

Wednesday, August 17th, 2016

Falkirk, Scotland

Southfield Letham

"This will *not* do," Natasha commented.

"What?" Naomi muttered in response.

"You three little girls, sitting there complaining how hot it is - don't you have any dresses?"

"What do you think we are?" Kaitlin retorted.

"Girls - or are you really boys?" Natasha laughed.

"Do you want a fat lip?" Harper offered.

"Look, I don't care what you three were taught in that *Predator Academy* thing, but biologically, all three of you are female and I think it is high time that you three started acting like what you are. Me and my brother, we put on our masks and we become different people. We were taught to maim and to kill - we do it very well, I think. But when the masks are removed, we go back to our normal lives - I go out and get pissed with my friends and humiliate myself when I come home afterwards. I see no reason why you three can't enjoy being what you were born - girls.

"Kaitlin - you love that pony, don't you. That wasn't part of what you were trained to be, but you are embracing some of what you missed during your time as a *Predator*. Why not go the whole way - be a *Predator* when you each wear the mask as Glide or Prowl or Polaris, by all means, but when you are just being yourselves, be yourselves, be what you are. Don't feel that you must be *Predators* twenty-four-seven. Enjoy being little girls before you really do grow up and you look back to regret what you missed."

"She has a point," Kaitlin conceded.

"Okay," Harper said. "Do your worst, Nats."

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Two hours later, Harper was very much regretting her choice of words.

"I look like a fucking sissy!" she grouched.

Natasha laughed as the three girls each appeared out of the bedroom which they were sharing.

"I hate to admit it, but I feel a lot cooler," Kaitlin admitted, her tone very reluctant.

"Yeah - you look good, too," Naomi offered in a rare display of complimentary behaviour towards her younger cousin.

All three girls wore knee-length, one-piece summer dresses of a similar design, but in differing colours. Harper wore a light blue,

Naomi, a pale green, and Kaitlin, a pale yellow. On their feet, they each wore matching open sandals. As for their long hair, each had chosen different options: Kaitlin had gone for a pair of girly pigtails, Naomi a more mature looking ponytail, while Harper had gone for the full braids that kept her long hair well away from her neck.

"You all look perfect!" Natasha commented as she gave a twirl of her own, freshly purchased, summer dress in pure white. "Cassie and Keira will be so surprised."

"I feel like a sissy," Harper reaffirmed.

"You look like one!" Naomi agreed.

"Thanks, I love you too, Naomi," Harper growled in return.

The Helix

"The dresses were a shrewd idea, Nats."

"Thanks, Cam - I am determined for those three little girls to have a childhood, no matter how abbreviated it may be."

Cameron smiled as he watched the three girls running after one another in the blazing sun. All three girls had complained bitterly as Cameron and Natasha had slapped lashings of factor 50 suntan lotion onto all the exposed skin to protect them. Now, though, their laughing and giggling could be heard from several dozen yards away as they intermingled with dozens of other kids of all ages, both boys and girls.

"They seem to be having fun and they haven't killed each other yet - even better, they haven't killed anybody else!" Cameron chuckled.

"Give them time. . ." Natasha mused as she took a bite out of her ice-cream.

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"Wow, you are boiling, Kaitlin!" Cameron commented as the red-faced girl ran up, sweat pouring down her face.

"This place is brilliant - thanks for bringing us here."

"No problem, Kaitlin. Please get something to drink before you go back out," Cameron insisted.

Kaitlin grabbed the offered bottle of water and she downed about half a litre.

"Thanks, Cam!"

Before the three girls had an accident - Kaitlin had already cut her left knee and burnt her left thigh while climbing a rope - they headed off in search of some food to take home.

The general consensus was for pizza, so Cameron collected a *massive* order from Pizza Hut and they headed home.

Southfield Letham

It was good to see the girls giggling over pizza, rather than fighting over it. Naomi managed to get something tomato coloured all over her dress, which was no surprise.

