

Tuesday, 10th May 2016

**CIA Station, Toulouse
Urban Predator Headquarters (Europe)**

2210 Hours

Jackal

I glared at the girl.

The bitch glared back at me – she had no idea that I was the same person who had stripped her and almost killed her, just two weeks previously. I was hurting her as I forced her against the wall and I enjoyed it.

“Not quite a sunny day, but I said we’d meet again,” I growled. “This time, my conscience ain’t with me – so I can make you suffer, just as you deserve, you fucking sick bitch!”

I saw a hint of recognition and I felt the girl shake beneath my hand.

“Discord, wasn’t it?”

The girl gave the faintest of nods and I saw fear in her eyes.

“I can think of so many reasons to snap your bitchy little neck, but nothing to stop me...”

The steel door beside me clicked open and I noticed Discord’s hand move away from a keypad that was located beside the door.

“That might stop me.”

“Please . . . we were forced to be here. It was punishment for what happened. We were supposed to die here...”

Goddamn my conscience and what Wildcat had said to me as I had stripped Discord naked and then tried to put a bullet in her pretty little head. I looked over at the dazed boy as he began to come around.

“Go – get that brat outta here, too.”

Hit Girl

“My queen – may I interrupt your blood and glory killing spree?”

I laughed as I keyed the radio.

“Go ahead, Jackal.”

“I have found the entrance to a bunker in the basement... Thought you might be interested...”

I was very interested and those available gathered outside the steel door.

The two *ex-Predators* were itching to go. I had gone through both of them to ensure that they were both ready for the fight of their lives. Foxtail was hurt and so was Psyche, but neither would admit to

anything which might get them removed from the operation. We were about to enter the 'inner-sanctum', so to speak, and I assumed that it would be hell on earth.

I was not wrong.

Foxtail

It was a fucking fallout shelter!

Through the steel door was another set of stairs, steel ones that wound downwards at least forty-feet. We had only gone down two flights out of about a dozen when gunfire erupted up the staircase from below. Shadow seized my arm and pulled me against the wall.

"Don't get yourself shot again!" she growled.

"Good advice," Psyche commented as she dropped down beside me.

"Thanks, both of you," I growled sarcastically in response.

Jackal and Kick-Ass moved up. They began to drop a carefully calculated mixture of stun and fragmentation grenades down the staircase. We had to be careful *not* to damage the staircase, we needed what was below...

Shadow

As the grenades exploded and drowned out the screams of what we hoped were dying men, we ran down and down as fast as we could.

I urged everybody on as I knew that they would have blast doors down below and we had to get there before they closed them. Psyche was quick, but she was overtaken by Jackal as he jumped down several steps at once and he gained the bottom first. I heard yells and gunfire and as I burst out of the stairwell, I found my partner on the floor. He was wrestling with a large man even as others were attempting to retreat through the two open blast doors.

Without hesitation, I dropped two men with an arrow in each face as they stared at me.

Kick-Ass

"She leaves those damn arrows everywhere she goes!" I growled good-naturedly as I led my wife and daughter into the bunker proper.

Bullets flew and I used my armour to good advantage, but it hurt – even at twenty percent feeling. I gunned down three men in rapid succession as Psyche shot forwards and skewered a woman with her Sais. Then Foxtail joined up with her partner in crime and with Hit Girl, they vanished through another door and up some stairs.

I concentrated on bringing a fiery hell down on the remaining guards who tried to prevent our access down a long corridor.

Leon

It seemed that most of the action was over, but I still kept Overwatch.

After a sizeable period of no activity, I saw eight shapes move towards the main building. They seemed to have come from the Gatehouse. I was about to engage when I saw two more shapes move stealthily *away* from the main building. I studied the shapes carefully – they were obviously kids, Phase 3 *Predators* by the cut of them. They were not targets.

The two kids ambushed the men and instantly put two down and shot two more. I took out two as the last pair fell. The two young *Predators* looked in my direction, but they saw nothing – I was well hidden. I watched as they ran off towards the Gatehouse and, I presumed, safety.

Hit Girl with Foxtail and Psyche

The gunfire was heavy as we made our way up the staircase.

Chips of paint, wood, and concrete flew through the air and I was very glad of my full-face mask. We were low on ammunition, despite having brought in extra, so we really needed to end things quickly. I stepped forwards and received a pair of bullets in the chest for my trouble. However, I slotted a pair of cunts in the forehead in recompense.

