

Alex is silent for the entire drive, and his box shivers; worry and fear react to that. Alex only does quiet around me when he's sleeping, working, or planning. The fact he barely acknowledges my attempts at conversation only exacerbates my worry.

What can he be planning?

Nothing good, considering how angry he was before we left the house.

The GPS instructs me on the next turn, and we enter a residential neighborhood. Something blue collar. Coronado, according to the GPS. The house at the address indicated is sandstone bricks, on the smaller side. Where all the other houses have a driveway along the side to park in, this one has a garage that was added after the fact. The construct is subpar, but it will serve to keep the Civic from being seen while we are here.

The garage door is locked, but easy to pick. Once parked inside. Alex startles when I open his door.

"We're here. How about you make us food?"

He nods and heads for the door at the back.

No comments or snark about me being allergic to real food. No questioning my sanity about not demanding he incorporate pemmican into whatever he might make.

This isn't good.

I take the suitcase out of the trunk and exit the garage. He's taking the key out from under a flower pot when I reach him. The third one he looked under.

"How long before the owners return?" I ask, trying to engage him as he unlocks the door.

He enters and walks to the small kitchen. Any less thoughts involved, and I'll be forced to describe it as a shamble.

"Alex." I make my tone forceful.

"What?" he startles and looks around, frowning.

"The owners. How long until they come back?"

"Four days." He shakes himself and life returns to his expression. "They went on and on about the trip on Facebook. They left yesterday. As of before we set out to rescue the girls, they were enjoying the drive to L.A." He looks in the fridge. "It's a good thing we're spending the night here. They'd return to half what's in here gone to waste."

"Can you handle food while I clean the car?"

"How do you feel about pemmican lasagna?" He nods to the suitcase. "I figure you only left enough space in there for a change of clothing so I can go to work tomorrow."

"And a set for me, as well as boxes of ammo."

"No super powerful building destroying rifle? You're slipping."

"It was at the reservation when I blew up my house, remember?"

"I'm surprised you don't have a dozen stashed somewhere else, or that your gun seller didn't have one ready for you to take."

And I realize he's attempting to be funny. He has never done take regarding my weapons. "Jofre can't get one on short notice, let alone more than one. And it wouldn't be useful at the moment."

He nods.

"Alex, are you okay?"

"I'm fine." The attempt at casual comes across as forcefully dismissive.

“Alex, I’d prefer if—”

“I’m fine,” he snaps, then catches himself. “I just need to process how he got away. I’ll make me something, then go through the hard drives we pulled. If one of the ring’s executive was there sampling the goods, there’s bound to be something of use in there.”

I consider pressing, search his face for an indication it’s what he needs. Don’t see it. I nod. “When it’s ready, come get me.” He return to the garage to wipe the Civic clean.

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When I return inside, after being done, Alex is in the livingroom, the military laptop on his lap, the hard drives on the coffee table, connected to it, and papers spread all around. He writes something down and is typing again. In the kitchen, a pan sits on the stove with a slice of meat in oil. The stove is off. A bag of frozen vegetables is thawing on the counter. The coffee machine is running, empty cups lined up before it. The can of grounds is half empty. It might have been like that before, but this is Alex; it might also have been full.

I return to the living room. “Food Alex?”

“I have seven possibilities for when he ran to,” he responds. “We can hit them tonight, corner him, force him to—”

“Not tonight.”

“The longer we wait, the harder it’s going to be to get him!” He yells, nearly flinging the laptop off him.

“We were just in a fight.”

“We’re fine!”

“You are emotional, Alex.”

“I’m always emotional! It’s who I fucking am.”

His box rattles, other responds and I have to take hold of all of them if I don’t want to make the situation worse. “You aren’t thinking clearly, Alex.”

He’s up, laptop clattering on the coffee table, sending hard drives sliding off it. “What is there to think about! I have possibilities. We remove them and we are bound to get him.”

“We need rest, Alex.”

“Fine, I’ll deal with this myself.”

I grab him as he walks by. “No.”

“Good, then come on we—”

“I said no, Alex.”

He tries to wrench his arm out of my grip, but I have the superior strength.

“Let go of me.”

I slam him against the wall. “You do not order me, Alex. Remember your place. The last time you rushed off while emotions drove you, you ended up in Mexico, alone, about to be shot off the side of a cliff.”

“You kept me from falling,” he replied harshly.

“And this is me keeping you from falling off another one.”

He snorts. “There aren’t any cliffs here.” His expression is hard. He will not be reasoned with or ordered to stand down.

“Alright.” I let go and step back. I set myself in the path to the door. “If you want to go do this so badly, get by me.”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me. He’s out there, probably paying more thugs to abduct more girls. His boss is waiting for us to poke our heads up so he can try to blow them off again. Or are you forgetting who blew up our home! And you want to spar?”

“I want to enjoy dinner with you. But you are set on self-destruction. You are mine, Alex. I’m the only one allowed to destroy you. If you are so set on making it happen, I will oblige.”

