

The following evening . . .
Thursday, July 14th, 2016

Mayfair

Jamie appeared to have been really exhausted; he had slept almost twelve hours before he had awoken.

The boy appeared in the kitchen looking like a zombie.

"Hey, sleepy. You, okay?"

"Yeah, Stormy, thanks - I didn't know that I was so tired. They kept me awake - sleep deprivation; began to lose track of things. If you two hadn't. . ."

"While I enjoyed the peace and quiet, and the fact that I had no need to put the toilet seat down . . . I missed you, Jamie."

"Oh, God - is this where you go all mushy on me?"

Shannon looked at Jamie and smiled.

"You're like a little brother to me, Jamie . . . not to mention that I've heard a lot about you while you were sleeping."

"Huh?"

"I would suggest you go for a swim - it'll wake you up, by then I'll have dinner ready."

Jamie slunk down the stairs until he reached the basement.

Without paying much attention to his surroundings, he pulled off his t-shirt, leaving on his boxer shorts, and stumbled into the water. It was so refreshing; he had not had a shower in days. He lazed around in the water for almost an hour before he heard Shannon yelling his name.

"You look better," Shannon commented as Jamie appeared, a blue towel wrapped around his waist.

He dropped his wet underwear on the kitchen floor.

"Nice. . ." Shannon commented. "Fish and chips do?"

"Cool - I can live with that."

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"What was she like?"

"Who?"

"Abigail."

"She was the first girl I'd seen naked - she showed me around her body; inside and out, back when we spent a week in The Cage together. She was always nice to me, no matter what I did."

"She sounds creepy. I would never have shown a boy my. . . ewww!"

"Yeah, I thought it was 'ewww', too."

Shannon laughed.

"She sounds a great girl - very spirited, too, from what I saw."

"Yeah," Jamie confirmed between bites of his chips. "She's certifiable."

"Look, Jamie - I've been thinking about the other day and how you got taken. We need to up your training."

"Huh?"

"We need to turn you into a real *Predator* - Phase 3, at least."

"I suppose - what do I need to learn?"

"Everything!"

Everything.

Turned out to be a *very* big word! Shannon also proved to be a total bitch - nothing totally new, but Jamie was seeing a new side to Shannon. He was seeing the professional assassin. He had seen the dead bodies Shannon had left scattered around, like so much rubbish, during his rescue.

He knew that she was highly skilled, but he hadn't quite understood how cold and calculating she could be. If Jamie had had any thought that his training might be easy, or that Shannon might go easy on him . . . *that* thought was dispelled within the first few minutes.

Shannon had quite literally kicked the shit out of Jamie and the boy lay on the floor with tears running down his face as he struggled to breathe.

"Get up!" Shannon yelled coldly.

Jamie struggled to his feet - it felt just like hell week as a *Predator* when Rachel had pretty much kicked the shit out of him to make sure that he knew what he was getting himself into as he had moved up from being a Yellow. The bruises he could handle - he had received literally thousands since that day he was taken. He felt angry that Shannon was pounding on him so hard, but he balanced that anger against the knowledge that she was just trying to keep him alive in the only way that a Phase 3 *Predator* knew.

He glared up at his tormentor. She showed no compassion as she glared back. Jamie studied the girl's stance and then he smirked - she was goading him, laying herself wide open . . . but he caught himself; she would not do that - it was a test. She wanted him to attack in a way that she was ready for . . . he had learnt not to take *any* easy path that a potential enemy offered - an old friend

had taught him that; she had also taught him a few advanced tricks of the trade, too.

"Bring it on, you fucking whore!" he growled and Shannon rolled her eyes.

Jamie moved closer and closer. He watched carefully as Shannon tensed up; he saw her muscles adjusting her stance - then he made his move. . .

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Shannon had been expecting the attack to come into her left side; she had left it open - obviously open. In hindsight, maybe it was too obvious and maybe Jamie was more highly skilled than she had believed. She knew that he had endured about three years of hell. Somehow, the kids had graduated from being an insignificant Yellow, to gaining his coveted tattoo marking him out as a true *Predator*. Somewhere along the line, he had received extra training, over and above that which a normal Phase 1 *Predator* would have received. Yes, he had advanced to become a Phase 2 *Predator*, but he still had a lot to learn - despite his skills having kept the boy alive until they had met.

The little rat had seen through her deception and he had struck out at her opposite side which had been a surprise but it had not exactly overtaxed her and she had easily kicked the boy down again. She hated doing it and the sight of the bruises and even some blood on his face went against everything but he had to be trained. He had to know how to survive . . . Shannon screamed out as an unearthly pain shot through her snatch.

When Jamie had fallen to his knees - as he had planned - he had reached out and grabbed at Shannon's vulva, seizing a good amount of skin-tight shorts as well as some of the hidden pubic hair, of which he knew that she had plenty. Then, he had twisted, savagely. The scream from Shannon as she had fallen to the ground had been painful to hear but he was determined to show that he was not defenceless.

"Let . . . go!" Shannon almost screamed.

