

# The Farm

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The radio was happily producing an endless stream of rather generic country and western music. Emelie frowned. While her dad hummed along and her mom caught the refrain, she just wished they would play something else. Or maybe she could just pick one of the tapes she had brought along and pop them into the cassette player. Her parents wouldn't appreciate her taste in music, though.

Her mom would roll her eyes and say:

"All these suggestive lyrics ... I don't think that's appropriate for young women."

Yeah, right. She had grown up in a very protected household, with her dad being an active soldier most of her life, but even she could tell that the refrain her mom was happily singing along was basically about oral sex.

She sighed and looked out of the window. The whole area was beautiful, with tall trees and mountains, but it was also terribly boring. Her friends all went to the beach or visited other, exciting cities, but she was stuck on the family farm. When she had been a little kid, this had all been great fun. Taking care of the animals, riding horses, going on treks, swimming in the lake, camping outside ... It had all been one big adventure and the neighbors had kids her age, so she could play with them and Peter, her little brother.

As teenagers, they had snuck out and camped in the woods, telling ghost stories and exploring the ruins of the War. As a tomboy, this had been perfect for her. She also had her first kiss there. Mickey. She still wondered what she had been thinking. But she had been fourteen then!

It was understandable.

The last years, the farm had grown boring. There was nothing out there, not even a disco she could go to. The only thing that happened there was the big midsummer festival. That one wasn't half bad.

She nodded to her reflection.

This would be her last family trip. Next year, she'd do her own thing. And it would be glorious!

Besides, she was cute enough. If she managed to find a place with interesting boys, she was certain she could get some to notice her. She had long brown hair she had to wear in thick tresses to keep it from reaching beyond her butt, a rather broad but cute face and a great smile!

Also, as it sometimes happened, she was built like the titular brick shithouse.

It was something she had inherited from her mom's family. All the women on that side were hugely muscular. She was blessed with

massive arms and an enormous chest, with both powerful pecs and a pair of truly incredible breasts. It had been a little weird going through puberty and changing from a scrappy tomboy into a muscle goddess, but since her mom had the same affliction, she managed. Happily, her dad had bought this huge station wagon, which left her enough room to sit comfortably. Their previous car had been much smaller and it had been a chore to ride in it once she started growing.

Her growth had been amazing. In no time, she had gone from scruffy girl with dirty knees to broad-shouldered busty uber-beauty with muscles that put any strongman to shame. She enjoyed that.

Still, she usually didn't flaunt that. She didn't exactly dress down, either. Right now, she was wearing a wonderful new orange top that displayed her impressive muscle cleavage and her wide shoulders, as well as some jeans that clung to her hard, round ass.

Emelie was quite certain that no boy would be able to resist her. Also, she had bought some incredibly cute, girly outfits. If only she would find someone to show the off to.

On the radio, the music was interrupted for a newscast. Her father turned the volume up. Emelie could hear her mom groan. Her dad's passion for politics and bad news got on her nerves. Her brother Peter craned his head forward to listen too. He was desperate to follow in his father's footsteps and become an officer himself. Emelie couldn't quite understand this passion for the military. After a youth spent on various army bases, all she could think of was the horrible, horrible boredom of it all.

"... The terrorist group The Engine has struck again. Security services issued a statement that they were able to link The Engine to a series of robberies of armored cars all over the country. During these attacks, seventeen guards have been killed and three wounded. The terrorists

also killed forty-three innocent bystanders, including a seven year old boy. The criminals are on the run, with the security services in hot pursuit. Should you come across them, do not approach them under any circumstances and alert the police calling this number ..."

Emelie gritted her teeth. Those people were terrible! Killing a little kid. She felt sad and angry. Why did the world have to be so unfair! In a way, she could understand Peter now: Maybe that was what he wanted to do. Make the world a better place. Or he just wanted to shoot people and blow things up. With him, you never knew.

"If those guys turn up at our place, I'm going to shoot them. No questions asked. Fuck them!"

Her mom grunted:

"Peter, please. Watch your language."

Dad chimed in:

"Should you get in such a situation, just keep your head down and try not to get hurt. Please, no heroics. Alert the authorities and protect yourself. That's all there is to do."

"But ..."

Her father looked at Peter through the rear mirror:

"Peter, if you want to be a soldier, you have to learn to obey orders. And as the head of this household, I order you to act smart."

The boy harrumphed and stared out of the window.

Emelie stretched, just hoping to finally arrive. These vacations were going to be awful. She already knew it.

They reached the farm in the afternoon. Mickey's dad had already prepared everything, switching the water and the electricity on and giving the place a good airing. He took care of the farm while they were away and could use it for his own in the meantime. There was the farmhouse itself, a barn and the stables. The place was old, but in good shape. Her mom had inherited it from her grandparents and had gently modernized it. She liked horseback riding, and she kept several tough, large beasts for her. Since her mom was almost as big and strong as Emelie, most regular breeds struggled with carrying her.

The family got out of the car. There was some generous stretching and groaning. The drive had taken forever and everybody was just relieved to finally be there. Emelie took in the country air. After the strange new-car smell, this was a relief. It was so much cleaner than in their home town, which was clogged by the fumes and smoke of industry, or the countless military bases she had grown up on and their endless smell of burned fuel and sweat.

Mickey's father appeared and greeted everybody, gave her dad a full report on what had happened while they were away and admired the new car. Emelie's father went on to gush about the comfort and the many useful little extras while the two women went to the trunk and got the luggage out. The two amazonian ladies carried the bags and suitcases easily, without even breaking a sweat. Peter stayed with his father, nodding approvingly.

Mickey's dad asked:

"So you did take the blue one?"

"Yeah. I had to wait a bit because of the import restrictions, but I think: If I have to wait anyway, why not get exactly the one I want."

"With a wife like that, I would also buy a big car."

Emelie's dad frowned at the other man, then opted for a chuckle. She just returned for the last remaining pieces from the trunk. Only now did Peter realize that he should have helped her, but she ignored his vague

excuses. Besides, he wasn't that much of a help anyway. He always did things in a rush, without much care. Emelie, on the other hand, preferred to do things calmly, with focus. His fidgeting unnerved her. She wondered whether he'd be able to fix this by the time he joined the military. As far as she was concerned, he would annoy his comrades in arms to no end with that.

At last, Mickey's dad wished them a nice stay and left. Now, the time to relax had come!

