

### Storyboard-18

I shoot the thug as he pops up from behind the counter. “What the fuck’s going on here?” I demand of my hunk and he gazes back at me. His cheeks are tear-streaked. Who the fuck is that? My hunk doesn’t cry. Does he?

Another pops up and I shoot him, too. “Do you fucking mind? I’m trying to get him to explain himself!” I drop the clip and put a new one in. “If I’d known I was walking into a firefight, I’d have brought more bullets.” There are enough bodies in here it should account for all the cars, but as I drove onto the property, after the explosion, I could see more black sedans approaching.

Motion at my feet. My hunk pulls a drawer open, and it contains boxes of ammo. I shoot yet another one. “What is wrong with you? Just stay the fuck down and I won’t have to kill you. Did your boss take out your survival instinct or something?” I look at my hunk. “If you think a gift of enough bullets to take over a country will excuse how you treated me, Mister, you are... well, it’s going to help.” I pocket half a dozen boxes and my jackal list on the left. “Now I’m lopsided.”

“You look good.” And there’s just enough of a hint of French in there I get goosebumps.

I glare at him. There’s a slur to his words I don’t like. Like he’s drunk. “Is this some post-victory bullshit?” I shoot another one. “You know what? Fuck this. This isn’t the place for this conversation. Not with more goons on their way.”

“More?” He sounds afraid.

I grab him and pull him to his feet.

Well, pull until he gets to his feet. He’s massive. I know that since I’ve had him lie on top of me, but I didn’t think he was this hard to move. “You are so fucking lucky I got here when I did.” The last goon poked his head out, and supporting my hunk is enough to throw my aim. So he lives, but he’s hiding behind a cabinet again. “We should be able to make it to my car before too many of them are here.”

“Chevelle.” He pulls me away from the hole where the roll door used to be and to the antique of a car parked before it. Oh man, the explosion scratched the paint job.

“I don’t think an old car, even one clearly as nice as that one, is what we need. My car’s fast.”

He snorts. “It breaks easily.”

I try to turn us to the exit again, but I did say he’s massive, and stronger than I am. So it’s to the car we go.

Goon number last, for now, tries again, but all it takes is me waving my gun in his direction and he vanishes again. My hunk goes in front of the car, for the driver’s side, and this is where I have to put my foot down.

“You’re in no state to drive.”

“My car,” he growls and glares at me. The tears really detract from the ferocity I know he’s capable of.

“Yeah, well, it’s going to be your coffin if you get behind the wheel, and I’m not done

kicking your ass for you lying to me.” I shove him toward the passenger side.

“Don’t lie.”

“Bullshit. I found Benoit’s profile, the real one.” I glare at him. “The white one.” I get the door open and push him in, and his protest gets covered by the squealing of tires. I catch the hunk peeking around the cabinet, phone to his ear. Really? “This is private!” His brains make a nice pattern on the sheet metal wall.

I slide over the hood with a whoop—always wanted to do that in an action movie situation—and get behind the wheel, only to hit a snag. The keys aren’t in the ignition. He’s dangling them—it—by a meaty finger, grinning at me. I reach for them and he pulls away.

“We don’t have the time.” I lean in and stretch my hand. I have them. Then his lips are on mine.

I hope I still have the keys as all I can think about is those hope lips mashing against mine, that tongue prying them apart, forcing its way in. The hand on the back of my head, holding me in place as he kisses me hard.

Fuck everything. I start climbing onto his side. I can be pissed at him later. He’s going to fuck me now and—

Something crashes through the other end of my Hunk’s long storage compartment and I raise my head in surprise. Bang it on the roof and come to something resembling my senses. “We are so finishing this later,” I growl. “And wipe that fucking grin off your face.”

I look at my hand. I still have the key, singular. I shove it into the ignition and turn it. The engine turns and catches in a ferocious roar worthy of my hunk. I shove the accelerator down as machine gunfire erupts from the other car. The passenger-side rear window shatters.

“Gonna kill them,” he snarls, and reaches for the empty holster. “Where’s my Eagle?”

“Didn’t have time to take it,” I respond, the engine redlining as I will it to go faster.

“Shift,” he tells me as he pulls a flip phone from a pocket.

Right, it’s an old car. The gears make a lot of noise they aren’t supposed to be able to make before the gears mesh and I ploy through the thugs who aren’t getting out of the way in time. A bump as I try to get into third sends the RPM way too high as the gear stick slips out of my hand and his flip phone lands in my lap.

I get it into gear again and grab the phone before he reaches for it. As much as I want his hand on my cock, now’s not the time.

“A flip phone?” I glance at him. “Really?”

“More secure.”

“Bullshit. It’s not more secure if a hacker sets his mind to getting in it. It’s just that no one bothers with those anymore.”

He smiles at me. Fine. If no one knows to even try to hack them, they are secure.

I flip it open, just to see what’s on it. A list of contact appears.

“Call Dad,” he tells me.

“Is now really the time to call him?” he’s number four on the list. There is no mom, and that seems relevant.

“Call Dad!” he’s looking behind off, sounding scared.

“Fine.” I hit number four and put the phone to my ear. “What do I—” the explosion behind us hits at the same time I remember the man claiming to be his father’s dead. He killed him.

The ball of fire is gigantic, and I am in awe of it. The smile on his face is that of a child watching a flower bloom. A deadly, sky-high flower that’s consuming the entire storage lot.

“Just how much explosives did you have in there?”

He shrugs and sits back. “Enough.”

I shake my head. He’s insane. I’d hate to think what going over the top is for him. I glance at him and realize that no. I wouldn’t hate that. What would it be to watch him utterly lose it on someone who deserves it?

How hot would that be? What would he want to do afterward to me?

“I,” I say and stop as his snoring gets louder than the roar of the engine.