

Authors Note: *This will be my twenty-fifth (published) story. The story belongs in my Kick-Ass Forsaken universe and will use characters and events from that story. The story fits in chronologically after **Chapter 265: Storm Clouds Building – Part I of Forsaken** and follows on from events in that story. We will be taking Hit Girl, Kick-Ass, and most of their team, on a whirlwind tour of Europe as they track down Hit Girl's latest sworn enemy. Further backstory on the events leading up to this story is available in **Chapter 243: Urban Predator of Forsaken**.*

As I often do, I will be scattering movie references throughout the story, either just small quotes, or entire reworked scenes – hope you can spot them! As usual, I look forward, with some trepidation, to any reviews. I promise to accept all criticism. In addition, I am still British so my spelling and grammar may look and appear strange to some.

*A sneak-preview of the story is available in **Chapter 257: Advance Preview of Forsaken**.*

...+...

Experience 30+ chapters of non-stop Fusion fun, Hit Girl fury and Kick-Ass action as Fusion travel to the UK where the situation quickly escalates and then after a member of their team is kidnapped, they travel to continental Europe where they meet new vigilantes and tour (actually, fight across) Europe, beginning with France.

They race to recover their kidnapped colleague, before it is too late and no limits are set to finding her. The team visit other countries: Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Fusion goes back to sea and reinforcements are required. There is tragedy, there is happiness, there is pleasure, there is revenge and there is closure.

Hit Girl, Kick-Ass, and Fusion race to take down the worst criminal scum, as that very same criminal scum try desperately to defend themselves and take down Fusion while keeping the furious and vengeful Hit Girl and her lethal team at arm's length.

...+...

Synopsis: *Stephanie, aka Psyche, was part of a US Government experiment, codenamed Urban Predator. The aim of the experiment was to produce assassins and educate them from a very young age. The American arm of the experiment was compromised and ultimately abandoned, leaving the last two victims alone to deal with their altered minds. One of the victims was Miranda Swedlow, aka Night-Bitch, aka Aurora. She knew that only one person could help her and that person was Dave Lizewski, aka Kick-Ass. On hearing about Stephanie and her lost childhood, Mindy Lizewski, aka Hit Girl, began another crusade, this time, to destroy those responsible for destroying yet another young girl's childhood.*

April 5th 2016

Tuesday night

A little over 3,665 miles to the east

The man fell to the ground, the Glasgow Kiss rendering him unconscious.

His assailant turned at a noise behind him. The man was a hardened member of one of the city's organised crime gangs, so he was not scared; he could handle anything that the East End of Scotland's largest city could offer – or so he thought; there were new challenges about town.

"Yer fucking scabby scrote!" A strange voice growled which made the man feel wary and he stepped back as a large indiscernible form appeared out of the darkness.

"You got the fucking jessie, Drift?" Another voice called out.

Both voices were electronically enhanced to hide their real voices and they sounded quite menacing in the darkness.

“Aye, Crimson – the cunt is dead, or he soon will be...”

..._...

As the one referred to as Crimson passed beneath a streetlight, the man felt a new fear course through his body. The fearsome looking form was dressed from head to toe in a crimson-coloured armoured suit. Around the waist, the man could see various lethal weapons, which included a pistol and some blades for good measure. That the vigilante was female, was pretty obvious thanks to the good-sized chest.

The other one, Drift – he was seen to be clad in a dark blue armoured suit that covered him from head to toe just like his female colleague. He advanced on the man, pulling out a large Bowie Knife which had a wicked looking, black blade. The man backed up against the wall behind him, wishing he could push through the brickwork and escape. The dark form came closer, the blade ominous and deadly in the glow from the streetlight.

“I need information and I’m going to get it – one way or another...”

The man began to scream.

Four days later

April 9th 2016

Saturday

Vengeance Command Centre

Location: CLASSIFIED

The Italian Racing Red Jaguar F-Type R AWD Coupe roared up the narrow access road at speed, taking the final curve at 50mph before the carbon-ceramic brakes brought the supercharged 186-mile-per-hour beauty to a tyre screeching halt.

Natasha King jumped out of the right-hand-side of the car and she jogged up the steps to the front door which clicked open automatically before she could reach for the recessed number pad to the right of the door frame. In the reception hall she took the second left through a door and then turned immediately right, this time entering an eight-digit code before the door released. She then turned to the left and walked down the steps to the lower ground floor of the mansion.

At the base of the stairs she turned right and walked towards a door that was again secured by a number pad. Another eight-digits later and she stood in the *Vengeance* Control Room. On the wall were three large 65-inch flat panels arranged horizontally. To the left was a large control station with a tall youthful looking man sitting in front of a pair of 27-inch touch screens that were lying before him at a shallow angle. As the guy ran his fingers over the screens, information on the larger flat-screens changed at lightning speed.

..._...

“Hi, Eric – I got here as fast as I could...”

“How many tickets today, Nats?” Eric chuckled.

“None, thank you very much – I never get caught!”

Eric turned to face Natasha and winked.

“You been flashing your tits to the traffic cops again?”

Natasha coloured slightly before scowling.

“Very funny!” She growled as she gave Eric a friendly slap on the shoulder.

Eric tapped a few times on one of his screens and a face appeared on the left-hand big screen.

“Alexander Cartwright. You fought his men the other day – just got facial recognition on him and cross-referenced it with Fox and Marty. Turns out the guy is on Mindy’s watch list – or should that be *hit* list!”

“Very droll, Eric – good work! You sent it to Mindy?”

“Yeah, Marty got it a few minutes ago... Ah – perfect timing!”

Eric tapped again on his screens and the centre large panel changed into a video-conferencing window and a very familiar face appeared from a few thousand miles away. I checked the clock – it was just before two-thirty in the afternoon in the UK.

