

The room has nothing of use.

I close the empty wall safe and place the false books before it.

“The computer’s basically on factory default,” Alex says. “Even the registry hasn’t been accessed since this thing was made five years ago. I don’t think this house has ever been ‘used’” he makes the air quotes, since the house was occupied. We had to kill six thugs to get full access, but they didn’t make use of the location. They were here to maintain it, ensure it had a sense of life in it so that if it needed to be used as the safe house that it was, it wouldn’t be a sudden and unexplained occupation.

It was one of twenty-eight residential property Alex and Asyr compiled over their investigations. Some had been used and wiped clean, and others were like this one. Waiting for the day they were needed.

But when that day comes, this house won’t be usable unless the owner has it rebuilt. I set up the electrical to trigger the fire while Alex goes over the house again to ensure we didn’t leave any evidence behind. Then we exit the way we came, the back door and the high fenced yard. Privacy is important for the people who own property here, as is ample space, which ensures the fire will not spread to another building.

By the time we reach the Corolla, I can see the flames in the distance.

“I’m betting taking a weekend off just to have sex that, like the others, no one has this one rebuilt,” Alex says.

“At this point it’s no longer an unknown,” I get behind the wheel. “And we have too much to do to afford an entire weekend.” One of the reason for burning down the buildings we had evidence the trafficking ring used was the hope the insurance and rebuilding paper trail would lead to those running it. The claims that had been paid off had been so to holding company that had seen to activity since. Those behind the ring were smart enough to stay away for now, but there should be a point when too much money was tied up this way and they needed to access it. Asyr was keeping a constant electronic eye on it.

I drive away, avoiding cameras until we have crossed into Grandview. Then I head east to pick up supplies.

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Alex looks at the glassed in terminal as I bring the car to a stop between a Mazda 626 and a Chevrolet Tahoe. “Please tell me we aren’t sleeping in a train terminal tonight. I was hoping for some privacy.”

“I need to pick up something.” I exit the car and he does, too. I quiet the boxes. This isn’t something I need to keep from Alex.

“Did you order something?” he asked with clear amusement.

“No, I’ve had this stored here for a few years. I have similar stashes throughout the city.”

“You have stashes of that around the city?” He takes my arm as we reach the building. “Since I don’t want to think you’d store guns in a place like this, or money, I have to ask. Are you really going to eat something that’s been in storage for years?”

“Properly made, Pemmican has a shelf life of decades.”

“You know, there are easier ways to get food,” Alex states.

I don’t respond. It is a point on which I have learned it is best not to address him. He’s eating habits are barely healthy if I don’t take into account how much coffee he drinks,

and the only concessions he has made to better habits are to hide most of his drinking from me, and use better fats when he cooks.

I swipe the keycard to the locker, and pulled the duffel back out and over my shoulder; then we leave.

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“Thank you for choosing Double Tree for your stay,” The clerk says as she hands me the two keycards.

Alex stays quiet until we are in the elevator, alone. Then he moans. “A real bed.” He leans against me. “A hot shower.” He looks at me. “I love you.”

“I’ve known for some time.” His box shudders, and other light up in reaction, and I am leaning in to kiss him when the door opens and a woman gasps. Other boxes react and I am scolding at her before I can bring them under control. Alex pulls me out of the elevator.

“Sorry,” he tells her with a laugh. “We’re taking it to our room.”

Once I have control of the boxes, I stop and he has to, as well. “This isn’t our floor.” He looks around and opens his wallet. “I can have us in one of them in a few seconds.”

I keep him from taking out the card that lets him hack these kinds of locks. “We paid for a room, Alex.”

“But I want in now.” He pouts.

“We’re here to lay low and rest. Breaking into a room will draw unwanted attention to us.”

“Only if they catch us,” he says mischievously and keeping boxes from reacting to his is difficult.

“We’ll be in our room faster if you don’t insist on this.”

“Fine,” he pouts, and I pull him to me as we head for the stairs.

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I kiss the back of his neck before slowly lathering him up with the disinfectant soap. He winces when I go over fresh cuts and ones that reopened from the last few days. Some will add scars to his collection.

He presses back against me, and I lather his front. His arms only have a few, but one was deep enough I needed to stitch the wound shut. He grinds against me.

“Do you really want me to fuck you with a cock coated in disinfecting soap?” I whisper in his ear.

“It would be your cock in me.” He shudders, and I stroke his erection.

“Maybe yours is the one that needs to go in me.”

“After?” He says with hope.

I thrust, my hardening cock slipping and slicking between his cheeks.

“Are you sure?” I ask in his ear, the tip of my cock gently pressing against his hole.

“Oh, Ye—” the rest is a scream as I slam in.

