

Tuesday, April 26th 2016

The Warehouse

There were three operations planned for that evening.

Dave, Chloe, and Cassie, along with Jason were to investigate a possible CIA site in the north of the city; it was purely benign reconnaissance, nothing more. They were following up on the IP address that Marty and his team of hackers had discovered a few days before. Cameron and Natasha would head towards the eastern part of the city – again, it was mere reconnaissance, nothing more. I had an appointment with a friend of a friend; I would not be alone, as Mathilda and Nicky would be in the same part of the city, but I had to *seem* to be alone.

Finally, there was Megan and her best pal, Joshua...

..._...

Megan was unhappy about her lot in life.

“This is boring – ‘stay at the Safehouse, Megan’ – ‘it’s too dangerous, Megan’ – fuck that!”

“You’ve got a big gob; you know that?” Stephanie warned.

“I’m a fully-fledged member of *Fusion* and I’ve proved myself time and time again...”

I looked at Dave; he shrugged with a smirk.

“Give the girl a damn mission; anything for peace and quiet!” Dave complained.

“Okay...” I thought for a moment and then I turned to Abby with a smirk.

“Brief the bitch on that man who tried to assault your Toughbook...”

“The fucker dented it!

“I’ll keep an eye on her, Mindy – she’ll be safe with me...”

Megan’s expression at that proclamation was hysterical.

“Wildcat don’t need nobody to keep an eye on *her*! Besides... You’re the one who should be worried about *his* safety...”

“Look after him, Megan – bring him back in more or less one piece...” Chloe said with a grin.

“I’ll try,” Megan replied.

That evening

The Bar

I took my seat on a stool at the bar.

One stool away from me sat a handsome looking man in a tailored dark blue jacket and matching pants. His light blue shirt was unbuttoned at the neck and he looked cool as the proverbial cucumber. He turned to me.

“May I buy the good lady a drink?” He asked in a pure British accent.

I raised an eyebrow and felt my cheeks warming up; nobody had ever bought me a drink.

“Orange juice...”

The man turned to the barman. The man was . . . what was the word? Oh, yeah – suave...

“Orange juice for the lady, and a medium-dry vodka Martini for myself, shaken – not stirred...”

..._...

As I sipped my drink and made small talk with the British gentlemen, we were approached by another man, this one obviously an American.

“You must be Mindy; Harm was nowhere near the mark when he told me how beautiful you are...!”

I felt my face warming up and knew by the British gentleman’s approving expression that I must have been turning pink. The newly arrived gentlemen rescued me by making introductions.

“Deputy Director Clayton Webb...”

“Of the Central Intelligence Agency!” The British gentlemen interrupted smartly. “I am assured that Webb is a good guy.”

“Felix said you were smart. Mindy Lizewski, please meet MI6’s *best* agent...”

“The name’s Bond, James Bond, Mrs Lizewski...”

“Please, call me Mindy...”

“Not, Hit Girl?” James whispered.

“Definitely not; I’m out of uniform!” I replied with a smile. Damn, he was so smooth and disarming, he could probably disarm a nuclear bomb with a single glance...

The Warehouse

“Damn – if the CIA doesn’t kill them; Mindy will...” Abby commented. “Us too...”

“Josh overruled us; he’s the senior operative out there...” Eric replied.

“Megan did back him up, and you know how difficult it is to argue with *her*,” Stephanie added.

“Who’s nearby?” Abby asked, getting back to the problem in hand.

Eric examined the map on his computer screen.

“Dave and Chloe are in the North of the City with Jason and Cassie. Hailee is at the Safehouse and not mission capable. Mathilda and Nicky are close by... Cameron and Natasha are to the east – we can divert them . . . oh, and Mindy is closest; but she is alone,” Eric said.

“Somebody better call Mindy...” Stephanie advised.

“To say what?” Abby demanded. “That her sister and her best friend’s boyfriend have gone missing?”

“Something like that, yes...” Stephanie confirmed.

"She's *your* Mum..." Eric pointed out.

