

**Sunday, 1<sup>st</sup> May 2016**

**Turin, Italy**

It had been a long journey; over eight hours including stops, and we the drivers, we were exhausted and desperate for a coffee and some sleep.

We had finally stopped on some desolate mountain road where we had had a good lookout and we had managed a couple hours of sleep, which had been better than nothing. Suddenly, as we entered civilisation again, Mindy slammed on the brakes of her VXR8 and she skidded to a halt. I was forced to do the same to avoid a collision.

“What is it?” I demanded over the comms as looked around and expected trouble.

I looked ahead and followed Mindy’s fixed gaze and I groaned.

“Totally, not happening!” I said firmly.

“But, Dave; it’s purple!”

“No...”

“It’s purple...” she growled.

“No...”

“It’s fucking purple...”

She was borderline pleading...

“Do I really have to repeat myself?”

“It’s purple for fuck’s sake...”

She was desperate...

“Don’t care – it’s *so* not happening...”

“Don’t you love me?”

Here we go...

“I’m *not* playing *that* game, Mindy...”

“I don’t *care* what *you* think!”

I glared through my windshield and into her wing mirror and therefore at Mindy – she wilted under my stare; as she often did when she knew that she was in the wrong.

“Bastard!” She muttered.

“Can we go now?”

“But it’s purple – I just gotta...”

She always had to have one last go...

I pretended to cry into my hands; Anne-Marie giggled.

“Sometimes, I just don’t know what to do with you...”

Despair.

“It’s why you love me...”

“I suppose – but I’m still not buying a goddamn purple Lamborghini!”

I was left chocking on tyre smoke as a very annoyed Mindy slammed her foot down.

---

### ***That afternoon***

*He* was in the City.

How did we know? Because he had contacted us... Mindy and I were approached at lunch – it was just the two of us as everybody else was at the Safehouse. It was a man, on his own, with his hands held away from his body. He came directly up to us.

“Good afternoon, Mr and Mrs Lizewski.”

“Speak, before you die!” I growled as the man held out his CIA credentials.

The man ignored my intended threat and handed over an envelope.

“I am to await your response...”

“Well do it over there; you stink!” Mindy retorted.

The man frowned but still he took a stroll towards the corner of the bar. I opened the envelope and pulled out a single piece of paper. It was straight and to the point...

...+...

*We must meet.*

*Vossen*

...+...

“Well?”

“It’s a fucking trap!” Mindy muttered.

“Obviously...”

“On the other hand...”

“You do like fucking with people...”

“What have we got to lose?”

“You.”

I waved over the hovering CIA man.

“We agree,” I said.

“A car will come for Mrs Lizewski at seven tonight.”

“I’ll be waiting; will it be formal?”

“No...” The man began before he saw Mindy’s smirk and he realised that she was fucking with him.

---

### ***The Safehouse***

“I want nobody anywhere near that place. But Chloe, could you be ready to extract me?”

“No sweat, Mindy,” Chloe replied.

“I’ll come...” Stephanie began.

“No, you won’t – you are the *last* person I want anywhere near Vossen at the moment.”

I glared at my daughter, who just glared back.

“Okay, girls – enough with the glaring,” Dave grinned and I smirked at him.

Stephanie looked none too pleased but she said nothing.

---

### ***That night***

#### ***Seven o’clock***

The face to face meet was an extreme measure, and was most probably a trap; but hey – Hit Girl enjoyed a little danger...

Almost to the second, a large Jeep SUV pulled up, with only a driver inside. The driver indicated the right rear door, so I walked over and pulled on the handle – nothing happened. I rapped on the passenger window.

“Any time, now!”

The central locking cycled, I pulled the door open and climbed in.

“Jackass!” I growled at the driver who went slightly red, but he drove off as soon as I slammed the door.

...\_...

We drove through the city and I kept an eye open for trouble but the driver neither talked nor looked at anything other than the road ahead.

