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Robin Wood

14. Happy Ending

'I can't ignore this forever.' She looked down at the tent in her dress pointing a full foot from her body. *'I can't even see the boxes.'* Sitting sideways was awkward while she put things away in a hurried fashion. She bumped into her erect clit countless times and each time it felt better than the last.

"ARGH!" She yelled in frustration throwing herself back on her bed and slamming both fists into the old mattress. Lifting her head a little she opened her eyes and it was still there, *throbbing* and full of blood *demanding* she give it attention. *'Fine.'* She resigned pulling back the dress and felt thick warm flesh between her fingers. Not nearly as hard as an actual penis, it had more flex to it, but was still rigid enough to stand on its own without bending even when she lay back like this.

She began to stroke and each finger was like a striker drawing sparks along fire steel. For all the annoyance having a massive clit-dick had, she seemed to forget the trouble when her whole body was set ablaze during these moments. A second hand joined the first and she couldn't help it when her breathing became panting sweetened with stifled cries of desire. She didn't hear Bruce finally coming back from the rental car spot despite him shouting it while tossing his keys with a clatter onto the coffee table.

All she could think about was *getting off*. She wanted to pack her things and get ready to leave. Part of her was actually scared that *he* might come back any moment. But she *needed* to come and come *hard*. She couldn't ignore it. And as she gripped herself with both hands pumping furiously she cried out, tongue wagging out of her mouth as she squirted hard sending multiple powerful sprays across the room.

Bruce looked down at his feet and legs as she came all over them, obviously unaware of him. His pineapple flip-flops were soaked and she was *still* squirting. He was wet up to his knees and held the bag of doughnuts and junk up with both hands to protect it from his roommate's unruly pussy, spraying while her yanking finally calmed.

"Lin? You still in there?" He said tutting and setting the bag of baked goods down. "I leave you for more than thirty minutes thinking we are in a big rush and you are laying around hosing the

floors down.” He put his hands on his hips while clarity resurfaced in Lin. Her eyes rolled and bounced around and eventually found their way to him. He looked down, shaking his head.

“Bruce. When did you get back?” She panted and swallowed. “Fuck.” She laughed and threw an arm over her head.

“Long enough for you to spray me from the knees down. Swear to good gravy, Lin. You must have shot a good four or five feet from the foot of the bed to the door. Shit.” Bruce couldn’t help but join in her laugh and sat beside her. Her clit was wilting a heartbeat at a time and he licked his lips each time he glanced at it.

“Sorry, Brucie. I was packing and then it got all big and I’d bump it and next thing you know. And before that auntie banged on the door telling me to work and I went down and gave Mrs. Mables big tits to say thank you and-.” Lin rambled on in her apologetic tone.

“I thought your boobs looked a bit smaller. I mean, they are still gigantic, but that must be nice. I wasn’t even gone for that long and you had time to give out tons of boobs *and* jerk off?” Bruce’s expression was like ‘What about me?’ “I got the truck by the way. We should be good to go. It’s like two hundred bucks a day, but we can drop it off at any of their spots. I can explain it later.”

“Thanks, Bruce. Ha... Sorry. I’m sorry. Yeah, let’s get back to work.” She said finally catching her breath and they chatted and laughed for the next hour or so and the place was mostly packed. They had to make more than a few concessions and were going to leave most of the furniture. Most of it was there when she moved in anyway, likewise with most of the stuff in the kitchen and bathrooms.

When they pulled down the door to the box truck, the back had been about halfway full. Mostly clothes, boxes of personal effects and pictures, Bruce’s favorite sofa, and a few lamps and small tables. They were standing in the living room where Lin’s massage table was still set up eating doughnuts and drinking cold coffee.

“For all the stress, I have to thank your auntie. This is a nice place and I got to meet my best friend here.” Bruce said, looking up to Lin. “But eff these heaters, girl.” They giggled.

“I will leave her a note and tell her I will call her. That I quit. All of that. I don’t want to deal with it right now.” She said, staring into her coffee.

“I don’t blame you. So what’s left? We ready?” Bruce had a backpack and a suitcase by the door. His last two pieces of luggage.

