

## The End

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# The End

by [UndeadRobins](#)

## Summary

They finally caught up with Max.

## Notes

Based on a prompt from Peaceful Sands of: The Losers, any, the day they caught up with Max

It was over.

For five long years they'd chased Max from continent to continent. Sometimes a few steps behind him, sometimes a few ahead - on one occasion they watched his helicopter take off right in front of them, with the bastard waving one hand while the other hung onto the landing skid.

And now, finally, he was dead. A single bullet through his forehead ensured he was never coming back.

Pooch was the first to slide down the wall and breathe a sigh of relief. Cougar tugged his hat down over his eyes as he moved to sit next to him, followed immediately by Jensen, who just sat and chuckled softly to himself. Aisha dropped to the floor next, bumping her shoulder against Jensen's.

Clay stayed standing, his gaze alternating between the body on the floor and his team. He breathed deeply, touching the tattoo on his hand.

"Rest up, Losers," he said to them. "Mission's complete."

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