

Monday, October 31st, 2016

The young girl had no idea what was going on.

Just days before, she had been in FBI custody on a serious charge of Cyber Hacking, then, just that morning, she had been awoken at 5am from a troubled sleep in the detention facility. She had been thrown into the backseat of an unmarked FBI sedan just moments after she had finished dressing and had been handed a breakfast bar. Nobody told her anything and her often vulgar questions were pointedly ignored. Twelve hours later, they had crossed into the state of Illinois and then into the Chicago city limits.

As they pulled up outside a disagreeable looking building in an industrial district, the girl began to be concerned.

That evening

Chicago, Illinois

SAFEHOUSE K

The young girl whom the agent pushed into the room was noticeably sullen, but she quickly perked up when she noticed who was waiting for her.

She studied the two masked individuals with interest as they walked down a concrete ramp from above - if it wasn't for the nametags, she would have had no idea who they were. The FBI agent who had escorted her from the car let go of her arm and left the large open space.

"Welcome to Safehouse K, Madeline," Battle Guy began.

"Maddie!"

"Come again?" Hal inquired.

"My name is Maddie."

"Okay . . . Maddie," Battle Guy conceded. "I am Battle Guy and this is Hal. You are now in our custody until we deem it fit to return you to the FBI. If you do not assist us as we require; we return you to your obviously well-deserved incarceration. Do you understand these terms?"

"Yeah. What the fuck is this?"

"If you can keep that sewer of a mouth shut for a minute, I'll tell you," Hal growled at the girl with the insolent expression. "We need your help with an operation . . . in L.A."

"L fucking A! Fuck you, I ain't going all the way back out there!"

"Okay - Hal, call that nice FBI agent back, please," Battle Guy suggested.

"Okay!" Maddie scowled.

"Right," Hal began a little tetchily. "You are supposed to have some skills."

"I hacked the fuck out of the CIA," came the brazen response.

"Yes, you did - not bad for a thirteen-year-old. Would you like to know what you found?"

"Would be nice - the fucking file was encrypted up the wazoo and they caught me before I could start decrypting it."

"Well, play your cards right and I can promise you a look into what was in that file."

"Okay," Maddie responded with more than a little enthusiasm and a lot less attitude.

"You are about to enter a world which is secretive by its very existence. You are about to enter the world of the vigilante. You are about to enter a purple hell."

"You don't scare me. . ."

"Maybe not - but *she* will. . ." Hal added.

"My purple hell!" came a growl from the ramp.

"Oh, fuck!"

Hit Girl strode forwards and Maddie Tyler took two steps backwards. Hit Girl leaned forwards and Maddie took another step backwards - she found herself hard against a concrete wall. Maddie had gone pale and she was shaking.

"I am trusting you to do everything in your power to help my team and to never reveal anything that you see, that you hear, that you think, or even what comes to you during that moment of euphoria as you work your clit to orgasm."

Maddie's face was no longer pale, but very pink as the mortified girl fought to respond.

"Ye . . . yes, Hit Girl. I promise to do everything that I can for your team."

"You'd fucking better, bitch!"

After the L.A. visit, the previous week, Marty and Mindy had talked.

"No offence to what you and Abby do, Marty, but the team needs a local tech-wiz to assist them. The upcoming operations will need real-time intel."

"I know. There is only so much that can be accomplished with pre-positioned cameras and by hacking into the local CCTV networks, Mindy," Marty had replied. "We also have no control over inter-city communications." He paused. "You've found somebody. . ."

"You and Dave know me too well," I chuckled. "Yes, I have."

The following evening

Tuesday, November 1st

Los Angeles, California

OAK PASS ROAD

Neither of the twins looked up as Erika walked into the living room where both were deep into their magazines on God only knew what, Erika thought - she had no desire to find out.

"Ladies, please meet Maddie Tyler - she will be helping us over the next couple of weeks."

The two girls looked up and they studied the extra standing beside Erika. The looks on the twins faces were like those of a pair of lionesses, when they saw a juicy warthog standing before them.

