

**Author's Note:** *This will be my twentieth story and heads off in a different direction compared to my usual stories. These chapters are a set of 'one-shot' stories detailing various scenarios that do not really fit into any of my existing stories. Some will be 'what if' type stories, others just emanations from the depths of my warped mind!*

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*This first chapter is a variation on Chapter 6 of my story, **Forsaken**.*

**\*\*\*\* Please be warned that this chapter touches on some  
very disturbing subjects, which may upset readers \*\*\*\***

*I was intending for this chapter to be dark, but then I read **Extreme Training** by **Marx810**, which gave me some more, rather disturbing, ideas.*

*My apologies if this chapter offends.*

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*Day 57*

### **Chicago**

It was not until almost two nights later that I was finally able to find Mindy again. Unfortunately, it did *not* go well; it was not the meeting up that I had had in mind! However, after fifty-seven days of being apart, fifty-seven days since Mindy had kissed me and then left New York, any meeting was better than no meeting at all.

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### **Late that night**

"You fucking cock-suckers! Get the fuck off me... I'll fucking..."

I had heard the shouting from the other end of a darkened alley; it had been Mindy's 'Hit Girl' voice and she was in trouble! I ran towards her voice until I could just make out three dark shapes as they rolled about the alley floor and I figured that the smallest of the three was Mindy; unfortunately, she seemed to be at the bottom of the pile.

The other two shapes were enormous and they were all a good distance away. I started to run harder down the alleyway towards them, but I was blindsided by another man who shoved me hard against the brick wall of the alleyway.

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The breath was knocked out of me, but the additional armour, which had been borrowed from Big Daddy, absorbed most of the energy from the collision. I threw my right arm out, catching the man in the face with the armour on the lower arm. Blood flew from his busted nose as he fell to the ground. I kicked out and caught him with the steel toe of my boot; he collapsed to the ground unconscious.

I turned towards Mindy; she was on her feet, but struggling. Her arms and legs were held tight by her captors. She was screaming every foul epithet in the book and many that were not. I could see her body flexing madly as she fought to escape the men. Then she saw me, and she looked directly at me. The moonlight glinted across her face. I *knew* it was my Mindy; despite the mask and clothing,

I would have recognised those adorable green eyes, anywhere. There was a brief flash of recognition and then she struggled even more.

“*Help me!*” She yelled out, sounding almost panicked.

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I ran towards Mindy, brandishing my batons, but before I could get close, the men dragged Mindy away and then another man appeared at the far end of the alleyway. *He* was brandishing a MAC-10 and he fired two quick bursts in my direction. I dived down behind a dumpster narrowly avoiding the bullets, which hammered into the metal. By the time, the bullets stopped and I had jumped up, Mindy was gone.

Despite sprinting to the end of the alleyway, the last I saw was the back end of an SUV vanishing around a corner. The licence plate was burnt into my mind: A90 5207.

I had a lead!

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### ***Chicago PD***

#### ***District 21***

After a brief trip back to my hotel to change out of my Kick-Ass persona, I headed for the nearest Police District half a mile away.

I looked up at the impressive red brick building before climbing up the stone steps, pulling open the door and I walked towards the front desk. Behind the desk stood a thin woman, with long hair. Her badge said ‘PLATT’.

“I need help!”

“Yes, sir, what’s the problem?”

“My girlfriend, she’s been taken...”

“Taken?”

“She was *taken* by three men, with guns – they had an SUV...”

“You been drinking, sir?”

“What?” I exclaimed angrily. “My girlfriend...”

“Calm down, sir...”

“I *am* calm...”

“What’s going on, Trudy?”

I turned to find a man behind me. He was in plain clothes, but looked like a cop.

“Hank Voight and you are?” The man asked.

“Dave Lizewski. I need help to find my girlfriend...”

“I heard, she’s missing – come with me.”

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I explained everything to Sergeant Voight – well almost everything; I left out certain important facts – I never mentioned her name, Mindy Macready, nor that my girlfriend was Hit Girl and I was Kick-Ass!

