

Friday, 29th April 2016

Early Afternoon

Now that the immediate issues were resolved and everybody was safe, at least for the moment, we concentrated on why we were in Germany in the first place.

We were meeting up with somebody and we hoped to find out what rock Vossen was hiding under. Considering the issues with the SUVs, we had changed vehicles; it had been scheduled anyway and new vehicles had been sourced.

Well, some of us had... Since I had *slightly damaged* – written off, Dave insisted – my Audi RS3, I needed a new car. In view of that requirement, I had taken delivery of *the* most awesome car I had seen for a long time.

“Fuck me!” Chloe exclaimed as I hit the lights in the Munich garage.

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The automobile was red from hood to trunk and it somehow made a Mustang look like a Model-T Ford in comparison – whatever I thought of European car designers; they sure designed beautiful looking cars. The car had a 6.2-litre supercharged V8 engine and it could rocket past 155mph, reaching sixty in just 4.2 seconds. It sat on black 20-inch alloy wheels and I was getting wet just staring at the subtle curves and muscular shape of the hood and flared wheel arches...

“You’re cumming in your knickers, aren’t you?” Stephanie suggested with a disgusted expression on her face.

“Yep, she is...!” Dave laughed.

The Vauxhall/Opel VXR8 GTC was just an orgasm on wheels and it was *all* mine!

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However, I knew from experience that Chloe enjoyed a good orgasm as much as the next girl...

“What about me?” She demanded indignantly.

“Oh, I knew that you’d want something to get off with, so I got you one of these...”

Chloe almost exploded there and then as I pulled a sheet off the ‘flash blue’, three door Corsa VXR. The girl actually crossed her legs and bit her lip as she struggled to control herself. Stephanie struggled between laughter and disgust.

“Zero to sixty in 6.5 seconds and a top speed of 143mph,” I explained as Chloe quickly fell in love with her new wheels. “You think you can handle that?”

“Well, I’m not driving in that chick-mobile!” Josh growled in disgust.

“I know you, so I found *you* a toy, too...”

I pulled a sheet off the next vehicle.

“The Vauxhall/Opel GTC VXR. It’ll get to sixty in 5.9 seconds and hit 155mph with ease.”

The car was in what they called ‘summit white’ and it looked absolutely awesome, but nowhere near as good as mine, of course, nor Dave’s new ride for that matter.

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“Not bad!” Dave commented as he walked around the ‘lava red’ station wagon.

The Insignia VXR could hit 168mph and sixty in 6.2 seconds. It also benefited from four-wheel-drive which would come in handy later on.

“Can we . . . I, *please*...” Chloe murmured almost incoherently.

I laughed.

“You want to take your orgasm on wheels for a check-ride?” I asked and Chloe just nodded her head as I threw her the key fob. “Just try not to crash it or get a damn ticket!”

“Err, Chloe – can I come...” Stephanie asked.

A little under two minutes later there remained a pair of skid marks and a pungent aroma of burnt rubber as the Corsa vanished out of the garage.

“You think they’ll come back alive?” Jason asked.

“I would not like to lay odds either way,” Dave replied.

Forty minutes later

The Corsa returned with two grinning girls in view.

Stephanie dived out and thought that she might explode with excitement.

“That was awesome!” Stephanie burst out. “We did some awesome handbrake turns and that car is fucking perfect...”

Stephanie prattled on for another ten minutes before Chloe appeared out of her new car. Finally, Chloe clamped a hand over Stephanie’s mouth so that she could speak.

“Thanks, Mindy, that car is outstanding but right now, I need to go change my knickers...” Chloe said gleefully as she ignored Stephanie’s muffled threats of bodily harm.

“Just in time, Stephy – we have to go out...” I chuckled as Chloe removed her hand from the younger girl’s mouth.

“It’s Stephanie or Steph, *not* ‘Stephy’!”

An undisclosed location in Europe

“Is this Hit Girl *really* that dangerous?” Vossen demanded.

“In our assessment, yes.”

“Explain...”

“It’s unsubstantiated, but we are aware of an operation at the end of last year where a member of the *Fusion* ‘family’ was taken. That member was reported to be very close to Hit Girl. As a result, Hit

Girl and her team launched a full-blown assault on an island and over sixty people died, but she rescued her missing member.”