Emelie headed for the stables and checked on the horses. The afternoon light was filtering in through the windows and the heat of a warm day made the aroma of the animals so much more intense that she frowned as she came in. Still, it felt great to see them. The beasts were huge and powerful, their strong backs able to support people of Emelie's size easily. They weren't exactly hot-blooded, but they could run at a surprisingly fast pace without much trouble. The young woman spent the next hour or so getting acquainted, brushing them and generally checking up on the stable and the environments. Tomorrow, she would take the brown horse, Coconut, for a ride and explore the surroundings. Maybe even pay Mickey a visit. It would be fun.

Her mom summoned the family for their dinner by banging her big spoon against a triangle her dad had received as a parting gift from his unit's mess officer. She patted Coconut on her side and went in. As soon as her mom saw her, she frowned and said:

"Emelie Catherine Marie, I think you should clean yourself up before sitting at our table, don't you think?"

"But Mom! I just spent the afternoon getting the stable ready!"

"Exactly. Which is why you should shower. We'll wait for you. So be quick!"

The men sighed and returned to their attempts to fix the lighting in the basement while her mom grumbled about keeping the food heated.

As Emelie went to the shower, she heard her brother ask:

"Maybe the insulation on the cables just got frayed? They're still wrapped in paper, aren't they?"

Her dad's answer was cut off by the splash of water.

Actually, taking a shower was a good idea. She should have done this the moment she came in. The water was cool, but it was so refreshing. She sighed with pleasure as it perked up her entire body. Two years ago, her father had installed the new, bigger stall at her mom's behest. For Emelie, it was perfect.

The cold water ran through the valleys of her muscles, washing away the sweat and the dirt of the day. She absentmindedly massaged her big breasts, grinning as her nipples turned rock hard from the chill. She lathered her big, bulging muscles with soap and washed everything off. Back outside, she found that no one had thought of getting the towels from the cupboard. Soaking wet, she stumbled through the corridors and eventually found them.

Just as she found them, she was startled by a sudden noise outside. The young amazon looked through the window. Did she see someone on the hills?

After a moment, she shrugged. And if? People could go hiking here, couldn't they? There was no reason at all to get nervous. Emelie shook her head. She should definitely get dried now.

Her mom called out:

"Emelie, we're waiting!"

She ran to the cupboard and got the towels for everyone.

At last, the house went quiet. After dinner, the men had continued their experiments while Emelie and her mom had finished putting away the luggage and setting everything up for their stay. Then, once everything was done, they went to bed. Before she slipped under the cover, Emelie looked outside once more. Night had fallen and the reflection of her lamp covered everything. The muscular teenager sighed: She would just do her best to enjoy this time with her family. Who knew how things would turn out next year? These last few weeks would be as nice as she was willing to make them. She just hoped that her parents wouldn't be too awkward and annoying.

With no outside noises beyond the chirp of crickets and the occasional hedgehog grunt, the calm got to her for a moment. Did she miss the noise of the city, the blinking lights and the bustle? She felt herself relax.

Soon, she fell asleep.

She didn't sleep in the next day. While all the others dozed along, she got ready for her ride. After a healthy breakfast, she put on her riding clothes, struggling with the pants to stretch over her enormous thighs. She slipped on the custom boots that accommodated her thick, muscular calves and put on the huge jacket her mom had custom made for her. Finally, she picked up her riding crop and her hat and left.

Coconut was glad to see her. With ease, she led him outside and put on his harness and the saddle. Lifting it on his back was nothing to her. Then, she got on and rode off, leading the horse towards the hills.

After a bit of warming up, she egged the beast on, launching it into a wild gallop. This was great! The wind was blowing through her hair, the animal was running at full speed and she felt free and focused. She couldn't stop herself and whooped happily as raced along the valley.

Eventually, she reached the place where she had seen that figure yesterday. She hadn't planned for this, it had just happened intuitively. Coconut slowed and she let him take a break. The huge animal started grazing. She got off and patted his sides. The horse gave her a quick look, but didn't even stop eating. Emelie sat down on a rock and looked around. She could see her house from here. Quite well, actually. Her family was busy, with her dad and her brother climbing on the roof to fix something while her mother chopped some firewood, her thick muscles making short work of the blocks of wood. She was wearing a fitting flannel shirt with its sleeves rolled up. Her mom's bulging biceps were getting a good pump from her chores.

Emelie grinned: It was strange to see other women being all puny and weak. Most were really bad at these things and needed help all the time. Those few that had physiques like her and her mother were often seen as freaks. It had bothered her at first when she reached puberty and got all big while her friends were still puny, but she got used to it and decided to accept herself for what she was.

Getting bespoke outfits from her mom and her grandma was a plus. Emelie thought about the bikini she had recently made for herself. She didn't show it to her family yet. It was quite tiny. The buxom young musclewoman was quite sure her parents wouldn't approve.

They didn't have to know about it, though.

As she continued her ride, she reached the main road. The land was flat and the wind was stronger here, so she rode more carefully. She decided to turn back for now, following the electrical line towards their house. It seemed as if there would be a storm later on. Great. The first day of their vacation, and things would get cold and wet.

She rolled her eyes and spurred her horse on.

Suddenly, she slowed down. One of the poles that supported the electrical line had been torn down. As far as her family was concerned, this wasn't much of a problem since they had a generator, but phoning was impossible for now. Not that anybody would call them out here, but still. She examined the wooden pole. It had been torn down clean, taking the wires and the isolators with it. The power line was broken.

She made a mental note to tell her dad. As soon as they headed to the next village, they would notify the phone company. As she rode home, she wondered how that had happened. Mickey's family's house was the only one around here other than their own and there were no people there who would willfully destroy something like this. Unable to solve this mystery, she headed home.

Still, there was a nagging feeling that something wasn't right.

As she reached the house, she was surprised to find several cars parked in front of it. Maybe some invitees of her dad? Normally, he just wanted to be left alone on vacation. She got off the horse and approached the door. She could feel her skin tingling. There was something in the air. Something that made her feel uneasy.

Emelie got careful. She pressed down the door handle slowly and peeked inside.

"Hello? Is everything alright?"

As she spoke, she lowered her voice. She heard somebody shout:

"Get back to the door and watch for that girl! I got this!"

Another voice answered:

"Okay, dear fellow. I'm on it."

Alright. This was very suspicious. She closed the door carefully and ran to the back of the house, ducking under the windows to stay out of sight. As she sprinted along, she realized that Coconut was still there, so they would know she had returned, but she couldn't change that now.

Besides, who were "they"?