He calmly listened to me and noted down the licence number of the SUV before passing it to a uniformed cop.

“Go back to your hotel. I will call you as soon as we find something. Do nothing until I call. Goodnight.”

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There was no way that I was going to sit around and do nothing!

I headed back to the hotel, pulled on the wetsuit, but not the armour – that went into one of the many secret compartments that Chris D’Amico had built into his Mist Mobile, along with certain other items and some weapons. I had no idea how to use most of those weapons properly, but once I found Mindy, she would be able to teach me.

I had to get out, into the City – anything could be happening to Mindy; I had visions of... Bad things... Very bad things...

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## ***Southern Chicago***

### ***A warehouse***

I was pinned – well and truly!

Three men were holding me down, one to each arm and another on my ankles. I was face down on the steel table. I kept trying to move a limb, but all that I could move was my head. I did my utmost to keep my mind clear, pushing out the horrible things that my mind was generating as scenarios for what was about to happen to me. Things that my mind was *convinced* might happen to me. One certain four-letter word was constantly pushing its way forward in my mind and it was *not* one of the usual four-letter words, which circulated in my mind and often found themselves coming out of my mouth.

I was Hit Girl and naturally very little scared me, normally. It was usually the other way around; everybody was scared shitless of *me*! Nevertheless, nothing scared me more than that one word. I did not want to contemplate what that word meant or what it might entail. Throughout the ordeal, there was one thing that was keeping me sane: Kick-Ass.

He was in Chicago! Where the fuck, had he come from? How had he found me? Could he save me? He was no longer the dick in a wetsuit from when I was eleven; he was a very different Kick-Ass. Please save me again, Dave. I need you.

Then I froze as I felt yet another hand, a different hand, as it touched my ass. The hand moved slowly up my ass, caressing it and stopped at the top of my pants.

I felt the first vestiges of panic as the tips of the fingers dug under the waistband.

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### ***On the streets***

I headed back into the same area where Mindy had been seized.

I figured that her captors might have been local mobsters. It was possible that Mindy had simply pissed them off by targeting them – she still had a lot to learn about making herself a target. However, that was why we were going to be a team, so I could watch her back.

I was beside myself with worry. What was happening to her? Where was she? Then I heard it – a blood-curdling scream: “*Nooooo!*”

A girl’s scream...

I sprinted towards the sound, the armour making it difficult to sprint properly, but I pushed myself as hard as I could. It had to be her; it had to be Mindy, my Mindy.

What was I going to find...?

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### ***The warehouse***

I felt my pants sliding down my ass, revealing my panties.

I felt the cold steel of the table on my thighs; it was really happening... I fought hard, as hard as I could. I threatened. I tried everything... Nevertheless, my pants were continuing to be slid down, past my knees. Then I felt my sneakers being roughly pulled off and my pants slid off my feet, following the sneakers to the floor.

I heard some approving comments concerning my legs and thighs. I tried to block out the comments as best as I could. However, I could not ignore the hand as it touched the waistband of my panties. I was shaking with fear, real fear. It was the fear that I normally instilled in others – just before I killed them, violently and painfully.

“You are very warm, little girl – I am going to enjoy this, so, so much.”

“You fucking touch me and I promise you...”

“You can do nothing; you are my bitch – you may live... I may want to fuck you again!”

There was laughter. I tried to channel the intense humiliation into something that I could use. Something that I could use to fight the bastards that were around me. Then it happened. I felt my panties being pulled down over my ass and then down my legs where they went the same way as my pants.

I screamed and fought against the men holding me down.

“*Nooooo!*”

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Now, I felt the cold of the steel on places that should never have been exposed. I shook violently as I started to freak out about what I knew would come next. I was still a virgin and I wanted my first to be... Not the man that was now leering at my ass. I wanted my first time to be full of love – and not that word – that word that I just could not say or even think. Before that moment, nobody had even

seen those most intimate parts of my body. Now strangers, *men*, were seeing everything that was most private and important to me.