“So she is definitely a major threat?”

“Most definitely – she has taken down everybody that has ever stood in her way.”

“Okay – next topic; where is that bitch, Landy?”

Mid-afternoon

Central Munich, Germany

The four of us met in secret.

Well, as secret as a large public restaurant could be – we had decided that there was safety in public. She was there, alone at the table, as had been arranged. Jason went first while I followed thirty seconds behind, with my daughter. The lady stood up as we approached and she smiled in recognition of the man.

“Good to see you, Jason,” She said warmly as she offered him her hand.

“You too, Pam. I’m just sorry we always have to meet under these circumstances.”

“Too true,” Pam replied as she turned to me. “Hello, Mindy – may I call you Mindy?”

Pamela Landy was, according to her file, fifty-nine-years-old and five foot ten inches tall with long medium blonde hair. She was also highly intelligent and not to be treated lightly.

“It’s my name – please do,” I replied with a smile and I then indicated Stephanie. “This, is my daughter, Stephanie, and she is *Urban Predator*...”

Pam sank down into her chair and she shook her head.

“Will this never end – that sick bastard...” She said quietly, so as not to disturb the other diners.

“You wanted firm evidence, this is it,” I continued. “Stephanie was abandoned when the US end of the operation fell apart – don’t be fooled by the cute little British girl façade; believe me when I say that she could kill us all with little or no thought on the matter.”

Pam considered that last comment.

“I am so sorry, Stephanie, that you had to suffer so badly under the auspices of the CIA,” Landy said to Stephanie before she turned back to Dave and myself.

I had to admit, she seemed honestly upset about Stephanie and what she represented.

“If you can get the evidence against Vossen, I can put him down . . . but...” Landy turned back to Stephanie. “... A long, drawn out court case would only hurt the United States and I am sure that Stephanie would find another purpose for that man...”

Landy let it hang and I saw Stephanie smirk darkly as she understood exactly what Landy was hinting at.

“Did I understand that woman right?” Stephanie asked. “A CIA Director actually said that I could terminate Vossen?”

“Yes, she did – that surprised me a bit, but from what I’ve heard, Landy is all business,” I replied.

“She is that,” Jason confirmed. “In the trade, we call it being given a ‘green light’, as in Landy gave you the green light to terminate that cunt...”

Stephanie laughed before she turned to me.

“What was in that file she passed you,” Stephanie requested curiously.

I stopped walking and turned to face Stephanie.

“It should tell us what Miranda was doing in that place . . . where she died...” I said slowly after a moment’s hesitation.

I had not wanted to bring it up, not yet and not right at that moment but I was not about to lie to the girl. It had taken time to build up a level of trust with her; I was not about to destroy what we had built between us.

“Thank you for telling me,” Stephanie said without a hint of emotion. “Can I read the file?”

“Yes, but not right now.”

“Did she give you anything else?” Stephanie persisted.

Pam and I had talked for a few minutes while Jason had taken Stephanie off to one side. Jason had taken on the role of Stephanie’s bodyguard for that meeting – just in case.

“We believe that Miranda may have been working with somebody else before she died. That man was part of *Urban Predator*, back in the US, but he was redeployed to Europe as an instructor there. As Pam understands it; his daughter may have been abducted and put into *Urban Predator*. He has stayed undercover to find her. He is codenamed: Astute.”

“Can we get in contact with him?”

Stephanie’s quest for knowledge was insatiable.

“For now, no – Pam says that he will contact *us* if he needs *us*...”

The rest of the walk back to the car was silent. I sensed that Stephanie’s mood was getting worse by the minute.

The Safehouse

“Problem?” Dave asked as a stormy Stephanie swept past him.

“Not really...” I replied as I heard a door slam from the direction Stephanie had headed. “The CIA have officially given Stephanie permission to kill that bastard...”

“Useful...” Dave commented. “And...”

“I have a file that should help us find out what Miranda was doing in that CIA tomb.”

“Ah – she knows about the file... That would explain her mood – I’ll go see her.”

I watched Dave as he headed off towards the back of the Safehouse. I hated to see Stephanie upset, so I sat down and began to read the file that Pam Landy had passed to me.

“Steph?”

“Leave me alone, please, Dave.”

“Not happening...”

