

Author's Note: *This is the continuation of the storyline from Chapter 326: Stormtide of Forsaken and Chapter 19: Capture of Predator.*

That afternoon

Tuesday, September 13th, 2016

Scorpio Special Projects Division

Jamie had struggled through the previous week.

He had missed Shannon more than he knew. The pain inside him had been enough to keep him awake at night, crying through the night time hours. Daytime, though, had not been much better than the night. He had seen no one. No one had visited him. He had long given up yelling for somebody. Yelling for Shannon. His companion had been everything to him - but now she was gone; possibly for ever.

The highlight of each day had been the food arriving, and his slop bucket being taken away. He couldn't abide the stench of his own shit languishing in a bucket only a few feet away for hours at a time. He had exercised to while away the time but even that was getting boring. Then, after about a week, there had been a commotion outside his tiny cell and then the door had been opened. Without a word, a man had reached in and seized Jamie, almost throwing him down a corridor.

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Jamie found himself pushed into a large square room with a dark wood floor and similarly coloured wood in panel form on the walls.

At almost the same time, a little girl of maybe eight-years-old was thrown into the room. She fell to the floor with a scream but got back to her feet rather smartly. The girl was scruffy and her expression fierce. Jamie watched in horror as the little girl was stripped down to her knickers before a woman started to beat her with a leather tawse, taking it across the little girl's bare legs, arms, and back as the girl stood frozen to the spot in abject terror, screaming out at each strike.

"You little bitch - we know you had something to do with it; you're a devious little shit," the woman yelled as she berated the girl.

Jamie yelled out for the woman to stop, which she did, but then she turned on Jamie who was unceremoniously stripped of his own clothes down to his underwear and beaten just the same until he passed out from the pain. His last sight of the girl was one of her sobbing in a ball on the floor.

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When Jamie awoke, he found himself back in his cell, shivering with the cold. His clothes were scattered all around him. He struggled to move - each movement causing him immense pain. Very slowly, he

pulled on his clothing and then huddled in a corner to keep warm. He knew that he was losing the will to resist and he was on the verge of giving up completely. He had no idea how much time had passed since he had been taken - days, weeks, or was it merely hours?

He worried about Shannon - what was happening to her? Had she gotten away - or was she lying somewhere dying? His mind was filling with dark thoughts and his rampant imagination was not helping. He tried to focus on happier moments, but that same rampant imagination kept morphing those moments into darker thoughts. He kept seeing Shannon dead - was it a premonition, or was it an event which had already occurred? Who was the little girl who was so viciously beaten? He had seen the older bruises and marks on her body - it was most definitely *not* her first beating.

His measly daily meal was brought to him by somebody new that day. It was a young girl, of maybe twelve years. She had long blonde hair and very pale skin. Her face showed signs of recent bruising and her body language indicated somebody whose will had been broken. Either way, Jamie trusted nobody - except maybe for that little girl. He jumped up, kicking the bowl of thin soup at the girl who screamed as she fell backwards. He bolted out of the door but he barely made it six feet as the girl ran after him and then kicked him to the floor.

Jamie tried to fight but he had lost the will to resist and instead, he just curled himself into a ball of self-preservation and he cried as the girl kicked and punched him. Then he heard a new voice.

"Amber! That's enough!"

The kicking and punching stopped as Jamie heard yet another new voice - a female voice full of venom.

"Take the little bastard back to his cell - no food for two days. He *will* learn, or he *will* die."

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Later that same evening, Jamie had picked up sounds of frantic activity - he had also heard gunfire. What was happening? Had Shannon found help? Was he about to be rescued?

He pulled on his shoes and moved to listen at the door, ready to move should an opportunity arise. He had no real idea where he was in the building, nor what the building was, nor where the building was. Intel-wise, he knew fuck all! Then he heard footsteps approaching his cell and he moved to one side of the door, lying in wait for whomsoever might open the door.

He heard the bolts pulled back and then the door to his cell swung open and he found himself face to face with the Amber girl. He struck her, full force, in the stomach. She tried to say something to him, but he never heard a word as he kicked her in the face putting her out on the floor. In her limp right hand, she held a compact SIG Sauer pistol which Jamie rapidly appropriated as he ran down the corridor.

He had no idea where he was headed, so he just ran, looking for any way out.

The first floor

Psyche and Foxtail

Psyche moved slowly, placing each foot carefully down one in front of the other.

The SIG Sauer MPX-K was held in both hands, butt to her right shoulder, pointed out ahead of her. There was every chance that she might come face to face with an enemy with little to no warning. There was also the possibility of coming across *Predators* who she knew might not allow themselves to be turned. She knew their training and she knew that they would shoot first given the chance - well, she might in their shoes. News about Shadow and Hal rescuing a *Predator*, earlier that afternoon had been most welcome. It also indicated that there might be others.

