

The Present

Wednesday, June 15th, 2016

Nottingham

Shannon with Jamie

I was so very scared.

There was so much more blood than I had expected and I struggled to stem the flow. He had passed out only minutes before as I had struggled to bandage the wound. It had not been easy to carry the deadweight of the nine-year-old the half a mile back to our B&B. Once there, I was able to sneak him in the backdoor and up the stairs to our room.

I lay him on the bed and rapidly pulled off the bandage and his clothes to expose the bullet wound on his left side. As far as surgery was concerned – I had no bloody idea where to start. Minor first-aid was discussed during Phase 3 training; some slightly more advanced skills were also hinted upon. I had watched a video on removing a bullet but I had never expected to ever need to actually do it!

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I ripped open the bag which I had liberated from an unattended paramedic car – I know, crap thing to do, but I needed the kit to save a life. I rifled through it and I found some rubber gloves which I swiftly pulled on. I began to probe the wound, there was only an entry wound – no exit wound. *There* – it was about an inch inside. As far as I could tell there was a lot of bleeding but the bullet was not touching anything important.

There was no way that I could take Jamie to a hospital or call for an ambulance – we'd both be dead for sure. Instead, I ferreted around in the paramedic bag and I found some gauze and bandages. I also grabbed a pair of sterile forceps. I used some gauze to remove most of the blood which had pooled in the wound while I had probed for the bullet the first time. I probed and found the bullet again then I dug inside the wound with the forceps. It was not easy, by any stretch of the imagination, and I was sweating badly with the concentration.

Finally, I seized hold of the bullet and with some tugging and twisting the slug came out of Jamie's side. I dropped it into some gauze along with the forceps before I cleaned up the wound as well as I could and I wiped all around the wound with a sterile swab. I placed some sterile gauze across the wound and then wrapped a crepe bandage tightly around his stomach to hold the gauze in place.

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There was blood everywhere so I stripped off the rest of his clothes and cleaned him up as best I could before I tucked him under the duvet on one side of the double bed. I then went for a shower to clean myself off. My clothes were covered in the boy's blood and I began to cry. We had only been together a few days but I was not about to lose him. I was no longer alone and his company helped me no end. While I was in the shower I actually began to think about Marc and how much I missed him. As far as I was concerned he was long dead and I had to look forwards.

Forwards to what?

After the shower, I just dived into the bed beside the unconscious Jamie and I was asleep almost instantly.

The following morning
Thursday, June 16th

My head hurt when I awoke.

Then that pain was quickly overtaken by the fire in my right side. I forced myself not to scream or cry out with the pain and I looked around me. I was in the bed and beside me, I could see a spray of dark brown hair spread over the pillow next to me. I pushed myself up to a sitting position, my teeth gritted with the pain, and I looked around again.

My eyes froze as they passed over the sleeping Shannon. The thirteen-year-old had gone to bed with only a towel wrapped around her body. During the night, the towel had slipped, as had the duvet. I was able to see the gentle, pale mounds of her breasts topped by small red nipples. They rose and fell as she breathed and my eyes moved down her body across her flat stomach and I stopped at the top of her legs. As I had expected, the girl had a full set of pubic hair which formed a dark inverted triangle and completely covered her vulva.

Shannon was very beautiful to look at on a daily basis when clothed but naked, she was stunning and I so wanted to touch but I did not dare. At that moment, Shannon began to stir and I remained as still as I could. I had a distinct feeling that she would kill me if she caught me ogling her naked body. I saw her smirk but make no attempt to cover herself.

“You enjoying the view, little guy?”

“Err . . .”

Her eyelids flickered open and the hypnotic grey-blue eyes twinkled as they looked up at me. I felt my face getting warm and, I assumed, pink. Shannon sat up and looked down at me. She smirked.

“Yeah – you’re enjoying the view!” she giggled and I knew my face would be a deep red in colour.

I had not realised that I was totally naked and neither had I realised that seeing Shannon’s body had had an effect on my lower regions. I felt acutely embarrassed and I quickly placed a hand over my dick. Shannon laughed.

