friends.

Eighteen-year-old Kelly Wright smiled as Hailee gave her a hug. No matter what she had gone through, or who her sister had been, everybody treated her like family. For about forty seconds that morning, Kelly had considered her sister, but after that, Katrina Wright had been cast out and forgotten. Kelly had a new life and Katrina was not part of it.

"Merry Christmas, Hailee - hi, Josie!"

The dog barked excitedly at the sight of new people in her home. She knew them both, of course, but visitors did not visit too often.

"Happy Christmas, Hailee," Mathilda grinned.

"A Merry Christmas to you both," Hailee replied. "Come on in and get warm."

Fielding Drive

The house was heaving, and Chloe was loving every minute.

Her day had started at around five that morning when Becky had decided that as she was awake, then everybody else should be too. Somehow, the girl had been able to bounce all over the bed, waking both of them up, and she had managed to put a foot in Joshua's crotch and another in Chloe's left breast. The matching yells of pain had been enough to wake Ryan who had appeared to see a grinning eight-year-old bouncing around on her parents' bed.

"I stood on Dad's bollocks and Mum's tit," Becky announced happily. "Should be fine, though, as Mum'll just suck Dad better and Dad'll suck Mum better."

Chloe had blushed the most brilliant shade of red as her father had laughed out loud.

By mid-morning, Curtis had arrived with Abigail and Vera.

The three of them had waded through the detritus remaining from Becky's presents and Curtis had given his uncle a hug, followed by his cousin. Chloe was determined to have a fun Christmas before her mind turned to her mother. She and her father had made a deal (Curtis included) to not go to pieces until later that evening. Despite that, hugging her cousin brought forward many emotions and they both exchanged a glance and they hugged each other even tighter, Chloe was amazed by how close she and Curtis had become - considering their shaky beginnings.

"Come and help me in the kitchen," Chloe suggested, and Curtis followed his cousin.

"You chose to wear clothes, huh?" Abby asked Becky.

"I thought it best, to be honest, what with the risk of nasty paper cuts on places unmentionable," Becky replied, and Vera laughed.

Joshua chuckled as his little girl spoke. They had only been together for a few months, but they were inseparable, and Joshua could not consider life without little Becky. He was proud of the little girl and he knew that Chloe was too - despite the fact that the eight-year-old was fucking nuts! Becky dragged Abby off down to the basement to show her some of her new Christmas acquisitions.

"Looks like it's just us, Vera," Ryan chuckled as Joshua went to see what Chloe and Curtis were up to.

Somewhere close, yet far away

"How about a kiss?"

"No."

"Just a peck on the cheek?"

"You're drunk."

"Admit it . . . you're struggling to resist my advances."

"Can I hit him?"

"By all means," a scowling Kathleen Macready responded.

"*What!?*" Damon Macready exploded.

Before Kathleen could respond to her husband, Catherine Bennett planted a fist into the man's face, sending the drunk man flying backwards against the wall.

"St-rike!" James Lizewski yelled out and Mark Reeman laughed loudly.

"Told you the alcohol was a bad idea," Jocelyn Reeman commented dryly.

"I know," Alice Lizewski agreed.

"You are a slow learner, Damon," Ed Jamieson chuckled.

"It is so damn hard being stuck here with gorgeous women - none of whom are interested in . . . doing anything," Damon responded as she dusted himself off. "That fist was the *only* female contact that I have had since Mindy was conceived."

"You haven't had sex in almost twenty years?" James exclaimed in amazement.

"No wonder!" Cathy chuckled. "Obviously, the five-finger-shuffle isn't good enough - explains his grumpy moods."

"Apparently, sex is not allowed wherever we are," Damon growled.

"I wouldn't say that," Mark commented, and Jocelyn giggled.

"You two are fucking?" Damon demanded.

"We've had the odd night of fun," Alice Lizewski admitted quietly.

"So, everybody but dear old Damon is happy, right?"

"Seems so," Ed grinned.

"I'm being punished for being a bad father to Mindy, aren't I?"

"You said it," Kathleen and Cathy responded, both at the same time.

West Columbia

Marcus was determined to have as normal a Christmas as possible.

However, a certain twelve-year-old girl had no intention of letting her step-father off that easily. Seven-month-old Damon had no real idea what was going on around him, but Megan had enjoyed dressing her little brother in a red outfit complete with mini Santa hat. Megan's alternative persona enjoyed taking several photos for blackmail purposes once her brother was older.

"You're evil," a voice chuckled.

"I am as innocent as the purest driven snow," Megan responded.

"Yeah, snow that just got peed on!" Marcus chuckled.

Lara laughed as Megan scowled. A few feet away, Piper was lying on her back while MacKenzie and Isaac stroked the German Shepherd's tummy. The three of them had spent Christmas Eve with Marcus, Paige, Megan, and little Damon. They would stay there for Christmas Day, too. After that, nobody knew. For the moment, the kids were all happy, having opened their Christmas Presents and they were all looking forward to lunch.