“You wanted it in,” I whisper as I pull out. “With pain.” I slam in again, and this time there is a distinctive moan with his pained scream. I ignore my own discomfort as fucking him mostly dry. This is for him, this is how he wants it. His cock jerks in my still hand as I bottom in. I hold him with my other arm as I pull out to keep him from falling, then I let my cock rest against his hole.

“Is that how you like it?” I whisper, and his response is unintelligible. “I can’t understand you, Alex.” I tease him by pressing, but not entering him.

“Yes.” The word is stretched.

“And you want me to fuck you like that some more?”

He nods.

“Come on, Alex. You know better than that.”

“More,” he stutters. “Please fuck me hard and fast. I need to feel you in me.”

I push in slowly, and he whines, trying to shove himself back, but I keep that from happening.

“That’s not it,” he whines.

“Should I care?”

“No.” The disappointment is loud. He knows who is in charge and that these reminders are needed. As comfortable in the role as he is, Alex’s respect for my authority is something that I need to reinforce constantly, especially when it comes to sex. His general disrespect for all forms of authority is simply too strong for it to make a constant exception for me.

“Say it,” I whisper.

He swallows as I pull out. “I’m yours. In health and illness. It good and bad times. Until the day you bring it to an end.”

I pick up speed. “You are mine,” I growl in his ear, and he shudders. “To hurt and heal. To please and torture until I decide I’ve had enough of you.”

Our vows, to go along with the rings that make what we have official to the eyes of society.

I fuck him faster. He tenses as pain builds, but his cock is still hard.

“Remember Alex. I am your will. I am your life. You gave yourself over to me.” I hesitate before adding the rest as I have to quiet boxes. “Don’t make me regret taking you. Don’t make me end this before I am ready.”

“Amen.” The cry is mixed with the moan as I slam into him again. Then I unleash the boxes, and I growl, holding him against me. Fucking him like the monster that I am. His pain pushing me harder than his pleasure.

I forget that his is about him, and I pull out, turn him, slam him against the showers wall. Before he is over the change, my hands on his ass and hike him up, my cock slipping between his cheeks and finding his hole with ease. His legs are around my waist as I bottom and I lock eyes with him as I fuck him. I bare my teeth, and he shows me his fear.

His fear that this is the fuck that will end what we have, the eagerness for me to unleash everything.

I kiss him; the look being too much, and I slam in and cum. I cum hard. I cum long. When I let go of his lips, his expression is dazed. I pull out and throw him over my shoulder, uncaring of the blood. I carry him to the bed and throw him on, then I climb over him.

He says something, but I don’t hear over the lights the boxes fill my head with.

Mine, is the underlying clamoring. Mine and mine alone and I will have him. I sit on his cock and growl in pleasure. His expression loses meaning as all I care about is the sensation of his cock stretching me. I grind my ass over his crotch. His cock hits something and my head goes back as pleasure strikes.

I move again and the boxes light in incoherence.

I—

He thrusts and I howl. I look down at him, teeth bared threateningly. I will—

Howl as he thrusts and spikes of pleasure erupt from his box.

Another time and I cum, by body shuddering, the boxes shattering. Then I feel him tense under me, his cock throb and jerk. When he goes limp, I fall on the bed next to him, unable to...anything.

He pulls me to him, and I reassemble the boxes.

“That was dangerous,” I whisper when enough of them are whole I can form words.

“I know,” he whispers back. “One day, I’ll go too far, and it will be over.”

I swallow and my attempt at putting a box together slips. I don’t understand the reaction and I set it aside for after I am in control again.

And he holds me tightly until I’m able to do the same.

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“I wish we could stay in hotels all the time,” Alex says over the steak in thick sauce he is cutting. “This is the life.” He grins.

“Too dangerous,” I reply once I’m down chewing the pemmican. “We can’t create any patterns for those in charge of the trafficking ring to piece together.”

“I know.” He scoops mashed potatoes with the piece of meat. “Never the same place twice, never the same kind of place twice in a row. Seems like overkill, but it’s how you want it done.”

“I want us to live, Alex.”

He shrugs as he eats.

“I’m just saying,” he picks up once he swallowed, “that we could do with less warehouse floors and more actual beds. As much as I love sleeping on you, I’d rather sleep next to you.”

“That can be done anywhere.”

“But not in comfort like this.”

I eye him as he drinks the coffee. I can tell he contemplates making a show of defying my will, but he’s too content from the fucking I gave him to bother.

“Places like this are what leads to prey being found,” I say. “Too many cameras, too many people working the counters trained to notice details. Hotels should not be your first choice when you are on the run, ever.”

“And yet,” he replied with a grin, “here we are again.”

“After sleeping in one of each of the other categories. They are a valid choice, just no one you should depend on.”

He nods and we finish eating silently; me using the time to finish putting the boxes together and surveying the lasting damage, and him enjoying too much of his coffee.

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