

Author's Note: *This story exists as a possible future for the **Forsaken** timeline as laid out in my story **Shadow of The Jackal**. However, in this case it is a one-shot that may or may not relate to actual future events in **Forsaken** or **Shadow of The Jackal**.*

Synopsis: *Damon Lizewski is the ten-year-old son of Dave and Mindy, who both died when their son was just two-years-old. Melinda (Mindy) Williams is the eight-year-old daughter of Joshua and Chloe. Now, neither Damon, nor Melinda are aware that their parents used to be famous Vigilantes. However, the two kids have been piecing together several years' worth of clue's and are on the verge of following in their parents' footsteps, with or without their knowledge.*

"We're in trouble, aren't we?"

"Yes, Mindy, we are," Damon, replied.

"You know we aren't supposed to be here!"

"It's the anniversary, eight years; I needed to come."

"Mom said it was bad for you to keep dwelling on their deaths..."

"She's *your* Mom, *not mine*, Mindy!" Damon retorted.

"God, you are so damned annoying!"

"Says you, you little brat!"

"Let's just get it over with, Damon, please?"

I felt sorry for Damon; I had a Mom and a Dad while the remains of his were lying in front of us, dead. We stood at the foot of the two graves, which lay side by side. There was one single, but large gravestone.

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In loving memory

David and Mindy Lizewski

Together in love, inseparable in death

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The death of his parents had never been fully accepted by Damon. He had always hated the fact that they had died in such a stupid way, in something as innocuous as a building collapse. He had felt abandoned and despite Mom and Dad loving him as much as they did me, he had never seen them as his parents and well, he could be nasty when he wanted to be.

Dad would comment that it was just his mother in him, but neither Mom nor Dad, especially not Dad, would ever talk about Dave and my namesake, Mindy. Damon had this impossible idea that something was being hidden from us both. I knew that was utter rubbish, but when Damon got an idea, it was not easy to sway him!

Damon hated me seeing him cry, he hated to show any form of weakness. I felt his hand tighten around mine and I could feel him shaking. I would not try to comfort him; that would just make him mad.

I was getting cold, too and it was dark. Finally, after what seemed like hours, Damon let go of my hand and started walking away, I followed a few feet behind to give my friend his space. We had been brought up like brother and sister, but at times, we were little more than just best friends and sometimes not even that.

Damon was a very difficult boy to get to know. He would rather fight people than just sit and talk. Both of us had been taught self-defence Martial Arts since an early age and I could topple Damon, too, when the need arose, despite my being a foot or so shorter than he was.

There was something going on and I was going to find the underlying cause of it.

My parents had died when I had been only two-years-old, but I could remember them, brief flashes of memories. I could also remember vivid images of green, purple, and yellow. However, I could not put those colours into context and I had never brought them up with Chloe and Josh. I had always known that Chloe and Josh were not my real parents, but they were all that I had.

I had found it almost impossible to get information out of the two of them about my parents. I was well aware that Chloe and Josh had not been model teenagers as they had grown up; I had seen the wounds on both of them. Chloe was a beautiful woman; however, that beauty was marred by some horrific scarring on her right shoulder and at other points on her body. Josh was viciously scarred on his chest and stomach, with other wounds on his back, arms and legs.

They had both tried to persuade me that the wounds had all been part of some big car accident! Whom did they think I was, to believe that? There were many little things, which did not add up; such as my Aunt Megan, now she was a vicious young woman, not to mention my grandparents, Marcus and Paige. There was something about Grandma Paige, that scared me and I had no idea why!

My Grandpa Marcus was a senior Chicago Cop and I knew that he had headed a task force, years before, that hunted down Chicago's vigilantes. I had become very interested in those old stories. I had also read many of the comics that centred on the most famous vigilantes, Hit Girl and Kick-Ass. I was forced to do that in secret as my adoptive parents said that the comics would warp my mind and I might end up trying to become a vigilante.

As if!

The later comics showed some new vigilantes: Shadow, Jackal, Petra, Wildcat, Trojan and Lynx. The comics showed them all as being very young, but the girls looked hot! Despite my believing that trying to become a vigilante was stupid, I liked the idea. History had shown that it *was* possible to be a real-life superhero.

Well kind of!

It had started as a small argument, but as usual, it had broadened out into a full-scale row.

Mindy had tried to join in and the swearing had gone off the scale. Finally, I had degenerated into slagging off my parents, which I normally tried to avoid, but I was pissed off, well and truly. It had to have been the biggest row that we had ever had.

Then I went too far and I knew it.

“My father was *nothing!*” I finally yelled back. “He did nothing with his life; all he really accomplished was getting himself killed. As for my mother...”

“Stop!” Chloe growled in the tone of voice that both scared me and stopped me dead in my tracks.

I had never heard Chloe talk like that before; she had actually scared me! I saw Chloe look over at Josh, who looked very grim. I had pushed things too far; *way* too far and the look on Mindy’s face said it all.

Then Josh nodded at Chloe.

