

**Author's Note:** Please be advised that this chapter touches on some disturbing subjects, including lurid and graphic descriptions of torture and mutilation which readers may find disturbing.

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**Saturday, April 23<sup>rd</sup> 2016**

**The next morning**

**The Safehouse**

I awoke to find myself in a soft bed, my bed.

I was naked, but I was safe. I opened my eyes to see three people above me and they looked down at me.

“Hi, kid – how you feeling?” Dave asked.

“Like I just sparred with Hit Girl!”

Mindy laughed and so did Chloe.

“We were really worried about you,” Mindy said with a reassuring smile.

“Thank you, all of you...” Then I had a thought and I felt really embarrassed. “Who saw me like that?”

“Just us three – it was horrible to witness and I’m really sorry that you had to go through that, Hailee,” Mindy replied and I could see genuine concern on her face.

I sat up in the bed, cringed with the pain and held the sheets over my bare breasts. I took a moment to study myself under the sheet – I was a mess, but surprisingly, I was clean.

“Who...?”

“We bathed you, last night, and we dressed your wounds,” Chloe said. “You weighed a ton, so Dave helped us move you – sorry.”

“No big deal; I’ve not got all that much to see!” I replied with a forced, but embarrassed smile.

“You have some really nice bits, Hailee!” Dave commented with a grin as he ignored the icy glare that he received from Mindy.

I felt myself blush, but then I began to cry again as memories began to come to the fore.

“It was horrible – the pain – he made me piss myself; I felt so dirty...”

“It was *not* your fault, Hailee,” Mindy said simply.

“I never said a word – I kept *Fusion* a secret...”

“It’s okay – you did everything you could and we’re real proud of you,” Chloe offered.

“Is he dead?”

“No – the girls and Josh are keeping him on ice...”

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Hailee’s eyes went hard.

“You want me to...”

“Yes, Hailee – I think you need closure to help you get past what he did to you... Megan wants to help!”

Hailee laughed.

“She would!”

“Chloe, Dave – let’s give Hailee some privacy and space to rest...”

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### ***The Warehouse***

“It must be really weird to have a penis.”

“Yeah,” Wildcat replied. “Having a little bit of flesh dangling about all the time; it must feel strange!”

Psyche was holding the tip of the naked man’s limp penis with two fingers of her gauntleted hand while Wildcat wrapped the bare copper core of an electrical cable around the base of the penis. The man was unconscious and he hung from a hook in the ceiling by his bound wrists.

“I’ve never really seen one up close before...” Psyche commented as she examined the man’s genitalia from just inches away.

“Trojan’s is much smaller, but it’s fun to play with...” Wildcat replied with a giggle.

“Hey, bitches – cut out the penis talk, okay?” Jackal growled.

“Why, have you got one of these things too?” Psyche asked facetiously as she waggled the man’s penis in the air.

“Look – stop that. I don’t care about *his* cock, but a word of advice: guys generally *don’t* like their cocks being waved around like that!” Jackal replied.

“I can vouch for that – Trojan hates it when I go all Wildcat on his dick!” Wildcat commented with a giggle.

Psyche smacked the back of her gauntlet hard against the man’s testicles before she dropped his freshly wire-wrapped penis back into place. Jackal growled and was about to comment, but just then, the comms crackled into life.

“Jackal, Hit Girl – how we doing?”

“Apart from the bitches from hell having just a little too much fun with male genitalia, we’re doing good.”

Hit Girl laughed.

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

#### ***The Warehouse***

“You sure you’re okay doing this?”

“Yes, Hit Girl, I am – Petra has a reputation to uphold,” she replied gallantly.

I was very worried about Hailee – she had actually cried out with the pain as we had helped her into her combat suit; the bruises were still very fresh on her body and her other injuries were very raw. I knew what she was going through – I had been there myself and I knew that she would need some level of revenge and closure after what that bastard had done to her, but she also needed time to recover and for her body to heal. If I had not seen her body with my own eyes, I would never have believed it possible that somebody could have endured so much pain.

“Let’s do it, Petra...” I said as I pushed open the door.

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Oh!

