Blame it on the Kids

by ggyppt

Summary

What happens when a spy and a con become friends, fun times are had, especially when they both have the backing of people who are wanted by the government, and they are 16.

Notes

Hello, and welcome to my new fic, This is a weird idea I had while watching Punisher season 2, and I finally got the first little bit of it down on paper. I hope you guys enjoy this, and I intend to put more out as time goes on. This fic currently does not have a beta, any grammar mistakes that come about are my own. The title is after the song of the same name by Aviva.

Amy quickly flipped her skirt around, so it was the same pattern as the school girls around her. Quickly unravelling her hair, Amy turned back into the crowd of schoolgirls, blending in with her surroundings. She watches the people following her completely miss her presence as she walked towards them. Amy was about to turn the corner to head back the way she came when an arm wrapped itself in the crook of her elbow and tugged her over towards the private school that she was pretending to be a member of.

Amy turned and looked at the girl dragging her across the street. She was about as tall as Amy with a heavy mane of brown hair. As soon as they were out of earshot of the people still searching for Amy, the girl turned to look at Amy and gave her a dazzling smile, “That was pretty good back there, the
quick change.”

Shock cours ed through Amy, “You caught that?”

“A quick change as clean as that, yeah, I caught it. Thing of beauty it was,” the girl stated.

“So, can I get a name from my admirer?” Amy asked, as she continued to be dragged along.

“The name is Genirika, though you can call me Gen” the girl offered.

“Russian?” Amy responded with.

“Yeah, adopted by other people though. My cousin was a dumbass, so I was very glad to get adopted by my moms,” Gen explained, causing Amy to give her a raised eyebrow.

“So, where are you taking me?” Amy asked, trying to get at more pressing information.

“My room,” Gen stated simply, as they walked into the school building.

“There are private rooms here?” Amy whispered to Gen.

“Yeah, I’ll explain more when we safely get inside,” Gen stated as she guides up a couple levels to a less active section of the school. As they reach the end of the hallway, Gen pulled Amy to stand in front of a door, which Gen quickly unlocked.

Inside was a well-furnished dorm room, with more electronics than Amy had ever seen in one place. Gen quickly ushered Amy into the room and closed the door behind them. “The school has a couple of these types of rooms for when parents aren’t around a lot, for the rich types that travel and what not. My moms don’t quite have that problem, but when their work sometimes follow them home with an uzi, we have learned to take what we can get,” Gen explained as she closed the door behind the two of them and slid into her rolling chair.

Amy just stared at Gen for a couple seconds before composing herself. “So, why did you drag me here?” Amy asked.

Gen started talking as she started up the various machines in her room, “You need help. If you are pulling that type of shit on the people around here, it means you are in deep trouble. I like helping people.”

Amy huffed at insinuation, “We’ve got everything under control.”

Gen turned to look at Amy, giving her an indignant raised eyebrow. “Let me tell you from experience, having things under control only last so long. When things go sideways, it’s always good to have friends,” Gen told the other girl.

“I have friends,” Amy tried to counter, but the response fell on deaf ears.

“I have access that very few have,” commented as the machines finally booted up completely to reveal the multitude of security feeds that the young girl has access to.

Amy looked on, trying to comprehend the access this girl has, “What system are you using, I haven’t seen anything like it?”

“Having a recluse billionaire family friend has it perks. Custom built, only a couple people access to this system. Technically I’m not supposed to have access till I turn 18, but mom let me in a little early,” Gen comments, pride filling her voice.
“Wow, that’s amazing,” Amy says as she starts to examine the screen. She was about to make another comment when a knock comes on the door to Gen’s room.

With a quick hand signal, Gen conveys that Amy should stay out of sight. Gen walks calmly over the door and opens it a little to see who is on the other side. Finding it’s one of her classmates, holding a green envelope in her hand, Gen just smiles and opens the door a little wider so she may have a conversation with the girl, “So, Abigail, what do you want me to do for you?”

The girl on the other side of the door quietly hands over an envelope to Gen before saying, “People say you can find out stuff about people. Mom has a new boyfriend and he gives off bad vibes to me, can you check him over?”

Gen quickly opens up the envelope to see a stack of bills and a set of papers with the information she needs. “I’ll have the information back to you by next Monday,” Gen responds before slinking back into her room. Turning to look at the other resident in the room, Amy comments, “How would you like to do some recon?”

“I need to get back to Frank,” Amy comments.

Gen turns back to her computer and taps away a little bit at the keyboard before pulling up video footage of Frank having a conversation with another guy, “It seems he is going to be busy for the next little while. So, you wanna go on an adventure with me?”

Amy sat there for a minute, looking at the video footage, before turning to Gen and saying, “What we looking at then?”

“Someone’s paying me to look into their mom’s new boyfriend, make sure he’s an upstanding citizen. Not an unusual request, generally pretty boring. Let’s see,” Gen starts rifling through the papers, “We are going to be examining today is… Greg Stanzi, Banker for a private bank that deal basically exclusively in Millionaires. Actually, I think this might be the one where my trust fund is being stashed, well, one of my trust funds.”

Amy just watched as Gen rambles about the guy, doing her best to absorb the information about the mark. “So what do we need to know?”

“The usual way I do this gig is check every aspect until something comes up or we run out of avenues. My guess is our first order of business should be a visit to the bank then,” Gen says, getting up and grabbing a black jacket out from her closet and throwing it on over her school uniform. Opening the door, she turns back to Amy who is still sitting on her bed, “You coming?”

End Notes

Thank you guys for reading and I hope you enjoyed it. Please don’t be afraid to tell me what you think of the fic.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!