As far as she knew, her father was a retired army officer and her mother was a homemaker. There was almost no way to make any enemies like that. Because those guys, they sounded really ominous. She reached the back of the house and headed for the barn. From there, she could get a good view of the situation without being seen herself.

She ducked down and scrambled to the barn door and got in.

Breathing out sharply, she noticed just how fast her heart was beating. And she didn't even know what was really going on? Was her family in danger? Probably. Could she get help? Not really. Maybe later on, she would be able to get to Mickey's farm, but for now, she was stuck here.

That's when she heard a male voice:

"Hello? What's up?"

She disappeared into the twilight of the barn. The place was a bit of a mess, with plenty of old, useless stuff lying around which no one ever found the time to throw away. The smell of dust and motor oil took her back to her childhood for a moment. It was weird to notice this in that moment. She focused.

The man walked in her direction and continued:

"Did he talk already? There's no one left here."

Emelie held her breath.

"Guys? Anybody? Hm." The man stopped moving. "Whatever. I'm sure there's plenty of vermin in this place."

The young woman decided to take her chances. She had to find out what was going on and this guy would tell her. She crept towards him, using the disposed farm equipment as cover. Suddenly, the man looked into her direction. At least that's what she assumed, since he went:

"Hey! Who are you?"

Emelie had no choice. While he was still deciding on what to do, she charged. It was a weird idea, but her parents had always insisted on her taking to problems head-on. No tricks, no games. The moment she hit him, she realized that she had had no idea whether this guy would just shoot her, but it was already too late for that.

The man produced a sudden gasp and toppled over. His weapon, a submachine gun, dropped to the ground and landed under an old threshing machine. Everything went very fast now. Emelie was on top of him, and before she even got a good view of him, she punched him in the face. Her fist connected and the resulting smack was quite satisfying.

However, her victim wasn't knocked out instantly, like in the movies. Instead, he collected his wits and slapped her. It stung. Emelie punched at him again, but this time, he managed to pull his face out of the way. He pushed himself up and threw her around. Now he was on top. The young woman hit the back of her head as she landed on the dirty floor.

She was stunned for a second and the man got a good look of her.

"Wow. You're quite the beauty. This is going to be fun!"

"Ah! Stop it!"

His hands shot forward to grab her neck. She felt his hands close around her throat. Reflexively, she tightened her muscles. The man's eyes showed his surprise. He tried to squeeze harder, but Emelie suddenly wrapped her legs around his waist. The man was confused. What was happening now?

The teenager squeezed. As the older man tried to choke her, she flexed her thick, powerful thighs and applied some pressure on his waist. The

man abruptly realized that he couldn't breathe anymore.

He gagged:

"What are you doing? Ow! Ow ... That hurts!"

Emelie wasn't sure she was doing the right thing. Did she really want to hurt somebody else? But this man had threatened her and tried to choke her. She went with it.

She could feel her thighs swell and harden, his midsection caught between them. The man gasped for air and tried to free himself, but she wouldn't let him. He flailed helplessly at her, trying to stop her. His eyes bulged, his face changed color.

Then, he slumped on her.

Emelie felt his weight on her. The man was unconscious now. A string of drool ran from his mouth to her forehead.

"Yuck! Gross!"

Disgusted, she threw him off and wiped the spit from her face.

Then she sat there, next to her victim. She prodded him and he rolled on his back. He didn't move. She could get a good look at him now. He was wearing normal clothes, jeans, a cheap shirt and some simple boots, but he also wore a harness for his weapon and a knife. Emelie took it away, just to be certain. It might come in handy.

He wasn't in particularly good shape, but he seemed strong enough. A normal guy, really. Also, he had a simple crew cut and no beard. More than anything, he looked like an aggressively normal person. All this made little sense until she discovered a pendant around his neck. It was shaped like two crossed pistons. She had seen that symbol on the news. It was that terrorist organization.

Emelie felt a wave of panic rise up within her. Her heart was still pounding like crazy. And yet, somehow, she was calm. It wasn't a nice

feeling to have.

What was going on?

The young musclemethod woman sneaked over to one of the dusty shelves and found an extension cord. Unrolling it from its reel, she pulled the man up and said to herself:

"Okay ... I just hope he's still alive."

He didn't move, but Emelie really didn't know what to do next. If she woke him up and he called for help, those other men would come and find her. She didn't want that. But she had to know what was happening!

She took the cable and tied up his hands and feet. Soon, the man was hogtied. It felt weird. The last time she had done something like that was when she was a kid and her brother had insisted on them playing cops and robbers or cowboys and indians or something like that. To his surprise, she had overpowered him and tied him up. When their mom found him, she had received her last big chewing out.

The sudden memory reminded Emelie of the danger her family was in. She carefully took the weapon out from under the machine. Her dad had insisted time and again on her being able to handle a firearm should she come across one. She released the magazine carefully, then pulled back the slide to eject the cartridge in the firing chamber. Peeking through the breach, she made sure the gun was harmless.

Then she slapped the man, while getting ready to clap her hand on his mouth if he should scream. He came to slowly. It took her another quick move to clear up his mind. Then he stared at her, his face bruised and swollen.

"Where am I? What the fuck is going on?"

Slowly, Emelie's face came into focus. He was trying to understand what he was seeing and quite obviously failing. She frowned:

"The last one is my question. Who are you and what are you and those other men doing here?"

The man noticed her huge, strong muscles and started to understand:

"You're the daughter, right?"

"Answer my question. Now."

She slid her hand over his mouth, applying just the slightest bit of pressure. The man was clearly shocked by her strength and said:

"Okay, okay. I ... Just don't kill me, okay?"

Emelie's mind just then registered what the man had said. Yes. She would have to kill him. Maybe. She couldn't do that! That was completely insane. She never ...

She tried to hide her uncertainty, but the teenager was quite certain that her captive understood her perfectly. She had to get those answers quickly.

"Talk. Now."

"Alright ... We're with the Engine. I'm Fellow Six Hundred and Five. Our Fellow Zero led us here for an important operation. If you submit, all will be well."

"Fellow what? You're a member of the Engine? You killed all those people?"

A kind of twitchy smile spread over the man's face.

"Maybe. Would you risk it? Right now, you're only making matters worse."

"Are you seriously trying to threaten me? I just beat you and tied you

up."

"You can't do anything against the Engine. We will crush all opposition. All will be well."

The last words came across quite automatically. Emelie didn't know what to make of them.