The ten-year-old girl was lying on her front on her bed and she was crying. I sat down beside her and carefully place a hand on her back. She was shaking as she cried and I felt really sad for her. I knew what it was like to lose somebody close to you. I also knew what it was like for somebody that you loved to die traumatically.

“Stephanie, I know it’s hard to lose somebody...”

“It hurts so much...” Stephanie said as she rolled over and wrapped her arms around my waist.

“It does – it will never go away but the hurt does subside, only it takes time for that to happen.”

“If I had not been there then she might still be alive. If I had been more careful then I would not have needed protecting. If...”

I cut her off...

“If I had not been so damn careless and gullible, then Mindy’s Dad may still be alive. If I had listened to my own Dad and hung up the wetsuit, then he may still be alive today. If I had not found the guts to strap on that jet pack, then Mindy would have died and *Fusion* would never have existed... If Mindy had died, then maybe *Urban Predator* would never have been setup. Then you might still be living with your family...”

Stephanie sat up smartly.

“Dave – don’t put any of this on yourself!” She said sharply.

“Why not – you were based on Mindy; so, if I had not rescued her...”

“You’re fucking with me...”

“No, I am not – but I want you to understand that playing the ‘if’ game sucks. It has you sinking into a quagmire of depression – believe me.”

“My life is all a façade. I allowed them to manipulate me...”

“You had no choice; you were seven-years-old, Stephanie.”

“Everybody that I ever loved, is gone and I’m scared of losing what I have left – you, Mindy, Anne-Marie and Danny, the rest of *Fusion*...”

“This is a lot for anybody to handle, let alone a kid your age.”

“It was just a shock, Mindy bringing up Miranda. She could have lied and kept that file from me but I’m glad she trusted me.”

“Mindy loves you and has a lot of trust in you. She would only lie to you if it was really important. She also doesn’t want to betray the trust that you have between you both.”

“Thanks, Dave – without you two, I would be very dead.”

“Very dead as opposed to just ‘dead’?”

“There’s a difference...” Stephanie growled with a smile.

That night

Eastern Munich

I had the bastard; he was mine!

We had had him surrounded – at least Dave and I did, until some dick of a cop had intervened. Vossen had known that he was cornered and he had somehow lost his security detail. While Dave had walked toward him, I had kept an eye out for trouble – we could not pull firearms out in broad daylight; not in Germany’s largest city...

Dave had his hand on Vossen’s arm and he was about to lead him to his VXR when we heard a stern voice from behind us. I span around to see a Munich Police Officer approaching.

“Polizei – ist es ein problem, denn hier?”

Dave quickly let go of Vossen and moved away from the man.

“Nein,” he replied quickly.

“Es war nichts,” Vossen said – obviously not wanting any Police attention.

I was furious and I swore violently to myself as Dave and I climbed back into the VXR and Vossen quickly vanished down a side street while the Police Officer went on his way.

The Safehouse

On entering the Safehouse, I kicked out, quite literally, at the first thing I saw, which rather awkwardly turned out to be Hailee.

“Really?” She demanded as she easily fended off my kick. “Have you forgotten about what happened to me a few days back?”

“Oh, fuck, I’m so sorry, Hailee – it’s just that we had the bastard and we lost him...”

“Shit happens, Mindy – just don’t take it out on your team and especially not on the one already covered in bruises from head to toe.”

I felt my face going very red and I grinned in embarrassment.

“You causing shit, again, Mindy?” Cassie queried as she wandered past.

“Apparently...”

“Don’t worry, Mom, we still love you...” Anne-Marie offered with a giggle.

“I’m gonna go extinguish my face in the shower,” I groaned.

Saturday, 30th April 2016

Early the following morning, we geared up to leave Germany; you could only leave so many dead bodies and wrecked vehicles behind before somebody began to take notice...

According to the file that Landy had provided and the information from the hard disk that the two girls had recovered, we had confirmed our next destination as the City of Turin, back in Italy. The plan was to leave very early and hopefully avoid both traffic and what would probably be a very vengeful Vossen and his CIA teams. It would also be useful if we could avoid any entanglements with the local Polizei too...

But that, I thought, was wishful thinking.