“It is time for you to learn some home truths, Damon,” Josh said sternly. “We’re going for a drive; just you and me!”

“What about me?” Mindy asked indignantly.

“Let them go first; we’ll follow your father, later,” Chloe replied.

“But, I...”

“Stow it, Mindy!”

I had no idea where I was being taken.

We headed into a part of the City that I had never been to and I was forbidden from going anywhere near. Then we parked up in a shitty looking street and Josh led me up a path towards a building. We entered the seemingly dilapidated commercial structure and walked towards the rear of the building, stepping around discarded crap, some of which looked to be of military origin. The place was obviously abandoned and had not been occupied for quite some time!

At the rear of the dilapidated building, Josh pressed the down button, on an equally dilapidated looking elevator, but nothing happened except that a small keypad had appeared beside the button. Josh punched in an eight-digit code and the elevator doors slid open surprisingly noiselessly. In distinct contrast to the outside appearance of the elevator, the inside was spotless, although rather dusty and looked very modern. Josh pushed me forwards and into the elevator. Josh then hit the ‘F’ button.

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That in itself was strange, as the elevator only *had* two buttons, both letters: ‘X’ at the top, with ‘F’ at the bottom! The elevator dropped and I mean it *dropped!* It went down fast, but stopped smoothly after about twenty seconds. Nothing happened until Josh placed his hand on a flat, glass panel that had only been revealed when the elevator had stopped. The panel appeared beside the elevator door opposite to that which we had entered.

Beyond the opening elevator doors was darkness. As we stepped out of the elevator, lights started to snap on, illuminating a short ‘L’ shaped corridor that angled to the left and led to another door, which looked to be heavily armoured.

What in the hell was this place?

Josh placed his hand onto another panel, beside the door and we entered a small area. More lights clicked on and we found ourselves in a box of steel and armoured glass; it was a kill zone, I had seen

them in movies. Josh proceeded to press a button, the armoured door behind us closed, and after he placed his hand on the biometric palm scanner, which was located by another armoured door, which then slid open.

I could hear a humming noise that sounded like it was coming from computers and air-conditioning. Suddenly, the lights came on, in banks, starting above us and continuing over one hundred feet. The ceiling was twenty feet or so above our heads. We entered the enormous room, although cavern might have been a better word!

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“Cool!” I exclaimed, trying to take it all in.

At the far end of the cavern, by a large vehicle-sized steel door were vehicles from my comics. I recognised Titan and Iron Hide, not to mention the pair of Ducati Panigale motorcycles, one in blue and the other a tan colour. They were parked behind an eight-foot tall armoured glass shield that ran across the available width of the forty-foot wide cavern and had a large six-foot tall figure ‘1’ on it. The top of the shield was angled over at forty-five degrees, to prevent anybody climbing the structure from the far side. The floor of the ‘cavern’ was ribbed steel and concrete.

Immediately to the right was a glass-enclosed room that housed computer equipment and large flat screens. It was obviously a Command Centre and there was a biometric palm scanner, similar to those that I had already seen Josh use, beside the door. Immediately beside the Command Centre was an external steel staircase.

The staircase provided access to a walkway, which ran around the central section of the cavern and provided access to a number of rooms on the second level. There was another steel staircase, which came down on the left from the same walkway, at the far end of the facility. The walkway was about ten feet off the ground and ringed with a steel and glass barrier that rose to a level of three and a half feet and the walkway itself was made of steel, but had a foam rubber covering. There were various doors, visible, that led off the walkway into rooms, with unknown purposes. The ceiling and some of the walls had foam rubber sections that reduced the echo in the cavernous room.

“Welcome to Safehouse F!” Josh said with a smile.

I was totally lost for words.

“Come upstairs, Damon, I have something to show you.”

We climbed up to the next level and followed the catwalk to a large open room.

On the far wall were pictures, lots of them. The people in them; I recognised them. My mind was having trouble coping with all that I was seeing.

“So, your father and mother never amounted to anything?” Josh said rhetorically, then waved his hand around at the Safehouse in general. “You see all this; they set it all up.”

I saw a picture of my Mom and Dad, standing together, only they were wearing armoured combat suits, but without their masks. Dad’s suit was green and yellow while Mom’s was purple. Then it hit me: my Mom and Dad were Hit Girl and Kick-Ass!

I turned to Josh.

“So, that makes you, Jackal, and Chloe, Shadow...”

“Bright kid, aren’t you... Sometimes!”

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“Oh my fucking God!”

“Hi, guys!” Chloe said with a wave as she and Mindy joined us.

“Fuck me with a barge-pole!” Mindy continued her eyes wide in awe as she desperately tried to take it all in. Then Mindy’s eyes fell on the pictures.

After a few minutes of study, she turned to Damon.

“Well you must feel a prize cunt!”

She was not kidding, either!

I felt so bad for mouthing off about my parents when they had been heroes. No, not heroes, superheroes!

“Just for once, Mindy, we’ll overlook that sewer you have for a mouth, as you knocked the nail on the head, precisely!”

“The rusty old nail being Damon!” Mindy laughed.