"She's likely to detonate a bomb beneath our feet..." Abby grimaced.

"She's not *that* devious..." Stephanie responded.

"You *do* remember that your Mum's Hit Girl?" Eric reminded Stephanie.

"Point taken," Stephanie replied as she took a large pace backwards and ostentatiously checked the area where she stood.

"I'll make the call," Abby decided.

The Bar

They were both very smooth and both obviously veterans of a lot of action.

I ducked away from them as my cell rang – it was Abby.

"Hello – what's up?" I asked.

"Promise you won't kill me..." Abby replied – that put me on guard immediately.

"From here?"

I was good, but not that good...

"Josh and Megan are off the grid – their comms went dark about four minutes ago, but they had not reported in for over thirty minutes. They were investigating an apartment on Via G Segantini..."

So much for a nice easy investigation!

"You're the closest, but we have Mathilda and Nicky en-route," Abby finished. "Dave and Chloe are on their way too, but they are much further away."

"Send me the address – I have two to support me for now; keep me updated Abby, and thanks."

..._...

I turned back to the bar and sat down as calmly as I could, however, both men had concerned expressions visible.

"Either of you two up for an armed assault and rescue?" I asked conversationally as I finished my orange juice.

Bond's eyes lit up at the suggestion, as did Webb's.

"Either of you have a car?" I continued.

"We can take mine..."

The Cell

I awoke to crying.

My mind took a moment to focus, my eyes a little longer. I was in a room and my hands were secured behind my back. I was lying on the concrete floor of a room. I looked up and I saw Megan huddled in a corner; she was crying – that was a shock; only a few tears, but it was still a shock. I shifted my position so that I could see better in the dim light that bled in from a streetlight outside.

“Megan...”

“Josh!”

Megan was no longer wearing her body-armour, nor her clothes; I could see it all dumped on the floor over on the other side of the room. I could also see our communications units – both were smashed. Megan was wearing just her underwear; a black sports bra and some shorts.

“What did they do to you?”

“They punched me, smacked me about and they felt me up . . . they also explained in vivid detail what they were going to do to me next...”

“Who are *they*?”

“I think they’re the Mafia...”

“The Mafia got the better of *us*? Hang on – why are you crying?”

As far as I was concerned Megan was, well, she was Megan – she laughed in the face of adversity. Actually she usually stuck a finger up at it – but crying!

“A cover, you know, put one over on them...” Megan replied with a smile but I could tell that it was forced. “I’m never scared when fighting but I saw what they did to . . . when she was captured...”

“You’ll be fine; but right now, I need Wildcat and so do you...”

Megan smiled and I knew that she was going to be fine.

..._...

“Can you move?”

Megan indicated a chain, about a foot long, attached to steel cuffs on her wrists, and secured to a wall that constrained her movements. I moved my own wrists – the same cuffs and chains were on me too.

“Why’d they strip you?”

“They found my weapons – all of them...”

“Oh, I see...”

Megan had been carrying a fairly decent collection of weaponry on her person.

Outside the bar

“Oh, wow!”

The car was just as suave as its owner. The Cobalt Blue Aston Martin DB11 was a stunning beast and sat on 20-inch 10-spoke gloss black, diamond turned alloy wheels. There was a beautiful bright

anodised roof strake on each side that contrasted with the overall shape and body colour. The roof panel was gloss black.

Bond held open the passenger door, pushed Webb into the rear and then waved me into the front seat. Bond nipped around the back of the car and slid smoothly into the seat beside me. The leather was soft under the bare skin of my legs. In hindsight, a dress was probably not the best idea – but I was armed nonetheless.

As Bond accelerated away, I pulled away the lower part of my skirt which lifted the hem to just above the knees and I checked my pistol was ready. The SIG Sauer P224 Extreme was fitted with an extended 15-round magazine of nine-millimetre rounds and was mounted on my right thigh. A single spare 15-round magazine was mounted on my left thigh.