Then I was being moved. My legs were being steadily pulled and I felt myself slipping over the end of the table. I was not stupid; I knew what was about to happen to me, but I could do nothing. I was totally at their mercy. I felt humiliation. I felt fear. I felt shame. I felt frustration. I felt despair. Finally, my legs were pulled apart and they stopped with the table at my waist, my feet touching the floor.

Two men still held my arms tightly, two more holding my legs apart and just as tightly. Having to be restrained by four large men would normally be amusing to me, considering my size, but right at that moment, I was fully exposed to all of them. I saw two of the men looking below the table to get a good look at my pubic hair. They seemed to like what they saw...

“Nice pussy – looking forward to a bit of that!”

I was mortified. All dignity was wiped out. My degradation was almost complete – just one final act remained – or so I thought.

I heard the zipper and then I felt a hand on each side of my waist. I was almost hysterical with fear, I tried to resist, tried to close my legs. I screamed and I did not recognise the sounds that came from my mouth.

I must have sounded like a caged animal going insane as it was tormented.

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### ***Outside the warehouse***

I found the building.

I could hear screaming – a girl was screaming. It was a panicked scream, begging for whatever was happening to stop. It no longer sounded like Mindy, but more like an animal being violently tortured.

There were two men outside a side door. They were talking and laughing – enjoying the noise of Mindy being... I could not bring myself to say, or even *think*, that word. I channelled the hate as Mindy had taught me. The first man dropped not knowing what had hit him. I had almost broken my baton with the force of the strike. The blood sprayed from the split skull.

The other man turned as he felt the blood, splatter on his face. He reached for his gun as my fist caved in the front of his face. My baton finished the job and two men were very dead.

I would not be mourning their passing...

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### ***The warehouse***

I felt his member nudging at my opening.

Tears of frustration started to flow as I sobbed, willing it all to stop with every fibre of my being. I had never been so out of control of what happened to my body. I closed my eyes, blocking out the leering, excited men as they watched my degradation before them. I took an involuntary intake of breath as he pushed himself inside me; no easing in, he pushed right into me, deeply – I had been penetrated, the deed was done...

The bastard proceeded to thrust in and out, in and out. I still had some fight left in me, but there was nothing, nothing, that I could do except to keep trying to resist for every second. Time seemed to vanish. Everything seemed to fade as I fought to disassociate myself with what was happening to my vagina.

Then I realised that there was something worse – my body *liked* what was being done to it! How the fuck? I felt revolted as the man's hands moved up my body and ripped open my shirt. My sports bra was forcibly yanked up, exposing my breasts.

I felt the bastard's hands as they ran over my nipples. I could not believe that they had gone hard, very soon, after he had started to fuck me – there I said it – he was fucking me. I still could not use that other four-letter word. I was disgusted with my own body. My own body was betraying me; it was reacting to things that it should be ignoring. There was nothing stimulating about what was happening to me!

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After what felt like hours, but was probably only mere minutes, it happened. I almost collapsed as my legs buckled beneath me and I screamed out in euphoric ecstasy as the orgasm hit me full force. At least I assumed it was an orgasm, having never experienced one before that moment.

My first orgasm. Two firsts at the hands, or dick, of an overweight mob boss! I was appalled with my body as I sobbed and sobbed. I was broken; I had nothing left to give. He could do with me what he wanted. He had taken *everything* away from me. He had *taken* my virginity. It had not been *his* to take. It had been *mine* to *give*. I had wanted to give it to somebody that I loved...

I then felt something hot inside me. I sobbed harder as I realised what it was; his semen was inside me, flooding me. I was sickened. I just wanted to die. I screamed as he pulled out of me and I was allowed to fall to the floor. I rolled into a self-protecting ball, sobbing my heart out as I felt the bastard's fluids running out from between my legs.

I was oblivious to the shouts and yells of appreciation from all around me.