"Surprised you can miss that mouth," Cameron commented.

"You want me to cut your nuts off?" Naomi retorted with a grin.

"What with, your sharp wit?"

"Well, yours are dull as fuck!"

The verbal sparring continued into the night and became more and more obscene and vulgar - Cameron was very impressed with Harper's knowledge of obscene vocabulary.

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Natasha was feeling tired; it had been a long day - but a fun day.

After finishing in the kitchen, she returned to the ominously quiet living room - a quiet *Predator*, she had learnt, was often being a naughty *Predator*! However, she smiled on entering the living room and taking in the scene on the sofa. All three girls were fast asleep - worn out by the day's activities.

"They actually look sweet - deadly, but sweet," Cameron commented.

With immense care, all three girls were transported up the stairs by Cameron and then undressed and slid into bed by Natasha. The three girls were far too tired to even *try* to resist.

The following morning Thursday, August 18th

"Wakey, wakey, girls!"

Harper's eyes opened and she glared at the smiling face of Cameron.

"Can't a lady get some rest?"

"You are not a lady, Harper, not by a long shot!" Cameron retorted.

"I can agree with that," Kaitlin muttered as she threw back the duvet and stretched.

"No one asked you!" Harper growled in response.

"Can't you two shut the fuck up?" Naomi moaned as she buried her face in her pillow.

"Breakfast is ready, so be quick, if you want it hot."

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Breakfast was an enormous pile of bacon, sausages, fried eggs, black pudding and plum tomatoes. One thing that the girls did enjoy, was a big breakfast; they each knew the value of a good nutritious start to the day.

"The more energy I have, the more mischief I can achieve," Kaitlin had commented one morning.

Cameron had suggested that they just feed the eight-year-old bread and water, in response. Breakfast took a little over an hour as none of the girls could stop talking. But, when breakfast was over and the girls had helped to clear the table and tidy up, Natasha handed each of the girls, some new clothes.

Harper examined the clothing: blue shorts, a plain light-blue T-shirt, blue trainers and white trainer socks, plus a pair of pink knickers.

"Is this more of that 'let them have a childhood' crap?" Harper asked.

"Sorry. . ." Natasha began.

"Don't be - I'm really enjoying it. Naomi and me, we've forgotten so much about being little girls. I know we both take the piss out of Kaitlin with her Twilight Sparkle, but in all reality, I think we're both jealous of her."

"Jealous of *me*?" Kaitlin looked up from her own pile of clothing: pink shorts, a pink My Little Pony T-shirt, pink My Little Pony trainers with white trainer socks, and a pair of pink My Little Pony knickers.

"You've been able to play, have fun, laugh, be a little girl. We've both talked about watching you have fun when we don't remember how to. What Natasha and Cameron are doing for us, is amazing. I hated wearing this dress, at first, and so did Naomi - but now we realise that we are what we are. We were born female, so, irrelevant of what happened to us when we were taken to take part in some sordid CIA bastard's wet dream, we should stand by what we are - we are girls, and we always will be," Harper explained.

"Woah, Harper - that was one hell of a speech!" Natasha complimented.

"Wet dream?" Cameron inquired.

"It seemed to fit," Harper muttered as her face turned red.

"I never knew that," Kaitlin said. "I never wanted to upset Naomi and . . ."

"Kaitlin, honey, you've done nothing wrong," Natasha tried to explain. "Harper and Naomi are older than you; they've missed out on

much more of their childhoods than you have. They can never get that time back. Understand?"

"A little."

"Let's go get changed," Naomi suggested as she cradled her own clothing: yellow shorts, a plain yellow T-shirt, yellow trainers and white trainer socks, plus a pair of pink knickers.

Two hours later

Central Glasgow

As expected, the three girls were very excited at being out in the sun again.