“Eyes on the road!” I ordered as I noticed an eye drift onto my exposed thighs. “What are *you* pussies carrying?”

“Beretta M9A1,” Webb replied.

“Walther PPK/S...,” Bond added, but he was cut off as his cell rang and he stabbed the relevant button on the steering wheel.

“Bond.”

“Evening, James...”

“Ah, Money Penny!”

“M would like a word . . . if you can tear yourself away from the beautiful ladies...”

“The Boss!” Bond said quietly in my direction.

“Bond, M. I understand that you have met up with HG and Webb. Support them where possible and try to keep things *quiet*.”

“I’m sure we can keep things out of the evening papers, sir...”

“The morning ones too, please, Bond... Oh, and Bond...”

“Yes, Sir...”

“Please keep it zipped...”

“Losing you, sir, interference...”

Bond stabbed the button again and the call dropped.

Twenty minutes later

Via G Segantini

Bond pulled up twenty yards down the street from the apartment and we all climbed out.

Webb was to remain as a lookout. My earpiece came to life.

“Overwatch has you arriving... I’m at your seven o’clock, high.”

“Copy...” I replied to Mathilda then turned to Bond. “We have a sniper across the road behind us, high up.”

“Jolly good.”

..._...

The apartment was on the third floor. Bond shot off the lock on the first floor access door and we ran up the stairs, ignoring the elevator. His Walther remained in his hand, a suppressor fitted onto the muzzle. My own SIG was similarly equipped.

We must have looked a sight; two people, a man and a young woman in obvious eveningwear running up a set of stairs with pistols in their hands... Bond pulled open the door at the right floor and I dived out then came up to one knee and covered the passageway. Nothing was in sight. Bond covered me as I made my way down towards the fourth apartment on the left.

“Any movement in the apartment?”

“Negative,” Mathilda replied. “But I am getting some heat blooms – there may be at least one person in the apartment.”

“Thanks...”

Bond caught up as I stood to one side of the apartment door.

“There may be one inside...”

“Only one, shame...”

..._...

Bond kicked in the door and I ran inside, my pistol raised before me. There was a single man and he had not expected us; I put a bullet in each of his thighs and he fell to the floor – his pistol out of reach on the table. While Bond covered him, I made a brief search. I found Wildcat’s knife, but no Megan, nor any sign of Joshua. I turned to the man.

“Where are they?”

“Vaffanculo!”

Bond slapped the man around the face.

“That is no way to speak to a lady...” he said conversationally. “That knife; it belongs to a friend of yours?”

“Yes, it does... Where the fuck is she?” I growled, as I punched one of the gunshot wounds.

The man grimaced with the pain for a moment before he replied.

“She was good fuck – tight, but good fuck...”

God, I hoped he was just baiting me... For Megan’s sake...

The Cell

“Your turn...”

I was pinned down while the chain was removed; the two men were large and very strong so I decided it would be better if I saved my strength for when it would be needed. I was hauled to my feet, my hands still cuffed behind me and then forced down to my knees.

“You wear one of these?” The man waved at Megan’s body-armour.

I said nothing.

“Hi-tech – very expensive... What might two kids be doing with equipment like that? Not to mention the armoury that the foul-mouthed bitch was carrying... Only a pistol for you – plus the commando dagger.”

With a click of the man’s fingers, my arms were pinned and the cuffs were removed but before I could make a move, two more people entered the cell and they were most definitely *not* Italian Mafia...

The Apartment

It had not taken long.

“Hal, Hit Girl – I have their location; we’re on the way...” I turned to Bond. “That fucker got blood on my damn dress!”

Bond chuckled.

“I’ll stay with the ‘fucker’ and see what else he has to say – I can be very persuasive.”

“You do that; I’ll leave Webb downstairs.”

The Cell

The girl was about Chloe’s age and height while the boy was probably a couple of years younger and a few inches shorter.

“Move a muscle and I blow the little girl’s head, inside out...” The girl said in a very clear British accent.