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My time was not my own.

I was hauled to my knees and held there. I was still exposed below, but worse was to come as my shirt and bra were ripped off me. I was completely naked – at that point, I had no dignity left to lose. My humiliation was total. My humanity was barely there. The leering looks were unbearable and I longed for cover. I longed for privacy. I longed to be in control of my body.

Another man moved before me. I stared down at the ground, completely dominated by the man. Then I was sickened as the man unbuckled his belt and allowed his pants to fall to his ankles, along with his underwear. His cock was readily stiffening before me, only inches away from my face. It was not long before it was standing up before me. I was still being restrained by two men, but the fight had gone out of me, long before. I was their slave – their sex slave.

“You, bitch, you're gonna suck my fucking cock!”

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I was not sure what did it. It must have been those words.

Something deep inside me started to burn, like a pilot light. That pilot light then seemed to reignite the fire inside me, the fire that was Hit Girl. The cold, extinguished embers soon warmed up and began to burn steadily just as if it were a corpse liberally doused in gas. I *was* going to enjoy that man's dick; however, he was most definitely *not* going to get much enjoyment out of the act.

Initially, I had had no idea what to do, apart from the obvious! I opened my mouth and found myself smirking, which did not help. The man misinterpreted my smirk.

"You like what you see?" The man drawled with a laugh. "Wait till you taste it; every bitch comes back for more."

I took the man into my mouth, ignoring the jeers and laughter and fighting back the urge to be violently sick. I took two or three deep breaths, preparing myself. I closed my eyes and in one very quick movement, I opened my mouth wide, just as a shark would before it attacks. I clamped down hard on his penis with my teeth and with every ounce of strength that my jaw muscles could muster.

The bastard screamed – music to my ears!

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The scream was loud and unearthly.

Somebody was hurt, and bad... I smiled – it had been a man's scream... Only Mindy could make somebody scream like that! I rushed towards some double doors, following the combined scream and bellow. I threw the doors open and stopped, taking in the sight before me...

Mindy was completely naked and on her knees. The entire front of her body, her bare breasts, all was covered in fresh blood. Mindy saw me make my entry and I saw her smirk as she spat something out of her mouth onto the concrete floor. It looked like a piece of meat and taking in the sight of the howling man, his hands clamped between his legs, I felt nauseous as my brain pieced together what Mindy must have done!

Christ, Mindy!

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I did not give anybody a chance to react to my arrival, nor Mindy's oral penectomy. Yeah, I knew the word; I must have looked it up sometime in the past – blame Marty! I took a baton across a man's head, caving it in. My other baton smashed in the face of the next man. Mindy was now on her feet, a freshly appropriated pistol in her hands. She seemed oblivious to the fact that she was still stark naked and covered in the fresh blood of the man that squirmed at her feet – at least until she put a bullet in his head!

Part of my mind considered the thought that she looked a bit like Abby in 'Let Me In', you know, when she had just gorged herself on somebody's blood...

Mindy span around, avoiding bullets and punches. She shot each man in turn, in the head – one bullet, one kill. When we were done, there was but one man left. Mindy advanced on him, gun outstretched.

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"You bastard, you fucking bastard. You took *everything* from me, *everything*!"

I saw tears in Mindy's eyes, but she held them at bay. The look on her face was pure evil, which was accentuated by the blood on her body. The man looked scared half to death as Mindy came close.

"You know *who* you were fucking, cunt?"

The man shook his head as Mindy pointed the gun at his forehead.

"You fucked Hit Girl and now Hit Girl is going to fuck *you!*"

"Please..."

"Stuff it, you fucking fat bastard..."

Mindy paused then she smiled.

"That has just given me a thought!" She said before turning to me. "Strip him!"

I did as she asked while she went off in search of something.

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By the time, I had stripped the man, and bound his arms, Mindy had returned. She was still naked, but with a vicious looking blade in her hand. I recognised it as one of her treasured Balisong knives, which her father had given her some years previously.