"Doing what - she's just a little girl," Chrissy replied derisively. "What can she do? She even started puberty?"

"I am thirteen and I can do many things!" Maddie exclaimed as her temper rose.

"Maddie will be helping us with the technical side of our next big mission. It was decided that we needed a local geek. Hal and Battle Guy found that the distances sucked," Erika announced with a pointed glare at the twins who relented.

"Hi, Maddie. Please ignore my sister," Sky said offering her hand. "Christina's a queen bitch. I'm Sky."

"Hi," Maddie replied as she took the proffered hand.

"Sorry," the queen bitch apologised as she offered her own hand. "As my sister said, I'm Chrissy, the queen bitch."

"Hi."

"You hungry, Maddie?" Sky inquired. "We got some ice cream in the freezer."

"Chocolate?"

"Three different types."

Wednesday, November 2nd

The following morning, after breakfast, Maddie followed Erika into the garage.

"You having a midlife crisis or something, Erika?"

"Or something. . ." Erika replied coolly.

Maddie stared at the eighty-thousand-dollar sports car that sat in the garage. The vehicle was in Long Beach Red Metallic with Adrenaline Red, perforated Napa leather seats. The nineteen-inch front and twenty-inch rear wheels looked awesomely stunning in black with a red stripe around the rims. After climbing in, Maddie felt a little nervous as Erika started up the 6.2-litre V8 engine and then flicked the 8-speed automatic paddle-shift transmission into drive.

Erika accelerated the Corvette Stingray down the drive and onto the street with practiced ease.

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Neither talked much as they drove up into the hills surrounding Los Angeles.

Maddie sat back, and she enjoyed the drive and the fresh air. The travelling of the past few days had been exhausting. She had slept very well in the guest bedroom and felt much refreshed after a shower. The girl had had plenty of time to contemplate her current predicament. Hacking was her life and she had never been caught until she had discovered a website which appeared to have been abandoned and not updated with any security patches. As a result, she had been able to gain easy access to the system, but not before triggering some tripwire which had sent the FBI around to her home, three months previously. She had spent those three months being passed around secure foster parents - she had escaped, once, which had resulted in some more secure accommodation - before finding herself in a very undesirable position.

Maddie knew all about Hit Girl and *Fusion* - who did not! Maddie wanted no involvement with somebody as powerful as Hit Girl, but for the moment, any excuse to be away from FBI custody would be very welcome. The teenager was already planning her escape into Los Angeles and then away. While she had been caught with a certain file, she had downloaded others which she had been able to spirit away as an insurance policy. What might the files contain, if *Fusion* knew about the one which she had missed? Maddie was pulled away from her thoughts as the car slowed.

Maddie looked very worried as they pulled up outside a certain property.

WHITTIER DRIVE

The boy hauled open the heavy front door.

He took one look at who was standing outside, and he turned to shout into the house.

"Mom!"

"Yes, honey."

"The hacking delinquent is back."

"Oh."

"I just pretend they love me," Maddie muttered as she pushed past the nine-year-old boy.

"Thought you'd be in maximum security by now, sis."

"Erika, please meet my little brother, Connor."

Erika looked down at the kid who appeared to be feeling very smug and equally disdainful of his elder sibling.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

A tall woman appeared from another room.

"Hello, Maddie. You been released again?"

"Mom, this is Erika. I err, I have a job."

The woman laughed sarcastically and Maddie frowned.

"Hello, Mrs Tyler. Your daughter is working off her misdeeds for me. She makes a mistake; she goes back to the FBI. So far, she has been true to her word and I trust her."

"On your head be it. She expecting to live here?"

"It is her home."

"Erika. We have had the FBI. We have had the CIA. We have had the LAPD. We have had the NSA. Every goddamn acronym has been at that door - all looking for my consistently delinquent daughter. I have a young son to bring up and I need to put him first if Maddie is determined to get herself imprisoned before she even becomes an adult."

