

There's nothing like going on the road with the family after a few hard months of work taking down a human trafficking ring. You know, get a good RV, stock it up with the essentials, then take the less travel roads, and just take it easy.

"We have company," Tristan says, and the announcement is punctuated by a bullet hitting the reinforced plating at the back of the RV.

"Tell them to come back later," I reply, maneuvering my assassin team with a few keystrokes. "I'm about to finally put the son of yours in his place."

Emil snorts. "You should take the out, Pop. No team you build over the last month will match what I spent the last year ranking up."

"Emil, take the wheel," Tristan instructs.

"But—" I protest as Emil closes his laptop and his team disconnects from the local server.

"There's four of them," Tristan says, his bare ass out of the seat to make room for Emil. Our son's the only one dressed; don't ask me why. Being naked and ready to have some fun is so much better than having to take layers off before—

Right, he doesn't have anyone to have fun with. That could explain it. I close my laptop and get off the bench before Tristan reaches it. He lifts it and takes one of the rifle that's hooked under the cover and hands it to me.

What? I did say we're well stocked.

I take the box of ammo and empty it into the holder welded next to the window over the bench. His own rifle in hand, he pulls the ladder he installed under the larger than standard roof vent down. His box of ammo is emptied into the holder welded next to that.

"What is it with them and never giving us a moment's peace?" I demand, unlatching the window, then latching it up.

"It's about collecting that bounty," he replies, unscrewing the vent, then taking it inside.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I mean, it's not like it's all that much. I mean, it's not even a hundred million." I sit on the added ledge. "And what's going on with that great hacker of yours and getting that off our back?"

"I don't know," he replied neutrally. "What are you doing to get the bounty off our back?"

My mouth is open to point out I haven't had access to a decent computer since we left, since someone won't drive us to NASA, when the implication had my face burning up. He just said I'm better than Asyr.

"Emil, keep us steady." The RV bounces and I grab onto side.

"What has your dad just said?" I demand.

"It'd be a lot easier if someone had picked a road that's been maintained in the last decade," he replies.

"Are you—" the sight of Tristan's crotch basically as eye level with him half out of the RV had me licking my lips. "I could have been sucking him off," I grumble, hooking a foot on the handle under the table and leaning out, rifle to my shoulder. "And you just had to come and ruin my day." I line up the shot on the driver and fire.

Huh. I'd have expected at least a scratch on the windshield from that.

I line up another shot.

“Grab on to something!” Emil yells.

I grab onto the side of the window, and it’s barely enough to keep me from being sent outside with how hard as he veers. A black SUV passes by close enough as I pull myself in I could have scratched the paint.

And me without keys.

“Where the fuck did it come from?” I demand, Keeping from being sent crashing on the RV’s floor as Emil gets us back on the proper side of the road... I mean. On the map it’s a road. I seat myself back on the ledge and line up on that big-ass ass. It’s not like there’s anything to hide behind in this New Mexico desert.

“It’s been coming at us for a while,” Emil replies. “I figured we have more to lose by playing chicken with them.”

I fire and the rear window shatters.

See, I can hit the broad side of an SUV. Well, the ass of it any way.

I’m surprisingly good with asses.

No, I just play with one in that way.

I line up another shot and change it at the last moment as the SUV turns to take up the pursuit. I figure it’s going to be wasted, but the front tire explodes and the SUV rolls.

Okay, strike that. I planned that shot from the start. You say anything else and I’m coming after you.

Unfortunately, that barely slows the others down as they drive around it. Five vehicles, two SUVs, two sedans, and one Jeep.

That one’s out of play as Tristan fires and the driver flies out the side.

I mean, what kind of idiot chases us in something without a top of doors. Sure it let his partner fire at us without problem, but now she has to lunge for the steering wheel to keep from—nope. It goes careening out of control.

That’s another out of—

You have got to be fucking kidding me. What is this, a hydra?

Two cars speed out of the cloud of dust trailing our pursuers.

“How many of them are there?” I demand, not expecting an answer as Tristan fires shoot after steady shot. Windshields crack, but it’s not enough to slow them down.

While he reaches in the box to reload, I fire, cursing the bouncing that keeps me from hitting them. That’s why I’m missing my shots. I’m an expert, I’ll have you know. Grams and Gramp trained me.

Which reminds me, I owe them a phone call. There aren’t a lot of phone booths left anywhere, let alone in a desert.

“Hey, Pop,” Emil calls and I can hear the smile in his voice. “You think you and Dad would prefer dealing with those assholes face to face?”

“Don’t you dare slow down,” I order, shoot, and lean in. “What do you have in mind?”

“There’s the perfect place five miles ahead to deal with them. It’s a town called Lost Hope.”

I laugh. That’s providence for you.

“Gun it!” I tell him, stepping away from the window and stroking my man’s cock so I can tell him of the change of plan.

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So, Lost Hope’s not so much a town as a ghost town.

A few grenades, along with the speeds our perfectly tuned engine can manage, gave us a few minutes to stash the RV behind a general store and set us up to wait for them. I’m serious. An actual general store with it written above the owner’s name. When is the last time you saw one of those outside a western movie?