The three of us ran forwards. We each dropped three more cunts into the remarkably soft and thick carpet beneath our boots. The corridor ahead of us was panelled and would not have looked out of place in a manor house. We stopped at the first door. It was wooden, heavily varnished, and a deep mahogany in colour.

“Girls?” I prompted.

Kick-Ass with Jackal and Shadow

I hated corridors!

Corridors were for nutcases like Hit Girl. However, I was not one to stand down from a fight, so I pulled out my AA-12 and went to work. As I gently caressed the trigger, 12-gauge shells erupted from the side of the weapon as death erupted from the muzzle. Beside me, Jackal was sending death of his own sort. To his right shoulder, he held a Kriss Vector submachine gun in .45ACP calibre.

The poor bastards beyond our muzzles stood *no* chance.

Hit Girl with Foxtail and Psyche

The woman seemed genuinely shocked but resigned to her fate, as her door was kicked in.

I could only imagine the sight as two, rather short, armoured individuals burst in, side by side with another armoured individual, me, standing behind them. Gunfire was evident from beyond us – she knew that she was trapped and that she could no longer escape. The woman was very obviously not the sort to fight, either – she trained people to kill . . . but never killed herself.

“All yours, girls,” I growled and I gently nudged them both forwards. I would not get involved – it was *their* fight and *their* revenge.

Psyche pulled off her mask and so did Foxtail.

“Remember us?” Psyche asked.

The woman nodded.

“I do – I remember every child who passes through our facilities. You were one of our best, Stephanie, and you even outshone Saoirse, here...”

“Don’t try any of your psychological bullshit on us, you disgusting old hag!” Saoirse growled.

The woman looked pensive for a moment.

“I have to admit that I am a little surprised to see you two operating together. You were both bitter enemies and I had noticed the resentment that built within Saoirse as you excelled, Stephanie. You had no way of knowing, but every boy and girl had a nemesis assigned; that was part of the training. After Bourne rebelled, we decided that we needed a failsafe, so we encouraged the bullying and the killing, and the resentment that it bred.

“You played directly into our hands, Stephanie, as did you Saoirse. I warned them not to cut you off, Stephanie; you were a vital asset and you were progressing much faster than any other asset we had ever trained. But *Urban Predator* was coming apart and that was why you and your supervisor were abandoned, cut off from everything. You fought off every attempt to destroy you, Stephanie, and you can thank your training for that. The training that we gave you; it saved your life.”

I noticed that the verbal sparring was beginning to irk Stephanie; like any Brit, she enjoyed making use of her superior grammar and verbal skills against us dumb Yanks, however, she often found prolonged word games irksome, especially when faced with somebody who was older and thus had a bigger, more mature, verbal vocabulary.

“I would not have needed those skills if you had not kidnapped me and made me kill my family!” Stephanie spat back. “No more children will suffer at your filthy, bloodstained hands – this ends now!”

“We are undoing everything that you have setup and we *will* destroy it all. You have lost; you have nothing...” Saoirse added vehemently.

“I was doing everything that I could to protect my country...”

As I had suspected, Stephanie could restrain herself no longer and in one fluid movement, the young girl flew forwards, dived across the desk and kicked the woman backwards onto the floor.

“You fucking whore – enough of that incessant bullshit!”

Stephanie was beside herself with anger as she punched the woman in the face. Her punches repeatedly caused blood to fly in all directions. Saoirse sprang forwards herself and she ran around the desk where she threw her own kicks and punches into the woman’s abdomen.

“We fucking owe you, you murdering bitch!” Saoirse growled as her own temper overflowed.

I stepped forwards, cautious to keep the woman in sight at all times, as well as to guard the girls’ backs from the doorway. Both girls were swiftly losing control of their emotions, and I knew it – but I

did nothing to stop them. They both needed the outlet so badly and they needed the closure. The woman looked towards me, and for a moment, her expression screamed out for help, but I just stared back at her without emotion, except maybe for intense hate.

There were still the sounds of sporadic gunfire in neighbouring corridors as the final few CIA defenders were routed by *Fusion* to remind me that there was still a battle going on.

..._...