"How is everything?" Paige asked as she came in.

"Mom!" Megan called out.

"Same old," Marcus responded as he gave Paige a kiss on the cheek.

"Megan causing trouble?" Paige asked as she winked at her daughter.

"No - and it's damned unnatural!" Marcus growled as Megan grinned happily.

Glen Oak Drive

For John and Emily Newton, it was a special day.

Not only did they have their niece in one piece, they also had a second niece to look after. While they had considered Morgan to be difficult to bring up, Saoirse was something else entirely. The fifteen-year-old girl had been through a lot, but her sixteen-year-old sister had been with her through everything. Saoirse had also been there for Morgan. The older girl had even been encouraged to open up and stop being so shy - to the point where the girl had stripped naked before a crowd and then streaked across the subterranean Safehouse. While

John and Emily could have done without the excessive nudity, it had shown how well the two girls had bonded, despite their very different backgrounds. Neither would exchange the girls for anything. Ignoring their often-confusing behaviour, they were both loving and they filled their home with laughter.

It was Saoirse's very first Christmas as a relatively normal child. She had awoken full of energy, hobbling through to wake her big sister. Morgan had not been impressed at being awoken before ten o'clock. She had told Saoirse where she could stick her 'Happy Christmas', in no uncertain terms. In response, Saoirse had yanked off the duvet and then pushed Morgan out of bed and onto the floor. John and Emily had awoken to Morgan swearing violently and Saoirse laughing her head off. Morgan was not one to hold a grudge, so she ended up giving her little sister a hug and they had both headed down the stairs to see if Santa had been. There were screams of excitement from both teenagers as they found that Santa had indeed visited them during the night.

John and Emily grinned as they saw the happy faces.

Sheridan Road

Shannon and Marc had been violently awoken in a pre-dawn raid.

The two naked youths had been dragged out of their warm embrace, not to mention the bed which they shared, and then they found themselves blindfolded. The fourteen-year-olds were dragged down the stairs and into the living room. Both were forced to their knees and they knelt on the carpet wondering what was going on. Then, the blindfolds were removed. Shannon and arc found themselves looking at a grinning Annabelle and Iain.

"Happy Christmas!" they both chorused.

"Can I get some clothes," their big sister asked.

Iain grinned as he threw Shannon a towel.

"What about me?" Marc asked.

Annabelle giggled as she grabbed a towel but hesitated.

"I like looking at dicks and yours is a decent size - a bit bigger than Jesse's, I think."

"Give me that!" Marc growled, snatching the towel and ignoring Shannon's giggling.

"You had the towels ready," Shannon commented. "How did you know we'd be naked?"

Annabelle rolled her eyes before she responded.

"You two are *always* naked when you're in bed - I'm surprised your labia aren't red raw by now, honestly!"

Shannon simply shrugged, and Marc laughed.

Across the city

Jesse Dolan had no idea that his boyhood was being compared to that of another boy, not that he really cared.

The boy was just happy that he was no longer incarcerated in some subterranean hellhole and being treated like the piece of shit that he was. Instead, he was a guest in the home of the Morgan family. He felt at home with Tommy, who was about six months his junior, and Tommy had made him feel at home. His parents were also very nice and accommodating. However, at that moment, he and Tommy were arguing.

"You've got a thing for Annabelle Millar - admit it!" Tommy chuckled.

"She's nice. . ."

"You were kissing her at the party."

"So?"

"You saying you didn't have a boner?"

"Tommy!" Shannon exclaimed.

"Sorry, Mom."

"What Jesse was doing with Annabelle has absolutely nothing to do with you, young man. Would you like me to go on about *your* erections each and every time Stephanie Lizewski enters the room?"

"Mom!" Tommy exclaimed as he blushed furiously, and Jesse burst out laughing.

"Tell me more, Mrs Morgan," Jesse said as he calmed down.

"Don't you dare, Mom!" Tommy exclaimed, appalled that his mother would actually mention *that word*, let alone use it in conversation.

"Life is never dull," Tony chuckled. "Now boys - go lay the table, please."

South Whipple

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

Rachel Murphy sighed. They were at it again. There was rarely anything to argue over, so they often simply invented something to argue over. To a point, Rachel did not mind as it kept them both occupied and out from under her feet, however, every now and then the argument would turn violent and Abigail's talent for profanity would be exposed.

"Fuck you!" Abigail yelled.

SLAP!

"Fucking ow! What the bloody hell did you slap me for?"

"Talk like a bitch, get slapped like a bitch!"

"Where the hell did you get *that* from?"

"Hit Girl."

"I might have known," Abigail groaned. "Still, you shouldn't go around slapping girls."