Seeing somebody else in the same position that I had been in, only the previous day was a surprise and a bit of a shock. The man was tall, maybe about six foot, although, with him completely naked and suspended from the ceiling by his wrists, he somehow seemed taller. I was no stranger to the adult male anatomy and I had caused men a lot of harm during my time as Petra – between the legs as it were. He wasn’t especially big in that region, either – but I *had* seen smaller. The man was still unconscious.

“Who wrapped his dick?” I inquired as I noticed the wire.

“We did,” Psyche said quickly and rather proudly as she indicated herself and Wildcat.

“They had fun, too,” Jackal growled. “Maybe a little *too much* fun...”

I actually laughed at that, which just made my sides hurt.

...\_...

Jackal held a bucket of cold water and he stood waiting patiently off to one side. I took a deep breath and braced myself for the task ahead, then nodded and the contents of the bucket were thrown at the naked man. He came awake very quickly, just as I had, and just as I had been, he was very disoriented. I was not wearing any weapons, but on a bench beside me was a very decent selection, laid out for my use. I selected a razor sharp, tactical Bowie Knife.

The man spat out the water and opened his eyes. He braced up as he took in the sight of many people who stood there before him. We were all masked – at least we would be to begin with. I leant in close to him and rested the knife against the tip of his limp dick which seemed to visibly shrivel in self-defence.

“You might not remember me – but we spent some quality time together recently,” I growled.

The man showed immediate recognition at my words – I was not using any voice modulation.

“Now, I have the knife . . . mind you, looking at this – call that a cock? – maybe I don’t need such a big knife...” I laughed as I got into it and I really began to relish the chance at revenge – thank you, Mindy.

“Fuck you – just kill me, already!”

“Not a fucking chance; you got to have some fun with *my* body – well, I want some fun with yours...”

The man yelled out as I punched him in the stomach with my left fist.

“Give me your name, fucker!”

“Not happening...” was the expected response.

I turned to my left.

“Psyche – you want to play a bit more?” I inquired.

...\_...

Psyche bounded forward eagerly and I waved her towards the man’s dick.

“Psyche’s not had much exposure to male genitalia; she is only ten – but I understand that she had a good play with you while she wrapped the copper wire around your penis...”

The man looked down at his penis and took in the copper wire, then he looked at the miniature masked vigilante who had just touched him with her gauntlet.

“Don’t you fucking touch me, you little bitch!”

Psyche ignored the man as she played with the tip of the man’s dick. She used just the tip of a gauntleted finger and she massaged it gently. She seemed to be getting a reaction too...

“Is it supposed to be doing that?” She asked after a few moments.

I peered down and saw that the man’s shrivelled excuse for manhood had grown substantially and was now sticking out at a forty-five-degree angle.

“Yeah – it’s supposed to grow like that; it wasn’t much use when it was so tiny really...” I advised the younger girl.

The man was actually going red in the face as his manhood grew further in stature before everybody and it quickly stood up almost vertically. I looked over to see Hit Girl; she nonchalantly leaned against the wall with her arms folded. Wildcat was beside her and she was laughing – Jackal, well, he just seemed uncomfortable. The man was breathing heavily as Psyche continued to rub the tip of his dick, but he was *not* here for *his* enjoyment, just mine...

“Hope you jerked off before we met the other day, ’cause you’re not getting any fun outta this... Psyche – step away...”

The young vigilante did as she was ordered, but as she departed she flicked the sensitive tip of the man’s penis which made him yell out in pain, and then I laid into the man with both fists.

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### ***Twenty minutes later***

The man was in considerable pain.

It was also obvious to us all that Petra was in pain too – the physical exertion was too much for her, so soon after her torture, but I allowed her to continue until she finally turned to Jackal.

“Keep him warm for me...”

I followed Petra as she almost ran out of the door. I found her two corners away, on her knees, her mask in her left hand as she wretched and she was being violently sick. Once she had finished, I held onto her as she sobbed.

“You don’t have to go back in there again...”

“Yes, I do...”

I registered the resolve in her tone; I was talking to Petra, not Hailee Richards.

“Anything you need; you just say...”