Jamie kept his grip and he twisted a little further.

"Oh, you are good, Jamie - but I am way better!"

Shannon gave up trying to pull his hand away from her snatch, instead, she returned the favour. Before Jamie knew what was happening, her left hand had yanked down his shorts while the right had then seized hold of his dick and balls.

"Pretty insignificant, really; so easy to make you a girl. My pubes will grow back if you rip them out, but will your cock grow back?"

Jamie grimaced as Shannon began to squeeze.

"On one?" Jamie suggested.

"On one," Shannon confirmed, her eyes filling with tears as she fought through the pain.

"One!" Jamie called out and he felt the pressure ease between his legs and he released Shannon.

She instantly placed both hands down her shorts and gripped herself tightly, rolling around on the floor.

"I am going to get you for that," she seethed through clenched teeth. "Well done, though!"

Friday, July 22nd

Mayfair

The night was not great.

The weather had closed in and it had become prematurely dark and then the heavens had opened. Rain hammered down on the windows. Inside, Shannon and Jamie continued their *Predator* training. Jamie was dripping with sweat, having been training for three hours straight. Shannon, too, was just as sweaty having been pounding a punchbag for almost as long. Jamie completed his eighth run-through of the movements dictated by Shannon and he sank to the floor, reaching for a towel and a cold bottle of water as he did so. Shannon joined her companion and sucked cold, refreshing water out of another bottle.

"Very good, Jamie - you're doing well. You finding it useful?"

"Yeah - I understand what the movements do and I can't wait to use them in action," Jamie replied.

"Let's go get something to eat," Shannon suggested and Jamie's face lit up all smiles - like most eight-year-old boys, he was *always* hungry.

As they descended the spiral stairs to the kitchen, they paused. Somebody had just knocked on the front door.

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Jamie and Shannon ran down the rest of the way and they both grabbed up their pistols from their hiding places close to the front door. The hallway was in almost total darkness, as, with pistols raised, they approached the part-glazed doors and peered through. There was a shadowy shape visible in the driving rain, poorly illuminated by the street lighting. Jamie looked and Shannon who nodded. With swift movements, Jamie unlocked and heaved open one side of the double doors, barely a foot, while Shannon reached out into the rain and seized hold of the person standing there by their clothing at the top of the chest. With a jerk, Shannon pulled them inside where Jamie slammed the front door shut and locked it.

Shannon kicked the person to the ground before dragging them along the marble floor towards the kitchen and the bright white lighting there. Surprisingly, the person made no attempt to struggle or fight back. Jamie followed, the muzzle of his pistol held unwaveringly on the unidentified person's chest. Seconds later, Shannon dropped the person to the ground, eliciting a brief, "ow." Both stared at the sopping wet individual and they both quickly came to the same conclusion, but before Shannon could say or do anything, Jamie stepped forwards, crouched down, and then he began to speak, his pistol tapping the sodden individual's wet hair with the muzzle in time with each syllable.

"Let's - see - how - you - like - it - bitch!"

"Fuck off, Jamie!"

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Jamie pulled his friend back to her feet and then placed his pistol on the kitchen side. The girl was soaked to the skin and shivering.

"Can I get a towel, please," Abigail Wilde asked as she began to pull off her dripping clothes.

"I'll go get some," Shannon said as she vanished towards the laundry.

Jamie watched his friend as she nonchalantly stripped off in front of him. When she was finished, and completely naked, she just stood with her hands on her hips and she glared at Jamie.

"Well?"

"I see you've not got any tits yet."

"As tactful as ever, I see!" Abigail laughed as she studied her own very flat chest. "I'm not eleven until the middle of October, Jamie - so don't expect to see any boobs until then at the absolute earliest."

"Sorry, just making conversation."

"Here," Shannon said as she handed two large towels to Abigail. "Go upstairs to the living room - it's much warmer up there. I'll stick your clothes in the washing machine and then the dryer."

"You appear to be in safe hands, Jamie," Abigail commented as she followed her friend upstairs, a towel wrapped around her body while she used the other to dry her long, dark brown hair.

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Jamie and Abigail were sitting opposite one another, just staring, as Shannon reappeared, a pistol hanging from its trigger-guard on her middle finger.

"Yours, or should I say, mine - I found it in your discarded trousers, Abigail."

"Oh, sorry!"

"Why are you here?" Shannon asked.

"I realised that I had nowhere to go - and I'm not ready to be out on my own - not quite yet. I followed you both, the other night, but I didn't want to look like a loser, asking for help. . ."

Abigail looked very dejected as she related her story.

"You're stupid, you know that, right?" Jamie said.

"For once, the brat is right," Shannon grinned.

Abigail smiled.

The following morning

Saturday, July 23rd

Jamie awoke to find that he was *not* alone in the bed.

The king-size bed was enormous and the two young kids, an eight-year-old boy and the nine-year-old girl, did not exactly take up a lot of room. He moved his left leg as he stretched, and then he froze as his foot touched something warm. His eyes snapped open and he looked to his left. He could see a mass of brown hair spread over the pillow and a bare arm on top of the duvet. It was Abigail.