The Glock 31 Gen4 compact pistol in .357-calibre held mere inches from Megan’s right temple was more than adequate as an attention getter. The boy held a Glock 32 Gen4 pistol in the same calibre, but pointed at my own head. I smiled, but no smile was returned.

“Are we in the privileged company of two Phase 3 graduates of *Urban Predator*?” I enquired.

The smug smirks on the faces of both teens answered my question. The Mafia were hired muscle, nothing more. The orders came from the CIA which would explain our capture. In fairly short order, my jacket and shirt were removed and then the body-armour was unstrapped and passed to the boy. He holstered his pistol and examined the armour.

“Impressive!” He was British too. He chucked the armour on top of Megan’s before he covered me again with his pistol.

While a Mafioso aimed his Spectre M4 sub-machine gun at Megan, the girl came over and she took a good look at my chest. Then she moved around to examine my back.

“Five obvious bullet wounds...” She traced her fingers across the very visible scars on my right side and stomach. “They should have been fatal – you lead a charmed life . . . Joshua.”

I controlled my emotions and kept any surprise well away from my face. They were well informed... The girl turned to the glowering Megan and she hauled the younger girl to her feet where a Mafioso seized hold of Megan’s left arm.

“You have stab wounds; upper left arm, stomach – others?” Megan’s expression betrayed her and the girl smirked nastily and then without warning, she yanked down on Megan’s shorts and revealed the other stab wound. “Left thigh, too – expertly treated; all of them.”

I bristled at the obvious tactic to humiliate Megan in front of the men. I saw her blush involuntarily with the humiliation of being partially stripped. But she kept it together, her eyes fixed on mine for support – with her hands secured behind her back, she could do nothing to protect or cover herself.

“You will die, like the manky slag that you obviously are...” I growled.

I rolled with the punch that the boy sent in my direction; he was deceptively strong for his size...

“Not bad for a shit-stabbing wazzock!”

“Joshua!” Megan screamed out as I fell to the floor.

Fuck . . . that hurt...

“Fucking muppet . . . you hit like a fucking nancy boy...”

I felt the kick before I saw it and breathed through the pain.

“Any more, bright comments, you fucking wanker...” The boy growled.

“Bright, no . . . accurate, yes – you fucking bellend...”

I drove my fist into the boy’s stomach and kicked out at the nearest Mafioso and caught him in the face. Both the boy and the man went down before my head felt like it was going to explode and I crashed to the floor... The last thing I heard was Megan’s voice and then the older girl’s scream.

“Josh...!”

Mindy and Mathilda

Megan and Joshua were several miles across the city, but towards where Chloe and Dave were heading in our direction and we intended to meet up with them.

Mathilda had arrived in a squeal of tyre smoke as she had skidded to a halt beside the Aston.

“Awesome wheels...”

“Fucking drive!”

The R8 sped northwest towards a small commercial site that Abby had confirmed was empty, as far as local records were concerned.

I was sick with worry about what might have happened to my sister and my friends; I even had visions of Hailee... What was I going to find? A bruised and battered Megan...

The Cell

I awoke to a violent movement.

"Josh... Josh... Josh..."

My mind took a moment to focus; my eyes a little longer. I was in a room and my hands were secured behind my back. I was lying on the concrete floor of a room. I looked up and I saw Megan above me.

"Megan..."

"Josh, thank God!"

Megan was no longer wearing . . . well, anything! I averted my eyes, but Megan just slapped me.

"You've seen it all before and I'm sure Chloe's got more..."

"Not the point – *why?*"

"Urban Princess didn't like me pistol whipping her around the face with her own Glock..."

Despite Megan's grin, I could see that she was hurting. I noticed the vivid bruise on Megan's stomach. She had fought and fought well by the looks and sounds of it.

"Yeah, I was humiliated about being stripped naked in front of those men, but I'll get over it – we need to get the fuck outta here!"

I noticed that the body armour was gone, as was my jacket and shirt.

A little over two miles away

Mathilda skidded to a halt as we met up with Dave and Chloe.