Outside, people stirred. The teenager decided that she had to get a move on. She took a rather dirty piece of cloth from the shelves, rolled it into a ball and stuffed it into the man's mouth. Then she wrapped the cable around his face and tightened it so he couldn't spit the gag back out. She didn't want the guy to be freed by his allies, so for better or for worse, she had to find a place to hide him.

She clumsily loaded the man on her shoulder. He squirmed quite a bit and tried to free himself, but the bonds were tight enough to hold him. As she was used to, his weight wasn't much of a problem for her. Emelie's special physique had meant that she never had any problems carrying things and people. At school, she had been in every sports team she could find, although she mostly excelled in those requiring strength and stamina. Swimming was her best, with weightlifting a close second.

She walked carefully to the back of the barn, trying to stay in the shadows. She heard more noise outside. Someone was probably coming to investigate. They would certainly find the guy's gun and the bullets, but if she could hide him, this might work out.

In the back of the barn, there was a small door that led to the back of the stables. It was rarely used and since there was little of value inside, it didn't have a lock, only a fist-sized stone holding it closed from outside. Emelie pushed against the door with her foot gently, opening the door just a teeny bit to check the area. The hinges produced a long, drawn-out squeal.

The young musclegirl sighed as she heard the shouts outside. Happily, they came from the front of the barn, so she had a chance!

She kicked the door a bit harder, the squeal turning into a shriek, then got out. She closed the entrance quickly and jogged to the stables.

No one was around to look for her here, so she slipped inside and climbed the ladder there. The horses ignored her, probably not even realizing how stressed she was. Although Fellow Six Hundred and Five wasn't too heavy, he was still hard to handle. She tossed him into a heap of hay and sat down next to him.

The teenager relaxed just a little bit.

Okay. So within a day of their arrival, terrorists had shown up to take over their farm and do ... what exactly? Sure, she had heard of all kinds of attacks, but why them?

The place was isolated, there was nothing to gain from ransacking it. If they hadn't showed up right now, the farm would be empty anyway.

Maybe that was it? Maybe the terrorists had been looking for a hideout and found it occupied?

That didn't make much sense.

But then again, those guys were crazy. Maybe it made sense to them.

Emelie decided that she couldn't solve this from here. Also, her family was in danger and she had no way to alert the authorities. Even getting to Mickey's farm was a risk. Who knew whether that place was getting attacked too? Also, she had no idea what would happen to her family if she left them in the terrorists' hands.

She had to find out more.

Now that Fellow Six Hundred and Five was taken care of, she walked over to the small window in the stable's roof. Maybe she could get a good view of the situation and come up with a strategy. Emelie was careful not to make the floorboards groan or squeak. The best was not to draw any more attention to her. Outside, there were shouts, so maybe they were already looking for her.

She had to act fast.

Emelie opened the window in the roof as silently as she could. She hoped the hinges wouldn't squeak too loudly. To her relief, they didn't. Then, slowly, she stuck her head outside. Everything was fine. No one could see her, at least she assumed this was the case. She put her arms out and pulled herself on the roof, trying to keep a low profile. The truss groaned a little, but held up.

Excellent.

The young musclegirl slid out and crawled to the edge of the roof. She immediately noticed that the roof was amazingly dirty and soon found her shirt and pants covered in grime, but she had to deal with that later on. For now, she needed to get a good look at the assailants' positions.

Now that she was in place, she examined the area. The men were walking around in pairs now, and they were very attentive about what was going on. Her captive's disappearance had alerted them.

As far as Emelie could count, there was a good dozen of them. They were dressed in regular clothes, without any special markings. If she had seen them in town, she would never have suspected that they would be up to something.

Now, of course, they were armed. Emelie spotted more submachine guns, some shotguns and handguns and even a kind of big knife, like a machete. She hesitated. Emelie had gotten lucky with the guy she had

captured, but a dozen of them, armed to the teeth? That was way too much. She had to free her family, and then, maybe, they could drive them off.

Also, she would need some way to alert the authorities, or at least Mickey and his people.

What could she do?

Her parents and her brother were probably being held in the house itself. She'd have to find a way inside without getting spotted. Also, she could probably get the neighbors to come over if she got the torch from her room. When she was little, she used to blink messages to Mickey at night. He could see her signals from their roof. That was certainly an option come nightfall.

For a second, she thought about lighting a fire, which probably would easily be seen from the other farm, but she dropped the idea. It was way too dangerous. If things went out of control, that would be bad.

So her next step was to get into the house. After a little more observation, she concluded that she would climb in through the basement. There was a door on one side which was kept shut by a rather rusty chain, but she was certain she could break it. All she had to do was to get back down safely.

With utmost care, she crept downwards along the roof, testing the structure of the truss as she progressed. Then, she reached the edge. Below her, there were fifteen feet of emptiness. She was now looking at the stables. Below her was the narrow path between the two buildings. She would be out of sight down there.

Emelie hesitated. This was dangerous. If she made a mistake, she would certainly break a leg or even both, and then, it was over. There was no chance she would get away like that!

Still, she had to do it.

Clinging to the drain pipe, she slowly lowered herself as far as she could. There was still quite the drop below her. Emelie focused. She couldn't afford to screw this up. She whispered to herself:

"Okay ... This is going to work. I just drop down and run ..."

Just then, a man appeared around the corner. Instinctively, Emelie pulled herself up again, drawing her thick, muscular legs out of the way. She could feel her abs harden as she rose. The guy didn't see her. That was a good sign.

He wandered along the way, still unaware of her. She thought:

"Just walk along. Nothing to see ... You can just go."

The man stopped, still not caring about her, and took out a pack of cigarettes. He looked around carefully, still not lifting his head. Then he lit the cigarette, hiding its end in his hand, military style. The smoke rose, tickling Emelie in her nose. What kind of terrible cigarettes was this man smoking? Emelie's dad occasionally smoked cigars at home and she knew that her mom would light a cigarette maybe once a month, but other than that, her only experience was with some friends at school.

She didn't enjoy it and never picked it up, but even the crappy tobacco her friends smoked smelled better than this.

This man would stay here for a while. Emelie's muscles started to tire. She was extremely buff and quite able to deal with the strain, but this was a very annoying position and it was only a matter of time until she would drop down.

She quickly made up her mind and took an outrageous decision.

The man was just finishing his cigarette, extinguishing it against the barn wall. He mumbled:

"Fucking Fellow Zero and his non-smoking policy. What the fuck is his problem?"

