

UK - Birth of a Hero: Part 7

"Oh will someone *PLEASE* shut this dumb bitch up!?" exclaimed a man in a suit. He was obviously tired of the young girl bawling right in front of him, with her incessant shrieking hurting his ears.

An older man, the girl's father, immediately came beside her; holding her tightly.

"Natasha, please calm down," stated the old man to his young daughter, in what appeared to be a Russian accent. "Just stay quiet and do as you're told."

The girl quickly stopped screaming but she continued to weep softly to herself. She was obviously scared out of her mind and if it weren't for her father, she'd probably have fainted out of sheer terror by now. The two were being accosted by three other men in front of a corner store. A small shop that they both ran as a father and daughter duo.

The three assailants were all wearing suits; the same, dark colored suit to be exact. Two of which though were much bigger than the third one. Standing at around 6'7" each and having builds similar to that of a mountain, the two bigger males were obviously the muscle of the group. They also appeared to have very analogous facial features; implying that they were both twins, or at the very least brothers. The smaller one however, was a very stark contrast to the other two. He was much shorter, around 5'5", and also very slim. He was very frail compared to his companions, but with the way he barked his orders to the other two, it was apparent that he was the leader.

As for the shop keepers, the father was an older gentleman, probably in his mid-to-late fifties. He was dressed in very casual attire, along with a nametag symbolizing that he was in fact the store's owner. The tag attached to his shirt was also scrawled with the words "Sergei Kozlov". His daughter Natasha looked to be only seventeen, though she was still very pretty with a slender build. Like her father, she wore very casual attire; but unlike him, she wore an apron to show that she was just an employee.

"That's better," stated the slim man as he rubbed his temple, with both Sergei and Natasha huddled at his feet.

"Alright, you know why we're here Sergei," declared the slim man ominously with an irritated grimace. "Now where's our money?"

"Mr. Moretti, please," groveled Sergei humbly. "Give me more time. I promise you, I'll have your protection money by next week. Please, just give me more time."

"I don't take promises Sergei," declared Moretti with a rather disgusted look on his face. "I only take cash! And since you don't seem to have any, I guess I'll have to make an example out of you."

Moretti then looked to his two companions.

"Frank, Henry," stated Moretti, immediately grabbing their attention upon saying their names. "You know what to do."

"Right," stated the twin man-mountains in unison.

"But, uh..." drifted Henry as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Just to be clear, what exactly are we supposed to do again?"

Moretti released an exacerbad sigh as he dug his face into his palm. Frank and Henry watched him intently, eager to hear his response; for they genuinely didn't know what to do next. They had plenty of muscle, but apparently not much on the line of brains.

"How many times do I have to tell you morons!?" asked Moretti angrily. "When someone can't pay the protection fee, you tear up their shop then burn it to the ground! NOW GET TO IT!"

"Oh yeah," stated Henry, almost as if he had reached some kind of grand epiphany.

"That makes sense," replied Frank in agreement with his identical sibling.

"You know," started Moretti petulantly while rubbing his temple again. "Sometimes I wish I wasn't actually related to you two jerkwads. I genuinely believe I'd have been much happier as an only child."

After inadvertently giving their much smaller sibling a headache, Frank and Henry moved towards the corner store. This in turn caused Sergei's eyes to widen in horror. He quickly rose to his feet, all in the hopes of making a more heart-felt appeal for mercy.

"Wait, please!" begged Sergei as he moved closer to Moretti. "Our store is all that we have! Please! We'd die without..."

Sergei couldn't finish his plea, for Moretti kneed him in the gut once he got too close.

"Papa!" exclaimed Natasha as she ran to her father, who was now crumpled on the floor and painfully gasping for air.

"I don't see how that's my problem," stated Moretti bitterly, openly showing his contempt towards the Russian shop keeper. "You know how it is Sergei. Screw with the Moretti Brothers, and you'll lose everything. It's that simple."

Once Moretti declared this irrefutable fact, Henry picked up a trashcan; preparing to hurl it through the store's main window, just as Frank was readying to rip open the door with a well-used crowbar. Before they could even attempt to break in however, a confident voice boomed throughout the entire street.

"Stop right there, villains!"

Everyone involved immediately turned their heads toward the source of such a blatant decree, and what they saw astounded them to no end. It was a woman, dressed in green tights, white boots and exploding with an unfathomable amount of rippling muscle mass.