"You're not exactly a girl, Abigail," Brad laughed.

"I may not have boobs, but I have a cunt!"

"Abigail Samantha Murphy!" Rachel Murphy exclaimed as she came to investigate the latest ruckus. "We'll have less of that language, thank you very much!"

"*Samantha!*" Brad exclaimed with a broad grin.

Abigail scowled - she hated her given middle name. Unfortunately, the name had surfaced along with her real birth certificate - Abigail herself had actually forgotten about the name. She had actually gone to great lengths to hide the name from her new brother - and Stephanie.

"Laugh it up, fuck whit!" Abigail growled.

"What did Rachel say?" Paul said pointedly to his adoptive daughter.

"Sorry," Abigail said."

"Brad - leave Abigail alone, please," Paul said, just as pointedly to his son.

The two siblings vanished, Abigail giggling wildly.

"Your middle name is Samantha - really?" Brad asked when they were upstairs.

"Tell *anybody*, and I cut your fucking balls off."

South Oakley

For the household, things were a little bit quieter.

It was just the three of them, and they were glad for it. Cameron, for one, was very happy to be with his family. The previous weeks had been busy, and his mind had been in turmoil. He had seen what his best friend had gone through when his dad had been shot. He had also seen Brad go to pieces and demand to be let into *Fusion*. It was something which both had talked about ever since they had been let in on the secret. Cameron was enduring some of the training, but he was unsure about whether he wanted to risk his life out on the streets of Chicago. He wanted to support his best friend, but it was a very big decision and one which he was determined to get right when he finally made it.

"Dad, what should I do?"

Sam Fellowes looked down at his twelve-year-old son and he grimaced. He knew what his partner's son was going through - Cameron had endured something similar some years earlier when Hit Girl and Kick-Ass had first hit the streets of Chicago. He knew that his son was scared having seen other kids younger than him suffer greatly after fighting with *Fusion*. Cameron wanted to join in. He wanted the excitement and the glory, but without the killing and the danger. Unfortunately, both went hand in hand as a Chicago vigilante.

"I cannot make the decision for you, Cam - listen to your heart, and follow it."

"Not much help, Dad."

"*Fusion* nobly put their lives on the line for this city without any thought of reward. Some, as you know, have received barbaric training to become vicious, but highly skilled fighters. Others have joined the ranks with no skills and worked their way up, learning just as you will. I know that Mindy will not put you in danger until she knows that you are ready. As I see it, you have nothing to lose, and you will be able to train alongside Brad."

"That sounds okay," Cameron admitted.

"Now, let's go find some of your Mom's apple pie."

Wagner Road

Lauren was pining for Brad.

Lizzie thought it was funny - it had been less than twenty-four hours, but the split was painful for Lauren. As far as Emily Edwards was concerned, young love was annoying - the two youngsters had only been apart for a few hours and it was plainly ridiculous to her mind. Lauren was constantly cuddling the teddy bear which Brad had bought her for Christmas. Lizzie had taken to teasing Lauren, but fourteen-year-old Lauren was not rising to the bait, much to Lizzie's annoyance. In the end, twelve-year-old Lizzie simply ignored her moping big sister and she concentrated on enjoying her Christmas. Lauren would cope until she saw Brad again, the following morning.

Emily also chose to ignore her eldest daughter, if only for a peaceful life.

Longmeadow Road

Jennifer was actually amazed by her husband's behaviour towards Lin Lau and her sister Xiāngxìn Lau.

While Rodney had a tendency to bury himself in his work, seeing 'fun' as an annoyance, he had chosen to spend plenty of time with his new daughters. He had also gone overboard on gifts and making the girls feel at home. For some reason, Rodney had become calmer and noticeably better in bed - but that was something which Jennifer was not making public. The day had been amazing and full of fun. Both little girls were exhausted after a big meal, lots of running around, and all the normal excitement associated with the day.

The four of them had finally settled down to watch a movie with both girls falling asleep less than a third of the way in.

Southern Chicago

It had been a hectic day, but Jeremy and Nicola graves were finally able to relax.

Hunter sat on the couch with Sabrina cuddled into him. Both were watching a movie along with Leo who sat with Simon and Samuel. The triplets had ensured that their cousins had had the best Christmas ever and they had all bonded superbly. To a point, the triplets worshipped their cousins. Finding out that they had vigilantes for cousins had been simply amazing. However, that excitement had been rapidly dulled by the knowledge that they could not tell anybody. That had been difficult, but they knew that they had no choice, and they happily agreed to protect their cousin's secret. Sabrina had wanted to become a vigilante, but she had been put down very sharply by Hunter.

