

ALICE WINTERS



Bonus scene
**The Hitman's Guide to
Honeymooning**

The Hitman's Guide to Honeymooning

Alice Winters

*This short story takes place after The Hitman's Guide 3. I hope you enjoy!

Leland

"Ah... paradise!" I say as I'm jostled around in the packed subway.

"Aren't we rich? Why don't we have a chauffeur or a taxi or something?" Jackson asks.

"Because I want to enjoy the experience of... what do they call it? Simple living."

Jackson scrutinizes me. "You forgot to buy the travel pass like I suggested, right?"

I avoid eye contact as the doors open and I'm the first one out. Jackson is left jostled and pushed around as he tries to figure out which way is the right way out. It's a little sad *and* a little fun watching him until he finally escapes.

"What were you doing for so long in there, babe?" I ask, like this is of great concern.

"It was like a whirlwind of bodies and they all knew what they were doing, and I was just fucking the whole thing up with my confusion."

"Ah, so like an orgy."

His eyebrows knit. "Not like an orgy."

"So you've gone to an orgy?" I ask as I hurry along my way.

"Well, no, but I also know it's not like one."

"How would you know if you've never gone? Why are you so silly?"

"Oh... let's see... because no one's dicks were out," Jackson says.

I raise an eyebrow at him. "Oh, kinky. A little frisky for me, but I suppose we could do a little frisky-frisk here and now."

"In the subway?"

“Yes.”

“In the middle of the city.”

“Correct.”

“With people watching?”

“What other way?”

“No other way, I suppose. Let’s save that for the last day of our trip, so if we go to prison, we’ll have enjoyed at least most of our honeymoon.”

“Fine, fine, Husband.” I give his arm a little squeeze.

We make it to the main street where I realize I have no idea where we’re headed. We’d been at the museum almost all day, and after taking a break, we’re planning on getting something to eat for supper. I honestly don’t care where we go as long as Jackson is with me.

“Did you know that I love looking at your face and your ass and I love your personality and I love the way you talk and I even love it when you hog all the blankets. This just tells me there is something extremely wrong with me and I probably have what’s called ‘traveler’s disease.’”

Jackson bumps into me. “Loving me is not a disease.”

“There’s only one thing that can cure the disease.”

“And that is?” He seems a bit concerned for some weird and strange reason.

“Action! Car chases! Guns! Explosions! Sex!”

He holds up five fingers. “Aw, you forgot how to count. How cute.”

“Shush your sassy, sexy lips. I can count so fucking well,” I say as I glance across the street to see if the light is changing when I notice a man slip past another. As he steps by, his hand slips into the man’s back pocket and I watch as he pulls the wallet out and hurries on his way.

“Pickpocket!” I say.

“Oh, dear god. Didn’t we do this in Vegas?” Jackson asks.

“Yes... no... this is different. He’s probably part of some mafia thing or something and we’re going to get involved in some European crime syndicate where we’ll need to get new identities. I call the name Dick. I’ve always wanted to be a Dick.”

“We’ll kindly get the man’s wallet back, and then we’ll do our good deed for the month and go out and have a nice supper.”

“It looks like he noticed his wallet is missing,” I say as I point at the man patting his pocket. He stops and turns around and seems to lock on to the man who stole it. Which is impressive when the pickpocket is doing quite a good job of blending into the crowd. That’s when the man takes off running after the pickpocket, who seems to notice what is happening and bolts.

“Looks like he’s already on the job,” Jackson says as the crosswalk flashes for us to go across.

“Nah, we must help,” I say as I run across the street and chase after the man.

Jackson, despite being all “Oh no! We must be good little boys and do boring stuff like romantic walks in the park and dinners by candlelight,” sure is right beside me, running just as fast as I am.

The two slip around the corner as Jackson waves at me. “If we can’t catch up here, I can try to cut him off by slipping down one of the alleyways,” he says.

“Good plan. I’ll direct you where to... go?”

As we turn onto the side of the road, I watch as the man who’d gotten his wallet stolen grabs the pickpocket. He puts him into an insanely pretty headlock.

I sigh as I stumble to a stop. “Looks like our job is done. How boring,” I say with a dejected sigh.

“What the hell?”

I look up to see what Jackson is “What the helling” only to see the business-looking man dragging the pickpocket into the back of an SUV. “Oh. My. Sweet. Motherfucking. Hallelujah. We’re busting something big here, Jackson. We have to save him.”

“Obviously,” Jackson says as he starts to cross the road, but a car turns in front of us, cutting us off. I wish I had my guns so I could threaten them a bit, but supposedly waving a gun around here would likely get me tossed in prison, so I just settle on flipping off the car who was, in every sense of the matter, doing a good job driving and not in the wrong at all.

We race across the road as the car pulls out and disappears around the corner just as some kids come riding their bike this way. I clothesline one of them with a hand around their neck, pulling them to an abrupt stop.

“I will give you guys all this money for two of your bikes,” I say as I pull my wallet out and pass them enough money to buy at least four brand-new bikes in exchange for two clearly worn ones.