Stephanie produced a knife and without any hesitation, she jammed it into the woman's left thigh which elicited a scream of agony. Saoirse followed suit with her own blade but into the woman's other thigh. Blood spilled onto the almost clinically-clean floor, both from the stab wounds and from the woman's smashed nose and mouth.

The woman no longer struggled; she knew that death was inevitable.

"You made me kill my family..." Stephanie growled angrily, her face contorted and red with rage.

"Mine too, you fucking bitch..." Saoirse added with a sharp kick into the woman's side. "I can barely remember them, thanks to your motherfucking conditioning and drugs..."

"Stephanie, there is something that you need to know . . . you have..."

"Too damn late..."

Stephanie withdrew her knife from the woman's thigh – I had no idea what the girls had planned, but they seemed to have planned their actions. Saoirse followed suit before both girls stared down at the woman. Neither girl showed an ounce of remorse or compassion as they then looked each other in the eyes before Stephanie spoke.

"Together?"

"Always!" Her former nemesis responded.

With a nod from Stephanie, both girls plunged their blades downwards, driving the tips deep into the woman's body, ripping her heart apart.

"I – have – had – enough – of – you; despite your best, we are both still very much alive..." Saoirse growled as the woman began to lose consciousness.

"Die, you fucking bitch!" Stephanie threw in as the eyes closed for the last time.

"You girls having fun?"

I turned to find Jason standing in the doorway.

"Hell, yeah!" Stephanie grinned.

"Bit boring, really..." Saoirse commented as she made for the door.

Kick-Ass with Jackal and Shadow

It was over.

We had made our way down the corridor successfully with Shadow covering our backs. Nothing stirred as we walked. The tiled floor was awash with blood and other bodily fluids. The walls were

streaked with the same fluids. As we sidestepped the bodies, we began to search the rooms off the corridor.

Shadow headed into what appeared to be a classroom or lecture theatre.

Hit Girl with Foxtail, Psyche, and Spectre

I ran down the corridor, my pistol raised.

Behind me came Saoirse and Stephanie, with Jason covering our backs. As we passed each door, we kicked it in and searched what turned out to be plush apartments. Then we came to the end of the corridor and a corner. We all slowed as I carefully moved around it. Two men stood at the other end of the next corridor. I recognised them both: Noah Vossen and Dr Albert Hirsch. They were the ones responsible for everything that had happened. I was joined by the others and the four of us stood our ground, facing them both.

“Catch you fuckers at a bad time?” I asked.

Spectre pulled off his mask.

“Jason...” Dr Hirsch began.

“Not this time, old man – this time, you *are* going to die,” Jason explained with a smile. “Girls, go have some fun...”

“You take the fat fuck – I’ll take the anal-retentive asshole,” Saoirse suggested with an evil grin and she ignored Vossen’s glare of contempt.

“Suits me!” Stephanie replied as she moved towards the good doctor.

Shadow

At first, the room seemed empty.

I walked up the sloping steps between the rows of seats and found nothing. It was just as I turned to head down again that I heard a movement behind me. I spun around to find myself facing two girls about my own age. Each wore grey joggers and a grey sweatshirt. Both were armed with a lethal looking bō-staff. I smirked – both seemed the image of a younger Mindy as they raised their weapons and they both moved apart ready to fight.

“You don’t have to fight me. *Urban Predator* is no more,” I said calmly, without showing any outward hostility.

“Who gives a fuck about *Urban Predator*, we operate alone,” the girl on the left, with blonde hair, growled.

“If you are not going to fight, then you shall die, Shadow,” the other girl, with fiery red hair added.

“Oh, great, a pair of psychotic bitches,” I responded. “I have so much experience with people like you – bring it on!”

I brought my own bō-staff from my back and I faced off against the two girls.

Jackal with Kick-Ass

After we had cleared all the rooms – and killed a pair of skulking guards – we went to find Shadow.

We returned to the door through which we had last seen her pass and heard the sounds of fighting. I looked at Jackal and we both burst in and stopped dead. Shadow was fighting two girls of a similar age. All three wielded a bō-staff and the fighting was fast-paced and vicious. The pace was so fast that I could not easily target the girls.

I looked at Kick-Ass and I knew that he was out of cartridges for his Taser, too.

Shadow

The fighting was vicious.