Ultra-Kitten had finally arrived.

Everyone was silent. They had no idea how to react to the woman dressed in what appeared to be a very elaborate Halloween costume. It was like this for several moments, until Moretti finally gave his beleaguered response.

"What the..." stated Moretti in a manner that was mixed with both confusion and anger. "WHO THE HELL ARE YOU!?"

"Why I'm the greatest superhero that's ever lived!" exclaimed Lizy proudly as she pointed her thumb to her prodigious chest. "You can call me..."

"Holy smokes!" interrupted Henry as he still held up his trashcan. "Look at the rack on her!"

"Yeah," responded Frank out of pure amazement. "I didn't even know they could get that big."

Lizy held her pose as she began to blush profusely.

"How much did you have to pay for howitzers like that?" asked Frank, genuinely intrigued by Lizy's sheer voluptuousness.

"What? No!" replied Lizy hurriedly as she began to blush even further. "These aren't breast implants!"

"YOU MEAN THEY'RE REAL!?" exclaimed Henry, completely flabbergasted by her answer.

The two goons started to blush now themselves, upon realizing that her mountainous cleavage was actually composed of supple flesh instead of over-priced silicone.

"Oh for the love of," stated a rather frustrated Ultra-Kitten. "Can we *PLEASE* stop talking about my boobs!? I'm trying to bust you guys here!"

"Oh! Is that so?" bellowed Moretti irritably, but with a hint of confidence. "Well we know how to deal with meddlers like you!"

"FRANK! HENRY!" commanded Moretti to his two brothers. "GET HER BOYS!"

"Oh, uh...right!" declared Henry as both he and Frank snapped out of their bosom-induced stupor. "You got it, bro!"

"Bring it on boys!" exclaimed Lizy, finally ready for some action. "I can take whatever you can throw at..."

WANG!

Henry had just struck her face with a trashcan, the same can he originally intended to use on Sergei's store window. Lizy clutched her right eye as Henry began to charge her.

"Ow! That hurt you jerk!" declared Lizy as she struck Henry back, the sheer force of her blow causing him to hurtle towards a fire hydrant; thus breaking it with his rather hard head.

Henry groaned into unconsciousness as water spewed out from the cracks of the damaged hydrant valves.

"Well it looks like he's all...washed up! Eh?" punned Lizy as she smiled to the two shop keepers still huddled together on the ground.

They both just looked at her.

"You know, because he's covered in water. Like he was taking a bath. Washed up?" explained Lizy, her smile quickly fading.

They still just looked at her.

"Okay, I admit," started a rather embarrassed Lizy. "It's not that funny of a line, but I still think it's really..."

"LOOK OUT!" shrieked Natasha.

Lizy turned and noticed Frank getting ready to club her with his crowbar. In response, she swiftly grabbed him and flung him through the plate glass window of another store. Much like his brother, he went unconscious upon impact.

"That takes care of him," boasted Lizy, rather proud of her accomplishment. She then began to turn, so as to confront Moretti himself.

"Alright criminal, are you gonna give up now? Or do I have to..."

Click.

A polished metal barrel was now being pointed at Lizy's face. Her confidence quickly disappeared as she quickly realized just what Moretti was trying to shove up her delicate nostrils.

"Oh! Ehehehe!" laughed Lizy nervously, all in a futile attempt to hide her sheer terror. "That's a...that's a gun!"

That was more of an understatement really. The revolver Moretti held in his very hand was huge; ridiculously huge. So huge in fact, that if it was just a little bit bigger, its very existence would have been considered a war crime by the Geneva Convention.

Moretti gave his new hostage a very sour look.

"Tell me something hero?" he questioned sarcastically as he pushed the gun barrel up against her nose. "Did you ever even consider the possibility that one of use had a gun? And would also be more than willing to use it when the time came?"

"Um...w-would you believe me if I said 'no'?" asked Lizy sheepishly, her now boisterously proud voice having morphed into a hushed murmur.

"Wow," stated Moretti in an unimpressed tone. "You really are stupid, aren't you?"

"Oh god, please don't kill me!" begged Lizy as tears began to well up in her eyes.

Much like Natasha, she was scared out of her mind. This was the first time she ever had a gun pointed at her. And naturally, it filled her with a sense of unrelenting terror.