Sabrina may have only been eight-years-old, but she had temerity way beyond her tender years. She may have been the same age as her brothers, but she had been the first out, hence she was the oldest - by about two minutes - and therefore she was the leader. Samuel and Simon had long given up vying for the leadership and they allowed their sister to rule the roost. Maybe that leadership had gone to her head. She knew that she could control her brothers, so she also thought that maybe she could control the criminals who pervaded the city of Chicago. Ever since she had seen the vigilantes appear in Chicago, she had wanted to be

one. Then, she had found out that her weird cousins were both Chicago vigilantes and that had just made her feelings of want, even worse.

As she snuggled into her cousin, she visualised herself as a Chicago vigilante, sweeping the streets clean.

South Whipple

The bickering had finally ceased and both kids had quite literally stuffed themselves until they could eat and drink no more.

Paul and Rachel smiled happily as Abigail cuddled into Brad on the couch as they both watched a movie. It was tranquil bliss. Both knew that Brad loved his new little sister, and Abigail loved her new big brother. They fought like cats and dogs, but that was perfectly normal, or so they thought. Brad had taken Paul's shooting very hard, and Abigail had too. The two had talked a lot - with the help of Lauren. Without Abigail around, Brad might have suffered a lot of psychological trauma. Yes, Abigail had many rough edges, but the eleven-year-old was proud to be who and what she was. She was never scared to speak her mind and her best friend was her worst enemy. There were times that Rachel laughed at the antagonistic nature that existed between Abigail and Stephanie, but she knew that they were the best of friends - a friendship forged in fire.

Abigail had been through a lot, especially after her rape had become general knowledge and the boy behind it had died. Stephanie, Lauren, and Brad had each been there for Abigail during those dark times. Rachel loved the fiery little girl and she saw some of herself within Abigail. Paul also loved Abigail very much and he enjoyed having a daughter, even though they had not had the opportunity to spend all that much time together, but that would change very soon.

It had been a difficult year, hopefully, 2017 would be much, much better.

Safehouse K

The basement safehouse was proving a hit with the many Predators and non-Predators attending the Christmas Day event.

Billy and Kendra had been mobbed almost the moment that they had arrived. For Billy, he had to suffer the girls who all thought he was 'sweet' and 'cute'. As for Kendra, she had endured the same comments, only she also had the boys asking her questions.

"Are you a moody bitch like your sister?" Jay wanted to know, but before Kendra could answer, Billy responded for her.

"Oh, yeah!" he exclaimed. "Some days it was safer to keep well away from her - she behaved like the older girls who were on their periods."

Everybody laughed at that, even Willow and Kendra. Some of those present could remember one or other of the two former *Yellows*. However, the usual animosity which *Predators* felt for *Yellows* was kept at bay. Everybody present simply decided to enjoy the day without worrying about if they liked the boy or girl standing next to them. For almost everyone there, it was an experience which they had not felt for a long, long time. Any thoughts of misbehaving never materialised as they all had the best time of their new lives. Juno was alone in being a 'normal' child, but she was welcomed to join the *Predators* without a

moment's hesitation. Everyone there knew who was watching, and they all knew what might happen if they misbehaved.

To a boy and girl, they were determined not to lose the freedom that they had won.

Glenview

After a long, tiring, but amazing day, Stephanie was skyping Electra.

"I had the most amazing day," Electra was saying.

Stephanie had already seen the P90 and the Five-seveN, and she had been very impressed by Electra's haul of weapons. They had been talking for almost forty minutes when somebody else called in at Electra's end in London.

"It's Mary," Electra announced. *"I'll conference her in."*

"Hi, Electra!" the Princess announced.

"Hi, Mary. Merry Christmas!"

"And to you too, Electra. I miss you."

"I miss you, too."

"Is that Stephanie?" Mary asked.

"Yeah," Electra replied.

"Hi, Stephanie - Merry Christmas!" Mary called out.

"Thanks, Princess - a Merry Christmas to you, too."

"Who's that, Steph?"

"Hi, Mrs Lizewski - Merry Christmas!" Mary called out.

"Merry Christmas, Mary - how are things in London?"

"Cold!"

"Mary - who are you talking to?" came a voice from Mary's end.

"My friends from Chicago, Gran."

"Oh!" came the voice again.

"Hey, guys, say hello to my Gran," Mary directed.

Mindy's eyes almost popped out when she saw Mary's 'Gran' come into view on the laptop screen.

"Merry Christmas, ma'am," Mindy spluttered.

"Merry Christmas, ma'am," Stephanie repeated, unable to say anything different.

"Merry Christmas, ma'am," Electra added.

"Merry Christmas to you all in Chicago. Come on, Mary, your father is trying to tell some bad jokes."

"Bye, guys - I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Seeya, Mary!"

"I'd better go, too," Electra said unhappily.

"Bye 'lectra," Stephanie said.

Once the connection was broken, Mindy turned to Stephanie.

"Was that really who I think it was?"

"I think so," Stephanie replied.