Erika was not pleased with Maddie's reception.

"She can stay with us for a day or two, but then she is required to live here as it is her main residence, at least as far as the FBI is concerned."

"Gives us some warning, at least," Mrs Tyler breathed as Maddie and Erika left the property.

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As the two of them left the house, Maddie could hold back the tears no more and they flooded down her cheeks.

"I hate them!"

"If they can't see how talented you are, then that's their loss," Erika said quietly. "We would never have selected you for this task if you were just a delinquent teenager with no skills as they suggest."

Maddie smiled a little and her tears slowed.

"I thought you only picked me because I was a kid you could use and throw away."

"Hit Girl would never do that. She only picks people for her team that she deems of significant use. She is a picky bitch and for you to be selected . . . well, you should see it as an honour."

"I do - I think."

"Come on - let's go get something to eat and go sit on the beach. You got a bikini?"

Maddie scowled.

"You'll never catch me in a damn bikini . . . ever!"

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Erika lay on the sand, in just her shorts and a halter top.

She lapped up all the admiring glances from the men and boys as they strolled past. Maddie, on the other hand, studiously ignored them all as she sat cross-legged on the sand in knee-length shorts and a T-shirt. She wore a wide-brimmed sunhat on her head.

"You have an aversion to the sun?" Erika inquired with a smirk.

"Not really. I just hate anybody looking at my scrawny body."

Erika smirked as she responded.

"We'll work on that, young lady. Confidence in your own body will lead to self-confidence in general."

Erika was warming to the petulant youngster. The young girl had had a troubled upbringing. Yes, a lot of the trouble was of her own making but Erika wanted to help. It had turned out that the girl had had little more than the clothes that she wore. The FBI had provided some funds for extra clothing which had apparently translated into a spare T-shirt, two pairs of knickers, and two pairs of socks. Erika had noticed that Maddie did not wear a bra, but she had decided not to comment on that as they went shopping for some shorts which Maddie had selected - the longest that the girl had been able to find which were not actual pants.

Erika thought it was all very amusing.

Later that same afternoon

SAFEHOUSE C

"This place looks like a pile of shit. . ."

Erika grinned as Maddie looked around the small, dowdy-looking reception area. It looked like any other entrance to any number of businesses where the boss had no interest in spending money on non-essential parts of the building - like the reception. Erika walked behind the reception desk which was equipped with a five-year-old Dell PC and an archaic looking phone. Behind the desk was a door - the varnish peeling from the wood - which Erika pushed open and she waved Maddie to follow. The room was stark with empty walls and a tiled floor. Maddie felt concerned as the door closed silently but clicked firmly shut with an electronic him.

Erika strode across the room which was barely six feet deep and ten feet wide and she placed her hand on a plastic-looking panel attached to the door ahead of her. There was an electronic clicking and the panel was illuminated by tiny green LEDs which ran around the edges. Erika hauled open the door which opened with power-assistance and Maddie noticed that it was almost six-inches thick. The girl turned around after she had watched the door power-close by itself and then she stood stock still.

"You are shitting me!"

Erika laughed at Maddie's outburst.

"You guys *do not* fuck around when it comes to Safehouses, do ya?"

"Hit Girl has a thing for being prepared - she must have been a boy scout in a previous life!"

Maddie span around a few times as she tried to take it all in. She was standing in a wide corridor. To the left was a large room, the front wall of which was transparent and made from what had to be armoured glass. The single door was made from the same armoured glass and had a black pad embedded into the glass wall beside it. Beyond the glass were rack after rack of weapons extending back almost forty feet. She struggled to count all the weapons that were arrayed beyond the glass. The armoury was of a decent size - well, Hit Girl might have called it *adequate*! Anything not equipped for fighting World War III was generally deemed as *in-adequate* in Hit Girl's book, Erika thought dryly.