I had plenty to say to that bastard and I wished that I could just kill him and end it all, however, we were not ready for him to die; we needed some questions answered first and I hoped that he felt the same about me.

When we finally pulled over, we were on the Via Milano at the Piazza-ella Repubblica. The driver stopped the SUV but he did not get out. An obvious bodyguard approached my door and he held it open for me to alight which I did. He waved me towards a restaurant which was very obviously a fish-related restaurant as I could see a giant tank that must have held a couple of tons of water towards the back through the glazed front.

I walked up the steps that led up to the front of the restaurant and the door was held open by yet another obvious bodyguard and I entered the restaurant. Vossen himself was sitting comfortably in a chair at a table that was set for two. As I approached him, I was stopped by a lady who then ran a

wand over my body. The wand beeped at the small of my back – I removed the small Glock 26 pistol with two fingers.

“A girl has to look after herself...” I offered and Vossen forced a smile.

The wand beeped again at my sneakers – I removed a pair of throwing knives. Vossen’s expression said, ‘Really!’. I smirked and just shrugged my shoulders before I was declared ‘disarmed’ and I took my seat.

“A drink?” Vossen offered.

“No thank you,” I replied with forced politeness.

“You are a very resourceful young lady, Mrs Lizewski, and you are a very remarkable opponent that I have learnt, to my cost, to respect.”

“I haven’t finished yet...”

“Naturally. Now, what can we do to end this?”

“You could kill yourself...”

Vossen chuckled.

“Well *that* isn’t going to happen now, is it...”

“I can help you if you wish...” I deadpanned.

“Shall we dispense with the pleasantries?”

“I am going to come after you, and I am going to keep coming after you, until I am satisfied that you are rotting in hell and every part of your despicable little *Urban Predator* program is destroyed and laid to waste.”

Vossen mulled that over for a moment before he responded.

“Now – why don’t we quietly get outta here and onto a plane...”

My temper rose steadily and I was getting very, very pissed off; I was not one for word games and it was obvious that he did not want to talk. It was also equally obvious that he was not going to be very forthcoming with any information.

“I can understand you’re very upset...” Vossen said calmly.

“Vossen, you’ve never seen me, very upset...” I growled.

“All right, *Mindy*. Enough is enough...”

I gauged my position and I decided that the fourteen to one odds were borderline at best, so I reached into my right pocket, without attracting any attention to my movements, and I removed one of Fox’s half dollar coins. From my other pocket, I retrieved one of Fox’s two pound coins. I joined them together and counted to five; by that time, the coins had connected and they were warming up fast.

Vossen stood up and his minions began to close in on me from every direction. I deftly threw the two conjoined coins at the monstrous fish tank and I ran for the door. Men began to draw firearms, but before anybody did more than reach, the coins detonated and the glass front of the tank

shattered. As the glass exploded outwards, tons of water flooded across the restaurant and the men and women were washed off their feet by the torrent.

...\_...

I ran out the door and I did my utmost to keep well ahead of the surging maelstrom of water – my feet and legs were soaked, but I wasn't about to argue about some damp shoes and pants! The odd table overtook me and I had to jump over it; I ignored the fish as they swam past. The blue Corsa VXR skidded to a halt mere feet from me and I dived into the front passenger seat and as the car accelerated hard, I turned to my left to see a grinning Chloe. She indicated the backseat with her thumb and I turned to see Stephanie and Megan grinning at me – each girl held an H&K MP7A2 PDW in their lap.

“Does *anybody* follow my orders anymore?”

“Can it, Mindy,” Megan shot back and I gave up arguing.

“You three take bitchiness to a fucking whole new level!” I growled as Chloe sped through the night.

---

### ***The Safehouse***

“I assume all went well?” Dave commented as I climbed out of the Corsa.

“Perfect, dumbass!” I growled in response.

“She came running out ahead of this massive torrent of water – it was fucking awesome!” Megan laughed.

“Was your friend a little annoyed with you?” Dave persisted.