“Thank you – thank you for everything, Mindy.”

She held onto me for another minute before she had collected herself and she slowly got back to her feet. I could see her face screwed up in considerable pain as she moved, but there was also resolve in her expression.

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I re-entered the room and handed my mask to Wildcat who meekly took it without a word.

The man was badly bruised, just as my own body was, and there was a lot of blood. Jackal stood back, away from the man as I entered. His powerful muscles had hurt the man badly and by the look of his left thigh; it was dislocated. I felt no emotion and I wanted to see the man suffer – he had shown me nothing; no respect, no compassion - nothing.

I recognised the signs of shock – the man was not far from plunging into a coma, or even dying on us. I looked over to Psyche who held a small black box with a large red button. I took hold of a familiar item of equipment from the bench.

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“You recognise this?”

The man was barely conscious, but he still went white as he recognised the copper rod complete with wooden handle – there was a black electrical cable attached to the handle.

“Let me remind you...” I nodded at Psyche who pressed and held the button.

I jabbed the man in his left side and got an almost instant reaction – or should that have been, erection – as his whole body shook. Both Wildcat and Psyche actually moved to get a better look! After eight seconds, I removed the probe. The man struggled to control his breathing and all of his muscles kept tensing and releasing.

“Ready to talk...?”

I gave him two seconds to respond and then jabbed the probe into the opposite side of his body, held it for six seconds and then repositioned it against his stomach. The man shook from head to toe and just before he lost consciousness, I removed the probe.

“Enough...”

...\_...

I hesitated, as I was about to jab him again with the probe.

“Did you say something, you fucking piece of shit?”

“My name . . . is Victor . . . Victor . . . Hanley...”

I dropped the prod and I moved closer to the man. I had to stand on my toes to reach his face.

“Hello, Victor, my name is Hailee Richards and I am a vigilante... I am Petra and I exterminate vermin like you; I exterminate people who prey on women...”

Victor forced a grin through his pain.

“You would . . . have made . . . a good fuck...”

I rammed my armoured knee into his groin and Victor screamed out in agony as blood exploded from between his legs. I was wiped out, so I left the interrogation to Hit Girl and Jackal – I was not only spent and I just *had* to get out of there.

...\_...

I made it out of the room and sank to the floor in the corridor. I just cried. Natasha, Cassandra, and Stephanie appeared and between them, they helped me to the changing rooms where I had to let them remove my combat suit; I could not move and the pain was indescribable.

I barely registered anything as they dressed me and then helped me into a car.

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### ***Later that afternoon***

#### ***The Safehouse***

I was awoken by a friendly smiling face.

“Hi, Steph.”

“Mindy sent me to wake you.”

“How long was I asleep?”

“Four and a half hours.”

“What!”

“You needed the rest, Hailee – remember you’re still human, even if Petra isn’t, but after that beating which you took...”

I grinned and I gave the almost ten-year-old girl as big a hug as I could manage.

“You are wise beyond your years, Stephanie, thank you.”

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“Having fun?” Hailee asked.

Hailee looked a lot better as she came into the living room, helped by Stephanie. I helped her into a soft chair and tried to ignore the grimaces of pain as she sat down. Her assailant had told us everything that we had needed, however, and we had also run out of time; we had taken two of the CIA’s men hostage (and killed them) – we were on borrowed time.

“Good old Vic had a lot of nice things to tell us – not everything, unfortunately; he was only a CIA Contractor, but he was able to confirm quite a bit of the information we got from Cartwright.”

Hailee smiled.

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Mindy had used the word 'was', so I took that to mean that 'good old Vic' was dead.

"Thank you . . . did he suffer?"

I saw the satisfied smiles on the faces of Mindy, Megan, Chloe and Joshua – yes, he had suffered.

"We are heading for Milan and we have a very long drive ahead of us; can you manage that?"

"If it means getting away from Paris; then yes, I'll do anything..."

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### ***The Cell***

"What the fuck happened here?"

"Eleven men dead and our man, Victor Hanley, is missing."

"Who was he?"

"He was our interrogator – a contractor and very good at what he does . . . did."