"Hold him!"

I braced the kneeling man as Mindy leaned down and seized his dick. She took the Balisong and deftly removed the man's rapidly shrivelling dick and his balls, all in one swift movement. As the man screamed, Mindy shoved the severed bundle into the man's open mouth. I clamped the mouth shut without being asked. The man gurgled and fought violently against swallowing his particulars, but to no avail. Mindy pinched his nose and the man fought to breath, but he also managed to swallow his err, equipment.

Wow! A penectomy and an emasculation; all within ten minutes!

Mindy pushed the man onto his back. He was screaming, but no words were recognisable. Mindy proceeded to add a twin enucleation to her latest medical skills. Surprisingly, the man was still conscious, but in agony. Agony that could only have been beyond normal imagination. Needless to say; I felt no pity for the cunt.

Next went the man's tongue – again I knew the word – Marty and I must have been having a weird night looking up medical terms! With the man's glossectomy over, I wondered what Mindy might do next...

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I was spent.

I dropped the Balisong to the floor and fell to my knees. Kick-Ass took a hold of me before I fell any further. I wrapped my arms around him and broke down into endless sobs, my body shaking. He held me tightly and I liked it; I needed it. I felt safe for the first time in hours – probably for the first time since I had left him in New York...

When I was finally able to bring my sobbing under control, I suddenly became acutely aware that I was both naked, and covered in blood. I was also suddenly vividly aware of what I had just done and



the thought sickened me to the deepest depths of my stomach, not to mention the vivid flashbacks that appeared, unbidden, in my mind. I quickly pushed myself away from Kick-Ass, fell to all fours and promptly threw up onto the concrete floor of the warehouse.

Once I was able to control my heaving stomach, I shakily got back to my feet with the help of a reassuring hand from Kick-Ass. I immediately covered myself with an arm across my chest and a hand down below. I felt ridiculous, considering the situation, but I also felt so unbelievably exposed and immensely embarrassed.

Kick-Ass surprised me with his keen perception as he quickly strode over to the steel table, grabbing up my panties, pants, sneakers, shirt and bra. He brought them over and handed them to me before he then turned away so I could dress. I felt immense gratitude towards him; both for his being there and for that simple act of turning away from me and giving me back some vestige of privacy and dignity.

As I tried to tie my sneakers, my hands were shaking, making it difficult to finish the job. My shirt was ripped, so I just pulled it around me and held it across my chest. The bra was ruined so I stuffed it into my pocket. I looked around me at the blood and death without feeling. I saw a stack of containers that looked to be filled with something flammable.

I smiled as a thought grew in my mind.

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

The warehouse went up quickly as the flames spread.

We wanted to leave as little evidence behind as possible. I helped Mindy into the car, stripped off my armour and we drove back to the hotel. I parked in a nearby alley while I dashed in, packed my stuff, paid the hotel bill and then threw my bags into the Mustang's capacious trunk. Next, Mindy guided me to her current lodgings. There she ran in and then reappeared a few minutes later with her own backpack, which soon joined my bags in the trunk.

We were leaving Chicago, and fast, before Voight caught up with us.

I opted to head west.

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### ***Three hours later***

It was near to four o'clock in the morning when I pulled into a motel.

Mindy was asleep and had been almost since we had left Chicago. I left her in the car while I checked in. Once that task was complete, I nudged Mindy awake. Maybe not a very clever idea, considering her ordeal! I did not resist as her hand closed around my neck.

The hand was rapidly removed!

"Oh, God! I'm so sorry Dave..."

"No harm no foul!" I replied with a laugh. "Come on, Abby, let's get you inside."

"I hope this shithole has hot water!"

"It has; I checked..."

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There was an awkward moment as we just sat on the beds, not speaking, then Mindy spoke.

"Thank you, Dave," Mindy began. "Thank you for coming after me and thank you for rescuing me – again!"

"I'm just sorry that I could not have got there sooner and..."