“My what...?” I began, but then I stopped – the wanker was winding me up.

I smirked at Chloe, Stephanie and Megan before I replied.

“You can keep winding me up, if you want, Dave – but can we do it while we're naked and you're fucking the Hit out of Hit Girl?”

I saw Stephanie and Megan go beet-red in response to my comment and Chloe smiled. Then I screamed as Dave swept me off my feet and carried me towards our bedroom.

“Just what do you think you're doing, Dave?”

---

### ***Monday, 2<sup>nd</sup> May 2016***

#### ***Early morning***

While my meeting with Vossen may not have been very successful; my night with my husband had been extremely successful in every way and by the morning I was seriously tingling in places that I never knew even existed.

Over breakfast, I ignored the other cunts who grinned at my flushed complexion and who made snide comments about some screams that had emanated from our bedroom the night before. After the events in Germany and the events in Milan, I decided that it would probably be best to leave the city as soon as possible.

Vossen was obviously up to something but I had no idea what, so we needed to keep close to him. Despite my escaping Vossen, we had kept tabs on him from the moment that he had left the restaurant – Nicky and Mathilda had kept an eye on him since he had returned to his hotel. Vossen had met up with some other men, in the early hours, and we were busy trying to identify them from photos that Nicky had obtained.

The intention was to try and capture Vossen along with those men.

---

### ***Later that morning***

Not surprisingly, it seemed that Vossen had his own teams out looking for *us*.

We had taken to the roads and had fanned out to make the CIA's job at intercepting us as hard as possible. Despite being separated there was a strategic logic to our disposition and we were thus able to provide support to each other if required.

That plan went into action much sooner than I would have liked.

---

### ***Chloe***

"Go faster, girl!"

"I'm going as fast as I dare..."

The summit white GTC VXR was mere inches away from the rear bumper of my flash blue Corsa VXR as we both roared up Corso Francesco Ferrucci, with three Carabinieri Alfa Romeo 159 police cars close behind. As I was about to cross over Corso Vittorio Emanuele II – what a name – I threw the wheel over and brought the hood around 100-degrees to the left and headed up Piazza Adriano. I saw Josh do the same and narrowly avoid crashing into me as he avoided my violent manoeuvre – oops!

"Fucking women drivers!" Josh yelled out over the comms.

I followed the curved street around and bolted across Corso Vittorio Emanuele II, which elicited a chorus of horns and rude gestures as I dodged the little Fiat 500s. In the rear-view mirror, I could see a rather pissed off Joshua who followed in my wake and threaded his way through the disrupted traffic. The Carabinieri had struggled to keep up with Joshua but they were quickly sorting themselves out. I continued around the piazza and came back onto Corso Francesco Ferrucci, heading south and then I swiftly turned left onto Corso Vittorio Emanuele II, heading east.

That had been fun!

The Corsa was nimble and I loved it – the power was awesome and the little car did exactly what I demanded of it. Behind me, Joshua caught up as we raced east.

...\_...

A mile later, I turned hard left, up a tree-lined street called Corso Re Umberto. I swerved out and overtook some shitty little Fiats and Alfas as I went. I noticed Joshua as he raced up the tram tracks that ran along the inside of the street. At Piazza Solferino the road split and I cut up some little old lady in her dilapidated Fiat as I veered to the right behind Joshua who had forged ahead.

I followed at speed, narrowly avoiding crazy pedestrians as I went. Then I swore violently as Joshua slammed on his brakes to avoid another Carabinieri Alfa 159 and he mounted the curb which allowed me to shoot past.

“You snooze you lose!” I called out with a laugh – the response was unintelligible and knowing Josh, probably foul.

I now had Josh hard up my backside – not somewhere I would normally allow him; *hey*, I was *not* that kind of girl...

“Damn, these Italian rozzers are everywhere!” Josh exclaimed.

---

### ***Mindy, with Stephanie and Anne-Marie***

Josh and Chloe were having problems – but then so was I!