Maddie was amazed, and she was actually speechless as they moved on, past another, almost identical, glass-fronted room filled with piles of military-style equipment stacked neatly on steel racking. Then, Maddie froze as they reached the end of the corridor and they passed through another armoured security door out into a large area with a red-painted concrete floor and all the equipment that the average auto-workshop would possess. Arrayed before her were four-wheeled vehicles and motorcycles - all brand new, all very expensive, and all heavily customised. Erika barely slowed as she walked past all the vehicles and continued through another security door into what appeared to be a set of comfortable offices.

Maddie stopped as Erika turned to face her.

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"The mission. What is it? I have no equipment - nada."

"This way, young lady."

Erika led Maddie past two of the offices and she stopped before a hefty-looking steel door. The room was secured with an electronic lock and there was another

black pad mounted in the wall. Erika placed her right hand on the pad and the steel door clicked open. A few feet inside the steel door was another - one of thick and thin interwoven steel and copper mesh.

"Oh, wow!" Maddie breathed as she examined the second door. "A Faraday cage. . ."

"Bright girl!" Erika commented unable to hide the surprise in her tone.

She had known about the cage, but only because Marty had mentioned it to her as part of a test for Maddie. Well, Maddie had just passed that little test with flying colours. The two doors were interlocked, and Erika was only able to release the caged door once the outer steel door had closed.

"Interlocking doors - nice!"

"This, little lady, is your workstation."

Maddie paused and she just stared at the array of computer equipment laid out before her. Her eyes flitted from the triple sixty-five-inch, wall-mounted displays to the high-end cordless mouse and keyboard. Her amazed eyes took in the seventeen-inch, top-of-the-range laptops and the multiple racks stuffed full of servers and data-storage devices.

"This . . . place . . . is . . . fucking . . . awesome!"

Maddie dived to the keyboard, but then the excited teen paused as a logon screen appeared. Tentatively, she swiped her right index finger through the fingerprint reader and the triple screens sprung to life. Maddie's grin looked fit to burst out into a full-blown smile.

"So, you've gained access?" came the voice of Battle Guy, along with his image on the right-hand giant screen. "You have been granted access to much, young one. We shall be monitoring everything that you do and if you fuck up my systems, Hit Girl will be the least of your worries."

"Can he see me?" Maddie asked.

"Yes, Crypto, I can," Battle Guy replied.

"Oh crap!" Maddie mouthed silently.

"I can hear you, too."

Maddie smiled sweetly.

"What was that you called me?"

"Crypto - you needed a codename for communications."

"I have a handle. . ."

"You cannot use that with Fusion, Crypto."

"I understand."

Two hours later

OAK PASS ROAD

"What's with the grinning girl?" Sky asked.

"I showed her the big computer thingy," Erika commented with her own grin.

"Oh, I see."

"Got your juices flowing, did it," the queen bitch chuckled.

"You're disgusting, err, Chrissy," Maddie growled, her cheeks glowing pink.

"So innocent - shame we've gotta break her of it," Sky grinned.

"Okay - leave Maddie alone; we're supposed to be a team," Erika pointed out.

"Just joshin' with her," Chrissy commented. "Sorry, if I went too far, Maddie."

"I'm not as brittle as people think - I can take some abuse."

"You're gonna need to!" Erika grinned.

The following morning

Thursday, November 3rd

SAFEHOUSE C

"The mission, should you choose to accept it . . ." Battle Guy began.

"Funny!" Maddie offered with a grin.

The thirteen-year-old was warming to her task. It sure beat sitting in an FBI cell awaiting some hideous fate. The brief court appearance to plead not-guilty on the basis of diminished responsibility had been trying enough on her, so she had decided to play along for the time being, and gain access to some of the most awesome computer equipment she had ever seen, let alone touched. Part of her hated being told what to do while another part of her enjoyed being wanted. She had not been wanted by anybody in many years - not even by her own parents - and she was enjoying being with people who seemed to like having her around.

"We need to infiltrate a building, and to do it, we need real-time tech support - that will be you. Think you can do it?"