"Who was he interrogating?"

"A girl that we seized after the Waterloo fiasco..."

"*Fusion*?"

"We didn't think so, not at first, but she *was* armed..."

"Well?"

"Everything else, equipment and information, was taken or died with the guards."

"Any sign of Hanley?"

"Nothing yet, but there is evidence of a struggle – the girl, she was obviously rescued, probably by *Fusion*, which would mean that she *was* a part of *Fusion*. We brought her here, hoping that nobody would track us down... All surveillance tapes are gone and nothing was uploaded; the uplinks were jammed just moments before the assault."

"Anymore, good news...?"

"Two officers never reported for work this morning – they also never made it back to their apartments..."

CIA Deputy Director of the Support Directorate, Noah Vossen, looked pained for a moment.

"You okay, sir?"

"Do I look o-fucking-kay!" Vossen seethed. "Those fucking *Fusion* bastards, they die today . . . we hunt the fuckers down like the dogs they are . . . they die TODAY!"

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### ***The Warehouse***

Roy Ellison was there to remove the bodies.

“Where you guys off to next, then?”

“Switzerland, then onto Milan – some of our information also mentions Turin,” I replied.

“Turin?” Roy repeated. “Did a job there... ’69 it would have been, with my mate Charlie – a gold heist . . . went by Coco back then... Nice city.”

“See ya, Roy – and thanks.”

...\_...

“You two ready?”

“Hell, yeah!” Shadow responded.

“Stupid question . . . err, yeah,” Psyche commented with a grin.

We climbed into a Land Rover Discovery and Kick-Ass drove us into the southern part of the city where our night’s activities were to begin.

“You stay safe, you hear,” Kick-Ass cautioned.

“Hey, it’s me!”

Kick-Ass growled as he drove off.

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### ***Southern Paris***

The house was nothing spectacular, but it blended into the surrounding area.

Our target for the night was just sitting down to his dinner as we approached. There were also two CIA handlers visible.

“Who is this guy?” Psyche asked for the sixth time that night.

“He was an *Urban Predator* instructor...” I replied.

“What!”

“I didn’t want to tell you – it’s possible that he taught you...”

“You and me are going to have another chat, Hit Girl – a chat that involves a very large stick!”

“Full of herself, isn’t she!” Shadow chuckled.

“You want *another* kicking, Shadow?”

“Err, I gave you that one, Psyche...”

“Yeah, right!”

“Girls – focus!”

...\_...

We closed the house and while Shadow kept an eye on the front, I went around the back with Psyche at my side. I was a little worried how she might react when she came face to face with somebody from her past that she might actually recognise. We each had a suppressed pistol raised

before us as we moved around the back. I stopped beside the back door that would lead into the darkened kitchen. Psyche took a moment to holster her pistol and then she rather expertly picked the lock.

“Not bad for a nine-year-old...”

“I could pick locks when I was eight...” The cocky girl responded.

“I managed at seven...”

“Jeez – they’re gonna see who can pee further next!” Hal groaned from the Warehouse.

“I’ll beat her every time!” I laughed as I signalled Psyche to push the door open.

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I went first, my SIG raised up – I scanned from side to side but saw nobody.

Hit Girl was close behind me, her own pistol extended over my right shoulder as we both moved forwards. Beyond the kitchen was a small dining area beyond which was an open doorway that led into the living room.

We could hear a TV and voices. There were three men in the house and two had to be removed... quietly. I moved forward to get a look into the living room and Hit Girl covered me. Both men were watching TV, one in a chair and the other on a couch. Both faced away from us. I raised two fingers – signalling that two men were visible – and holstered my pistol before I pulled out my knife.

The third man was not visible, hence, I intended to use the knife for a quiet kill.

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Hit Girl tapped me on the left shoulder and I moved forwards into the living room.

I hated to be in so much light, but there was nothing that I could do about it. Neither man was aware of our presence in the house as we approached them – at least we did not think so... I reached my target – a large CIA gorilla – and slit his throat, the blood gushed out across his chest and the couch. The other man tried to react, but Hit Girl placed the muzzle of her suppressed pistol against the back of his head and he froze.