"It's been hours, Dave..."

Chloe was beside herself with worry.

"Megan's so young; if they..." Chloe voiced all our fears.

"Let's not worry about that – we need to find them first," Dave cautioned.

The Cell

The Predators were back.

"You two actually have names?" Joshua asked facetiously. "Don't you Urban Pussy wannabes get dorky codenames or something?"

We had actually named them both ourselves, well I had – the girl, she was ‘Urban Princess’ and the boy, he was ‘Urban Prick’. The girl opened her mouth to reply, but Joshua cut her off.

“Don’t tell me . . . let me guess...”

Josh turned to face the boy. “You must be: ‘Lady’...” He then turned to the girl. “Which would make you: ‘The Tramp’...”

The boy coloured slightly, but the girl looked pissed. Joshua, however, was just getting started.

“You two an item?” Josh mused and he caught the surprisingly subtle and furtive expressions. “You two are fucking – or do you just suck him off?”

The pink tints to both *Urban Predator* faces appeared to confirm Joshua’s hypothesis, at least the latter part.

..._...

“Shut the fuck up, asshole – I tell you when to fucking talk...” The boy yelled and he shoved Joshua backwards against the wall.

“You go play with your naked toy and I’ll see to Joshua here,” The girl ordered with a grin as she moved towards my friend.

“No!” I yelled as I figured out what she meant.

The chain was released and I was dragged out of the cell by the boy.

“Megan!” Joshua bellowed after me before the cell door was slammed shut.

I stared in horror at the cell door as it was slammed shut.

No, please – not Megan... I turned to face the girl, my face full of anger.

“If anything happens to that girl . . . and I mean, *anything*...”

“She’ll be fine – he just wants to look and maybe touch...” The girl replied as she came closer. “How about we...”

“Never – going – to – happen . . . I would rather rip your fucking head off...”

She smiled.

“Nah, you’d never hurt me; not a girl like me...” She cooed in my ear.

“You are so not my type – besides, that bruise, it *does not* help with your looks – must sting a bit, though.”

The girl tenderly touched her bruised face for a moment before she responded to my jibe.

“She got the better of me, for only a second, but she paid for that and she is *still* paying for that – she’s cute and she has a nice body; I wish I had had a body like her when I was that age.”

“Undo these cuffs and I’ll add a matching bruise...”

The girl ignored me; her attentions were elsewhere as she reached down and grabbed me between the legs – she had a strong grip. Her fingers moved around and she nodded approvingly.

“Well hung; like a horse...”

God, I hoped I wasn't blushing... She popped the button on my trousers and sunk her hand down inside my boxers. I took a deep breath as a part of me began to react to the girl's touch... Then there was a banging on the cell door and it was hauled open.

Megan was shoved inside and the girl left smartly.

..._...

I had no idea what I had expected . . . but Megan was smirking and once the cell door was slammed shut, she started to laugh. She was still naked and I could see a gooey substance on her stomach and it had dribbled down around what passed for her pubic hair.

“Did that bastard...?”

“No – don't think he's fucked anything other than his own hand and maybe Urban Princesses mouth... I think I kinda humiliated him and he, err, he struggled to perform, if you get my drift...”

I did.

“He was a bit on the small side, too – don't think he liked me advising him of that feature – I have something chunkier waiting for me back home...” Megan stopped and took in the trousers around my knees and... “Been having fun? *Hard* work was it?”

The cell door opened again – it was Urban Princess, and she was smirking.

“You pissed off Tempest; he's sensitive about his size... He'll get her for that but he got himself off which was his endgame... You are strong, Megan – you could have been one of us...”

“Fuck you!” Megan retorted angrily. “I will *never* be one of you fucked up experiments – I am better than all of you and you know why? *I* am in full control and *I* decide *when* I kill and *I* decide *when* I don't kill – I am not like any of you wackos!”

The girl shrugged.

“Here, you deserve these back.”

The girl threw Megan her clothes back and my shirt to me. Not that I could put the shirt on, I was still cuffed with my trousers around my ankles.