I was being chased by three Alfa Romeos, several miles away from my friends – while they had the cops, or rozzers as Josh called them, I had the damned CIA and they appeared to have done their homework since Paris and they were driving Alfa Romeo Giulia Quadrifoglio autos. They were comparable in performance to my own car and the drivers seemed to know how to use them properly, too.

Beside me, sat Stephanie with a SIG Sauer MPX in her lap. Behind her, strapped in tight was Anne-Marie with her own pistol ready for instant use in its holster. We were racing along Via Pietro Micca, heading northeast toward the river. Half a minute later, our four high-powered vehicles roared into Piazza Castello and I was forced to take evasive action as I narrowly avoided a damn tram that had suddenly appeared and blocked my route. I cringed as the wing-mirror was smashed off beside Stephanie who yelled out in annoyance at the close shave.

“Well, you weren’t using it!” She exclaimed with a smirk.

“Hey – quit using movie lines on me!” I growled back and Anne-Marie laughed out loud.

At least, if they could both joke and laugh, they weren’t all that scared... My thoughts were cut off as a voice came into my earpiece – it was Jason.

“Head down Via Po – we have a surprise ready... Keep your speed up, Hit Girl.”

The street was narrow and there was plenty of traffic – the Italian driving was, to be brutally honest, appalling which made predicting their movements next to impossible.

“Standby – I see you...”

...\_...

Fifty yards ahead, I saw a hulking Mitsubishi Shogun SUV and it was beginning to move – I flashed past it with only inches to spare as it moved into the path of the first Alfa... Damn – the collision was spectacular even in the rear-view mirror!

“One down! You still have two on your ass – the drivers are good; I think one may be damaged,” Jason advised me.

I soon had an Alfa mere inches from my ass – it must have been the damaged Alfa as it soon began to swerve erratically before it suddenly skidded, went sideways and then flipped over onto its roof

with a resounding crashing noise. The third Alfa leant on its horn and veered over to the right where it dived down the sidewalk to avoid the other wrecked Alfa. However, the sidewalk was part of the building and lined with narrow arches, so the Alfa had to negotiate the full hundred yards or so of the arcade before it could re-join the cobbled street.

We both burst out onto Piazza Vittorio Veneto together and we raced for the bridge over the river – if he got there first, we would be done for. The VXR8 was *not* a Mini Cooper and I could not just drive across the weir! His hood came level with my own and he soon surged past me as he floored the accelerator and the bi-turbo engine roared a crescendo as it sucked in air and accelerated further.

We were *not* going to make it...

---

### ***Dave, with Abby and Danny***

“No, Dave – don’t even think it!” I warned as I saw what was ahead.

“Abigail – you gotta live dangerously,” he growled with an evil smirk on his face.

He drove the Insignia like it was a goddamn Ferrari! We could see Mindy as we blazed down Corso Moncalieri, on the opposite side of the river. Dave concentrated on the road ahead while I was able to watch Mindy as she tried in vain to make the bridge before the CIA blocked her off.

“Go, Mom!” Danny breathed from the backseat as he willed his Mom forward.

Dave kicked the Insignia into a power slide and he then floored the accelerator to send us over the bridge, directly *at* the CIA car. It was a sure sign that Dave had been spending far too much time with the head nutcase, Hit Girl, and had been corrupted!

---

### ***Mindy, with Stephanie and Anne-Marie***

Oh, fuck!

The crazy fucker was gonna do it.

“Keep it coming – he has only one way to go...” Dave said calmly.

The combined closing speed was somewhere in the region of 160mph – if there was a collision... The CIA car could see what was going to happen and a dozen or so yards from the bridge he slammed on his brakes and attempted to stop as he pulled over to the right, which allowed me to sweep over the bridge, flash past the lava red Insignia with my husband at the wheel and make landfall on the far side.