I was about to call for Shadow, when all hell broke loose...

“Vehicle just pulled up – SUV, maybe four men...” Shadow announced. “Crap – another SUV behind.”

The third man appeared at the bottom of the stairs and he was ready, two bullets struck the wall behind me and I dived for the floor.

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I dropped the first man out of the SUV with a suppressed pistol shot.

The next man noticed too late, but I only winged him as he dived for the floor, a cloud of blood flew out of his right shoulder. The next two men took cover immediately and I could not target either of them.

“Contact!” I called over the comms.

The second SUV skidded to a stop and three men bailed out; they started shooting at me with a suppressed sub-machine gun almost immediately. I ducked behind cover and hid from the bullets as they peppered the wall that I hid behind.

Just a quiet night out, she said – typical Hit Girl!

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Hit Girl hauled the man from his chair and pushed him down beside me as she returned fire.

“You!” I growled as I recognised the man.

“You know me?”

“You’re the bastard that made my life fucking hell for the first eight goddamn months...”

“I don’t follow...”

“I was *Urban Predator* – you might remember me: Stephanie Walker...”

The man did not miss a beat, despite the gunfight going on a few feet away.

“Hello, Stephanie. I heard that you were still alive and that you had left the program. You seem to be doing well...”

“Without your fucking help, bastard!”

“On the contrary, girl, I toughened you up; I replaced the snivelling little baby with the hardened girl that you are now.”

I had to admit that he was right. I had been a baby when I had been pressganged into *Urban Predator*. While I had hated the bastard; he had taunted me and he had made my life a living hell, he had also toughened me up, just as he had said. Without Alex Bishop, I would never have lived past Phase 1 of my training.

“I am not proud of what I did . . . it had started as something good, but like everything in that super-secret world, it was perverted into somebody’s wet dream. That was why I vanished if you remember – I was ‘too vocal’ against the powers that be.”

I was shocked by that admission. Yes, he had, rather mysteriously, been ‘reassigned’. Maybe he *was* a good guy...

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“Psyche!”

The girl bolted up from the man and she joined in the gunfight. Her bullets thudding into the wall beside the CIA man. I heard the sound of a shotgun from outside on the street and then the drawl of Kick-Ass over the comms.

“Looks like you dames need some help from us men...”

“I know that *you’re* a man, but can’t think who else you might have brought with you...” I quipped.

“I am a man I’ll have you know...” Jackal added in a deeper than usual voice.

“Oh, he’s a man alright!” Shadow confirmed in an alluring tone.

“Err, creepy conversation needs to end...” Psyche chimed in with a very disgusted tone of voice.

After a few more shotgun blasts everything went silent as two of my rounds connected with the final CIA man. I turned to find Psyche on the floor beside Alex Bishop; he was dying. It looked like two stray bullets had come in through a window and clipped his abdomen. Blood spilled out in copious amounts despite the attentions of Psyche as she applied pressure to his wound.

“They still have a base . . . it’s operational – I know it is in France, just not where... Save those kids...”

“I will...” Psyche got in just before his eyes went dark forever.

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We made our way quickly to the front door, the operation was a bust – almost.

“What are you doing?” I demanded as Psyche slowed and veered into the kitchen.

“Setting a distraction – Spectre showed me...”

Psyche found the gas supply and she removed the inlet pipe which began to flood the house with gas.

“Not a bad idea,” I replied approvingly. “Go on...”

Next, she picked up a magazine from the kitchen counter and flicked through the pages.

“You take a magazine – Hustler – what’s that? Oh, wow – is that *really* what I might look like down below, yuck? Anyway . . . you stuff the magazine into an available toaster, push down the mechanism till it locks and hey presto, you have a very crude, timed incendiary device...”

“Spectre showed you?” I queried. “Thought that would have been a basic lesson for an *Urban Predator* fanatic like you...”

“I am *not* a fanatic and I never was one, I’ll have you know – anyway, I missed one or two lessons over my time with the CIA, thanks to certain girls who managed to put me in the hospital wing every few weeks...”

“Not bad, squirt – maybe you can add that to your next lesson plan for the sprogs.”