“Good morning, Mindy!” I said with a grin as I saw my American friend chewing on a bacon sandwich.

“Afternoon for you, isn’t it, Nats – how you all doing? Hi, Eric!”

“Fine thanks, Mindy,” I replied as Eric waved cheerfully.

..._...

After a brief chat, Mindy went serious.

“I can’t go into detail, but that bastard is dangerous, right up there with Frank D’Amico! I need to brief you *in person* – too many electronic ears, especially on my side of the pond, if you get my drift. I’m coming to see you, with ten others. I’ll have my guy co-ordinate with your guy about the travel arrangements and a date for our arrival.”

“Will the twins be coming?” I asked excitedly. “It’d be so great to see you all!”

“Yes, they’re coming... Their big sister, too.”

“What about Abigail?” Eric enquired.

“Oh, yes,” Mindy laughed and then she grinned fiendishly. “You will be able to finally meet her in person – better get the condoms ready!”

“Evil bitch!” Eric muttered as he coloured slightly and vanished out of the sight of the camera.

We both laughed at his obvious discomfort – the two of them, Eric and Abby, had been in an electronic relationship for months.

Later that afternoon

Southfield, a few miles outside of Falkirk, Scotland

The F-Type R Coupe skidded to a halt on the loose gravel a few yards away from the Carpathian Grey Overfinch Range Rover.

Natasha dived out of her car and barged through the front door yelling for her brother.

“Cam!”

“Hello, my dear sister,” Cameron King replied with a grin. “I heard you as you pulled up outside; got any brakes left?”

“Don’t you start, arse! Anyway, I just spoke with Mindy – they’re coming over, *all* of them!”

“That should be fun – anything to do with that guy we fought?”

“Yeah – Mindy wants him...”

“Oh dear, he’s a dead man walking, then!”

“With Mindy after him, yeah!”

That same time

Chicago, USA

Safehouse F

“You two go and play while Mommy works...”

Anne-Marie rolled her eyes, but the twins vanished up the stairs, under the watchful eye of their elder sister. I headed for the Command Centre where Marty and Abby were waiting for me.

“So, mighty leader, what devious plan have you concocted?” Marty asked.

I laughed as I sat down on a swivel chair and faced my geeks in residence.

“Well, Eric wants to fuck Abby – other than that, we have some packing to do...”

Abby’s face exploded and she giggled! Everybody knew about her fascination with Eric, but now she was going to be able to meet him in the flesh, so to speak. I also knew that Abby was very keen to get Eric into bed...

“Can you two get a list together of what we need to pack and then co-ordinate with Fox for anything we are missing, plus see if we can get a cargo aircraft from Wayne Enterprises too. I need to go see if those new suits fit my three terrors!”

I had not wanted to involve them, despite them now being fully aware of what their parents and their friends did after dark.

However, I knew that just like Megan and Curtis, they would eventually end up in harm’s way. Since January, I had been training them both – extending what they had already learnt at D-JAK and showing them how to adjust their knowledge for combat. Reluctantly, I had also trained them both in firearms and the use of bladed weapons.

They *had* to be able to defend themselves and despite my reservations, I could *not* just swan off to Europe and *not* take my kids with me. I just hoped that the rest of the new equipment would arrive in time. We could not fight in Europe in our usual equipment, so I had ordered some new combat suits for all.

They would be plain and unembellished, but fully functional to protect the team. It would also add some anonymity to our operations – Europe had way too many cameras and other monitoring systems and I did not want everybody identifying us as *Fusion*, at least not immediately – us being away from Chicago would be dangerous enough for those we left behind.

..._...

As I climbed the steel steps to the walkway above, I heard the three kids laughing at something. I found them in the Galley talking to Josh and Chloe; Josh was always good for a laugh!

“Right, you three – let’s try on your new suits...”

“Yeah!” The twins yelled, jumping up.

“New suit – but I have a suit?” Stephanie queried.

“You do, but we are going on a trip and where we are going, we will need slimmer combat suits and ones with less embellishments.”

“Less embellishments?”

“You’re gonna lose your cape for starters and your colours will be dulled down.”

I received some grumbling from Psyche, but nothing more as the four of us headed to my bedroom.

The replacement combat suits were all very similar and they would cover each vigilante from head to toe. Each mask, with inbuilt communications, could also be used independently from the suit, which would also be a bonus. The suit was slim enough to be worn under a pair of loose pants and a jacket, too.

Their biggest advantage was that they were light and compact, but providing the same level of protection as our regular suits. They could also be stowed in less space, which would be a key requirement for the intended operation. There were no unique embellishments that usually adorned each vigilante’s combat suit. The only unique item for each suit were the coloured markings on the right upper arm and the left thigh of each suit. On the left chest of each suit was a symbol in light grey and black on a purple background.

The symbol was made up of a shield in four sections with the symbol for an atom in the centre. The hilt of a sword rose out from the top left and top right of the shield.

..._...

I ordered the kids to strip and each then pulled on their own custom, dark grey, two-piece suit which consisted of a zip-up jacket and some pants.

For the two younger kids, it was basic Level IIA protection, although both had a full-face mask and communications. Rogue had ochre markings on her suit, while Ravage bore dark grey markings,

superimposed on light grey. Both suits had a utility belt for the communications, a knife and a holster for a small pistol, plus spare ammunition.

As she was bigger, Psyche's suit had heavier armour and her utility belt had extra fittings. She also had slots for her Sai's on her thighs. The same markings, two inverted 'V' shapes, on her right upper arm and left thigh were sky-blue.

"Nice!" Psyche commented. "So where are going – anywhere I know?"

"Maybe..." I replied with a grin.

*This storyline continues two days later in **Chapter 266: Storm Clouds Building – Part II of Forsaken.***