"Hit Girl, Psyche - nothing so far. . ."

"Be careful - there be nutcases out there."

"Yeah - like me!"

"So, you see my point?"

"Funny, Hit Girl - we'll talk about your sense of humour when I get back. . ."

Her adoptive mother was getting funnier, or should that be 'creepier', as the days passed by, Psyche thought sardonically with a glance over to her partner, Foxtail, who just shook her head in disdain having heard the entire exchange.

Primary Rendezvous Point

The Command Van

"Crap!"

"Come again?" Q asked.

"I'm getting some CCTV from within Site B but I don't like what I'm seein'!" Hal replied.

"Not good. . ." Q acknowledged as he peered across at Hal's screen.

"Attack Force, Hal. We have a situation on the first floor, over towards the north-east section of the house. Looks like two kids being beaten."

"Copy that!" came the grave tone of Hit Girl.

The First Floor

Psyche and Foxtail

The two veteran *Predators* took off at a run, knowing that they were not far from that section of the building.

They both skidded to a halt in a large square area with a polished dark wood floor and polished dark wood panelling around the walls. There were a set of matching double doors set into the panelling opposite them. Either side of the doorway stood an armed guard - well, they were standing until each guard received a bullet in the head. Both girls listened intently to the sounds coming from the other side of the doorway - they were *not* good sounds. A girl's scream could be heard, plus the yell from another child, maybe a boy.

"You ready, Foxy?"

"Stupid question!"

Foxtail gently turned the door handle and just as gently, she eased the right-hand door open, pushing the door away from her. Psyche was close behind, her weapon raised. They both froze at the scene unfolding before them.

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All attentions were on two kids, centre-stage, who were, despite the attack on the building, undergoing a beating. One was a girl, she was maybe twelve-years-old and she was lying on the floor, her hands protecting her head as a woman swung what looked to be a leather tawse across the girl's body. What skin was visible showed vicious welts. The white T-shirt which the girl wore, was ripped and torn with blood clearly in evidence. Not far away from the girl, a smaller shape - a boy, of indeterminate age was also being similarly beaten by a man.

Psyche dropped the woman while Foxtail dropped the man - each with a single shot to the head. Three armed guards quickly sprang into action, taking cover before they could be shot down. The scene descended into pandemonium almost immediately as the boy grabbed the girl and they huddled together avoiding the gunfire as the armoured Psyche and Foxtail attacked the guards. Foxtail attempted to move towards the huddling kids but each time, the boy would pull the girl further away from Foxtail until it was far too dangerous for Foxtail to execute a rescue.

"Fuck!" Foxtail yelled as a bullet from one of the guards narrowly missed her head during the latest attempt to get close to the girl. "They don't want to be rescued - at least not by us; stupid twats!"

"Let's just kill the damn guards and then we can talk some sense into them," Psyche suggested as she sent another three-round burst towards a guard, dropping him like a sack of potatoes.

The next guard fell to Foxtail as his head was spread over several yards of panelling. Foxtail turned towards the two kids but as she did so, the boy grabbed up a pistol from a fallen guard and he shot Foxtail three times in the chest.

"Not a fucking 'gain!" she growled angrily as her armour absorbed most of the impact energy but she fell to one knee nonetheless.

"Still hurts, huh?" Psyche queried - the response from Foxtail was very unladylike!

The young girl was dragged to her feet by the boy and both kids vanished through a door at the far end of the room. Psyche and Foxtail quickly finished off the remaining guard before they ran after the two escaping kids.

"A young boy and an older girl - running," Foxtail radioed. "The dumb fuckers are seeing us as enemies, too."

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As Psyche approached a corner in the corridor, she slowed and stopped with her back to the wall, the corner to her left. She listened . . . there was something there; she was certain that somebody was there. The ten-year-old vigilante did not dare make a sound, but she knew that her communications were on VOX, so any contact she made would be heard by all. She signalled Foxtail of what she had found and her friend took up a covering position.

After taking a deep breath, Psyche stepped around the corner, her MPX-K up but at first, she saw nobody before she felt a stinging pain in her left kidney and then the MPX-K was ripped from her hands and it fell to the floor. Psyche also felt one of her pistols being removed from her left holster and she smiled beneath her mask as she found herself facing the girl and the boy - the girl held the pistol, pointed directly at her masked face.

The boy was doing the same with his recently appropriated pistol.

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Psyche studied her two adversaries.