"I've never worked as part of a team, but I'll try it. I know I can do it."

"We believe you, Maddie."

That evening

OAK PASS ROAD

"Where are they?"

"Who?"

"The devil twins?"

Erika laughed.

"That's one of the most polite things I've ever heard those two called. They've gone out for pizza. It's just you and me, Maddie."

"That's creepy."

The two girls were sitting at a wooden table underneath a large tree to one side of the garden, and a few yards from the pool.

"I want to talk."

"You sending me back?"

"No, Maddie. You've been with us for three days - what do you think?"

"It's amazing - sure beats and FBI cell."

"I bet. So far we've let you see things that very, very few have ever seen. The trust which we have placed in you is beyond measure."

"I figured that, or Hit Girl would not have been so nice to me," Maddie grimaced and Erika saw the fear in the young girl's eyes.

"On Saturday, you take part in a major operation. You fuck up, people die. You will be alone in the Safehouse while the three of us - the Operators - are out in the town, many miles away. How does that make you feel?"

"Will I be safe?"

"That Safehouse, as you saw, is all but impregnable, honey."

"Okay."

"Watch what happens and watch our backs, that's all we ask."

"Okay."

"As you are aware, there are stipulations to your current freedom. While I have to be strict with you, I am not going to be nasty - unlike the two bitches. However, if it is required, I will come down on you like a ton of fucking bricks - you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tomorrow, we spend the day down at the Safehouse. We will be training, while you will be talking to Hal over the satellite relay. She will explain what is expected of you and she will show you the geek shit."

"`Geek shit'?"

"You know what I mean."

"I do. Thanks for being honest with me."

"We'll be honest with you, as long as you're honest with us. Should things work out, you will be expected to undertake training."

"Training?"

"You will be expected to learn some self-defence and weapons. At some stage, you may be required to go out into the field."

Maddie did not like the sound of that - not one bit. Erika noticed.

"We won't force you, however, it will be a requirement at some point to your staying with us."

"Okay."

Something suddenly occurred to Maddie.

"Do the twins know what I am - a criminal?"

"You are not a criminal - at least you haven't been found guilty yet."

"I know."

"No, they do not know about your past, nor about your family. I will not tell them anything that you do not want me to."

"Thanks, Erika."

For a moment, Maddie was overcome with emotions which she had not felt in a long time. Emotions fed by caring. Nobody had cared about her in a long time and it felt really good. Erika silently stood up and she left the girl to her emotions. By the time the pizzas arrived, Maddie was back to her normal obnoxious self.

"Took you two fucking long enough - stop to get your nails done?"

"Eat your pizza, shortstop!" Erika suggested.

The following afternoon

Friday, November 4th

SAFEHOUSE C

Maddie was very busy.

She was spending time watching the twins spar - that was an eye opener as she watched the two girls kick the shit out of each other. They bitched and whined as they fought but Maddie was not fooled. Whatever the background of the two girls, they were very highly skilled. They had to be if they were carrying Hit Girl's *Fusion* flag. The moves were like lightning and it was difficult to keep up with who was who. Then wooden sticks came into play; Jo-staffs Erika informed Maddie. That just made the fighting faster and more dangerous. At that point, Maddie returned to her Command Centre where Hal was awaiting her arrival. Hal was Maddie's direct supervisor when it came to 'geek shit' as Erika put it. Maddie had told Hal about that comment and Hal had just laughed.

"Get used to it, Crypto - us geeks are treated like shit until they really need us and then they love us."

Maddie had been shown over her systems and she was stunned by how sophisticated everything was, not to mention how much access she had.

"Hal - have you actually fought?"

"Yes, I have."

"You killed?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Our command van was immobilised, and I had to evacuate. I climbed out the rooftop escape hatch and jumped down to the ground. There I was face to face with death - I put two bullets in his skull."

Maddie was silent for a moment.

"We may be geeks, but sometimes we end up in harm's way - I gave a guy a bad concussion in France when he tried to take away my i7 laptop."

