Mackinac Bridge stretched north to south as the yacht sped east, with other boats directly on our tail. Its looming shadow cast over us as I stepped out from below deck. The suspension bridge glowered down at us like a giant metallic archway. It stretched north and south, each tower seemingly piercing the low clouds.

The wolf beside me saw something he didn’t. “Hit the floor!” He screeched.

Like déjà vu, I found myself covered by my canine boyfriend as loud booms and the sound of splashing waves surrounded us. Another boom. A louder thunderstrike to the starboard side, followed by gunfire into the wooden deck in front of us. His body tensed against my back.

A gush of lake water soaked my lower half, but I ignored it in favor of trying to make sense of things. Lowell knelt off me and fired his weapon into the air. One, two, three, four, five, six. He stopped, cursing under his bared fangs.

“Fuck, I didn’t think they’d drop ordinances from that fuckin’ bridge!” Lowell uttered, then murmured into my ear, “We’re safe get up, Adam!”

“This is unbelievable, unbelievable, I can’t believe we’re—”

“Focus, Adam!” Lowell pulled me back to Earth by yanking me up and along the empty, bullet-ridden bow. The wind slapped our faces. He gripped his assault rifle in one paw before letting go of me from his other. “I need ya here, right now! I can’t watch both my back and the front. Watch for me!”

Watch for him, I did. Even as my ears rang from the explosions earlier, even as my paws trembled, and even as the sunlight burned my feline eyes. Watery, I wiped my vision with an elbow and narrowed my eyes to the rear starboard and port side with Lowell’s back to mine. In the meantime, Mackinac Bridge loomed behind us, faraway enough to ease my worries for the moment.

From where I stood, I couldn’t see anything beyond the *Sunset Evanescent*’s stern wakes, but I could hear other boats. I could hear an occasional exchange of gunfire, and maybe a shout belonging to either Nancy or Hector. The ones screaming out vengeful Spanish obviously belonged to the Mexican fennec.

I could also make out the echoes of a loudspeaker: “You will surrender, deviants! A jealous and avenging God is the Lord; the Lord is avenging and wrathful! The Lord takes vengeance on His adversaries, and He reserves wrath for His enemies! You will either die as righteous believers or die as sinners cast to Hell forever!”

“Biblefucker’s still going on about that?!” Lowell groaned over the ambience.

“It appears so,” I shouted back, laughing.

“We’re comin’ between the islands, Adam!” He informed me. “Be ready to drop down when I say. For all we know, more boats’ll show up around them.”

I smirked, “Yessir!”

Ahead of us and the uncompromising yacht going at top speed, stood two bodies of land. One I surmised to be Mackinac Island, as well as a red-and-white, box-shaped lighthouse perched along the rocky shores of another island. Between them were several smaller vessels watching us. A pontoon boat, a sailboat, a motorboat decked obscenely in religious flags; the latter directly sat in the path of the incoming yacht we stood on.

Fifty yards or so.

“Get out of the way!” Lowell barked in vain. He raised the assault rifle to fire several shots. Most hit the water in front of the motorboat. From what I could see in my blind spot, the passengers on board stood tall and proud. “Fuck, they need to move!” He fired again. My ears rang much more harshly, to the point I barely heard Lowell scream, “Move, goddammit!!”

Suddenly, as I turned to the wolf, he gripped my paw again, and I didn’t let him pull me down. Rather, I joined him in jumping down to the heated, wooden floor of the bow. We braced for impact, holding each other.