Mindy glared at the floor.

"I was weak... I should have been prepared... It was my fault..."

"Stop that!" I said sharply and Mindy was taken aback by my sharpness. "It was *not* your fault..."

"I am Hit Girl for fuck's sake! How could I have let them *do* that to me?"

"I don't see that you actually had a choice, Mindy. You may be Hit Girl on the inside, but on the outside, you are a fifteen-year-old girl. Yes, you're strong and, believe me, your punches hurt but you are *not* invincible."

Mindy stopped glaring and looked sheepish for a moment.

"I know... Hey, did you call me 'Abby' earlier?"

"Yeah, why?"

"For your information, asshole, I am *not* a fucking vampire! I might like to encourage people to lose their blood and I *do* love seeing it fly, but I draw the line at actually consuming the stuff!"

"You *actually* seen yourself?"

Mindy glanced in a mirror for the first time, forcing herself to look.

"Oh... I guess I see where you got that idea from... I need a shower I suppose..."

Mindy began to strip off, so I turned away.

"My clothes are fucking wrecked!" Mindy moaned as she threw them into the corner of the room.

Then a minute or two later, there was silence.

"Dave, look at me..."

I turned and then saw that Mindy was naked again; I turned away.

"Please look at me. Look at me and like what you see – *please*..."

Mindy was begging; I was astounded. I turned back and as I glanced at her blood stained body I initially felt revulsion; at both what I saw, and what I felt, however, a certain part of me disagreed!

"Do you like what you *see*?" Mindy was desperate to be appreciated after her ordeal.

"Apart from the blood – well you're hot, Mindy; I mean that, I really do."

Mindy smiled – just a little.

"I hear that from you and I believe you. I know that you care for me and you see me as a woman, not just as some piece of fucking meat to be fucked..."

I had no idea what to say.

"Before last night, nobody had seen me naked – not even my tits. I wanted it to be special – giving my body to somebody for the first time, but all that was taken away from me..."Mindy paused. "I need a shower – a long, hot, shower..."

She seized a towel and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. I sat there for a minute until I heard the water running, then I picked up my cell.

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I called Marcus and told him that I had found Mindy.

He was overjoyed, but he could tell by my tone that there was a catch.

"What is it, Dave...?"

"You sitting down..." I had refused to *think* the word, but now it had to be said. "Marcus... Mindy was raped..."

There was a pause before Marcus replied. "Holy shit... Is she okay?"

"Yes – as far as she can be. Physically, she is fine. Mentally? I have no idea. I was too late; she had just been raped when I found her. However, she got one back on one of the bastards."

"Do I want to hear this?"

"You might... Mindy was forced to suck a man off. Only she didn't so much as suck it off, as bite it off!"

"She didn't!" Marcus exclaimed in horror.

"She fucking did!" I replied. "Just as I made my entry, she was kneeling down, stark naked, and covered in blood. She saw me and spat a chunk of meat out onto the floor... Then she killed them all, well those that I didn't get!"

Marcus was speechless for over a minute.

"That's Mindy!" He finally said with a chuckle, but then he turned serious. "Where are you two, now?"

"We've left Chicago – we're safe."

"Where are you heading?"

"Still working on that," I admitted.

"Stay safe Dave and look after my girl..."

"I will, Marcus – I can promise you that."

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After saying goodbye to Marcus, I lay back on the bed and I must have dozed off for a minute as I was awakened by a scream.

*“Dave!”*

I bolted up and leapt off the bed, heading for the bathroom. I found Mindy huddled in the bath, under the shower, shaking and sobbing.

*“I’m here, Mindy... I’m here...”*

*“Sorry, I’m sorry; I thought you’d gone... I thought I was alone...”*

*“You’ll never be alone, never.”*

*“Promise.”*

*“Cross my heart and hope to die...”*

Mindy smiled, but only for a second. I turned off the shower, helped her up and wrapped her in a towel. All the blood was gone I was pleased to notice. I scooped her up and carried her through to the bed, placing her down gently.