“I’m not worried, Jamie. I take boys with erections as a compliment.”

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“So . . . err, how am I?” I asked, or rather stammered, desperate to change the subject.

Shannon pulled her towel around her body, covering up her chest and other regions from my view.

“You took a bullet in your side. I had to remove it and disinfect your wound. There was blood everywhere – hence no clothes. You need a shower to wash off the blood. I hope the wound won’t open back up; I used some temporary sutures to close the entrance wound up. After your shower, I’ll put a fresh bandage on.”

“Thanks, Shannon – I really mean that.”

Shannon blushed and nodded. I made to get out of bed but I suddenly felt dizzy and I almost fell until Shannon caught me.

“Slowly – you’ve lost a lot of blood . . . and the rest is in your dick.”

“Funny bitch . . .” I growled. “There was blood in them there nipples, earlier – pleasant dream was it?”

Shannon blushed a deep red.

“How’d you know so much about nipples, anyway?” Shannon asked as she helped me through to the bathroom.

“A friend explained to me how girls work – some time back, now.”

May 14th, 2014

An unknown location in the USA

I was in trouble again . . . only I was not alone.

Abigail and I had got ourselves a little caught up in the moment during our time on the range. No harm was done and I’m sure the Range Master had had some spare undies somewhere to replace those he had all but shat in!

After a major grilling during which I was certain I would receive the strap again, we were ordered to attend the Punishment Block to help us understand the error of our ways. We both entered the Punishment Block where we found a yellow dweeb waiting for us. The boy must have only been barely eight and he scowled at the sight of me – a younger kid wearing greys. However, he knew that *he* was in charge within the Punishment Block.

“Wilde and Carter?” he demanded with a smirk.

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

“Strip – clothes in the boxes over there.”

I knew the drill having given the same orders myself to others such as Rachel. Wilde had never been in the Punishment Block and she was very nervous. She stripped off readily, though, and placed everything in the provided box. I did the same. Once we were both naked, the yellow dweeb wrote our names on the boxes, ran his eyes across Wilde’s naked body, and then pointed us towards the open doors of adjoining cages.

“In. If you’re both good, I feed you in an hour or so. Have fun!”

With that, the doors were slammed shut behind us and the power-crazed yellow dweeb vanished.

“You used to be one of them, huh?” Wilde asked as she did her best to get comfortable sitting on the bare mattress.

“I did. That was how I met Rachel and ultimately became one of you.”

“I really hate being naked; it’s something I’ve never really gotten used to yet.”

“It’s only five days, Wilde – it’ll be fine.”

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The food was as good as ever – once it finally arrived. We talked as we ate but otherwise we just stared into nothing. It was only when Wilde got up to make use of the bucket that I suddenly found myself full of questions. I turned away as she sheepishly crouched over the plastic container and I heard the rush of urine hitting the empty bucket.

“This goes way beyond humiliating,” Wilde moaned as she finished and wiped herself with some tissues.

“Abigail?”

“Jamie.”

“May I ask a question – or three?”

“Go ahead.”

“Boys, err . . . do girls . . . awkward . . . do girls play with themselves? I know that boys do but do you check yourself out?”

Abigail’s eyes had gone wide and her cheeks were red. She made an effort to cover herself between the legs.

“Sorry – I shouldn’t have asked . . .”

“No, Jamie – you just surprised me. I’ll tell you anything you want to know about my body. Yes, girls play with themselves – no way as much as boys do; you lot are fiddling with your dicks almost constantly and to be honest, I’m surprised they don’t fall off! Girls do touch themselves down there but not often. I don’t know about you and your dick, but my, err ‘special parts’ can be very sensitive and it can hurt when stimulated too much or in the wrong way.”

“What do you mean by ‘special parts’?”

Wilde went even redder but she sat down close to the bars and spread her legs apart.

“Here . . .”

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Wilde proceeded to take me on an intimate tour of her body, pointing out all the exciting parts, including some of her internal components. Some of the latter had me wincing and I thought it was totally gross – I said so too and Wilde laughed.

“I’ve only seen inside myself the once and that was with a mirror.”