I slammed on the brakes and skidded to a halt in a four-wheel drift immediately outside the Chiesa della Gran Madre di Dio. I turned to watch as the Insignia span around in a cloud of tyre smoke and I could see the CIA car as it hung precariously over the river. As we all watched, the Insignia drove toward the CIA men and with a gentle nudge, Dave sent the Alfa over the edge where it crashed down into a slipway and then rolled into the water of the Po River.

A minute later, Dave pulled up beside me.

“You miss me?” He asked with his usual dorky grin.

“That was totally nuts, Dave, but it worked...” I replied with a smile.

“Nuts is *not* the word for it!” Abby complained bitterly.

“I’m sure Eric’ll calm you down later,” I commented.

“No, he won’t; he does the absolute opposite, he...” Abby said before she clammed up and her face went very red.

“Too much information, Abigail!” I laughed.

---

### **Forty minutes later**

We were out of the main city and we fervently hoped that we were in the clear – ha, that would have been far too easy!

I had enjoyed the ride to that point and I was glad that I had not had an accident in my panties as some of the ride had been scary but also exhilarating – Steph gave me that word. I had a hand on my Walther pistol and I worried that I would not be able to do anything if the time came. It had been months since I had killed that man, back on the island – could I do that again?

I was snapped out of my thoughts as the car lurched to one side and then stopped violently. Stephanie turned to me.

“Get down!”

It was the voice and look that Stephanie used when she was in her ‘Psyche mode’; the voice and look scared me and I instantly obeyed as I dived to the floor and drew my pistol. From my position I could see Stephanie push open her door and open fire with her MPX; the staccato roar as she fired short bursts at somebody ahead of the car.

Mom was out of the car and she fired several single shots with her Glock towards the rear of the car.

---

Two cars had stopped ahead of us and blocked the street.

Behind us, a truck had skidded across the road and prevented our escape; we would have to shoot our way out. Four men came at us from each direction – Stephanie dropped three with two bursts and kept the other head down. I dropped two more who advanced behind us and caught sight of another man who had tried to come around behind me but he had spoiled his approach by screaming out

It was only when I had dropped him with a bullet to the head that I saw the pink-handled Balisong embedded in the man’s shoulder blade.

---

The man had come around the back of the car and he stopped beside my window.

I saw him bring his pistol up and I just reacted. I pressed the button and the rear window came down fast. I flicked my Balisong open and rammed the three and a quarter inch blade into the man’s shoulder. He screamed in pain and Mom dropped him.

I closed the window...

---

Stephanie had dropped her MPX and she had her SIG in her hands.

A man, almost on his knees, crept around a parked car, his pistol held out before him. Stephanie saw him as he emerged; she raised the SIG and aimed it at the man's head. The man had only to move his own pistol just an inch to shoot the girl.

"Go ahead – make my day..." Stephanie growled and I groaned.

Mind you, the man groaned too as he quite rightly chose to drop his own SIG. Stephanie pistol whipped him and he collapsed to the ground.

"Really?" I growled at the unrepentant youngster as she walked back towards the VXR8.

There was movement to one side and I saw a gun move – one of the men was not quite dead... There was a single gunshot and the movement ceased. Stephanie ejected her spent magazine and inserted a full one.

"Waste of a damn good bullet..." she complained as she climbed into the car and slammed her door.

I shook my head and made for my own door.

"You coming or what?" Stephanie demanded in a very impatient tone.

"Fuck!" I breathed as I climbed in and closed my door.

I noticed a small alley between two building which I had not seen before and as I turned toward it, suddenly remembered something and threw something pink behind me where it landed on the back seat.

"Awesome!" I heard Anne-Marie squeal as she climbed out of the foot well to seize her Balisong.

---

### ***That evening***

The drive south, out of Milan was speedy and we sped down the E717, which was arrow straight in most places, at high-speed.

As we got closer to the coast we reached an awesome piece of road near Cadibona on the Viadotto Torre, A6 Torino to Savona road.