As usual, the City of Glasgow was very busy. The train ride in had been crowded but surprisingly, three little girls had behaved, thus making the thirty-minute journey tolerable. Everybody liked to walk, so they forwent a taxi and walked through George Square and headed for the River Clyde.

Despite their training as high-end assassins, their road sense was atrocious. Natasha resorted to holding Naomi and Kaitlin by the hands as they walked, not that the girls minded. Cameron had custody of Harper and the two of them were exchanging appalling jokes which were, as usual, trending towards the extremely crude.

Kaitlin's eyes were wide as she took in everything around her. The past few months of her life had been spent inside a concrete building. Having the chance to enjoy the fresh air (well, Glasgow air), was refreshing.

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After a trip around the Science Museum, followed by lunch, they all took a walk down beside the river. Harper and Naomi took the opportunity to wind up their younger companion, seizing the young girl by the arms and feet.

"What you two doing?" Kaitlin demanded.

"Fancy going for a swim?" Harper asked the younger girl as she dangled between them.

"You want me to slit your throat?" Kaitlin responded as she struggled.

"You could try, but I can handle a little munchkin like you."

"I may have only been a Phase 1, but I've taken down bigger bitches than you, Harpy."

Harper laughed as she and Naomi began to swing the girl, aiming for the river.

"Put her down," Natasha suggested.

"She can swim. . ."

"How many laps of the paddock can you two do in two hours?" Cameron asked.

Harper and Naomi released Kaitlin - well dropped her. Kaitlin stalked off, muttering vile obscenities under her breath. The group continued their walk down the river for another half mile before they stopped at a park and sat down for a breather.

"Where's Kaitlin?" Natasha asked.

"Probably sulking somewhere," Naomi suggested with an evil grin.

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Kaitlin was lost.

After her threatened dunking, she had been very angry at her treatment and as a result she had wandered off the path to calm down. By the time her head had cooled, she found herself surrounded by industrial and commercial units. As she tried to find her way out, she found her path blocked by three young men.

The first teen ran his eyes over the eight-year-old and Kaitlin felt like she was being X-rayed. She shivered slightly and cringed as the man paused at her crotch.

"We could have a use for you, little one. You lost?"

"Nah - just heading back to my family - you guys have a good one."

"What are you, eight, nine?"

"Eight."

"Bet you've got a nice tight virgin cooch," another commented. "That pale skin'll photo beautiful once we get those clothes off o' yer."

"Bit skinny," the third added.

Kaitlin decided the conversation was getting freaky and enough was enough.

"You touch me - I fucking kill each one of you," Kaitlin growled as she glared up the three teenaged youths.

They each laughed out loud at the incredulity of the statement issued by a little girl a few inches over four-feet in height and weighing a little over four stone in weight.

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Three minutes later, Kaitlin stood breathing heavily, blood dripping from her nose. She was the only one left standing.

"Dumb fucks!" she growled as she headed down a small alleyway.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she finally found herself back at the river. She headed in the correct direction and she smiled as she caught sight of Harper hanging upside down from a climbing frame.

"Hi, pipsqueak!" Cameron said in greeting "Where. . .?"

"Is that blood?" Natasha interrupted.

"I *may* have got into a little fight."

Harper regained her feet and joined Naomi.

"You're standing funny," Harper commented.

Naomi pulled up Kaitlin's T-shirt and turned Kaitlin so that Cameron and Natasha could see the vicious bruise on the girl's left side.

"Are you hurt anywhere else?" Natasha demanded.

"Just a few bruises."

"Why?" Naomi wanted to know.

"They wanted to take naked photos of me and do weird things to me."

Cameron and Natasha exchanged dark looks, as did Harper and Naomi.

"Are they still breathing?" Cameron asked darkly.

"Never stopped to check," Naomi growled. "Can we go home now . . . please?"

"Let's go, sweetie," Natasha said as she put an arm around the young girl.

That evening

Southfield Letham

"You okay, Kaitlin?" Naomi asked as she sat down on the bed next to her cousin.