“Just this table for me. I got all my personal effects. I can just get new stuff when we get where we are going.” She was resolute. Bruce nodded and then looked down beckoning Lin’s eyes to join his.

“Damn it!” She took two steps back from the massage table and from under it her dress was lifted up and sticking out *again*.

“Dear god, Lin. I’d help bear the load, but I know you need time and special candles and stuff.” He went to hug her and when she turned to accept it her rod slapped the side of his hip. “Dang!”

“Actually, I don’t need candles or anything anymore. I think.” Lin said, patting the massage table. “I won’t be able to go anywhere without this thing getting in the way. Mrs. Mables saw it and made a face I can’t even begin to explain. And I owe you anyway.”

“What. Right now? You mean it?” Bruce said with excitement welling up in his voice. Lin nodded and he lept right out of his shorts onto the table in one smooth motion. Wearing nothing but a himbo tye-dye tank top shirt he lay there with his little two-or-so incher dangling around.

“How much do you want? If I am bigger than two or so inches I can barely wear underwear, but I will be able to conceal it better at least. You think you could handle another ten inches?” Lin was explaining this while her own monstrous clit wiggled and flapped cloth around right in his face.

“Oh baby let me *take* that burden off of you. As much as you need, darling. I shall bear the load.” The playful fakeness in his tone that this was going to be a burden was funny to the both of them.

“I guess it should be obvious a guy would want a bigger dick no matter how big, right?” She laughed and rubbed her hands together. “Here we go.”

“Yeah, ha ha.” Bruce said and gulped as she stepped forward and began to massage around his thighs and lower abdomen. She worked her way around under his balls and went to the shaft. It was tough to concentrate with a hard-on, but to her it only made the points of light within herself that much brighter.

“Almost there, Brucie. Here it comes.” She said with her eyes closed and began to sculpt and transfer at the same time. Motions mimicked milking as she pulled his shaft. Like pulling a big ripe carrot from the soil she pulled inch after inch of cock from him, occasionally making swipes with her open hand to pull energy down towards his balls which also swelled up.

“Oh Linny Lin Lin, goodness gracious Lin.” Bruce was squirming and felt every inch pull out. He flexed and did kegels continuously and like an air pump he felt the skin of his penis become more pliant and almost inflate with contraction of muscles. “I feel it, girl. Fuck.” The dress tenting atop her monstrous clit deflating caught his eye and as he turned to look, the mountain steadily shrunk down into rippling waves of fabric. ‘*She really is giving it all to me. Life with a huge cock, here I come.*’ He thought while feeling her hands *still* working his shaft. They felt so much smaller and inadequate for his cock for some reason and when he looked down at his waist his cock was immense.

“Almost finished Brucie. Ahn.” Lin said focused on her task, but now that the erection tent had faded he could tell how badly her knees were shaking. He could feel it too. The sensation of heat and pure eroticism that his cock exuded. He had never felt an erection so powerful or hard in his life and the *fullness* and *tightness* of his skin from being almost painfully engorged only turned him on more. She was struggling to pull more shaft from him and swiped elegant patterns towards his testicles.

“Oh god Lin, they already feel so full. Oh lord.” He said pulling his lips between his teeth and breathing in and out of his nose trying to hold back the urge to blow right then and there. “Lin I don’t think I can take much more of this. It feels *too good* girl.” She nodded to him with an expression of pleasure spiked with pain.

“Almost...there... AHN!” She cried out and the bottom of her dress bulged out as she squirted in her own orgasm. Darkness spread down the front of her dress as she came until it was sopping wet. The whole while she held onto his shaft like it was a firehose out of control while he shot the *biggest* load of his life. Simultaneously roommates, best friends, people intertwined by some strange fate shared orgasms that rocked their world. Bruce shouted with his eyes and mouth wide open as orgasmic rope after rope went into the air. He came thick whipping swirls of into the air almost in slow motion and saw them descend like the frosted top of a cinnamon bun was falling from heaven.