"I remember it," Battle Guy chuckled from behind Hal. "She was really pissed!"

"Had to paint my laptop to cover up the blood."

Hal held up a laptop which had a decidedly dented top cover which was spray-painted a deep blue. There was also a bullet hole sticker near one corner.

Maddie laughed, despite the unhappy feeling inside which diminished, but it did not go away completely as she realised just how dangerous her job could get.

Saturday, November 5th

SAFEHOUSE C

To say that Maddie Tyler was silently shitting herself would have been an understatement.

She sat at her computer station and her eyes flew around the various windows that she had open across the giant display screens. The most important of which was a display showing three flashing dots on a zoomed in section of Los Angeles. The dots were blue, red, and yellow. They represented, Mist, Venom, and Bane, respectively. Their lives were in the thirteen-year-old's hands and she was petrified of what they might do to her should she screw up.

"Mist is holding in the lower parking lot."

"Bane is ready to breach from the south, Overwatch."

"Venom standing by at the east corner."

For that night's operation, Maddie was Overwatch, superseding her own codename of Crypto.

"Overwatch has you in position, Fusion."

Just using that one word filled the girl with awe. She could not believe that was providing guidance for the famous *Fusion*. They would even be following her orders and directions - oh, God! The girl focussed her mind on the screens before her and she rapidly worked the keyboard and mouse as she checked the hacked video feed from the building. She could see her three . . . friends? It had only been a few days - was that long enough to call somebody a friend? The three vigilantes were each poised at their assault point, ready to infiltrate the building. If possible, the infiltration and exfiltration should occur without a single person realising that they were even there.

That was the hoped-for result, but they each lived in the real world and they doubted that they could be *that* lucky.

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As Maddie watched her screens, she monitored a wire-image of the building, the schematic showing the current whereabouts of each of the forty-three security guards on duty that evening.

Somehow, she had to guide Venom and Bane to the twenty-eighth floor and Mist to the twelfth - all without anybody meeting a security guard or triggering an alarm. Maddie could not take all the credit for the hacking job - most of it had gone to *Synthesis*, who now worked indirectly for the thirteen-year-old girl in Los Angeles. She was alone in the Safehouse with no one to protect her should something happen - Erika had assured her that the place was all but impregnable. 'All but' . . . yeah!

"Okay - Mist, you're clear to move. Venom, Bane - standby to move . . . guard heading west . . . door closing - move!"

At her commands, the three vigilantes moved down corridors enroute to their destinations. As they went, Maddie deactivated cameras and alarm sensors, while fooling the building's computer systems that everything was operating just as it should be.

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All was going well until Maddie slipped up and she saw that Mist was about to meet two of the armed security guards who roved the building's corridors and floors.

"Mist! Halt!"

Maddie watched as Mist stopped dead on the eighth floor. Maddie scrambled and punched several commands into her keyboard, releasing the electronic lock on an office door.

"Get out of the corridor - door to your left!"

Mist glared up at the security camera and she raised a menacing fist. Nonetheless, she shot into the office and closed the door behind her. Maddie grimaced at her mistake which could have proved fatal. As she watched, the two guards turned into the corridor where Mist had been, just moments before. The girl breathed out loudly, not realising that she had been holding her breath. The guards sauntered off down the corridor, heading for the fire stairs as the far end. The moment the fire door closed behind them, Maddie released the office door again.

"Mist - safe to move!"

Maddie was relieved to see Mist raise her left hand, forming an 'O' with her thumb and forefinger before she ran down the corridor.

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Maddie switched back to the twins.

Venom and Bane had the longest climb ahead of them, but they were doing well. The two girls worked very well together. Whilst Maddie had been let in on a lot of secrets, she had no idea on the background of the three people she was guiding. Erika was an adult, but the two girls were obvious minors and fearless. Both girls also bore wounds and bruising on their bodies which to Maddie seemed to be not very recent. Maddie's curiosity was aching to find out more, but she was far too scared to actually ask the two girls!