Both girls were very well trained and it took everything that I had to fight them both. I had a stark decision to make. I could end the fight easily, but that would mean killing them. So far – at least as far as I knew – no *Predator* had been killed. But . . . did I have a choice? I could not keep the fight going for ever and two girls were not making many mistakes that I could take advantage of.

It was time to end it. I kicked out and caught the blonde girl in the left thigh, she staggered and I brought the razor-sharp tip of my bō-staff around and I rammed the blade into the girl's chest, just below her left lung. She froze in shock at the invasion of her body and dropped her weapon. It clattered to the floor as the girl sank to her knees, her eyes wide with the pain as I pulled my blade out and rammed the other end of the bō-staff into the red haired girl's side.

She fell beside her fellow *Predator* in a pool of blood. I looked up and saw Kick-Ass and Jackal staring at me.

“You two go and check on the others; I'll see to these two.”

Hit Girl with Foxtail, Psyche, and Spectre

Both men turned to run, but their path was blocked by the large form of Kick-Ass and the slightly smaller Jackal as they came up another set of stairs.

“Not happening,” Jackal growled and he sent the men back down the corridor to their deaths.

Stephanie grinned happily and it was obvious that neither man liked the looks that the two girls were giving them.

“I came to Europe to see the sights and kill...” she explained slowly as she walked towards Vossen. “I've seen the sights...”

“Resistance is futile...” Saoirse added.

Stephanie stopped for a moment and she turned to look at her friend, a look of incredulity on her blood-streaked face.

“Really – is that the best you can come up with?”

“Hey, I am a trekky...”

“We’ll talk about this later,” Stephanie growled and she turned back to the two men. “Ever notice how you come across somebody once in a while that you shouldn’t have fucked with? That’s me.”

Vossen had gone very white and he shook from head to toe while Hirsch seemed much more in control of his emotions.

Hit Girl with Foxtail and Kick-Ass

Vossen was to be the first to die.

Saoirse was in a lot of pain and the girl was also both physically and emotionally drained from the night’s activities. She had no time for anything long and drawn out, but it was still memorable – well, maybe not for Vossen... I was not so sure that he enjoyed himself.

Saoirse seized the man by the arm and dragged him into a small, but well equipped, kitchen. I had no idea what the girl had in mind, but there was an awesome collection of improvised weapons in there.

“Kick-Ass – would you restrain the cunt, please.”

Kick-Ass strode forwards and he grabbed hold of the shaking Vossen and held him in place. Saoirse grabbed his right hand and placed it on the counter. Then she seized hold of a meat tenderiser – it was basically a chunk of metal – and she brought it down on Vossen’s second and third fingers.

He screamed. Blood splattered over the immaculate marble worktop and Saoirse smiled.

“Hope that didn’t hurt too much; we’ve barely started,” the ex-Predator growled menacingly.

I was more than a little surprised not have heard screaming from Hirsch, but maybe Psyche was making him suffer in a more silent manner.

Jackal with Psyche and Spectre

“Move the fat fuck into there.”

Spectre and I grabbed an arm and moved the man into a cosy living room. At an indication from Stephanie, we both moved away from the Doctor. In a lightening move, Stephanie span and kicked Hirsch to the floor.

“You seem angry with me, Stephanie.”

“You have no idea how angry I am with you, you bastard.”

With that, she stomped on Hirsch’s knee. The man cringed and almost yelled out with the pain, but he restrained himself. I noticed Jason’s body language; he hated the man. Stephanie broke Hirsch’s nose and barely got a whimper despite the blood that flowed freely. I noticed that Stephanie was annoyed with Hirsch’s lack of outward reaction.

I turned as I heard a scream from down the passageway – Vossen was enjoying himself!

Hit Girl with Foxtail and Kick-Ass

Foxtail pulled open two drawers before she found what she was looking for.

She pulled out a pair of shiny poultry shears and Vossen went very pale. He seemed weak at the knees so Kick-Ass pinned him against the kitchen counter as Saoirse smiled at Vossen. She went straight for the first finger of his already damaged right hand.

“Bye, bye, finger...”

The crunch of bone was almost too much for Vossen as he screamed and then almost passed out with the pain. Kick-Ass slapped him around a bit to keep him conscious. Then Saoirse upped the ante and produced a meat-cleaver.

“Bye, bye, hand – no more wanking for you!”