"Sorry," replied Moretti as he pulled back the weapon's hammer. "But I don't take requests."

"WAIT!" screamed Lizy.

BLAM!

The gun fired, Lizy immediately flew back from the force of the bullet's impact upon her face and soon landed upon the cold, hard street near the store. Moretti then turned and began moving towards Sergei and his daughter. He didn't need to see Lizy's body. He was pretty sure she was dead.

"Now," started Moretti as he began to put his hand-cannon away. "Where were we, Sergei?"

Before he could even respond however, an effeminate groan echoed in the background. Moretti immediately turned and his eyes quickly became the widest they had ever been in quite some time.

"Ugggghhhhh..." moaned Lizy as she slowly sat back up, her hands covering her nose. "Owwieeeeeee..."

"How the..." stated Moretti, completely horrified by what he was seeing. "HOW THE FREAKING HELL DID YOU SURVIVE THAT!?"

Lizy soon looked down and noticed a piece of metal lying motionless on the ground next to her. It was the slug fired from Moretti's gigantic revolver. It looked very clean and was scrunched into itself very neatly; like it had just collided into a thick wall of reinforced steel.

In a flash, Lizy jumped back onto her feet and rapidly patted her self down; as if she wanted to be absolutely sure that she was actually there.

"HOLY SMOKES, I'M ALIVE!!!" shrieked Lizy frantically, completely and utterly shocked by the fact she wasn't dead. She quickly composed herself however, after remembering that she still had one last bad guy to deal with.

"Uh, I mean...HAHA! You didn't think I was bulletproof, did ya!?"

Needless to say, everyone was surprised that the bullet had bounced off of her face like that. Even Lizy; especially Lizy. After all, being shot in the face tends to result in injuries far worse than a slightly bruised nose.

"Anyway, as I was saying," stated Lizy, once again with a very confident air about her. "Are you going to surrender now or...Hey!"

Lizy just noticed that Moretti was trying to escape. The slim-figured felon was sprinting away as fast as his spindly little legs could carry him.

He didn't get far though. Infuriated by his cowardly attempt at a getaway, Lizy grabbed a trashcan (once again, the very same can that Henry assaulted her with minutes earlier) and boldly leapt into the air.

"It's time to take out the trash!" bellowed Lizy as she descended upon Moretti like an angry hornet.

Moretti screamed as she landed upon him and captured him within the dustbin; much like how a child would eagerly catch an insect within her toy cup. He then released a painful groan from within the confines of his cylindrical prison. It was obvious that he was hurt; being shoved into a wastebasket by a heavily muscled catgirl from several hundred feet in the air tended to do that to a person.

"And that takes care of that," she declared, brushing her hands in such a way to indicate that her work was finally done.

Moments later, she collected all three criminals around a lamppost (after making sure they were all still alive) and tied them to it with some rope acquired from Sergei's shop.

"Oh thank you stranger! Thank you!" stated Sergei emphatically as he began to weep tears of joy.

"You've saved us and our store! How could we ever repay you?"

"Oh! Don't worry about it," laughed Lizy nervously, having to get used to not only being shot at but also receiving acclaim for her actions. "It's all in a day's work."

"By the way, the name's Ultra-Kitten. In case you were wondering," she added with a slight blush, realizing that throughout the entire experience she never properly introduced herself.

Sirens and lights were soon being seen and heard off in the distance.

It was the police. They must have noticed all the commotion that was going about in front of Sergei's shop.

"Oh, listen," stated Lizy anxiously, afraid that she might get in trouble for accidentally causing damage to public property. "I-I gotta go. Are you guys going to be okay?"

"Yes, thanks to you," replied Sergei as he held his daughter close.

"Yes, truly you are an angel," added Natasha.

In that moment, Lizy felt something she never felt before in her entire life. It was a sense of accomplishment; a feeling that she finally made a difference in someone else's life.

"Alright then," stated Lizy with a soft smile and a warm feeling in her heart. "See you around!"

She then fled the scene, with as much speed as her feet would allow. All things considered, Lizy thought it was a good first night of crime fighting. She stopped the bad guys and even made sure the police would actually catch them.

Next time though, she'll have to come up with some better witticisms.

Seriously, "washed up?" "Take out the trash?" She definitely needed to work more on her material.

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