She seemed very pleased with herself – while she still had much to learn, she had a very broad set of knowledge already which I was taking full advantage of. I was very glad to have the opportunity to mould the nine-year-old into something resembling myself at that age. Dave did not agree with that idea and he was concerned that Stephanie might become what I was at that age – an untamed and almost untameable wild animal!

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We left the carnage of the night’s action behind, but we had only made it half a mile before there was a resounding explosion.

“What the fuck was that?” Jackal demanded.

“That would be the ex. *Urban Predator* fanatic...” I laughed.

“We are so going to talk...” Psyche growled.

“You’re gonna get it, Hit Girl!” Shadow teased.

"I am so scared..." I growled as everybody laughed.

...\_...

We were a mile from the Warehouse when I decided that I needed to let off some steam.

"Stop!"

Kick-Ass slammed on the brakes.

"Huh!"

"Us girls are going to walk – we'll see you back at the Warehouse."

"Okay."

...\_...

We each grabbed an assault rifle and once the boys had left, I turned to Psyche.

"You knew him, didn't you?"

"Yes," Psyche replied quietly. "I thought he was a bastard but maybe he was just trying to keep me alive..."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be – he's not the first victim of *Urban Predator* and he won't be the last."

Shadow looked over at me; she was concerned with Psyche's frame of mind, as was I. I never noticed the SUV as it came close, none of us did until it was too late.

"Run!" I yelled as the bullets hammered into the wall beside us.

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The streets were very dark as we ran back towards the Warehouse.

Shadow was behind me and Psyche was with her. The three of us were very tired, but we knew we had to be alert to survive long enough to get back to what would be relative safety. We were in a foreign country with men after us...and they were determined to kill us.

Our attention must have wavered as we came around a corner and found eight French National Police RAID (*Recherché, Assistance, Intervention, Dissuasion*) Officers and they instantly raised their H&K G36K rifles toward us.

"Arrêtez! Levez vos mains!"

We all froze. I lowered my G36C and let it hang, raising my hands – Shadow and Psyche followed suit. The leader came forwards and studied my combat suit by the illumination from a nearby street light.

"Bon sang!" The Officer swore as he saw the purple markings on my right arm and the symbol on my chest. "Violet?"

The man turned to his colleagues.

"Ils sont *Fusion*!"

“Connerie!” Came the response – *bullshit!*

“Il est Hit Girl – voir, violet?” The Officer persisted and then he turned to Shadow. “Shadow?”

“Oui,” Shadow replied somewhat hesitantly.

He looked at Psyche. “Et toi?”

“Psyche!”

“D’accord...” The Officer said and he looked very happy with himself; he went to confer with the other armed men.

After a couple of minutes, the man turned back to us and the weapons were lowered.

“Va vite! Allez, Fusion!” The man said. “Bonne chance à vous tous!”

We did not hesitate, we all turned and ran into the darkness. As I went I heard the man talk into his radio.

“Nous avons rien trouvé...”

*We have found nothing...*

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We made it safely back to the Warehouse and I was never happier to be in Dave’s arms.

We changed quickly and while Dave drove Josh and Chloe back to the Safehouse, Stephanie and I locked up. After we had left the Warehouse, I decided that I was hungry; actually I was starving!

“You hungry, Steph?”

“Hell, yeah!”

“Killing gives you an appetite, doesn’t it?”

“I suppose...”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Well, the amount you kill, I would expect you to be forty stone!”

“Thanks, Steph...” I growled as I pulled into the drive-thru. “Thanks a lot!”

“Le Big Tasty, s’il vous plait, avec le grande portion de frites et un Sprite...” I said to the speaker and then turned to Stephanie. “Et toi?”

“Même - un Sprite trop,” Stephanie replied and I must have looked surprised. “J’ai faim, et oui, je parle français!”

Stephanie was full of surprises!

...\_...

I parked up and we ate our burgers – Stephanie dug into hers with gusto and it was half gone very quickly.

“You always did have a big mouth!” I laughed.

“Says you – you could eat that damn burger in two bites!”

I scowled at my daughter but I chuckled all the same.