“Take mine!” the one I nearly choked says, eyes widening as I pass him the money.

The other three basically throw their bikes at us as I pass Jackson a pink one with tassels on the handlebars. And off we go.

“Did you have to choke the kid?” Jackson asks.

“Well... yeah. It wouldn’t have been as cool if I hadn’t. He didn’t care. He saw the money and all memory of my chokage went right out the window.”

“Uh-huh... and why’d you hand me the smallest bike?”

“Why’d you take it?” I ask, which I think is a very valid question.

“Fuck. You’re right. I just got blinded by your suave moves,” he says, which makes me laugh. “Are we allowed to ride on the sidewalk here?”

“Fuck if I know. Should we ride on the road?”

He keeps right up with me, even on the smaller bike. “They’ll likely kill us on the road. We’re going to get arrested, aren’t we? We’re going to prison.”

“At least everyone will have cute accents,” I say, which is really the plus side of the situation.

“What? Prison is better with accents?”

“Of course.”

“But we’d actually be the ones with the accents.”

“Huh...” When we turn the corner, I see the SUV at a stoplight. “There!” I shout as I leap into the road, cutting across it since the SUV was turning left. They start moving as we bike after them as quickly as we can.

“My knees are hitting the handlebar with each pedal. Dammit, Leland, I could run faster than this.”

“Prevail, baby. Just think of me naked.”

“What’s that supposed to do? Make me horny?”

“Shit. You’re right. Umm... summon your inner Sasquatch, Jackson. You can do it.”

I skid the bike around the corner as I see the SUV take a sharp right. I jerk the wheel hard when I see a clear stretch of road and as I try leaping up onto the sidewalk on the far side, the front wheel hits a pothole and the rear of the bike bucks up, tossing me right into a puddle. Jackson, not guessing that my next move would be a face dive, slams into my body with his bike, flipping it and coming to a rest in the dirt on the other side of the road.

“Is this rock bottom?” Jackson asks as we both lie sprawled out across the sidewalk.

“No. It’s a sidewalk, hon, not a rock.”

“Don’t... no... why didn’t we call the police?” he asks.

“Shhh... don’t ask such foolish questions. Come on. We can still save him.”

“I mean... he *is* a pickpocket. Maybe he doesn’t deserve to be saved.”

I gasp. “And I’m a hitman; do you think I don’t deserve to be saved?”

“Yes, but you’re the love of my life who looks like he went for a mud bath.”

I preen even though I’m sure I look absolutely disgusting. “Aw. Dammit, Jackson. Don’t be so sweet.”

A lady walking her dog steps over me as her little fluffy poodle just trots over my back like I was a mere bump in the road.

I get up and right my bike before helping Jackson up. We slowly clamber back onto the bikes as I pick leaves out of Jackson’s new stylin’ hair. I get on my bike as the tire goes *thump-thunk* every time it goes around. It seems to be a little bent and slightly fucked up.

“Jackson, your tassels are dirty! Maybe it’d help if you wore them over your nipples.”

He glances down at the handlebar tassels. “Why? Does my chest automatically clean things?” he asks.

“No, I just thought you could distract the perp with your nipple tassels, and we’d spring out and pow-punch the guy right in the balls.”

“Which guy are we punching? The pickpocket or the abductor? Both sound less than ideal.”

“Might as well punch them both then. You do know I love punching people,” I say as the tire makes a hard left unexpectedly and I ram right into Jackson who barely catches himself before we hit the ground.

“Ditch the bikes?” I ask.

“We’d be littering!”

“Just lean them somewhere so it *looks* like we’re coming back for them and then we never will. It’s not littering if you make it look like it’s not littering,” I explain as I park my bike next to someone else’s.

“Solid logic there,” Jackson says. “Are we still saving the day? Maybe we should call the cops.”

“Cops, shmops.”

“Did you get the license plate number?” Jackson asks.

“I need no license plate. I can identify evil from miles away,” I say as I start walking.

“Is that what you’re going to tell the police when they ask?”

I glance over at my sassy husband. “Husband.” Gosh, I’ll never get tired of that word.

“What?” He looks confused, telling me that I might have forgotten to pay attention.

“Sorry, I just got distracted by your husbandness. What we were talking about? Oh! Right there’s the SUV!”

Jackson looks at the parked SUV in surprise. “Well, damn. They just stopped right in the middle of an abduction for... some food?”

We hurry over to it and I press my face against the windows and peer inside, looking for the abducted man. There’s no one in the vehicle, so I turn to the closest building, which is a restaurant. I look at Jackson who shrugs and heads for the door. He pulls it open and we step inside the fancy-looking restaurant.

“There,” I say, recognizing the man who’d been pickpocketed and rushing over to the table where he’s sitting across from a man who weirdly has the same body type as the pickpocket.

“Huh,” I say.

“Do you need something?” Abductor asks.

“Do you two... know each other?” Jackson seems as confused as I feel, just looking a whole lot hotter while doing it.