It fell down in wet rude splats and kept coming. Lin finally let go of his dick and dropped to her knees taking cover under the table laying in a puddle of her own squirt which her dress soaked up like a sponge. Bruce’s penis was angled in such a way that by sheer fate while lying down his spurts of cum formed a beautiful arc and splattered all over his budding bosom, neck, and face. He was no stranger to a facial, but had *never* had to face an orgasm with *so much cum*. Let alone while ejaculating it himself!

The gargling exclamation was between a squeal, crying, and laughter all at once. From under the table Lin heard the sound of splatter and watched long oozing drops of cum stretch down onto the floor around her. She fell back and crawled away crab legged through the legs at the foot of the table.

“Are you finished up here?” She asked slowly rising. Bruce was moaning in the final fading throes of a life-changing orgasm out of breath of the exertion of it. He gulped a big swallow and spit out the rest exhaling big from his nostrils to clear his airways.

“Lin I don’t know if it will *ever* end and I am FOR IT, sister.” He sat up on his elbows coughing and and coughed. Lin’s face peeked from between his feet at the far end of the bed, locked on to how *massive* her friend’s penis had become. She stood to full height and started cracking up.

“You look ridiculous! How much did you cum?” She prodded. ‘*Why does it look so...*’

“Girl you tell me. I feel like one of those pedestrians on the sidewalk when the glue truck busts the side open. Drive by, style. Fuck.” Bruce wiped his face down and whipped it across the room. They met eyes and laughed, shaking their heads. “Thanks, Lin. And sorry for the mess.” She waved it off.

“It’s fine. I’ve been making my fair share of messes recently too. Wow, your balls are so big, Brucie.” She studied wondering where they were hiding while she ‘had’ them. It’s bigger than I thought it was going to be. Bigger than *him* at least.” She looked away.

“Well, speaking of trouble. We need to get cleaned up, throw a few towels down, and get out of dodge honey. You take the first shower and I will do what I can out here. Jesus this thing is a deadly weapon.” Bruce was mesmerized by his own cock and slapped it *hard* against the massage table splattering hot gunk on both of them.

“HEY!” Lin complained slowly opening her eyes after the splashback hit her face. Her tongue ventured over a lip and took a taste while he was distracted. “Anyway. Have fun and clean up alright. Don’t end up like I did.” She looked over her shoulder and saw him holding it with two hands in absolute astonishment.

“Sure thing, hon. Take your time.” He didn’t even see her leave the room. *‘I wonder if I can reach. I’ve always wanted to see how good I really was.’*

Lin grabbed an outfit she hadn’t planned on bringing, but with a chest that fell from extreme territory in just ‘huge’ meant she had a few more options again. Not having a foot long clitoris also helped quite a bit. As she crossed past the open door to the living area, Bruce had more than half of his giant rod down his own throat. She shook her head and crossed to the bathroom.

“Seriously, Bruce!” She called from down the hall. He pulled his head loose from his cock letting out a hot breath, strands of spit and cum bridging from cock to lips.

“Yep! Already getting started on cleaning! Take your time!” He didn’t even finish calling out before plunging back down and sucking himself off wondering if he’d ever leave the house again. Lin peeled off her dress and the shirt she was wearing and tossed them in a heap on the floor of the tub and started running water. She bent her knees and nodded thoughtfully studying her clitoris. Bigger than it had been originally, but not quite the clit cock she had been dealing with the last few weeks and months. She hoisted up a single breast while the bathroom filled with steam, catching a glimpse of her belly button before the mirror fogged up.

The smell of cum was so strong when she got out of the shower, still rubbing her hair with a towel in a hurry. Bruce looked drunk and let out a long rumbly burp while she entered the living room. He was on all fours with towels and old shirts scrubbing mechanically, head still spinning. His cock was dragging on the ground like a limp tail and he looked up.

“See? Cleaning. Urp.” His smile was forced.

“How many times?” Lin said, hands on hips. She had three towels, one around her waist, one around her chest, and a third in her hands to dry her hair.

“No more than four. RruuUP. Ok maybe five.” Bruce held a fist to his mouth. “My turn?”

“Yeah. This place stinks like sex. My auntie is going to kill me.” Lin’s face flashed serious concern looking around. “You did a good job though.” She said. He stood up on wobbly legs still naked save for a tank top. She looked down at his dick coiled around his thigh, stuck fast with sticky cum. His face was slathered and dripping with spittle and cum like pooh bear after going to town on pot after pot of honey, but his look was distant and unfocused. ‘*Been there...*’ She thought.