Tristan is on the roof with the sniper rifle, while me and Emil are across the sole road in this place. Emil said the sign said the population was just above a hundred fifty, but I have no idea where they might have lived.

The dust cloud approaches, and I can just make out the form of something large when Tristan fires. That careens out of control, and two more cars become visible. I’d have expected more, but I won’t complain if the others got scared.

Tristan fired again, but whatever he hit isn’t enough to even slow them down. I fire at the windshield of the sedan, and I hear Emil fire too. Another shot from Tristan and its back explodes.

I shift focus, but the SUV makes a sharp turn and before I hit anything the gas station at the end of the street, or is it the start of it, since that’s how we entered, obscures it and the dust cloud dies down.

Okay, so they stopped there.

“Is it over?” Emil asks in disbelief.

You know how I said I wasn’t going to complain if this was easy? Well, the fact there is not one car expose without the dust isn’t making me feel any better. There were six left after that last grenade. I am certain of that.

Where are they all—

The revving of the engine has me jumping around the corner, rolling and staying on my back as I fire the three shots left in the rifle in its tires.

I bitched the entire time Tristan and I dressed. I mean, come on. Who wants to cover off that body of his. Now, as gravel digs into my back through the jacket, I’m kind of happy.

Yes, yes. I’m supposed to like pain.

Haven’t you noticed by now it’s not pain I like? It’s Tristan causing me pain that’s the turn on.

It skids to a stop and along with the falling gravel I hear door slam shot somewhere behind a building, maybe the dinner.

“I hear it,” Emil tells me, firing at the sedan and keeping the occupants from raising from behind it while I get to my feet, reload, and take cover.

“I’ve got you,” I tell him as I pick up the firing. Instead of running to better cover, he runs toward the sedan, rifle over his back and switch blade in hand.

What is he doing with that? He knows how risky one of those is to have around me. And what is that son of ours doing now?

When I have to reload, he’s sliding next to the wheels and pops the wheel cover off with the knife before pocketing it. He hefts it and smiles. I’m still reloading, which

means those from the sedan are in the process of standing and Emil jumps over the hood, wheel cover in front of him, taking the shots.

He slams it across the man's face, then I see the flash of bullets ricocheting off it as he rushes the woman. She backs away and I line a shot, but she zags as I fire.

Really?

Emil deflects the gun she throws at him with the cover, then it takes the punch destined for his face. He spins it in his hand as the pain becomes visible on her face, stops it and with mighty swing of it under her jaw, she'd off her feet and down. He grins at me, stepping to the front, then slams his foot down.

Show off.

As I stand, his expression becomes alarmed, and he throws the wheel cover at me like a Frisbee. I duck because I am not stupid enough to try catching it.

The guy sneaking up on me, on the other hand, does catch it; with his face.

I turn, ready to shoot at whoever else it there. But the rifle is kicked out of my hands, then I back away from the foot that keeps coming far too close to my face. When he finally had to put his foot down, I'm on him with kicks and punches. He pulls a gun and I slap it out of his hand.

There, see how you like it.

He doesn't like it all that much and comes at me angrier. This time, the kicks land, but I stay on my feet. I mean, really, it's not like they come even close to how hard Tristan kicks. I catch the foot, grin at his surprise, twist hard, and, once his on the ground, I slam my foot in his crotch.

While he's busy whimpering and holding onto his jewels, I retrieve his gun, straighten and find myself with a woman pointing a gun in the side of my head.

"Okay, that's enough," she says with a twang I always associate with Georgia for some reason, even though I've never been there. "You're just about getting to be trouble enough. I'm willing to split the dead price for your head."

I chuckle.

"Something funny?"

I glance at her with a smirk. Further down the road, Emil is keeping a man at bay with some sort of rapier. The man's face cut up enough all I see of his skin is red. I raise a hand, ring finger extended.

"I'm married," I state, and her head explodes. "And in this family, we look after each other." I turn and wave at my man. He lowers the rifle. At his feet, half hanging off the side of the roof, are four bodies.

Before I raise the gun at the man Emil is fighting, he swings hard and the man staggers, a line of red becoming visible across his throat.

"All Clear," Tristan calls, then goes back to scanning our surroundings.

I just Emil and he grins, holding what turns out to be a car antenna over his shoulder.

"Where did you learn how to fence?" I ask, looking at the choking man bleeding out at our feet.

He shrugs. "Saw it in a few movies, but I didn't really think about it. You know, I just swung."

“And did deadly damage.”

The man’s gasping comes to an end.

“About that knife,” I say.

“You don’t hear it, do you?”

I sigh. “That isn’t the point. If I had—”

“Dad didn’t think you would.”

“Of course, he’s behind it.” I look at my husband, still scanning for more bounty hunters. “Just so you know, your punishment will be to listen to me screaming my head off as he fucks me.”

Emil groans. “Come on, he suggested it.”

“Oh. I’m going to make him pay, too.” Somehow.

The problem with trying to punish Tristan is that he’s endured so much in his life I’d probably have to detonate a grenade in his face for him to feel it...or..

“I don’t want to know,” Emil hurries to say, as my lips part in a toothy grin.