The cleaver came down fast and passed through Vossen’s wrist like a hot knife through butter. Mind you, butter didn’t usually crunch... Not surprisingly, Vossen passed out and Kick-Ass allowed him to drop to the floor. Saoirse moved on to the second phase of her plan, which was rather gruesome.

Even for me.

Jackal with Psyche and Spectre

The blood was absorbed by the thick carpet beneath our feet.

As we moved there was a kind of squelching sound. Hirsch was suffering badly, but he was refusing to allow Stephanie *any* satisfaction as she tortured him.

“Does this make you feel better, Stephanie?” Hirsch hissed through clenched teeth. “Your brother begged for his life when he was hooded and strapped to that chair.”

I saw Stephanie’s hands clench at the mention of her brother.

“You and that sick bitch murdered him!” Stephanie spat back with as much venom as she could muster.

“No, Stephanie, *you* murdered your brother *and* your parents.”

“**NO!**”

Stephanie had tears flooding down her cheeks and she turned away from Hirsch, who smiled. I strode forwards and I knelt down before the ten-year-old vigilante. Before I spoke, I hauled off my mask.

“Look at me!”

Stephanie’s eyes were fixed on the floor.

“Look at me! I growled with menace and she slowly looked up and then into my eyes. Her eyes were different – Psyche was fading.

“He’s fucking with you,” I said calmly.

“It’s what the fucker does,” Jason chipped in. “Ignore his comments – you did not murder your family; you had no idea that what you did was in anyway wrong. I fell for his shit, once.”

“You can do this, Steph; I believe in you. Dig deep and avenge your parents and your brother.”

Stephanie nodded and she wiped away her tears of frustration and sadness.

Then I saw the fire return and Psyche was back full force. She spun around and she went to town on Hirsch with her fists and then she began to stab him with her Sais. Psyche had a very accurate knowledge of the human anatomy. She targeted all the points that would cause pain, but not immediately kill the man.

Hirsch began to scream.

Hit Girl with Foxtail and Kick-Ass

By the time Vossen regained consciousness, Foxtail had finished her work.

Kick-Ass gave me a look and I just shrugged – I was keeping well out of it; it was Foxtail’s show. Foxtail knelt down and held a glass to Vossen’s lips.

“Drink,” she ordered.

Vossen drank and then gagged on the liquid.

“Feel better?” Foxtail asked.

“Fuck you!” Vossen responded.

“Well, there’s plenty more where that came from,” Foxtail explained as she pointed towards a glass blender which sat on the countertop. The contents were a deep red. “The bone took some shredding, but I was able to liquidise your hand quite easily...”

Vossen’s expression was pure horror at what Foxtail had suggested. He looked down at the stump of his right wrist and then at the glass half filled with a red sludge. He began to wretch and then Foxtail forced his head down to the floor and pulled out a very sharp knife. It would have been the last thing that Vossen would ever see.

The man screamed as first the left and then the right eye was punctured and ripped from his head. Vossen was not going to last long – he was neither young nor in the fittest, either.

“Finish it,” I suggested.

Foxtail nodded and then she swiftly stabbed the man clean through the heart.

Jackal with Psyche and Spectre

“You made me what I am... You made me a killer... Now, I am going to kill *you*... Poetic, isn’t it!”

Stephanie seemed very pleased with her comment and she smiled.

“Bring him to his knees.”

Before I could move, Hit Girl, Kick-Ass and Foxtail joined us. Foxtail strode forwards, as did Jason, and both pulled the good Doctor Hirsch to his knees. The man was barely conscious now. I turned back to Stephanie. The smile had vanished and her cold eyes glared at the man who knelt before her as she brought a knife out from behind her and she held it horizontally with the point towards the

man's neck. With a lightening move, she rammed the knife hilt-deep into his neck and then twisted it savagely. We allowed the man to fall to the floor where he gurgled for less than a minute before his body went limp.

"Fucking pussy!" Stephanie growled as she retrieved her blade, before she cleaned the blood and flesh from it on the man's trousers.

The girl turned to Saoirse, who nodded, and they both walked out of the room without giving the dead man another glance.

"Show's over motherfuckers!" Both girls growled as they went.

Jason nodded his approval and he turned to follow them, as did the rest of us, but I could not help myself – I grinned enormously.