

**Saturday, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 2016**

**North of Marylebone Road**

The man was very disoriented.

He could remember dozing off in front of the television, but nothing else until he was doused in very cold water. He coughed and spluttered as the water ran down his body. He looked down and he could see that his clothes were missing.

"Yes, you're fucking naked!" Stormtide growled as she stepped into his field of vision and ripped off the Duct Tape.

"Who the fucking hell are you, bitch?"

"They call me Stormtide - not my real name, but that's all you need to know."

"You do realise that you are fucking dead, don't you?"

"I beg to differ - I am very much alive, fuck wad!"

"Do you know who I am? Do you know who I work for?"

"Yes . . . and . . . yes."

The man paused, as his initial bluster began to lose headway.

"You have information that we need, Mr Mark Lewis, Deputy Head of Security at Scorpio Enterprises. Rage?"

Rage came and stood beside Stormtide.

"Hi - I think we've met."

"You little fuck!" Lewis growled as he recognised the boy, then he turned back to Stormtide. "It was you - you came in to release that little shit and that other little bitch."

"Guilty as charged, cunt!"

"Now," Jamie growled, "we want to know if you have any kids in that abortion of an HQ. Well?"

"Fuck you!"

"Never swear at an eight-year-old!" Jamie hissed as he drove his fist into the man's left kidney.

The man yelled out in pain.

"Puny punch, little boy. . ."

Stormtide slapped the Duct Tape back over Lewis' mouth before she brought up her right hand and she swung it down as hard as she could, slapping the man's genitals. Rage winced at the slapping sound and what had just been slapped.

Lewis attempted to bellow in agony as he began to see stars.

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"You are cruel!" Rage growled.

"Bit close to home, was it?" Stormtide grinned.

"You want me to twist your pubes again?"

It was Stormtide's turn to wince - that event was still a very raw topic as far as she was concerned - and she subconsciously placed a hand over her crotch.

"Thought so. . ." Jamie laughed.

They gave the man ten minutes to sort himself out before Shannon resumed her interrogation.

"Do we have your *full* attention now?"

The man nodded his acceptance, but his eyes were still full of fire, betraying the fact that he was still capable of resisting. Shannon was having none of it - they only had a limited window of time to get information and she was intending to waste as little of it as possible.

"I don't believe you, motherfucker!" Shannon growled as she stabbed the man in his left shoulder, well clear of any arteries - Shannon was only interested in pain, at least for the moment. Lewis stared at the hilt of the knife which protruded from his shoulder as he grunted with the pain.

"There is a lot you don't know, little bitch - and I ain't telling you fucking nothing!"

"Oh, we shall see about that, Lewis - Rage!"

"You called?" Jamie said as he jumped up beside Shannon.

"Why don't you have a go - he said you're a fucking faggot, by the way!"

"Did he now?" Jamie queried, knowing that Shannon was just teasing him.

Jamie scanned the various items which Shannon had laid out on a table. His eyes stopped on a certain item and he smiled. After a quick check of the label and the items constituents, he pulled on a pair of thick rubber gloves which Shannon had obtained only the day before. They were a bit big for his small hands, but they were manageable. He carefully unscrewed the cap from the plastic container.

"Do you know what happens when lye gets onto your skin? I understand it hurts like the buggery," Jamie offered conversationally as he carefully poured out about half a litre of the corrosive substance into a glass. "I would recommend ditching this glass once I'm done with it - assuming you're still alive of course!"

Jamie laughed and Shannon cringed - the boy was enjoying himself a lot more than she could ever have anticipated. Jamie leered at the man, searching for a suitable location to strike. The boy walked around the man twice before, without warning, he threw the glass' contents at the man's upper back. At first, the man just felt the cool liquid splashing against his bare back, but then after a minute, he began to feel an itching feeling coming from the same location. As Jamie watched, the skin turned red very quickly as the highly-corrosive drain cleaner worked its way into the man's skin.

The man began to yell out in pain - or at least he tried to; Shannon slapped some more Duct Tape over his mouth to soften the yell. He writhed in pain as his skin was slowly eaten away by the corrosive chemicals. Jamie took a step forwards and he drove a small throwing knife into the man's left thigh. Lewis' eyes almost bulged out of their sockets as the pain registered in his brain, then they bulged out yet further as Jamie drove an identical blade into the man's right thigh.

"Are we having fun, yet?" Jamie demanded, his tone one of anger. "You know where she is - I fucking know it!"

The man's eyes, though registering unimaginable pain, were also registering belligerence. Jamie picked up a two-by-four inch piece of timber about three-foot-long which he had discovered in the garage. The sound was surprisingly satisfying as the wood struck the man's ribcage and something gave with a sharp snap. Jamie grinned as an idea struck him.

"Never tried this - let me know if it hurts. . ."

The man's eyes followed the tip of the piece of wood as Jamie moved it around, flexing his arms. Then he swung the wood above his right shoulder and then the boy drove it down hard, directly onto the protruding hilt of the knife in Lewis' right thigh.