He straightened back up. That's when Emelie dropped down on him. The man would have shouted for help, but since she caught his face right with her lower body, he was muffled by her abs and crotch.

All that remained was a low thump. The man struggled for his weapon, but Emelie locked her legs around his head and squeezed. She immediately understood that the man was trying to shout for help. However, the sound just wouldn't come out. She increased the pressure of her thighs against the sides of his head. He stumbled a few steps, then fell over, the weight of the uber-muscular teenager getting too much.

He landed on his back, with Emelie now on top of him, her crotch pressed against his face. She leaned forward, covering his face with her midsection.

The man was now waving his hands around in panic, trying to free himself. He managed to punch against her quads, but that didn't impress Emelie at all. Her muscles were flexed so hard that he couldn't even hope to hurt her. Instead, she could feel his skull crack. There were some strange and worrying noises. The terrorist grunted against her steel legs, trying to free himself. His attacks were getting weaker. If he had tried to force them apart at first, he was now just slapping against them. This wasn't impressive at all.

The young girl stopped. She didn't want to seriously hurt the man. Besides, she had to get to the basement for now. As she released him, he dropped from the mantrap her legs had turned into. The man was bruised and knocked out. His face seemed a little dented and was already swelling. He gargled weakly.

Emelie wasn't sure how this would further affect him, but she decided she couldn't care now. She definitely had to get away!

The teenager got to her feet, trying to brush off the dirt before realizing that this was stupid. The attackers would find her victim soon enough.

She pushed herself against the wall and quickly ran to the edge of the building. Now she had a good sight of the basement door. A furtive glance suggested that no one was around for now. This just could work.

The young woman took a deep breath and sprinted across the open space. Her riding boots produced a bit of noise, but it probably sounded way louder for her than for the men patrolling the area. She hit the side of the basement door and hunkered down. Then she waited anxiously. Her heart was pounding like crazy and she just hoped no one had spotted her.

It took Emelie a moment to recover. This was getting out of hand. She had almost killed that man! And the other one who was tied up in the barn ... All of this was incredibly dangerous.

She was improvising her way through all that chaos, but she could only hope it wouldn't go wrong. Also, she still had no idea about her family. Where they really inside of the house? Were they in danger? She shook her head: Of course they were! Those were terrorists, armed men who had come to kill. She couldn't just second-guess herself all the time now.

She had to act!

Emelie grabbed the chain, the rust staining her fingers. It was old and thick, having been there for months, probably years without being disturbed. The basement was used as a storage and not much else ever

since the farm had been turned into a vacation home, but this door led directly down.

If she was quick, she could make it. Emelie gripped the chain firmly with both hands, then pulled. Her muscles tensed and she could feel her arms grow very hard and her chest swell.

At first, nothing happened. Little flakes of rust fell off, further ruining her outfit. She rolled her eyes. This was crap! She just hoped this would all go well, but it frustrated her to get so dirty.

She pulled again, stronger this time. Emelie put in all her power. She closed her eyes, sweat erupting from her dirty brow. As she increased the tension, she felt the frustration well up inside of her. She had managed to do so much, and now this stupid metal wouldn't yield!

For a moment, she stopped, looking at her red hands. The corroded metal had dug deep into her skin, happily not breaking it. She was vaccinated, but still, she couldn't afford getting hurt now. Emelie summoned all her strength now and pulled hard. She had to be quick, people would certainly find her if she got too loud.

"Gnn ..."

She gritted her teeth and forced her muscles to their limit. She prayed to whoever would listen to break this chain.

"Aaah ..."

The young woman did her best to keep quiet, but there it was. With a grunt, she managed to pull one of the links apart. The metal gave way and she threw herself at it again. At last, it gave way. With a metallic squeal, the link opened and she saw it turn into an U. Quickly, she removed the next link from the chain and drew it out of the rings on the door. Then she opened the door and slipped inside, closing it as fast as she could.

As everything turned dark around her, she could hear footsteps and shouts outside.

Emelie couldn't make out what they were saying, but she knew this was going to get only more intense now.

It took her a moment to adjust to the darkness. Some light came in through the floorboards above and through the cracks in the door, but in the end, the place was quite dark. She could barely make out the shape of the furniture. Happily, her family was quite careful about their stuff, so things were neatly arranged into the shelves and boxes and barrels were out of the way. She wouldn't knock against things unexpectedly.

She continued inside. The further away she got from the door, the better her chance of not getting spotted by anyone who followed her. The air was musty and the dust in the air was tickled her nose. As Emelie got further inside, the place went darker and darker. Soon, she could only navigate by touch.

That's when she heard the voice.

"Very well, then, Major Hartzenberg. I appreciate your loyalty to your country. It's quite amazing, really." The man had a deep, melodious voice. It was quite entrancing and Emelie found herself stopping and listening. "I am aware of your real status within Newland's military. The modesty ... It's surprising. Most men in your line of business prefer bombastic titles. But maybe, that is just a part of your act. Who would know?"

Her father answered:

"Stop blathering. I won't say a word anyway. Your gang of assholes and cowards is doomed to fail anyway. You can't intimidate me."

"Ah. That was obvious, you know. I have studied you and it did take a while to find out about your family and this place. And now, I have you right where I wanted. You will give me the access codes to the Argus system."

"I don't know what you're talking about. You're wasting your time."

Emelie heard some thumping noise in the background. She had to focus now and find out what was going on above her.

"No one will be able to say that I didn't try the friendly sell, did I?" There were grunts of agreement, probably from the man's minions. "You know, Major, there's just one big problem for you. We have your wife and children. And I am sure that you love them enough not to want them to suffer. I am aware that this is all painful to you. But that's what this is fundamentally about. Your attachments ... They're a weakness. And your strange justifications for your actions only turn more absurd when you look at your family. I need to know what you did with my ideas, so talk. I'm still in a good mood, you know. Better now than never."

The young musclegirl heard her father struggle against his bonds. She wanted to hear the rest of it, but then, somebody came in. He was clearly alarmed and had troubles clearing things up.

"Fellow Zero! Someone ... One of our fellows ... The man ... He was ..."

The interrogator made a soothing sound and said:

"Calm down, fellow. Take a deep breath and come with me. Anything you need to tell me, you can do in the kitchen. Our major here doesn't need to know about our operation."

"Yes, Fellow Zero. Thank you!"

Emelie wasn't sure of what to do now. Should she get upstairs and try to free her father? Or would it be better to keep an ear on the terrorist leader?