“So, in a few years, you’ll get boobs on your chest and hair down there?” I asked.

“I would expect so,” Wilde admitted. “You’ll get hair too.”

“I suppose I will. Thanks, Abigail – you’re one in a million.”

Wilde grinned. “I know.”

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For a moment, I had thought that we might have actually had some fun in the Punishment Block . . .

That was before the door opened and the yellow dweeb ran in and opened the next cell over, beside me. He glanced in my direction but did not smile. Two instructors appeared and they were dragging

another Predator for punishment. It was a girl with medium-length, fiery-red hair and she was naked. She was thrown down onto the mattress and then the instructors left and the cage was locked. The yellow dweeb vanished. The girl was in acute distress and as she moved we both saw the vicious red marks on her buttocks – the girl had received the strap, quite a few times.

Then her head turned to face us both and she forced a smile.

Rachel!

The Present

Thursday, June 16th, 2016

Nottingham

Jamie with Shannon

The shower made me feel more human but I was still weak and my side hurt like a fucker!

While I enjoyed the hot water, I thought over the disaster of the previous evening. The plan, devised by us both, had been to enlarge our weapons' cache. Only, we had started with two Heckler & Koch P30SK Compact pistols and forty rounds of ammunition at the beginning of the evening, and then, by the end of the night, we had had a grand total of *one* H&K P30SK and six rounds – plus one rather squished, blood-stained bullet from my own innards. The whole evening had been a bust and we were worse off than we had been at the start – and it was all the fault of . . . guess who?

I had fucked up – the meet was supposed to have been straight forward; we had plenty of cash and we hoped to buy a couple hundred rounds and a couple more pistols . . . Shannon had noticed that something was not going right but little old me, I had missed all the tell tails. It was suddenly obvious that we were going to get ripped off; the seller was unscrupulous and he just saw a pair of kids and not serious buyers. Only, he died when Shannon blew his head off at about the same time that I was shot and I lost consciousness. I must have dropped my pistol as Shannon said it was not on me when she got me back to the B&B.

Shannon had tried to warn me but I was too focussed on the trade and that was how I got shot. I did not even have my hand close to my pistol – rookie mistake! Well, technically, I was still a rookie . . .

The only *good* result of the entire escapade had been that we had not lost any of our ready cash – I had never really felt as low; well, apart from one time.

May 14th, 2014

An unknown location in the USA

To say that we were both stunned was a major understatement.

What was Rachel doing there – she had sworn to me that she would never do anything to get herself sent back to the Punishment Block. I moved over as close to Rachel as the bars would allow.

“Why did . . .?” I began.

Rachel looked over at Abigail before she responded and she grimaced.

“I was told to tell you . . . ‘you fuck up – I get fucked up’ . . .”

I had never felt so low in my life – not once; not even when I was taken and I lost my family.

“Oh, fuck! Rachel . . . I’m so sorry . . . I never . . .”

“Not your fault, Jamie . . .”

Rachel passed out with the pain of her injuries. Abigail was stunned into silence and she had gone very pale – as had I.

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That night, as I slept on the bare mattress with only a thin blanket for warmth, I felt anger building up within me. How could those bastards do such a thing just because *I* had fucked things up? I had heard Abigail sobbing earlier; she felt just as much to blame as it had actually been *her* idea to fuck about at the range. Rachel also sobbed, periodically, as she awoke to the pain of her wounds. She would mercifully fall asleep again quite quickly. I longed to be with her . . . to comfort her.

It was the longest night of my life. I resolved to never fuck up again, no matter what fun I missed out on. I didn’t care what happened to me; I had endured most of what could be thrown at me . . . and I had survived. But for an innocent girl to suffer because of something that I did – that was just low, very low.

Rachel was my friend, as was Abigail. I would never wish anything on either of them. There was no way that I could get back at ‘the establishment’ – not without laying Rachel open to more abuse on my behalf. It was all too much for my six-year-old brain to handle and the frustration I felt was unbearable.

I just hoped that one day, *Urban Predator* would be destroyed and every one of those evil bastards with it!