By the time he got out of the shower Lin had cleaned the place up tremendously and soaked it with febreze and lemon cleanser. She had changed into a pair of thick black leggings and a pair of green shorts she could manage to squeeze into. One of the hoodies she loved, a maroon one with a faded white logo on it, fit again and framed her nicely.

“You don’t mess around, Lin.” Bruce said, wearing a bath towel above his gentle bosom. His soft cock peeked down between his legs and her eyes went *right* for it. “I had to choose between tits and cock hanging out and I made my choice. Also, *someone* used three freaking towels. How the hell many towels do you need?” Bruce said with playful accusation. Lin looked away muttering.

“The place is clean enough and I packed a few more things and left them by the door. Go get dressed. Let’s go.” She said impatiently. His face scrunched up into a face that said ‘About that...’ all over it and the sigh came from her without further coaxing.

“So I *kinda* packed all my clothes. Do you have anything I can wear? I promise I will wash it and give it back. I was thinking in the shower anyway, most of my pants are all super duper tight anyway and, well.” He shrugged.

“Ugh, Come on.” Lin huffed and he scampered after her with glee.

After getting dressed and *really* saying goodbye to the apartment it was already early evening and the van was parked outside of the convenience store not too far down the street. Lin told him that she *had* to say goodbye to her grannie and they needed snacks and food anyway. Bruce’s hair was already fluffy and curled and it bounced as he hopped down from the driver’s side door onto the curb. The weighty yank of his cock and balls caused a small commotion in the tight pink sweatpants Lin lent him. They rested above the calf and his thick soft bulge was unmistakable. His belly peeked out from under a neon yellow tank top that was tight across his budding breasts. It all jiggled to a stop while Lin rounded the truck and hugged him. They walked into the store like besties and greeted grannie.

After pleasantries and simple chat were taken care of and Lin explained that Bruce wasn't her boyfriend, he grabbed his snacks and drinks and waited in the car to give them privacy. Also he couldn't understand a word they were saying and started to feel awkward and realized that he needed to do some carb loading to offset the thick protein lunch he served himself earlier. Watching through the window sipping on a boba tea and munching on some rice crackers he smiled watching Lin talk to the old lady.

Those two had a connection which seemed a lot more intimate and caring than the one with her auntie. Absorbed in the gentle scene, Bruce didn't notice his penis was bending the waistband of his sweats straining to get out. After some clever shifting around in the pleather seat he pulled his dick out and it sprung up hard as ever taking his full attention. Admiration at his new beastly cock which he stroked lovingly faded to the background while he calculated how long this heartfelt scene was going to take and if he could take care of this before she was done. The pinkish-red plum staring him down shed a single pre-cum tear wondering why he hesitated. And he stopped hesitating and began to suck himself off. '*This doesn't get old*' He thought, choking down as much of himself as he could.

Lin was crying. She had been crying and confessed to grannie that she was betraying her auntie, her family, everything. She was being selfish. She was a bad person. It went on and on. Lin was sitting next to grannie crying into her bosom while her elder held her tight stroking her hair listening. She didn't give away the specifics since it would only trouble her grannie, but got the point across that she took something important from a bad person, was going to quit her job, and ultimately abandon her auntie. She told about the hardships she faced and how her auntie let the bad person do things to her.

"What should I do? Should we return the truck? I'm so scared and don't want to disappoint my auntie, but I can't take it anymore. What should I do grandma?" Lin had tears running down her face and pulled herself free from her grannie's chest.

"Your aunt is a good woman, but she has been here too long. She has seen her own share of tough times and might be trying to help you stay tough in the face of those challenges. But you are already tough, Lin. You are becoming a woman and you can make your own choices. And people only take things if they really need them, Lin. If you didn't need it I am sure you would give it to someone who does." Grannie said, stroking her hair and calming her surrogate granddaughter.