"Fuck me!" Shannon exclaimed, a hand over her mouth as blood spurted over her clothing and across her face.

"That worked better than I thought," Jamie commented as he examined the hilt of the knife which had been driven almost flush with the man's skin.

Lewis was shaking violently in reaction to the strike and his thigh was trembling with the trauma it was enduring. Then it was time for the blood-letting. Shannon pulled off her bloody top, revealing a white bra.

"White? You really picked the wrong colour, huh?" Jamie quipped.

"All the other colours were down for the wash, okay?"

"Just commenting - jeez!"

"Shut the fuck up, Rage!"

Shannon took hold of a pair of kitchen knives appropriated from the cunt's kitchen. They were sharp and very smart looking - they were also perfect for the job.

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Jamie was a little put out by Shannon's grins as she began to slash the man's chest. Blood began to spill and run down the man's body before finally dripping onto the floor at his feet. Splashes of blood were sent flying through the air, most landing on Shannon but the rest landed on Jamie as he stood close by to observe. Was Shannon going too far? Was she enjoying herself too much? From a certain point, Jamie was enjoying himself too - but only so far.

The man was the enemy, so Jamie felt no remorse over what he was witnessing or for what he had so far made the man endure. He wanted his friend back and he would do anything to improve those chances - even torturing a man to death to get the information that they needed to find Abigail. Jamie was no stranger to blood - that was something which they exorcised very quickly during the early part of Phase 1 training. There were always several kids who could not cope with the sight of blood - either they got over it very quickly. . . Needless to say, Jamie tolerated the sight of blood - he hated the smell and he hated seeing it, but he tolerated it.

The man passed out after almost thirty minutes and Shannon expected him to remain that way until morning. The most serious wounds were patched - to keep him alive, of course. Then they both studied one another.

"You're a mess, boy!"

"You can fucking talk - looks like your tampon exploded!"

Jamie cringed, ready for the slap, but Shannon just laughed. As she was covered in the most blood, she went for a shower first.

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A good fifteen minutes later, Jamie heard a muted scream from the bathroom and when he pushed open the door, he was wide-eyed by what he saw before him. Shannon stood in the shower, leaning against the tiled wall, her eyes tight shut. Her left hand was squeezing her left breast while the fingers of her right hand were deep in her pubic hair. Then Jamie jumped as Shannon screamed out and she braced herself against the shower walls.

"Wow!"

Shannon's eyes snapped open and her cheeks went very pink with a hint of red.

"You weren't supposed to see that. . ."

"Was that an . . .?"

"Orgasm? Yeah!"

Shannon looked distinctly embarrassed.

"Are they always that - err - amazing?"

"Sometimes," Shannon laughed as she finished her shower. "Am I weird, for enjoying what we did tonight?"

"Not really - we're *Predators*; they changed us and they made us different to normal people."

"I suppose - your turn."

Jamie stripped off and Shannon smirked as she saw that her antics had had an effect on his body.

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As they lay together on the bed in the man's apartment, they talked about what Jamie had witnessed in the shower and the conversation had moved onto Shannon's body. James curiosity got the better of him as he prodded Shannon's breasts.

"Abigail showed me her vulva - I think that was what she called it. But, she didn't have breasts, nor any hair."

Shannon smiled as she pulled off her towel.

"When I was her age and I got taken for *Urban Predator*, neither did I. Touch all you want."

Jamie's fingers moved across Shannon's breasts. Jamie thought that the nipples felt weird but nice. He was more than a little rough which Shannon pointed out very quickly.

"Careful!" Shannon snapped. "A girl's nipples are very sensitive."

"Sorry - you have very soft skin."

Shannon just smiled as Jamie trailed his fingers lower, down her stomach and then he trailed his fingers through the thick pubic hair. Shannon found herself breathing heavily as Jamie touched various sensitive areas.

"So - these would be your labia. . ."

"Oh, yeah. . ."

". . . and at the top of your slit would be your clitty-thing."

Shannon took a large intake of breath as she felt Jamie's touch on that very sensitive item which was still throbbing slightly from earlier.

"YES!"

"That was what you were rubbing in the shower?"

"Yes - I think that's enough touching now; we'd better get some sleep."

"Night, Shan."

"Night, Jamie."

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***Early the next morning***

***Sunday, August 21<sup>st</sup>***

They both awoke early, ate breakfast and returned to Mark Lewis.

The man was awake but struggling with his pain. Shannon ripped off the Duct Tape and she grabbed him by the jaw.

"Where the fuck is she!" Shannon roared as she then reached down and grabbed his penis, squeezing hard.

The man yelped with fear as he tried to pull away from Shannon.

"We have nobody . . . at HQ - we never saw the girl . . . ah . . . after she escaped."

Shannon could see hope in the man's eyes - but there was also deception which could not be allowed. She released his penis and then slapped his testicles hard. The man tried to yell out but his energy was flagging - he had not eaten in over twenty-four hours.