"Venom - clear to advance onto the seventeenth floor. Bane - hold position until Venom has cover."

"Jeez!" Venom growled. *"You'd think she was directing traffic!"*

"Venom, Overwatch - move your fuckin' ass!"

"Way to go, Overwatch!" Bane chuckled much to her sister's chagrin.

"Could you two please get on with the tasking?" Maddie growled.

"Yes, ma'am!" Bane said as she saluted the nearest camera before running off towards the next set of fire stairs.

Twenty minutes later

Venom and Bane reached the twenty-eighth floor without incident.

"What are we doing here, again?" Bane asked her sister.

"Did either of you read the damn briefing?" Mist growled over the communications.

"Yes, I did," Venom responded. *"And, so did stupid bitch."*

"That's the device connected, Overwatch," Mist reported.

"Hold!" Maddie responded as she checked her systems.

The youngster grinned as she found more systems coming online.

"Doors coming open," Maddie announced as she triggered the large glass doors behind the two vigilantes.

The large glass doors were partially covered in a large motif with the company name below: The Tomahawk Group. The organisation occupied the entire eighteenth floor of the building while their server equipment occupied a portion of the twelfth floor. While Mist was busy messing around in the server cabinets, Venom and Bane walked through the vacant offices. Venom headed for the northeast corner where there was the largest office, belonging to one Dieter Mannheim. The device which Mist had installed into the server room had gained Maddie access into the offices for The Tomahawk Group. She was able to open any door at will and delete any record of their visit. Venom pushed open the wooden door into the boss man's office.

"Not bad," the vigilante mused as she wandered around the office.

She spent the next few minutes placing bugs and various other electronic devices around the office - fourteen in total.

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As Maddie watched, Bane was a few doors down, in the office of one Rosa Müller.

After sowing her own array of bugs and electronic devices, the young vigilante proceeded to draw obscene symbols on the woman's whiteboard. Maddie cringed as she watched Bane drawing various phallic symbols and then a creatively obscene picture showing a panther being fucked up the arse by a nuclear symbol quipped with a cock.

"Nice, Bane - should being a vigilante not work out, you could always become an artist," Maddie quipped.

"Bite me, Overwatch!"

Maddie scowled.

"Okay - time to leave if we're all done," Mist radioed.

"Exit routes are clear - standby for my stop signals," Maddie radioed.

As she watched, the two girls joined up in the main office before leaving and Maddie closed the glass doors, ensuring that everything was locked up just as before. Maddie made a few checks before she activated a small cargo elevator on the central spine.

"I have a ride for you girls - please make your way to elevator C2."

The two girls looked at one another but they shrugged and headed in the correct direction. On their arrival, the doors slid open - to reveal the roof of the elevator.

"Really?" Bane radioed.

"It's that or the stairs, bitch!" Maddie growled.

"Let's go," Venom chuckled, giving her sister a push.

Once aboard, the doors closed and then the elevator fell sixteen floors before the car stopped and the doors opened. Mist stepped aboard, and the three vigilantes descended rapidly to the basement.

Sixty minutes later

SAFEHOUSE C

Maddie was very nervous as she watched the three motorcycles returning from the mission.

She activated the security systems, cutting lights and opening the security gate. The motorcycles swept inside, and the gate closed behind them. Once secure, the lights came up and Maddie was pleased to see three smiling faces as helmets and masks were removed.

"Welcome home, team!" Maddie grinned.

"Thank you, Overwatch - you did good," Erika commented as she walked past the grinning girl.

"Yeah - you did really good," Sky confirmed.

"Thanks, Maddie - you were perfect," Chrissy said as she headed for the showers.

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Due to the late hour, they all slept at the Safehouse.

"Night, Maddie, thanks for tonight," Erika said as she looked in on the still smiling thirteen-year-old.

"I'm glad you're all safe."

"We are thanks to your guidance. Now, get some sleep."

"Night, Erika."