Mindy with Stephanie, Anne-Marie and Danny

As we hurtled down the tree-lined Sieboldstraße, we found our route blocked by a dark-coloured BMW M3.

I slammed on the brakes and for a moment, we both just glared at each other before a gun appeared out of the BMW's passenger window. Stephanie did the same as I slipped the gearbox into reverse and the VXR8 accelerated hard back up the street.

Bullets flew in all directions as Stephanie kept up a steady flow of bullets from her Glock 26 and switched out magazines one after the other. In the rear seat, Anne-Marie kept up a steady flow of replacement fifteen-round magazines as her older sister drained them. Danny was reloading the empty magazines as fast as his little fingers could move.

Another similar BMW appeared behind us and I executed a swift J-turn to bring the VXR8 back facing the correct direction of travel but I let the turn continue past 180-degrees and at 270-degrees, we accelerated into a large parking structure. Both BMWs followed as we drove quickly around the tight corners. Which, considering that parking garages were designed to force low-speed travel, was not so easy and the VXR8 was a large car to throw around in the tight confines of that garage.

Stephanie had now turned around and she was firing behind us. She managed a strike too and the windscreen of the pursuing BMW M3 crazed over as a bullet passed through it which caused the car to crash into a pillar with a loud bang. The other M3 appeared and roared past it's disabled twin.

"Take it to the roof!" Abby ordered from the other side of the city and I took the next ramp upwards.

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Seconds later, the VXR8 burst out into the sunlight, closely followed by the BMW M3.

In a perfectly timed shot, the .50 BMG round left the barrel of the Accuracy International AX50 long-range rifle at over 2,700 feet-per-second. In around a second, the armour-piercing round pierced the BMW's radiator grill and thudded into the straight six-cylinder engine block, shattered the precision engineered block of aluminium and caused a catastrophic coolant and lubrication leak. The engine seized less than three seconds later before it tore itself apart.

All power was lost to the brakes and steering as the car became nothing more than almost two tonnes of projectile governed by the laws of physics that then hurtled towards the steel and concrete barrier that was all which was between the BMW M3 saloon and oblivion.

To add insult to injury, the driver's head exploded as yet another bullet passed through the windscreen, his head and then the rear window before it embedded itself several inches deep in the concrete structure of the car park. The BMW slammed into a parked Mercedes-Benz sedan and flipped over onto its roof with a resounding crash.

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We did not wait around for reinforcements; I jammed the accelerator down and we fishtailed off the roof and down the ramp and we kept going till we hit the street and as moved out of the area very fast.

The grey and green BMW with flashing blue lights and Polizei emblazoned on hood and doors roared toward us as we drove up Kapuzinerstraße.

Before they could intercept us, I put the VXR8 into a four-wheel drift before I put my foot down and headed up Maistraße. In the rear view mirror, I could see the BMW 3-series Polizeiauto and it was closing on us fast. I had to be careful as the street was busy with traffic and pedestrians. I approached a T-junction and heard more sirens approaching.

I saw a BMW 5-series Polizeiauto turn into Maistraße and he tried to block me, but I managed to use the awesome power of the 6.2-litre supercharged V8 engine and we squeezed past with two wheels on the sidewalk. Behind me the BMW 3-series Polizeiauto was not so fortunate and both Polizeiauto collided with a resounding crash.

I turned left onto Reisingerstraße and after a minute of relatively careful driving, I could see nobody in pursuit.

Cameron with Eric

Natasha with Cassie and Megan

Cameron stomped on the brakes and the red VW Golf R screeched to a halt less than a foot from his sister's blue VW Scirocco R.

"Stay there, Eric!" Cameron warned as he pulled on his mask and dived out of the car.

"I'm going fucking nowhere..." Eric gripped as he pulled on his own mask and slunk down into his seat.

"What you got sis?" Drift asked as he dropped down beside his sister who was crouched down behind her car.

Beside Crimson, Nemesis and Wildcat crouched down, pistols visible in their hands. I peered over the roof of the Scirocco and my shoulders slumped as I slid back to the ground.

"Where the fuck did they come from?" I demanded.

"You got me?" Wildcat growled as she deployed the claws from her left gauntlet. "We goin' in or what?"

"Eager little bitch, isn't she?" Nemesis chuckled.

"Fuck it!" I growled. "You with me, girls?"