The girl was taller than Psyche, older too. Psyche's practiced eye noticed the amateur stance and the equally amateur way in which the girl held the pistol. She was not a major threat - nor was she a *Predator*, that was plainly obvious. At that moment, Foxtail came around the corner and she stood just behind Psyche, her own MPX-K raised to her shoulder.

"Go!" the boy yelled, shoving the girl behind him.

The girl turned and bolted for the doorway at the far end of the passageway.

"I've got the girl!" Foxtail called out just as the boy shot her in the chest. "Quit shooting me, you little fuck!"

Foxtail was gone, leaving Psyche with the boy who appeared confused - presumably wondering why he hadn't just been gunned down. Psyche studied the boy; she was facing a much shorter adversary than normal. He was just a kid. He was about four inches shorter than Psyche and somehow, there was something about him that seemed familiar - somebody from her past, she assumed. The lighting in the corridor was not good, but she could make out that his light brown hair was unkempt, just like the hair for most other young boys. The fact that he had disarmed her so easily meant that he was *Urban Predator*. The boy moved in to attack having figured out that bullets were no use against his armoured adversaries and he had shoved the pistol into the back of his trousers.

Psyche easily fended off his kicks and she quickly moved to the defensive in a flash. She had an urgent decision to make; she could kill the boy - pretty easily she thought, or she could take him down and try to turn him. Ultimately, that choice might not be hers to make - if he chose to die, then so be it. Psyche returned the kicks and she caught the boy in the chest which sent him flying back against the wall, but the boy caught himself and he quickly sprang back to his feet.

Psyche was impressed.

Primary Rendezvous Point

The Command Van

"Hit Girl, Hal - that boy she's fighting, I know it's a fucking longshot, but I'll bet my Toughbook on it being *him*. . ."

"You *absolutely* certain?"

In hindsight, she *had* to be certain - Abby would never bet her Toughbook on anything!

"Facial rec. is at seventy-eight percent - the video image is shit, but yeah. . ."

The First Floor

Psyche and Rage

The girl was good, the boy thought.

She was obviously somebody who had received training very similar to his own - could she have been *Urban Predator*. He had disarmed her easily, but she had responded with force which he had not anticipated. He was pleased that Amber had been able to escape, but that other armoured bitch was after her. Why had they not just shot them both - after all, he had shot the bitch a total of four times! He studied his adversary. She wore full body armour which covered her body completely from head to toe - no skin was visible. He

clocked the Sai in her right boot, then another in her other boot. Size-wise, she was short, not all that much taller than he was. She could only have been about eighteen-months or so older than himself.

Rage was not all that certain that he could take her but he would give it his all and he would kill her.

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The boy ducked as a punch was aimed at his face.

"Fucking Yank pussy!" he growled.

The armour-clad girl braced up as Rage spoke, then she snarled back at him.

"I am no fucking Yank - talk about an insult; I'm British, thank you very much."

"That makes two of us," Rage replied, a little surprised - he had considered the armour-clad attackers to be working for the CIA as their electronically enhanced voices had an American lilt to them.

"*Urban Predator?*"

"What would you know about that, sweetheart?"

"I am *nobody's* sweetheart, wanker!"

"A mouth as foul as your fanny; bet it's seen plenty of action, for a slut like you. . ."

Psyche rolled her eyes behind her mask as she responded to the boy.

"Distraction - use verbal insults to distract your opponent and put them off-guard . . . yeah, I done the same course. . . *Urban Predator* is dead, you know. I took it apart, piece by fucking piece; I killed that horse-faced bitch, plus that other one - Hirsch. . ."

"Did they abandon you, too?"

"Kind of, but I saw the light. . . I resigned, sort of, before I destroyed them. What's your name?"

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Hit Girl was in the next corridor, having run hard to find her daughter. She was allowing the fight to play out, when she heard the reply to Psyche's question.

"Jamie Carter, you?"

Hal was right . . . as usual!

Despite the relatively civilised conversation, the kids - actually, siblings - still exchanged blows as they conversed. During a conversation, earlier that evening, Psyche had been warned by her mother not to lower her guard if she identified her brother - there was no reason for him to not see her as a threat and kill her.

"Stephanie Walker; I hear I'm famous in your world. . ."

"Psyche. . ." the boy exclaimed. "You're a fucking traitor!"

Hit Girl ran forwards and she peeked around the corner in time to see the boy pull his pistol just as Psyche pulled her second pistol from its holster and they both aimed their respective muzzles at each other.

"You have a codename?"

"They call me 'Rage'."

"Hello, Rage - I am *no* traitor; I saw what they were doing, and I put an end to it all. . ."

"You are a traitor and I must kill you . . . maybe if I do, they'll take me back."

"There *is* no going back, Jamie. . ." Psyche paused for a moment before she continued in a more subdued tone. "Jamie . . . James . . . it's you . . ."