“Move!”

Megan quickly cleaned herself up with her bra and then dressed before she dumped the bra on the floor and she was cuffed and secured to the chain again. With that, Urban Princess left and slammed the door behind her.

“That was disgusting...”

“So, you and him back home have never...?” I enquired.

Megan blushed.

“On me? No way!”

It was good to be clothed again.

Between us, we hatched a plan; the chances of it working were slim – as slim as a dime, actually! Nevertheless, we had nothing to lose.

The building was old and so was the stonework and ironwork. Joshua was strong, very strong – okay, I enjoyed watching him when he trained in a sleeveless top; actually, no top was even better . . . just don't tell Chloe... Anyway, his chains came away from the wall – he was mobile. Within five minutes Joshua had his hands free, thanks to a convenient bobby pin from my very messed up hair. I was only a minute later as I insisted on doing my own cuffs.

My hands were free for the first time in many hours and my wrists hurt as I rubbed them.

Fifteen minutes later

The Mafioso stuck his head through the open door to see what the banging was all about.

I grimaced as I heard the bones in his neck snap as Joshua threw the chain around the man's neck and hauled it very tight and then twisted it savagely. The man hit the floor – hard.

“Where's the guard?”

It was the girl's voice. Then silence – they were coming. Joshua checked the Spectre M4 and stood ready to one side. I had the Mafioso's Beretta 92 in my hands ready for action. We had agreed on stealth as we had no idea where we were or how many more armed assholes were running around.

I had smashed the single overhead light bulb and we both waited in the darkness.

Outside the facility

The building was of single storey construction and there were lights on as the only sign of activity.

There were no obvious guards, but we were taking no chances, however, we did not have the luxury of time for a proper reconnaissance. Mathilda had found herself a suitable high point from where she began to scan the area for any sign of Megan, Joshua – or trouble.

I had already stripped out of my dress and I had pulled on some spare clothes that I had kept in the Audi RS6.

The Cell

The boy's pistol was smashed out of his hands, the moment he entered the cell, and he screamed at the pain before Joshua clubbed him about the head and he went down beside the guard, unconscious.

The girl sidestepped her fallen colleague and she kicked out; she had caught Joshua before he could attack successfully. I brought the butt of the Beretta down hard on her right arm and she dropped her pistol but quick as a flash she rammed her knee into my stomach and I fell to the concrete floor. I tried to raise the large Beretta but I couldn't breathe. Joshua seized the girl and without any feeling,

he forced her to her knees. Then he pulled her arms behind her and secured the handcuffs about her wrists.

Once I was able to breathe again, I ducked out of the cell and checked out our immediate surroundings. There was a corridor with doors to several rooms, all of which were empty, except for one. I returned to the cell and dumped two sets of body armour and a pile of weapons onto the floor.

We took a few minutes to pull on our body armour and then gear up with our weapons. Once we were ready, Josh turned to the girl.

“Time for payment, bitch...” He growled.

I was a little worried about what he was about to do.

..._...

As I watched, Joshua pulled out his commando knife. He stuck the razor sharp blade down the back of the girl’s shirt and cut away her shirt, a t-shirt and her bra strap in one go. He slit the sleeves and then yanked back on the shirt and ripped off the sleeves, the same with the t-shirt. The remaining bra straps were cut and the girl was pushed down onto her front and then rolled onto her back.

Joshua was smirking at what was revealed before his eyes. The girl blushed with embarrassment but no tears fell although I could see them in her eyes. Joshua ripped off her jeans, running shoes, knickers and socks. The girl was naked as the day she was born. I had to admit that she had a very nice body, mature in every way for her age.

“Get up, you fucking whore!” He spat and he dragged the stricken girl to her feet before she herself could move.

The tears began as Joshua dragged her out of the cell and then down the corridor. He was very rough with her and when she stumbled, he jammed a knee into her thigh and seized a handful of the girl’s shoulder length dark brown hair to drag her along. She screamed at the pain, but she did not resist.