After a moment of hesitation, she decided to check upstairs. She could probably just take a look at the situation from the basement door. She quickly walked over to the stairs that led up to the living room, careful not to touch any electric wires still hanging from the ceiling from the

repairs. Now that she was ready, she slowly opened the door, hoping it wouldn't make a sound.

The musclegirl looked inside at the living room. Her dad was there, tied to a chair with ropes, the chair itself bolted to the floor with thick nails. He was looking exhausted, but alert. There were two guards with him, each one armed with a submachine gun. There was a car battery and some cables nearby, as well as a first aid kit and some bolt cutters. The men hadn't seen her yet. They were obviously trying to find out what was going on in the kitchen.

Emelie thought about what she could do now. Nothing much, she realized. From where she was, there was no chance to free her father. The two guards would probably just shoot her. So that wasn't an option.

That's when she noticed something: Since her mom and her brother weren't in the barn and the stables, and not here or in the basement, they were probably upstairs. If she could free them, they could maybe fight back!

So all she had to do was get upstairs. She glanced towards the stairs that led to the upper floor. They were not that far away. She could probably make it ...

Maybe a distraction? She had read enough stupid novels and seen enough action movies to hope that this could work. She looked for something to throw and took out the doorknob.

Pulling back a little, she threw the thing through the room at full force, aiming for a window.

The knob shot through the room and smashed a pane, the resounding crash and clinking immediately grabbing the guards' attention. She ran as fast as she could, disappearing into the stairwell. Then she ran upwards, getting out of sight.

She just wanted to relax when she found herself face to face with a guard on top of the stairs. The man was quite surprised, his moustache

bristling slightly. He pulled up his gun, trying to get a shot out, but she punched him in the crotch. The man was thrown on his ass, unable to make a noise. He just produced a kind of weird, high-pitched whine.

Emelie was on him in a moment, following up her first blow with a rain of punches. Her victim didn't even manage a cry for help. Every strike produced a wet, smacking sound. She hit his face, covering it in bruises, cracking his skin and letting out her frustration and panic. Her muscles were pumping and her heart was thundering. She let rip, only stopping when she noticed that someone was watching her.

She looked up, her fists bloodied. There was a man in front of her gun cocked. He was shaking with fear. He seemed a little younger than the others and he was obviously very nervous. The guy was probably her age, maybe a little older, and his face had just recovered from a major acne outbreak. He was still quite lanky and his hands were constantly moving. He was having a hard time trying to figure out what to do next.

Since he didn't shoot her right away and didn't call for help immediately, Emelie put up her hands and stood up very slowly. The young man retreated a few steps, still unable to speak.

The young man's eyes went wide. He tried to take her all in. Emelie was bloodied, bruised and very dirty. The grime, the sweat and the dust had given her quite the coat, but her natural good looks still shone through. Her heavy breasts stretched her shirt and her huge muscles filled out her riding pants. She was a sight to behold. Her face was far from clean, but her eyes had this sparkle that went straight to the boy's heart.

Emelie took a deep breath to calm down, making her chest rise. The young man swallowed. This was quite the sight. He probably just then realized that he was both in danger and very horny. The musclegirl hesitated, then took a step towards him. He retreated some more, half-heartedly pointing his gun at her. He clearly wasn't sure of what to do now. She looked him in the eye, trying to keep his attention. Actually, that turned out to be simple, but he kept focusing on her tits. He was

now so distracted that he somewhat forgot about the gun and the sudden brutality.

He lowered his weapon. Emelie came even closer. She extended her hand and touched the side of his arm gently. She could see him swallow. The poor guy was under her spell now. She was now only a breath away, her breasts so very close.

He whispered:

"What is going on?"

"Shh ..."

She slipped her hands behind his back. The gun dropped to the ground. She embraced him. He was like putty in her hands now.

"I don't understand ... Aren't you ..."

She struck. With a sudden move, she locked her arms around his waist, forcing the air out of his lungs abruptly. He tried to free himself, but she just lifted him up, depriving him of any leverage. He was caught in her bear-hug, unable to do anything.

Her muscles tightening her grip. He tried to kick at her, but she just ignored his blows. Then he attempted to punch her in the face or something, but it was futile. Instead, she only locked her arms further, her muscles squeezing him brutally.

The young man just managed to gargle a "Help ...", before collapsing in her arms. He hung over her shoulder, knocked out.

Gently, Emelie laid him on the floor.

All of a sudden, there was a terrible scream below. It was her father. She had to act quickly now!

Emelie checked the rooms up here. Her brother's was locked, so she pushed against it until the lock gave way with a snap. She looked inside. Peter was sitting on his bed and stared at her.

"Emelie! What happened?"

She closed the door behind her and said:

"I came back from my ride and found this. The terrorists took over the farm."

"I know. They drove up just like that and stormed the house. We couldn't even do anything."

He got up and immediately found himself embraced by his sister. She said:

"I'm so glad you're not hurt!"

"Me too! I was worried sick when I didn't hear anything from you!"

She kept him like this for a moment, then asked:

"Where's Mom? We have to get out of here. If we're all safe, we can find a way to free Dad!"

"That was him just now, wasn't he?"

Emelie nodded grimly.

"Mom? Where is she?"

"I don't know. We were separated right away. Maybe she's in the big bedroom?"

"I'll take a look. You just stay here and keep quiet."

"But I want to help you!"

She looked at her little brother, who was already taller than she was:

"Peter, please. I'll be back in a second and then, we get out of here. There are guards all over the place. If they hear or see you ..."

Her words were cut off by another scream. With a serious look on her face, she left the room, quickly finding the door to the master bedroom. It was also locked. Another show of her strength and she could get in.

Her mother was lying on the bed, sleeping. It was a strange sight. Emelie walked over to her and shook her:

"Mom, wake up! We have to get out!"

The equally muscular woman didn't react. Emelie thought quickly. The terrorists probably drugged her to have her out of the way. Her mom was almost as strong as she was. Obviously, the attackers didn't want to have to deal with her.

She slapped her, but that didn't do anything either.

Emelie'd have to carry her, then. This wasn't making things any easier.

She quickly returned to Peter and said:

"Okay, we need to find a hiding place. Mom's been drugged and I can't wake her up."

The young man was unsure of what to do, but offered:

"What about the attic?"

Emelie nodded. That was actually a good idea. They could access it from up here through a hatch in the ceiling. They didn't have a ladder, but maybe if she gave Peter a boost, this could work.