Meanwhile, Bruce's skills impressed himself to the point he was on the brink and could already *taste* the orgasm. His tongue went wild and he squeezed his lips as tight as he could, pumping up and down until his back hurt until finally curling his hips up as the first hot spurting gushes of cum flooded his mouth filling his cheeks. He gulped greedily, still unused to the ludicrously thick and voluminous nut coating his mouth, throat, and nasal passages. His eyes rolled into his head and swallowed with automatic need, fearing he would spill jizz all over the pants Lin just lent

him. Eyes spinning in his head caught a glimpse of the mirror as post-nut clarity reminded him he was parked on the side of the street sucking himself off in the early evening.

'Thank goodness it's a week night and people aren't hanging around here.' He cringed internally coaxing the last thick gloopy globs of cum with both hands. The base of his new cock was so thick he couldn't comprehend it as he pulled upwards towards the tip and his lips, finally satisfied he wasn't cumming anymore. He threw his head back and let out a spunk-stinky breath licking his lips and looking around. Someone was approaching the shop and he was thankful he finished. The head of his dick was still above the window line, but once it calmed down he'd be fine. *'Wait a minute. Who the fuck is...'* Bruce began to panic in silence and pressed himself against the seat as his heart beating fast from orgasm doubled its rate and pumped in *fear*.

"Family is family, granddaughter. Your auntie may be upset, but she will understand. She had run away. Even I ran away. And eventually we all go back. We get a slap on the wrist and no sweets for a month, but the love is no less than it was in the start. Go on an adventure and become a woman who will bring honor to your family. Stand on your own two feet and make the world a better place than you left it. That is all we can do. Even if it is letting a young man take all your snack cakes for free." She smiled down at Lin whose eyes widened in understanding.

'She knew the whole time?' Lin immediately felt a pang of supreme guilt and self-loathing in part of herself. *'What have I done?'*

'What am I going to do?' Bruce thought as sweat covered his whole body and his dick went limp almost instantly. He shoved it into his pants as quietly as he could staring in the side mirror. It was *him*. And understandably, he looked *angry*. *'Maybe he won't notice she's in there.'* Bruce watched as he went up to the window and looked inside and started cursing.

"Aw hell no." He said aloud and stopped on a dime and ran back where he came from. *'Thank goodness. I gotta tell Linny.'* Bruce watched him run down the street through the mirror and when he turned out of sight he hopped out of the truck. Landing, he realized how unruly his bulge was, like a pool noodle was coiled and knotted in the tight sweats and he reached deep into the waistband to try and shake it out while heading back inside.

"Lin! LIN!" He burst in through the door sending the bell spinning on its chain with a terrible clatter. The pair of them, Lin and the old woman she clung to, jumped in fright staring at Bruce. Lin sniffed and wiped away her tears.

"What is it Bruce?" She said with weepy weakness. Even with poor eyesight the old grannie could tell that the new customer had clearly shoved something huge down their pants. He was so bright in pink and yellow it was easy to see. She smiled at him.

"Welcome." Grannie said. Bruce smiled and waved while huffing.

“It’s him! *Him*, Lin. He came up to the window, saw you in here, and then went running off. I don’t know if he’s scared or-” The door burst open again in that instant with a crash banging into a standing wire rack of magazines sending them flying. Bruce took cover with a pathetic cry and cowered behind a shelf of chocolates, chips, and other snacks.

“I told you to NEVER-” Lin said standing up holding out her arms to protect grannie. He shook his head and pulled out a gun, matte gray and dull, but it glowed red hot in everyone’s mind.

“I don’t give a fuck what you said, you dumb bitch.” He cocked the hammer back and his finger went slowly to the trigger. Bruce was whimpering and crying out weakly for him to stop and not hurt anyone. They will do anything he wants and so forth. Grannie was praying under her breath. Lin stood firm, but she was scared to death. “And YOU shut the fuck up too!” He said pointing the gun towards Bruce.