"You know more and I fucking know you do, bastard!"

"Please. . ."

The man was openly sobbing which Jamie found distinctly disturbing - grown men did not cry; at least that was what he thought.

"Wiltshire - he has a facility. . ."

The man was spent - at the end of his tether. Shannon wanted more. She applied some more Duct Tape to his mouth before she continued.

"Rage - move his dick out the way."

Jamie cringed as he lifted the man's penis out the way. Then Shannon moved in with a pair of hefty looking wire cutters. She held them up before the man's eyes - the sobbing had turned to whimpering. It did not take long and Jamie felt a little faint as blood spurted everywhere and the man screamed as a significant part of his manhood dropped to the floor. The man began to shake for a minute and he gasped for breath . . . then there was nothing.

"Fuck!" Shannon growled as she checked his carotid artery.

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***Mayfair***

By eleven that morning, they were both back at home wearing clean clothes.

They had both showered at the man's place before leaving. Both had remained naked until they had reached the garage - there they had

removed clean clothes from a sealed package and quickly dressed before leaving the area just as quickly. Shannon was energised by her morning activities and she dived straight onto the internet, looking for information on Scorpio Enterprises and a possible facility in Wiltshire.

The good news, if there was any, was that Abigail appeared to be safe - somewhere.

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### ***That afternoon***

#### ***North of Marylebone Road***

"I think the man was tortured, sir."

"Do you really?" Commander Patrick Haig enquired of the young police officer who had discovered the body. "Was it the severed testicles which gave it away?"

"Err yes, sir," the officer stammered as he realised just how stupid his statement had been.

"How long has he been like that?" Commander Haig asked the medical examiner as she supervised the lowering of Mark Lewis' remains into a body bag.

"Looking at the lack of blood in his hands - he's been hanging for over a day. Probably been dead for maybe six hours; I'll know more once I get him and his scrotum back to my table." Alison Drake commented.

"I'll pop down, this evening then, Alison."

"I'll be waiting, Patrick."

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### ***Four days later***

***Thursday, August 25<sup>th</sup>***

#### ***Mayfair***

The news of Mark Lewis' death had not hit the papers, nor the national news.

That fact concerned Shannon - somebody was definitely sitting on his death. After a brief reconnaissance, on the following Monday, Jamie had reported that the police were onsite, but he had not been able to obtain any further information. Shannon had expected a major murder enquiry plus a nationwide manhunt for the killer, but there was nothing.

"Are we getting out of our depth here?" Shannon asked Jamie that morning.

"We are leaving a trail of dead bodies around London - well, you are," Jamie pointed out.

"But it has been worth it. We've gleaned a lot of useful information on Scorpio and that bastard, Fraser. We know that Abigail is not in their custody, for the moment. We know that there are no *Predators* at the London HQ, neither. How about we take a trip to the West Country?"

"Where?" Jamie asked as he stared at a map of Wiltshire on the laptop.

"Not figured that out . . . yet."

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Shannon spent hours staring at maps and she had them strewn all over the living room - yes, paper maps; courtesy of Amazon.

Shannon preferred the physical things compared to the electronic versions - paper maps generally did not break, lose connection to the internet, nor did their batteries go flat. It was one of the more curious aspects of *Urban Predator*. Despite the otherwise hi-tech training involving the latest weaponry, computers, and technologies such as GPS, the young *Predators* were also taught more arcane methods such as navigating with a paper map and a physical compass.

Most *Predators* had never actually seen a paper map before and many had absolutely no idea what to do with the funny device that span around but always pointed in a certain direction. Being dumped in a quiet section of the desert, at night, with just a piece of paper and a compass was a little disconcerting when those two items were all that was between you and starvation - the instructors did *not* go and collect those who got lost!

Jamie had left his crazy friend to her maps and he had gone back to his training. Shannon had reappeared for meals and sleep, but otherwise, she had her nose embedded in the laptop or some map.

Suddenly, amidst all the chaos, Shannon yelled out: "Jamie!"

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Jamie ran into the living room to find his friend lying on her front on the living room floor scribbling on a map.

"Everything points to there!" she exclaimed as she pointed to a red circle on the map.

Jamie peered over her shoulder to where she was pointing.

"Blandford Forum?"

"Everything points to there," she repeated. "We need to go see what's in the area - that has to be where that bastard has another facility. The facility is black, obviously, or we would have found it in the Yellow Pages. Are you with me?"

Jamie frowned but nodded.



"We go to Wiltshire and we look around - safe and easy; call it a holiday."

"And just how the fuck are we going to get there?" Jamie demanded as Shannon rolled onto her back gleefully.

"Have faith, little one!" Shannon grinned as she jumped to her feet and then grabbed Jamie by the hand. "Come on - follow me!"

Shannon dragged Jamie down a floor and then into the garage. With a flourish, she pulled a cover off one of the items that stood on the concrete floor. Jamie just stared for a moment before he looked up at Shannon as if she had just gone mad.

"You are fucking kidding me!"