The aforementioned *Predator* turned over and she smiled at Jamie, looking a little sheepish.

"I felt lonely - I've been alone for so long; I really missed you, Jamie. Sorry for sneaking into bed. . ."

"You'll get no complaints from me," Jamie replied with a smile. "Waking up next to a beautiful girl is *not* a problem!"

Abigail blushed.

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Shannon left the bathroom, fully dressed, and ready for breakfast. Her first stop, as it was most mornings, was Jamie - he often needed a prod to get up after a hard workout the night before. Shannon paused at the door - she could hear giggling. She frowned as she gently pushed the door open.

". . . she screamed as I twisted her hairy parts - it was funny!"

"It probably hurt - not that I would know; I ain't got any pubes."

"It hurt, believe me!" an angry Shannon growled from the doorway.

"Don't worry, Shannon - first time, we fought; he grabbed my snatch and dug his damn nails in. I was sore for days and it was a week before the red marks faded."

"Can't blame him for liking a bit of pussy under his hands," Shannon chuckled and Abigail giggled while Jamie scowled.

Two days later

Monday, July 25th

"Come on, Jamie - you used to be better than this; for fuck's sake, you fucking *beat* me!"

"He did?" Shannon queried with some astonishment.

"Yeah - fight club; he beat me."

"How old was he?"

Abigail groaned and she looked uncomfortable.

"Six. . ." she muttered.

"I missed that."

"*SIX!* The fucker was *SIX!*" Abigail yelled before folding her arms across her chest and scowling at the floor.

Jamie just smiled, enormously.

"Oh, wow - you must have been shit," Shannon commented.

"He was just lucky," Abigail groused.

Shannon began to laugh and so did Jamie.

"Shut up!" Abigail yelled.

"That is so funny!" Shannon laughed.

"Okay - he beat me, fair and square. I respected him for it - we became friends."

"Yes, we did," Jamie confirmed. "Abigail helped me become who I am today."

"You're something special, Abigail," Shannon said and the younger girl blushed.

"Very special," a blushing Jamie added.

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With Abigail's assistance, Shannon was able to escalate the training. Jamie needed to learn how to fight two superior attackers at the same time. To be honest, the poor boy was beginning to feel very downtrodden as the two, very serious, *Predators* beat on him for hours at a time.

Jamie quickly learnt the hard way to have eyes in the back of his head and to maintain his situational awareness as he moved. Abigail and Shannon were coordinating their attacks to show Jamie worst case scenarios. The boy was also becoming angry as the punches came hard

and fast, with both of his friends attacking him relentlessly. As a result, he was digging deep for energy to fight back. Emotionally, he was struggling and after four days of constant training, he had had enough.

Jamie struck out at Shannon, first - all the hate that had built up over almost three years of hell; it exploded out. He jabbed the thirteen-year-old girl in the throat with his extended fingers and kicked her in the groin and then the abdomen. Shannon went down hard, struggling to breathe. Jamie turned on Abigail and he caught the shocked ten-year-old was kicked in the side of her head and she joined the older girl on the floor.

Jamie continued to kick and punch as Abigail attempted to protect Shannon. Her eyes showed compassion, realising that they had pushed the boy too far - he had had enough.

"Okay, Jamie - you've had enough," Abigail shouted. "You can stop now."

Jamie stopped, glaring down at Abigail but then he sagged to his knees and Abigail grabbed him and hugged him tightly as the tears fell down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Jamie," Abigail said quietly.

"Me, too," Shannon added hoarsely.

Four days later
Friday, July 29th

The next four days had been spent with no training whatsoever.

The three youngsters just spent the time being youngsters. They watched TV, they swam, they enjoyed the sunshine - Shannon and Abigail spent a lot of time on the flat roof terrace of the property sunbathing. Jamie joined in, but he just liked to watch as his two naked friends went for an all over tan.

The three had also spent the evenings talking. Both girls felt very bad about their part in making Jamie snap. They had also congratulated him on his vicious attack. Shannon's throat was still bruised but she could speak properly after a couple of days. Abigail's face was bruised, but it was fading.

Abigail had kept Jamie company at night as the young boy struggled to cope with his emotions.

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That evening, Abigail had made some plans to cheer Jamie up properly.

"I'll be back in an hour - I'll pick up something nice for dinner," Abigail said as she headed down the stairs.

"See you later!" Jamie shouted after his friend.

Jamie then joined Shannon in the swimming pool where they both lazed in the water, talking and joking. After an hour, both were very waterlogged and wrinkly, so they left the pool and they both sat in the adjacent steam room, enjoying the refreshing feeling as the steam worked its way into their tired bodies and eased their aching muscles.

After forty minutes absorbing the steam, Jamie went looking for his friend.

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"Abigail back yet?" he asked Shannon, twenty minutes later.

"No - maybe she got delayed."

Jamie looked worried.

"It's been two hours."

"She's only an hour late - it's London; traffic sucks."

"She's walking!"

"She'll be back very soon - give it a little longer."