The pickpocket looks confused. “Quite well... actually,” he says, trying to sound all sophisticated and cute with his accent.

“Huh,” I repeat as I lower myself down to scrutinize them and lean into the pickpocket. “If he’s holding you captive, breathe.”

The pickpocket’s eyes get wide. “Oh my god, you saw us, didn’t you? We were just playing around. We’ve known each other for years. He’s with the police. All just a bit of good fun, you know?”

“Good fun... oh my god, they were role-playing. I want to role-play, Jackson... unless they’re trying to throw us off the trail and—”

“Did you two need a seat?” a waitress asks.

“Yes, please,” Jackson says as he grabs my wrist and tries to pull me away.

“Tell me your secrets,” I whisper before Jackson can drag me off. “Jackson loves role-playing. This one time, he role-played as Sasquatch and I was this little scared camper—”

Jackson, weirdly horrified, drags me away and over to a table the waitress puts us at. “What the fuck is going on?” he whispers.

“Well, for one, we need to up our role-playing game. For two, we just chased some people all around the city for fun, and three, they’re not part of a crime syndicate which is highly disappointing,” I say.

“We really shouldn’t eat here. Look at us.”

“Jackson, when you’re as sexy as you are, a little bit of dirt does nothing to hide it. You still look mighty fucking fine.”

He smiles at me. “You too. Why do I let you talk me into the most ridiculous things?”

“Because you’re the best husband in the entire world. No! Universe.”

“There are husbands outside Earth?”

“Yes, and we don’t want them to probe you, so they must know you’re mine,” I say as the waitress returns. She’s either a pro at that smile or didn’t hear me talking about aliens probing Jackson because she doesn’t miss a beat.

When we’re done eating, we start our walk back toward the hotel. We decide it’s nice enough we’ll just walk instead of getting on transit since the last orgy-like dismount left Jackson frazzled. The city is still bright with life as we pass through it.

“What do you think we need to do next?” I ask.

“With?” Jackson says as he turns to look at me.

“Everything. Like... where do we go from here? Serial killers? Mafia?”

“Like are we becoming the serial killers and mafia in this instance or are you asking if that’s who we should hunt down?” Jackson asks, like this is a legitimate question.

“Whatever you want, babe. That’s how much I love you.”

“Okay. If it’s what I want, then I’d prefer to not become a bad guy. I like being the good guys... *goodish* guys.”

“Goodish. I like that.”

“And I don’t like you in danger, so I say we do simple things. Finding lost pets—”

“Only if I can keep them all.”

“You have two dogs. What else do you want?”

“Ten dogs.”

“Lord save me, no. We’re not doing that again.”

I grin at the memories and try to block out how annoying they were. When we reach the hotel, we head up to our room. After getting cleaned up,

I drop down onto the bed that's made up of two single beds pushed together. Jackson flops down beside me and I roll into him.

"I have something so motherfucking special for tomorrow," I warn him.

"I am concerned and excited all at once."

"That's called excited," I explain.

"Ah, yes. That is legit."

"But you have to be naked for all of it."

That really makes his expression shift to excited. "I don't think that's going to happen unless we're not planning on leaving the room. Then I'm all in."

"I guess you'll have to find out. Now, Sasquatch, what are you going to do to me?"

"I'm not Sasquatch, I'm Jackson."

"My, what hairy feet you have, Sasquatch."

"Nope."

"My, what big ears you have, Sasquatch."

Jackson moves a bit and then I feel my bed start sliding across the floor as he pushes away from me. "I thought it was strange when we came in and our bed was two singles pushed together but I now understand it! I love it! We should do this at home."

"No! Sasquatch! Please! Save me! Plunder me with your mighty rod! Sasquatch!"

"I almost wonder if my bed would fit in the bathroom," he says as he keeps pushing our beds farther apart.

"Our honeymoon is being ruined!"

"That's devastating!" he says as he grins at me. "Fine. Come to me, love." He holds his hand out to me, but he's so far away.

I strain as I try my hardest to reach him without leaving the bed. “This is so hard, I just need a few more inches...”

“That’s what she said,” Jackson says, and it’s like I’m shot through the heart.

“My god, you sexy beast. Don’t kill me with your love talk!” I kick my leg out to him which he grabs and pulls. I end up not getting a good enough grip of the bed first and he just tugs me right off the bed and onto the floor.

“Whoops.”

I hook the edge of the bed. “It’s okay! Pull me into ecstasy, my love.”

He drags me and the bed over to him before helping me back onto the bed. “Life with you is exhausting, but I love every moment of it... most moments of it.”

“Don’t correct yourself, sugar pie, you love it all. *All of it.*”

He grins at me as he wraps me up in his arms. “I do. I love you, Leland.”

I smile at him. “I love you too, Sas—Jackson the Greatest Husband.”

He grabs me in a headlock. “Damn you and your Sasquatch!”

I laugh as he pulls me in closer, pins me down and kisses me. I suppose we never found a crime syndicate to take down, but this ended up so much better than that.