Suddenly, somebody came in below. There was a bit of walking around. They went back to the kitchen. With a quick sign, Emelie quieted her brother and laid down on the floor to listen. Peter stared at the two prone men, then back at her sister. She heard:

"Fellow Zero, we have searched the area. There's no sign of the girl. Maybe she left for another place to get help?"

"Is the horse still there?"

"Yes."

"So she's on foot. Hm. We'll be finished here soon enough. Get me the woman and the boy now. Time to make this man talk."

There were more footsteps. Emelie followed them from upstairs and listened:

"Very well. We know where your daughter is now, and we're going to pick her up. My men are starved and she is young. I think it's time you talk. Also, we're going to bring your other kid and your wife." There was a pause for dramatic effect, the Fellow Zero added: "This is all your responsibility. Tell me what I need to know and you can prevent this. You can trust me. I'll never tell anybody it was you who told me. You'll just get back to your job and everything will be fine."

She heard her father spit. Fellow Zero harrumphed:

"Good to know. Your call." He addressed the guards. "Let's do this."

Emelie turned to her brother:

"We have to be quick. Open the trapdoor, and climb up! Now!"

"But what about Mom?"

"I'll carry her over. Quick!"

"Okay, right away!"

The young man jumped up, undid the hatch and knocked it up a little. Then he clung to its frame and executed a struggling pull-up. Emelie had no time to assist him. She ran to the master bedroom, grabbed her

mother by the arm and pulled her on her shoulders in an awkward fireman's carry. She was just very heavy, her muscles now relaxed. She really offered very little support.

The older woman produced a mumbled, confused sound, then she hung limply from Emelie's broad back. The teenager ran back out. That's when she noticed the footsteps coming up from below. Shit. There was no time anymore.

She couldn't hope to escape now. She hesitated for a moment, then went with it. She squatted down, grabbed the knocked out young man's gun with one hand while stabilizing her mother with the other and opened fire.

The shot alerted the whole house. Instantly, the noise below stopped. Then, there were bellowed orders. Fellow Zero was ordering more troops into position to investigate. Emelie used the short distraction to move under the hatch.

Peter had managed to climb up already and was now looking back down. She said:

"I'll lift mom up, you pull her to you. Then you hide! Got it?"

"But what about you?"

"Don't worry. Just do as I said!"

She stuck the gun into her belt and got her arms under her mom's torso. Then she pushed her up. Lifting the equally muscular woman proved to be quite hard. Her body was limp and cumbersome and Peter wasn't half as strong as she was. She had to strain herself doing this.

Emelie could feel her arms shiver as she struggled to get her mother close to the opening above. Peter tried his best to get a good grip, but only managed to further destabilize her. Emelie had to do a sidestep to keep her balance. Suddenly, the footsteps below intensified. Reinforcements had arrived.

It was only a matter of seconds before they would attack. With a grunt, Emelie pushed upwards again. Peter caught his mother's shoulder, wrapping his hands awkwardly under her armpits. Then he pulled at full strength, almost toppling back down. Emelie did her best to move her, making things easier. That's when one of the men got into sight. The teenager just had the left hand free, so she pulled out the pistol and awkwardly fired it into his direction. The shot obviously went wide, but it made the man reconsider. The best part, as far as Emelie was concerned, was that he didn't see what they were doing.

She looked back up and pushed her mother's body up once more.

At last, it worked and Peter managed to pull her up completely. He said:

"Come up now!"

She looked at him, then replied:

"I'm going to cover your escape. Just get a move on!"

"But where do I go?"

"Just through the attic and then back down on the other side. Hide Mom somewhere up there, but make sure she doesn't choke or anything!"

The poor boy paled, but did as he was told.

Emelie got down and grabbed the beaten-up man's submachine gun. This would buy Peter some time.

However, it barely helped. The assailants stormed the stairwell, firing as soon as they got in sight. Emelie tried to fire the submachine gun, but the weapon rose immediately as she pulled the trigger. She ended up shooting at the wall and the ceiling to no effect.

Also, seconds later, the gun was empty. She stared at it, then threw it away.

The terrorists got in sight after a short pause and aimed at her. One of them shouted:

"Hands up! We'll shoot you!"

Emelie did as she was told. Right now, there was nothing else she could do. Two of them quickly searched her, quite impressed by her physique. Emelie shied away from them, disgusted by their touch. Then some more of them appeared, looked after the two prone men. The first one was barely alive and stayed unconscious, the second one was slowly recovering. As her captors led Emelie down to the living room, the others checked the rooms and found them empty. They immediately started searching the storey, trying to figure out where their prisoners had gone.

Moments later, Emelie was brought before Fellow Zero by two of the terrorists. Her father was still tied to the chair. They had cut off his pants and thrown a towel over his crotch. Two more men were standing next to their boss. They looked dangerous and brutal. The car battery was sitting there, ominously. He was exhausted, his face covered in sweat. When he saw Emelie, he started to sob.

Fellow Zero looked at her, obviously impressed. He gloated:

"Impressive. You come in and your father shows emotion. We had been working on him for a while and could barely get him to frown at us, and here you are. Thank you, girl."

Emelie looked at the man. He was surprisingly slim and only a little taller than her. His brown hair was full and he had a five o'clock shadow, which gave him a kind of romantic roughness. At the same time, there was something threatening to him. It seemed to her that he was perpetually hungry. He asked:

"So, what will it be, Major? Do you want to tell me what I need to know or do you want me to let my men have their way?" He gave Emelie a wolfish grin. "She is impressive, I give you that."

Fellow Zero looked her up and down and put his finger to his lips.

"There is something about her ... Ah, I guess I'll find out eventually."

Her father took a deep breath and said:

"Alright ... You win. I'll tell you all I know."

Suddenly, Emelie shouted:

"Don't do it, Dad! Mom and Peter are already safe! It's just me now!"

And with these words, she turned around and kicked one of the men behind her in the legs. There was a loud crack as she broke his femur. It hurt her too, but she couldn't think about it now. The other man tried to train his gun on her, but she followed up on her blow and wrapped her arm around his neck. He dropped his gun and she held him in front of her.

With a loud voice, she declared:

"Untie my father right now, or I'll break his neck. I swear I can do it and I will do it!"

Fellow Zero looked at her, admiring the thick biceps that squeezed against the man's Adam's apple. Her prisoner was struggling against her strength, but she just held him, ignoring his fumbling. The slim man just shrugged:

"Then do it. That's what freedom is all about. Acting and accepting the consequences. If you want to kill him, kill him. But don't go around threatening to do things you're too afraid to do."