“Oh lord don’t point that thing at me!” Bruce fell to the ground on his ass and was scrambling backwards awkwardly. “Oh please! No! Oh no...” Bruce looked down feeling the sweatpants hot and wet as he pissed them in pure fear. *‘Must’ve drunk more than a liter of cum and more than that in water and soda. I’m gonna fucking die!’*

“What... The... Fuck?” The gunman said watching the sweatpants soak up the piss and cling to his leg revealing a *giant cock* and *huge balls* clear as day. “Is that my... How did you-?” He was utterly confused and Lin made her move with a shout and a leap onto his back. She wrapped him from behind, the gun fired with a deafening blast and kicked back out of his weak grasp to the ground. Everyone cried out and screamed but only the sound of ringing in their ears could be heard.

Lin felt wild and rage filled her. The emotions of wrath from before and she grabbed his shoulders, his biceps, his forearms, and began to work down his body. She felt her own arms bulking up and muscles tightening. She weakened his core and took thigh and calf muscles until he couldn’t fight back anymore. From the ground seeing her bulk up, arms and legs swelling and bulging with definition and muscle was horrifying. He had enough strength to lift his body weight, but she punched him in the jaw and he fell limp. Limper than she made him already.

“Call the police grannie!” She shouted and grannie was already on the phone. She stood up, thrown off by her perspective since she felt a little taller. Grannie’s sweet eyes widened as she used her best English to explain the situation while seeing her granddaughter a few inches taller than she was before and leggings that bulged with definition. Lin looked down the aisle where she heard Bruce moaning. There was a trail of blood and her lip started quivering instantly upon seeing it.

“Br... Brucie?” Lin said with a voice so shaken she almost fell down. She stepped over the emaciated form she sapped and walked down the aisle where she heard him rasping and gurgling. “Bruce? BRUCE!” She picked up the pace and dropped to her knees sliding to his side. He was trying to say something and motioned her closer. She leant in.

“I pissed in your sweatpants, Linny. Sorry.” He said and laughed immediately regretting it. His gut clenched and he pulled away his hands and revealed a bullet wound near his stomach. It was bleeding a lot and he frowned at her as tears welled in his eyes. He shook his head. “I’m gonna die aren’t I?” He said in a croaky whisper. Tears started flowing down Lin’s cheeks and she froze in place, staring at the blood spilling from him. The reflection of the multiple inset lights on the ceiling shined like brilliant points in the crimson of his life spilling on the ground.

“No Brucie. No. You’re fine. You’re gonna be fine.” She whispered, pulling down a pack of wet wipes and paper towels with hands shaking so much she could barely tear the plastic open. “Are the cops coming? Tell them we need an ambulance!” Lin yelled to the old woman struggling on the phone. She was speaking a mixture of her native language and English and it wasn’t going well. Lin started coaching her on what to say, and grannie repeated after her. Lin wiped up the wound and was holding paper towels on it. They soaked up blood and Lin and Bruce were crying. *‘What do we do? What do I do? What can I do?’* The reflection of the lights in the ceiling from the blood almost called out to her.

“L... Lin?” Bruce said in a weak voice. He held up a hand and she clasped it. “Take the dick back while you still can. Before I die. Save this beautiful penis.” Lin got furious and Bruce laughed. Each giggle spilling another thick rivulet of deep red lifeblood. *‘That’s it.’* She thought. Her hand pushed the towels away and she put her hand on the wound, vitality spilling over her hands. She took a deep breath and tried to steady herself as best she could. She felt Bruce’s grip in her hands and held on tight. His grip was getting weaker.

“Hold on, Brucie.” She said and began to move her hands around his abdomen and search frantically with her senses. The blood wasn’t orderly and stood out in her mind. Like walking into a room filled with flashlights all aiming in different directions. She felt lost and overwhelmed. Bruce’s grip started to go slack in her hands and she gripped tighter and shook him back awake. The lights in her mind’s eye, his lights, dimmed in that instant and she felt a dagger of true fear stab into her.

‘...Become a woman who will bring honor to your family. Stand on your own two feet and make the world a better place than you left it. That is all we can do.’ The words echoed in her mind and she took another deep breath and her hands found steadiness.

“Sorry Brucie. I need two hands for this.” She gently put his hand down and it fell limp. Her secondhand went to the wound and when it did her mind’s eye went from a kaleidoscope of confusing lights to a focused image, more orderly than before, but identifiable chaos. She was no doctor, but she could tell things were amiss. There was one blank space amidst all the light which stood out. And a path leading to it from the outflowing which she identified as blood. *‘There. But how do I...?’*

She manipulated the light. She felt herself giving light and donating light while she manipulated the light within him to move the dark spot out. She could feel it. It was moving. It was *working*.