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Psyche heard Hit Girl in her ear.

"It's him, Steph. . ."

Psyche felt so much relief at finally coming face to face with her long-lost brother. The hard part was convincing him of who she was and that he was safe. She turned to the boy, his pistol still aimed at her head. The build was about right, as were the brown eyes; if it were him, he would be. . .

"How old are you, Jamie?"

"Nine, just last a week back."

"I'm ten and the last time we saw each other, I was seven and you were five."

"Impossible - I killed my family. . ."

"No, *I* did that; but then they conned me . . . they made me think that I had killed *you*. . . They made me think that I had killed my brother. I had no idea that you had become a Yellow."

"You are my sister?"

Psyche took a chance and she trusted in Hit Girl. She had to; it was her greatest wish in the world to have her brother back. She reached up to her mask and she deactivated the voice synthesizer.

"Yes, I am your sister and you are pointing a pistol in my face."

The boy hesitated and he Psyche saw his expression change as he heard a real voice - a voice from his past.

"So are you. . ."

Psyche raised her pistol, released the magazine and ejected the single round from the breech. She dropped the empty pistol to the floor along with the magazine and then she held up the single round.

"I fired off three of these, thinking that I had killed Mum, Dad, and then you. . . Those bastards fucked with me and then they fucked with you. . . But if you want to kill me, go ahead."

"I have to . . . my training; you are a traitor to our country."

"Fuck that, we survived their experiment."

"I have to."

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Psyche pulled off her mask as she grabbed the barrel of the Glock and she placed the muzzle against her forehead.

"Pull the damn trigger, if you've got the bloody balls for it. . ."

The boy had tears streaming down his face as he fought against his training, his indoctrination, everything that he had known for the past three or so years of his short life.

"Fucking pull the trigger!" Psyche yelled angrily as she stared into the boy's eyes and the boy flinched slightly.

Hit Girl saw the muzzle waver slightly and then the finger as it tightened on the trigger.

"You are a wimpy little fuck - you *couldn't* be my brother; he would have way more guts than you. He had a backbone too. . ."

Hit Girl saw the flicker of anger on the boy's face at those barbed comments.

"But I have nobody . . . I have nowhere to go."

Psyche's expression softened as she felt pity for her brother and her heart went out to him. Her reply was full of love as she spoke.

"James, I have a family; I have a Mum and a Dad now - that means that you have a Mum and a Dad now, too."

That was something that Hit Girl had not considered . . . Hit Girl saw tears forming in Stephanie's eyes as the young girl spoke and she allowed them to fall unimpeded down her cheeks.

"Please, Jamie - come back to me. . . If you feel that you have to kill me, then do so but please, let me spend the last minute of my life with my little brother. . ."

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The two siblings stood there for several moments, and they just stared at each other.

Neither had seen the other for well over three years and both had grown quite a bit in that time. Stephanie had been seven-years-old

and Jamie had only been five-years-old. Now, they were ten-years-old and nine-years-old, respectively. After another short hesitation, Jamie lowered his pistol and he followed his sister's example as he ejected the magazine and the loaded round before he dumped the pistol onto the floor beside the other pistol. He took a few steps backwards, away from his sister, unsure of what to do.

After a few more moments, they finally moved towards one another and curiosity soon gave out and they both ran forwards and hugged each other tightly. The intense sobbing from both children could be heard from where Hit Girl stood but she did not want to intrude; she did not want to move any closer. But then she felt the reassuring hands of Kick-Ass as he appeared behind her and Hit Girl struggled to control her own emotions at the sight before her. She had no idea what the two kids were feeling right at that moment, but it was also at that moment that she suddenly realised with a jerk that she and Dave now had *four* kids.

After what seemed like an age, but was actually mere minutes, the siblings broke apart and Stephanie led her brother towards Hit Girl.

"Jamie, this is Dave and Mindy; they are *my* Mum and Dad, which means that they are now *your* Mum and Dad, too."

The boy was very young and he looked very scared; Mindy could see him gripping his big sister's hand tightly.

"Hello, Jamie," Mindy said as she crouched down to his height and pulled off her mask. "I'm Mindy - do you want to go somewhere you can call home?"

The boy nodded as he looked up at Dave who had also removed his mask and Mindy stood back up. Jamie held out his right hand; his left was locked very firmly onto his sister's right.

"If Steph says you're okay, then you're okay," he said quietly.

Stephanie was smiling and she looked so happy.

*That was to be the end of **Predator**, only I felt like being a bastard and I thought we needed a vicious twist to the final plot! Therefore, you have gained a BONUS CHAPTER. The story continues in **Chapter 21: A Bonus Twist of Predator**.*