"Not really."

"Did they scare you?" Harper asked, her face full of compassion for the younger girl.

"The men didn't scare me. I was scared of what they said to me - they talked about taking my clothes off and taking photos of me naked. Even while I was fighting them, they talked about what they could do to me when they stripped me - that scared me even more. That was why I killed them and that scared me to."

"You've killed before. . ." Harper said without thinking.

Kaitlin scowled and tears ran down her cheeks.

"I know - this was different . . . somehow. I know I killed people when I was indoctrinated, but today, I was just so angry and scared

of what they might do to me that I lost control. I never wanted to kill again - not anymore."

"We're with you, Kaitlin - always."

"Thanks, guys."

***The next morning
Friday, August 19th***

Southfield Letham

It had been a long flight, crossing the Atlantic, and the two women were tired.

Nonetheless, they were very keen to get reacquainted with those they had left behind. Cassie had missed her two girls, hugely and Keira was desperate to see Harper. Eric had headed back home, directly from the airport, leaving the two young women to head towards Falkirk.

"Well, the house is still standing," Keira commented dryly.

"True," Cassie replied.

As they pulled into the drive and stopped, the door burst open and three children ran out of the house. Cassie and Keira climbed out of the car and stared at the three little girls, each wearing a summer dress.

"Oh, wow!" Keira muttered as she studied Harper. "Who are you and what have you done with my little sister?"

"Likewise," Cassie added. "What have you done with the two crazy cousins?"

All three girls were actually blushing, but only for a moment as they ran forwards and hugged their respective guardian. Both Keira and Cassie looked at each other and then over at a grinning Natasha.

"Cam and I decided that as those three are female, they should start acting more like little girls, than they do. The dresses helped to keep them cool and I think they actually like them - we bought them three each. They've also got another couple of new outfits each, too."

"Thanks, Nats - how much do we owe you?" Cassie asked.

"You give me so much as five pence and I'll kick your cute little arse all the way to fucking Glasgow," Natasha replied sweetly. "Cam and I have had a great time looking after these three little menaces."

The three girls turned to Natasha and Cameron, wrapping their arms around each in turn and hugging them both.

"Thanks for everything," Harper said. "Being normal for just a few days made a huge difference and I'm enjoying wearing a dress instead of jeans."

Harper then turned to her big sister, giving her a twirl.

"So, what do you think, sis?"

"Just like a bigger version of the little girl I remember," Keira said with a smile and tears in her eyes.

Harper grinned.

Blairhoyle House

Cassie was very pleased to be home again.

She had given her mother an enormous hug. That hug had been followed up by hugs from the two girls who had also missed Alexandra.

"Did you miss us?" Naomi asked.

"Like a hole in the head!" Alexandra laughed and Kaitlin scowled.

"Peace and tranquillity - reminds of when Cassie used to go off to University."

"Thanks, Mum!"

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Sometime later, Cassie headed out behind the house for some sun. After walking towards the paddock, she heard sobbing and was very startled to find Kaitlin huddled under a tree, tears running down her face.

"What's wrong, Kaitlin?"

Kaitlin jumped up and she wrapped her arms tightly around Cassie's waist. Cassie disentangled herself and sat down beneath the same tree, pulling Kaitlin down beside her.

"Tell me what happened?"

"I got lost, in Glasgow, three men accosted me and they threatened to take naked photos of me and force me to do sexual things for them - I killed them."

Cassie was startled. She knew that Kaitlin had skills and she knew that Kaitlin had killed her parents, but she had never seen the girl as a killer.

"Killing them was easy - too easy; I never wanted to kill again. But what they said they would do to me . . . if I hadn't had my skills . . . if it had been another little girl. . ."

"Life is full if 'ifs', Kaitlin. You did well - those men deserved to die. You made sure that those three bastards would never be able to hurt any other child. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Cassie."