“What are going to do with her, Josh?” I asked as I covered our movements with my pistol.

Joshua kicked open a door to the outside world and dragged the naked girl out into the cold night air, only then did he stop and he threw the girl to the ground where she began to sob with the pain and humiliation as she made feeble attempts to cover herself up despite her wrists being firmly secured behind her back.

“I saw what she did to you; she should experience the same humiliation... Then she will die!”

I could tell that Joshua was serious; I knew him well enough for that, but I also knew that he would listen to me when required.

“This is *not* you, Josh – she showed compassion when it was required. She’s proof that *Urban Predator* is one gigantic failure – the CIA fucked it all up and their psychological experiment is crumbling around their ears. I know what she did to me, what she tried to do to me; but it didn’t work...”

Without a hint of emotion, Josh grabbed the sobbing girl by the hair and he pulled her up to her knees, the muzzle of his pistol in her neck.

High above the facility

Movement – I saw movement.

A door opened and then two . . . no, three people emerged. I felt an immense wave of relief when I recognised Joshua and Megan. Who was that with them? Both had pistols, so it was obvious that the other person was their prisoner.

I focussed the night-vision scope – it was a girl . . . a *naked* girl!

“I have them – west side; they have a prisoner!”

The west side

“What was your name, girl?” He demanded.

“I . . . I am Discord...” I replied and I had to force out the words.

I knew that I was about to die and it was hard. I had risked my life repeatedly over the years, but never had I been so close to my inevitable and unstoppable demise. I sobbed uncontrollably and I felt shame for the first time in many years. I looked up and saw compassion in the girl’s eyes – she was right; she was human – unlike me.

“You’re a pretty young thing – shame about what happened to you... Maybe we’ll meet again some sunny day...” Joshua continued and then the pistol was removed from my neck and I knew that I was going to die within seconds.

Then it came; the pistol shot . . . I braced up and expected the pain – only, I felt nothing, just the cold, rough concrete beneath my naked body as I fell onto my side.

I looked up; I was alone.

Outside the facility

“You’re alive!”

“What the fuck did you expect, dear sister?” Megan retorted with her shit-eating grin firmly set.

“What did you do to Joshua?” Shadow demanded.

“You said, and I quote: ‘...bring him back in more or less one piece...’ – he’s in more or less one piece, so stop your fucking whining!”

I laughed as I hugged my little sister. My laughter was tempered by the expression that Joshua was trying in vain to hide. It was dark and he was obviously troubled.

Mathilda had reported that reinforcements were coming, so we quickly ran back to the cars and left the area quickly.

We headed directly back to the Warehouse.

That night

22:55

The Warehouse

We had been back only a few minutes; just long enough for Joshua to receive a hug from Chloe and for him and Megan to reassure us that they were unhurt.

Neither would go into any detail about what had happened, but that had to wait; we had work to do. Dave's team had found something; it was an *Urban Predator* site – we had to attack immediately. In my absence a plan had been put together; Cassie and Jason were staking the place out while we prepared for the attack.

Megan was out of action – I had to make it an order before she had accepted it. She would go and stay with Hailee and the twins. Natasha and Cameron were back and they were both ready to move. I geared up properly and together with Stephanie and Cassie, I prepared to leave. Joshua insisted he was fine and I gave up arguing, but I knew that Chloe was not going to let it lie.

Joshua told her where to go in his uniquely British manner and she wisely backed off.

Wednesday, April 27th 2016

00:30

Urban Predator Training Facility, Milan

It was a medium-sized facility, based on a large warehouse.

Strangely, there were no obvious guards, but there was adequate security in the form of electronic surveillance. We made use of some electronic jammers, courtesy of Fox, and gave them a minute to take effect. Kick-Ass kicked in the main doors, which was just a little too easy for a suspected CIA facility.

We found out why, very quickly, as we burst in, guns raised.

“Holy, shit!” Jackal growled as he took in the scene before him.

It was no longer a training facility...