The man in her arm looked terrified as he heard his leader's verdict. He tried to free himself, but Emelie just squeezed harder. Then, she had an

idea. Pushing him forward, she advanced on Fellow Zero. The man was amused now:

"What are you trying to do? Use that fool as a shield to hit me? Hah!"

He quickly drew a handgun and shot the man. It was just one single fluid movement and it took Emelie a moment to realize what was happening. She had felt the punch of the bullet, but she wasn't wounded. Suddenly, her captive got very heavy in her arms. There was very little blood as the bullet hadn't pierced his body, but she looked down on her arms, which had almost been hit. A red patch was growing on the man's chest and he gargled something as he died.

Emelie was shocked, but she followed up on her plan. She lifted the man up and tossed him at Fellow Zero. The man was surprised by her strength and distracted for a moment, so she handed the knife she had pulled from her pants to her father as discreetly as she could. Then she stood between him and the terrorist leader.

Fellow Zero still had his gun out and said:

"I like this. I should have waited for you to kill him, maybe you would have seen what I mean ... But okay. For now, the lesson will have to suffice." He aimed at her leg. She followed the line of fire and swallowed. He grinned: "Afraid I would shoot you? I could. It's now problem. I only care about your father and ..."

Emelie heard her dad cut at the ropes. She had to gain a little more time. She pushed out her chin and said:

"I thought you wouldn't just talk and hesitate. If you want to shoot me, then shoot. Stop wasting your breath!"

Fellow Zero laughed out.

"You're amazing! Girl, if I had known you before, I would have loved to have someone like you by my side!" He fell silent for a moment, then said: "Wait ... Could it be? I have to try."

He fired his gun, hitting her in the leg. Emelie felt the bullet hit her. There was this sickening sound as it tore through her skin. She felt her strength leave her. She was finding it hard to stay standing, she stumbled, her leg no longer supporting her. She tightened her muscles as good as she could, but despite her massive strength, this was proving to be too hard. She staggered along for another step, her vision fading. Only now did she realize how much that hurt. She tried to keep her eyes open.

The terrorist leader was watching attentively. Emelie couldn't understand, but he kept his eyes locked on her leg, a smile spreading across his face.

Emelie heard the rope snap, there was a blurry movement next to her, a glint of something flashing by, a low thump as a blade buried itself in someone's head. A surprised grumbling, someone rushing past her. She fell, landing on the wooden floor. She looked up, saw two shapes fighting, a gun went off, things got messy again, someone screamed, more shots, her head was swimming, she rolled on her side, the wound in her leg throbbing, the floor felt warm and soft, she wanted to go to sleep. There was more gunfire, far away screams, more shooting, chaos, her mind was going crazy ... Was there a pale horse in the room? Why? Was this her brother? On a horse? In the living room. In the living room?

Suddenly, her dad came into view and looked at her. He shouted for help, "Peter! Peter! Get the first aid kit!", her brother answered, then he disappeared. The horse also looked at her, but was unable to understand a thing and neither was she.

She tried to focus.

Out of nowhere, the young guy from above stormed down the stairs, pointing his gun at them.

Emelie summoned her remaining strength and shouted a warning. Her dad looked around but couldn't get out of the way anymore. The first shot went wide, but the second was going to hit the mark. That's when

the young man found himself smashed against the wall by a very dusty, very groggy older musclegirl.

Mom?

Mom.

Somehow, Emelie decided that this was enough excitement. She had done all she could and finally collapsed. She lost consciousness, relieved that things were looking well.

She awoke the next morning, in her bed. At least she assumed that it was the next morning. It could have been a day later, or even a week. At first, she thought it had all been a dream, but when she noticed the bandage on her leg and she looked down and saw the big bandage, she understood it was all real.

She groaned. The pain was manageable. She felt parched.

The young musclegirl called for help. Moments later, Peter popped in and asked:

"You're awake? Cool! Do you need anything?"

"A glass of water, maybe?"

"Sure! Mom and Dad were with you all night and only now went to sleep. I took over for them and just went to get something to read, but now that you're awake ..."

"Just the glass of water for now, okay?"

"Certainly. I'll be back in a moment!" He started to leave the room, but stopped and said: "Also, thank you for saving our asses! You were amazing!"

"It's okay. The water."

"Right away!"

And he was gone. Emelie sighed. So everything went well. That was good news. She just hoped that her wound wouldn't ruin her vacation.

When Peter returned, she asked:

"What happened?"

"Depends. How much can you remember?"

"I got shot, then Dad freed himself, then, there was a horse? Maybe I imagined that one."

"No, actually, the horse was for real. Originally, I wanted to get help, but when I noticed that there was no time, I charged inside. The terrorists were surprised. Also, Snowflake crapped on the floor. Mom wasn't happy. But on the other hand, we all survived, so I guess it's okay. Also, Dad sent me to get the neighbors and together, with Mom, he managed to hold the fellows at bay until they arrived. Mom beat up the guy who came down. Now he's been beaten up by all the women in our family. She saved our asses, despite still being confused by the drugs. It was pretty bad, but we won."

"And what happened to the Engine?"

"They got taken away by the cops. The Fellow Zero guy disappeared in the chaos, but the police said he wouldn't get far. There's really no place to go from here. The others are in pretty bad shape. But they deserved it. Also, wow. You were incredible. Maybe you should join the army ..."

"I'll think about it. For now, I'd just like to rest a bit."

"No problem. I'll be in my room."

"Thank you."

Emelie drank some water, then drifted back to sleep.

She recovered soon enough. The doctor who came to look at her wound, actually a veterinarian from around here, said that the bullet had missed any critical spots, and she would be fine soon. There would barely be a scar, maybe even nothing.

He insisted on her taking it easy for a while, and Emelie almost managed to stick to it. For the first few days, her mom helped her around, supporting her and assisting her with the daily routine. At the same time, Emelie got the impression that there really was no wound at all. She didn't feel injured. Still, her dad decided to prolong the vacation for a bit. People from his work showed up to take care of the Engine, so they could stay a little longer.

Happily, Mickey came to visit her and soon enough, they were out trekking, riding and even fooling around a little.

As they laid in the grass after a bit of skinny dipping, Emelie's powerful, muscular body drying in the sun, with Mickey right next to her, smiling at her, she couldn't help grinning. Sure, the beginning of this vacation had been terrible, but the way it was going now was ... promising.

She pulled him on top of her and kissed him on his lips.

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.