

## A Lady in distress

The gun in her hand had totally chosen the wrong time to jam. "Shit" a single word filled her mind. The assholes in front of her had definitely heard that godforsaken click. Instinctively she ducked, but there where nothing to hide behind so she was simply left crouching in the middle of the street. "Not ideal" she muttered to herself. Moments later a barrage of gunfire was sent in her general direction. "This is going to hurt..."

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"I swear boss, we filled her with at least twenty bullets!" the young man was standing in an awkward half-bowed position. "But that... that *thing* just stayed in place covering her ears, seemingly more bothered by the sound than the actual bullets hitting her" The bulky man towering over him grabbed the young man's collar. "You idiot, I was standing beside you, I could see it all!" he threw - or rather slammed - the man onto the pavement. He landed in the spot where the peculiar assassin had been just moments ago. If not for the scattered bullets covering the ground, it would have been impossible to tell that something had happened. "Well? What the fuck are you guys waiting for?! Go after her!" The boss screamed while spewing his men with saliva. The suit-clad men swiftly scattered.

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"What a fucking rush!" Johnny placed the entire palm of his hand over DeeDee's face in an attempt to push her away. "Not so close you fucking lunatic, I can hear you fine without all that yelling" They were standing atop of a three-story building with a fantastic view over the chaos that DeeDee's incompetence had created. The mobsters running through the streets reminded Johnny of confused animals. DeeDee laughed maniacally at the scene. Johnny let his gaze wander over her more-than-usually exposed body. DeeDee's already minimal dress had been reduced to shreds. She was - visually - one of the most attractive women he had ever met with her flaming red hair and well-structured face. But personality wise she was quite a hassle; and that's on a good day!

"Hey Dee, you are showing all of your goodness to the entire city" he gestured with his free-hand towards her almost naked body while still struggling to push her away from him. Johnny would presume that she did not care, but he had shame enough for both of them. DeeDee stretched her arms out like some kind of pop-star. "No I'm not; you are blocking their view!" the words where barely tangible through his

palm, but he could still feel the stupid filling the air. Johnny sighed deeply and pushed her towards the roof exit.

"You do know that *killing* your target is the definition of an assassination, right?" Johnny was peeking down the staircase with his gun drawn, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. DeeDee on the other hand sat on the floor leaning towards the door with her eyes closed. She smirked while waving her hand in dismissal "yeah, yeah, whatever; at least I tried while you were chillin' on the roof watching a poor lady-in-distress being fired upon - you know how much I hate the sound of guns" Johnny promptly ignored her and focused on the task at hand; getting out of here, hopefully without breaking the masquerade more than they - or rather she - already had done. "You didn't even try to help me you ass, you just watched while I had to get out of there. Didn't your mom ever teach that it is rude to let a lady in high-heels run through the streets with torn clothes all alone?" Johnny scoffed at her "You are *not* a lady". She smiled, "I suppose you are right my dear Johnny-boy".

Footsteps echoed through the stairwell. "Shit, they've found us" Johnny gritted. "So? Take care of it Mr. I-know-everything, I will just be in your way" If Johnny didn't know any better he would've thought that DeeDee was pouting. "Suit yourself" He raised the gun in his hands and began descending the stairs.

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DeeDee shuddered when the banging of guns began echoing in the stairwell. She covered her ears, but that did not help at all. "Stupid fucking guns... Stupid Camarilla with their *rules* and *traditions*..." DeeDee did seriously not like doing operations in San Francisco. It was too limiting; she wanted to tear people apart with her claws and then drain them of their blood - perhaps even embrace them if they were cute enough! "*But oh no, we have to abide by the Camarilla's rules whenever we come to the other side of that stupid bridge*". Of course, she did see the reasons for the masquerade. The humans did after all have fire, nukes, cockroaches and other nasty things which could prove to be quite a problem if the kindred ever became public knowledge. But that does not have mean that she has to like it.

After a few seconds, more guns joined the symphony of noise and DeeDee had enough. She stood up, brushed the remainders of her dress and exited the stairwell. She could hear shouting from down the street, and among the voices she heard someone issuing commands. DeeDee peeked over the edge of the building and there she could see her target in all of his fat glory. "*Oh, he didn't run away with his tail between*

his legs?" she licked her lips. This was too grand of an opportunity to miss. She took a step back and pulled out her dagger-sharp claws. "Showtime baby" she thought to herself before jumping of the roof.

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"This mess will be hard to explain" Johnny was leaving a trail of bodies behind him while slowly making his way down the stairs. His gun had recently run out of bullets so he had to rely on his immense strength and speed instead. The henchmen just kept flooding into the stairwell, but Johnny handled them with grace; one crushed skull there, one broken spine there and so on. Suddenly they stopped coming and a wave of screams and stray bullets began sounding from outside. "Fuck..." Johnny began rushing down the stairs as fast as he could.

"Mission accomplished sir, permission to go home and take a long nice bath sir?" The scene was gruesome. DeeDee and the street were covered with blood and flesh formerly belonging to the poor mobsters. DeeDee was grinning while giving a salute with her left hand - supposedly the left since she was holding the head of the mobster boss in her right. Johnny sighed. "DeeDee you psycho, you do know that there is such a thing as overdoing it right?" She simply shrugged as her response..