The road began to dive in and out of short tunnels and over small viaducts as it negotiated the sides of the rolling hills. Then, you passed *over* the same road and wrapped around the hill to the right before you entered a tunnel that came out below where you had just been, it was fucking awesome and it felt like you were driving along a pretzel!

The road continued to wind its way along elevated sections along the hills as we headed south.

---

It was after we had passed the town of Moggie, that things went to shit.

Just to complicate things, a violent thunderstorm had begun. Rain pounded down in such a way that it seemed to be trying to rival Niagara Falls. Chloe, who was the third vehicle in our convoy managed to find herself off the E80 and she was on a side road which would take her to the coast at Torbora.

Her flash blue Corsa shot along the road and nipped in and out of the steady traffic as she tried to regain the E80. In response to the change in road conditions, Chloe had eased up on the accelerator and she allowed the car's advanced electronic safety systems to aid her as she kept up a high, but not extreme, overall speed.

As soon as we had realised that she was missing, the convoy had stopped and we had sent a car back for her. Backup for Chloe was mere minutes away from her, but their ETA would be affected by the same weather. All she had to do was stay safe until that backup arrived...

...\_...

However, the enemy arrived first in the form of a Jeep SUV as it slammed into the right-hand side of the Corsa just as it passed a junction. Chloe fought to control her car as it was forced into opposing traffic; she was able to swerve back into the correct lane, just before a head on collision with a BMW sedan.

Chloe increased speed away from the SUV and she quickly lost it in the driving rain. The collision and near head-on crash had shaken and scared her but she was not one to allow a minor mishap to get in the way; she quickly regained control of herself and she called in the collision.

"*Fusion*, Jeep SUV just swiped me; I have damage but for now, I'm in the clear... Oh, fuck – maybe not..."

"Help is about three miles away and closing – hang in there!" I replied.

"I'll be here..." Chloe replied confidently as she kept an eye on the approaching Jeep which had just emerged from the driving rain.

...\_...

Ultimately, it was a combination of bad luck and the extreme weather.

The road had changed from being relatively straight and level to being both curved and hilly. Chloe sub-consciously changed her driving style to reflect the different road conditions. As well as the driving rain impeding visibility; it was growing darker by the minute. The Corsa had very good headlights, but when coupled with the rain; they struggled to pierce the gloom ahead.

The Jeep SUV was only a dozen yards behind. Each time it tried to overtake Chloe, it was impeded by a car driving in the opposite direction. Chloe had the same problem as she tried to make progress in the light traffic. The wipers were only just keeping up with the rain and the inside of the windshield kept misting up. The road began to climb and then it zig-zagged as the route negotiated the grade.

The turns became more and more severe, but then, just as another left-hand bend came up, an oncoming car took the bend wide and veered onto Chloe's side of the road.

---

**Chloe**

"Fuck!"

The headlights were blazing ahead of me and on *my* fucking side of the goddamn road – my mind ran at a fast pace as it formulated a plan of action. As my side of the road was protected by a very solid concrete barrier, my only option was to switch over to the left-hand side of the road. The oncoming car smashed into the concrete barrier a dozen yards ahead and bounced off – I floored the accelerator and passed by on the left side of the road with just inches to spare.

I heard another smash when the car behind me collided with the wrecked Peugeot as it bounced off the concrete barrier. Then more lights appeared ahead of me; this time, it was *me* on the wrong side of the road. I swerved over to the other side of the road, my tyres squealed and the Electronic Stability Control indicator flashed yellow as the various electronic safety systems fought against inertia in an attempt to keep the vehicle running in both a straight line and on four wheels.

However, as the back end of the car weaved to follow the front, the physical forces of the inertia won out and the vehicle's tyres began to lose grip and then the inevitable loss of control began...

---

Chloe took full advantage of every driving skill that she possessed but she lacked the experience to control the vehicle and as a result, she lost control completely and she became little more than a passenger as the car hurtled into oblivion.