I lay down beside her and Mindy cuddled in, gripping me tightly.

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### ***The following morning***

We slept late.

It was almost noon as we awoke after a fitful night’s sleep. Mindy had awoken several times, screaming. Mindy was still attached to me, but her towel had slipped, revealing her chest and everything else. I looked away quickly, feeling ashamed for looking. Beside me, Mindy stirred.

*“You *can* look, you know. I am not ashamed of my body – it is what it is. My tits aren’t big, so sue me! I *want* you to look, Dave. I want to be appreciated and not leered at like those bastards did. I want somebody to enjoy my body with love and caring in their eyes – as you do. I wanted you to be my first – for many things – but all those firsts were taken away from me.”*

Mindy faltered, so I hugged her tightly.

*“Dave, will you still be my first. Will you be my first for *real* sex? Sex that contains love. I want to have an orgasm that means something to me. I want the man fucking me to care about me and I want that man to know that I care about him in return.”*

I paused before replying.

*“Mindy, I adore you and yes, I *will* be your first. You can probably feel my appreciation for what I see before me.”*

Mindy blushed as she took a moment to look down at the bulge in my shorts.

*“Let’s leave any more sex for now, Mindy, okay?”*

*“Good idea; I am a bit sore down below!”* Mindy replied with a weak smile. *“I’m hungry too – I need some breakfast, but let’s skip sausages, okay?”*

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While Mindy was dressing, I started digging through the internet to find out what Mindy might be going through.

I wanted to, at least *try* to, be prepared. I needed to know what a young woman felt after being raped and how she might react. I wanted to be there for Mindy, every step of the way. I knew that she would be very emotional, that was obvious. I read that she would feel shame and there would be self-blame for what had happened. There was one difference though.

We were dealing with Hit Girl. Her emotions varied from non-existent, through happiness, to homicidal – although sometimes she was happily homicidal! I knew from personal experience with Mindy how she bottled up emotions and then let them burst forth as Hit Girl's personal wrath. There was no way that Mindy could keep something like what had happened to her, bottled up. It would be like shaking up a bottle of Coke, until the cap finally failed...

Mindy had been damaged when I had first met her, at Rasul's apartment. The damage had been due to her father, Damon, Big Daddy. Now, four years later, she had had her soul ripped apart even more. How much, more, damage could the girl possibly handle? Very soon, she would flip out completely. Could I prevent that?

I could see a future for Mindy – a future filled with murderous intent; she could be brutal, savage, ferocious, bloodthirsty, barbaric and lethal. That was on a *normal* day, before she had been raped. Now? Could I control her? Would I *dare*? I was scared *for* her – scared *of* her – scared of what she *might* do – scared off what she *could* do.

Was it safe to let Mindy out in public? Mindy was perfectly capable of making the 'Red Wedding' seem like a friendly, relatively bloodless, argument in comparison!

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### ***Two hours later***

We were heading west again.

"Dave, I'm scared..."

I almost crashed the car at that! Mindy, scared! I pulled off at the nearest rest area, parked and turned to Mindy. I took her face in my hands, hoping she would not rip them off.

"Mindy," I began. "We are young. We are strong. We're not looking for where we belong... We are free... We could rule the world, on a silver platter, from the wrong to the right light, to the open stream. With a crash and burn, we can make it better; turn it upside down. Just you and me. We are the dream, no other way to be."

Mindy thought about that before responding.

"We are young. We are strong. We are free. I could change the world. I can make it better."

"You got it, girl!" I replied as I dropped the Mist Mobile into gear and re-joined the road.

We had a long ride ahead of us. Where we were going, we had no idea. What we would do when we got there, we had no idea. We just had ourselves and that was all we needed, each other.

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*Kick-Ass and Hit Girl, on a crusade to champion the cause of the innocent, the helpless, the powerless, in a world of criminals who operate above the law. Crusaders in a dangerous world... The world of the vigilante.*