"Where'd you suddenly grow some balls from, bro?" Crimson demanded.

“Quit bitching and let’s fucking MOVE!”

With that we all jumped up and ran forwards, pistols blazing.

They were thugs; there was nothing else to say about it.

The CIA must have hired some local muscle; they had got it too! Some of the men were fucking *huge* and they had tattoos up their necks and on their bulging arms. These were serious right-wing extremists of the very worst kind. It seemed that somebody had done their homework as some sported body armour which for a few of their number seemed completely redundant due to their sheer bulk.

I noticed Wildcat actually glance at her claws for a moment and then at the thugs; I was sure that she was gauging if her claws could actually go deep enough to cause any damage... There were about a dozen or so of them and they each carried a large melee weapon of some sort – metal baseball bats and the odd machete were starkly in evidence.

I saw one man take three or four bullets from Nemesis with barely a hint at slowing down; he just shrugged off the bullets and kept on coming. The analogy of trying to stop a freight train came to mind... Then it was all hands on deck as I deployed an Asp baton and did what I could to defend myself.

I heard a scream from Wildcat as somebody swiped her with their bat but the perpetrator received a bullet to the side of the head and Wildcat used the next man to test her claws as she dug them deep into his neck. The man crumpled next to his dead colleague – maybe they *were* mortal!

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I turned as my brother yelled out in pain and I saw Drift collapse under the weight of a very angry pile of muscle. I tried to intervene but received a punch in my stomach and I fell to the ground very badly winded. I was about to scramble back to my feet when I felt a very strong hand on my arm and I was almost lifted off the ground, however, there was care in how I was lifted to my feet and I looked up into the eyes of a big man; not a thug, just a big man.

The man wore black combat gear and over that a sand coloured flak jacket and on his head a helmet of similar colour. His face was hidden behind a balaclava and he wore combat goggles. On his right thigh was a holster and I recognised the butt of a Glock pistol sticking out. Across his chest was the unmistakable shape of a Heckler & Koch G36K assault rifle.

“Stand aside, Crimson,” the man said in German accented English as he and several similarly dressed colleagues surged forwards and attacked the thugs.

“Holy fuck!”

I was stunned by the turn of events as I was grabbed around the waist by a very strong arm and was about to attack my attacker when I heard a voice in my ear.

“You’re safe now, Nemesis – have no fear.”

The man was huge and strangely, he made me feel safe. Whoever they were, they had saved our lives. As I was returned to my feet, I saw Wildcat struggling with another one of the men who had

the single word 'Polizei' on his chest in white letters on a black background. I grimaced and yelled at Wildcat to quit attacking what could only be GSG9 - Grenzschutzgruppe 9 der Bundespolizei – I had done my homework before we had arrived in Germany! One of the troopers laughed as he lowered Wildcat back to her feet and 'dusted' her off.

It was all over in a flash as the thugs were rapidly subdued with rapid and decisive force.

Drift made a start at standing up; he appeared a little dazed.

"You okay, little bro?" Crimson enquired as she helped her brother to his feet.

"Little?" Wildcat asked.

"I'm older than him..."

"By forty-five minutes!"

"Still older!" Crimson laughed.

One of the thugs looked decidedly pissed at being subdued and then cuffed.

"Verhaften sie!" He yelled out angrily.

"Nein! Sie sind Freunde von Deutschland!" A trooper replied savagely.

"Care to translate?" Wildcat asked.

"He told us to arrest *you*..." one of the troopers replied. "We told him that you are friends of Germany..."

"I could have taken them!" Wildcat growled.

"Of course!" a trooper replied with a curt nod and a chuckle before he turned serious. "You must go now... We would advise you to leave Germany directly."

Within two minutes we were half a mile away from the scene and headed south.

Mindy with Stephanie, Anne-Marie and Danny

"Mom?"

"Yeah, honey?" I responded as I overtook a slow-moving car at speed.

"Can I get a cutie mark?" Anne-Marie asked and I almost hit another car.

"WHAT?"

"I want a cutie mark . . . on my butt!"

"You want a *cutie mark* on your *butt*?" Danny asked his sister.

"Where else would I put it, Moron!"

"No cutie marks!" I growled before a full blown argument could commence. "Time and a place, Anne-Marie!"