Blood also poured out. She tried to donate and close up the sources of the outpouring. She cried out as a stabbing sting touched her own belly. '*I have to be careful.*' She went slower and used what he already had. The darkness got closer and she brushed the thinnest veneer of light over the openings along the way. His own light began to work in the wake of her 'passing.'

"I see now." She said, closing her eyes to better *feel* the light. As the darkness came closer and closer to her hand and the manipulations of his inner light became more deft, she felt it tough her palm. With total clarity and calmness she closed her hand around it and wiped the blood away from the wound. It was still a gaping bullet hole in her best friend's gut, but the bleeding has subsided. The ringing in her ears had gone, she realized as she was pushed aside by someone firmly but carefully.

Everything was in slow motion around her and sound slowly returned. The wailing of sirens began to bleat in her ear and she blinked like she had just woken up. The clicking ratchet of handcuffs pulled her attention towards *him* as he was pulled semi-lifeless through the door of the convenience store.

"I don't understand." The paramedic before her said looking at the wound in her friend. "I am not seeing a bullet. Maybe it was some homemade weapon?"

"Nine millimeter. Dime a dozen around here." An officer said standing behind Lin. "Ma'am, are you OK?" '*He's talking to me.*' Lin thought and held out her hand, turned it face up and opened her palm.

"I think I have it..." She said still hazy and woozy from the experience.

"How the hell...?" The paramedic and police officer said simultaneously. The officer called over a detective to grab the bullet and bad it.

"We will need to ask you some questions. Can you stand?" The officer said, grabbing her by the arm. She fought the urge to do to the cop like she did to *him*. She paused while Bruce was tended to.

"Is Bruce going to be alright?" She said feeling the shakes fade back in.

"Honestly, he doesn't seem to be hurt much beyond this scrape. Maybe the bullet ricocheted off something and only cut them a little bit? That would explain how *shallow* the wound is." The paramedic supposed, totally flabbergasted. He gave Bruce a few slaps on the cheek. Lin's filled with tears again. "Sir?" The paramedic looked down at Bruce's breasts. "M...Ma'am?" His eyes went down a bit more to the piss-stained pink sweats with a serpentine bulge. The paramedic checked his eyes with a light and slapped a bit harder giving a few shakes. Finally Bruce started coughing. "Sir. Sir! Can you hear me?" Bruce coughed up some blood and opened his eyes weakly.

“Why’re you slapping me so much? I owe you money or something?” Bruce whined holding up his arms in defense swatting away the man. Lin’s stress, fears, and worry all melted in that instant and she laughed as tears fell down her cheeks.

“You dumbass! You got shot!” Lin said. Bruce’s recollection dawned on him and he looked at his friend with eyes of revelation. He remembered her gripping his hand and looked up at her, down to his wound and winced a bit when he inspected it and looked back up at her. She shrugged. “I’ll be outside, Brucie. Get patched up in here.”

Lin was escorted outside and found a place beside grannie. They had a blanket draped around them and the flashing blue and red lights of the patrol cars and ambulance shined through clouds of frosty exhalation of officers, paramedics, and bystanders. Lin’s eyes scanned the crowd and of course, her auntie was there. Watching from the other side of some hastily thrown up caution tape. Lin shook her head telling her it was too soon to talk about anything

“I saw what you did, little one.” Grannie said in Lin’s ear. “You can change the world. You and your friend saved my life.” She said, giving Lin a big squeeze. *‘If only she knew how it was my fault and I endangered all our lives.’*

“Thanks, grannie. I’m just glad we are safe now.” She hugged grannie back and looked back into the crowd. Her auntie had tears in her eyes and she mouthed the words ‘I’m sorry.’ Lin was thankful for the gesture but she could only frown and furrowed her brow shaking her head. An officer stood between blocking her view and soon she was answering questions and translating for grannie to the officers. The night was cold, crisp, but refreshing.