He comes at me with a scream, jumping the table, then kicks and punches. As mindless as the attacks are, they aren’t wasted. His skill is ingrained too deep. He still goes for as painful hits as he can.

He is simply forgetting that I have pain chained in a box. I don’t feel the hits that get through my deflections. When I strike, it’s with precision too, but I can’t be as destructive as he is attempting to be. I can’t afford to damage him. We have too much work to do. While he is seeking to destroy himself, I am ensuring he won’t have the energy to do so.

When exhaustion shows itself through the first sloppy kick, the couch is on its back, the loveseat next to it broken, the coffee table shattered. One drive is crushed. The laptop I slid into the kitchen the first chance I got. I am not putting its military chassis to the test this way.

I catch the foot, then my head snaps to the side from the other one as Alex spins around it. Unfortunately for him, it doesn’t cause me to let go, and he lands on his back; Panting.

I look down at him and bare my teeth. I have allowed this long enough. It’s time for Alex to be reminded of his place. He swings as I grab his belt, and I growl, but he’s either too far to understand the danger, or eager for me to carry through with what he expects. I pull up as I let go of his leg.

He lands on his feet and punches me as I snap it, then rips the pants off him and he winces in pain. Being exposed doesn’t slow him, but the shirt is easier to get off him. It rips more easily. Then I pull him against me and wrap my arms around him.

“Enough,” I whisper in his ear as he trashed. “You are mine, Alex. I am not ready to destroy you. I still have a use for you.” I nibble his neck and the shiver makes his trashing slow. I lower a hand and squeeze his ass, pressing him against me, making him feel my erection, and his panting gains a need to it. I loosen my hold experimentally, and he tries to break free. I bit into his shoulder and he lets out a pained yell.

I lick the blood off my teeth. “Mine.” I tell him. Then kiss him hard, having him taste his blood on my tongue. He shudders, and when I break it, he whines. “Mine.” I repeat.

“Yours,” he whispers.

I undo my pants with a hand, ready for more of his wiliness, and I see the consideration cross his eyes in the moments without stimulation.

“Don’t,” I warn him, then add what I hope will make him understand how serious I am. “If you do, I will let you go. And however your attempt at destroying yourself ends, you will never see me again.”

It takes a second for the meaning to sink in, then it’s fear and panic that mix in his eyes and I smile.

Then I have my cock against his, my hand wrapped around both and stroking.

“Fuck me,” he pleads, and I snort.

“After this? You think that’s how I’m going to punish you?” I smirk. “Your ass isn’t going to feel my cock until I decide you’ve endured enough.” I lean in and he stiffens. Then I lick the blood that’s seeping out of the bite before it can drop on the floor. Getting all the DNA out of the living room will be impossible, but I don’t want to give anyone looking it over that easy of a job.

I let go of his cock and lead him to the hall, grabbing the suitcase on the way. I open doors until I find a bedroom and shove him on the bed. I get out of my closed as he watches, then stand before him.

He leans forward to touch me.

“Don’t.”

He freezes, eyes up, questioning me.

“You aren’t bribing me into doing what you want. You’re going to lie back, and you will endure everything I do to you. If I think it’s enough, then I will fuck you.” He is on his back before I need to order him there.

I look at him. He is bruised and scared. He is a magnificent instrument of destruction better aimed at others than himself. He is mine. And anger wants out of its box for how wantonly he’s willing to throw himself away.

It isn’t getting its way here. Anger is what Alex expects. I intend a worse punishment.

I sit next to him, placing the bottle of lube on the bed as I run a hand along his chest. I pinch a nipple lightly and worry crosses his face. He finally understands what I intend. And he wants to protest. It isn’t something he thinks he deserves, and certainly not after what he did.

I lean in and kiss his cheek, then kiss along his neck. I lick the bite, then kiss around it, down to his chest. I kiss his nipple, then suck on it, making him gasp. I kiss down to his stomach, then his cock, which I swallow smoothly. He trembles as I bob my head up and down. I pour lube in my hand and slick my fingers before slipping them between his cheeks. He spreads his legs and I massage his hole before pushing a finger in, as I deep throat his cock. He groans and thrusts. My finger is in and finds his prostate.

I suck harder as I massage it, listening to his groaning, his moaning. The need that he is finally giving into. He may not believe he deserved to be pleased this way, tenderly, pleasurable, but eventually, he always gives in. His body tenses, his cock pulses and I move away from him.

His panting turns confused as his orgasm pulls away. I grab his arm when he reaches for his cock. “Mine, not yours, Alex.” I grin as the needy whine. “I told you I was going to punish you.” I sit next to him again, running my fingers on his chest, along his neck, his chin, his lips. Then I gently rub them over his nipple.

When I touch his cock, it’s to gather the precum that’s leaking, and bring the wet finger to his lips. He sucks it in, is reluctant to let go of it. When I move to lie between his legs, it’s to lick his balls, take them in my mouth. Massage them with my tongue.

Alex relaxes, and then I lick up and take his cock in my mouth again. Sucking hard and fast, bringing him back to eager readiness. I let him thrusts a few times before forcing him still, reminding me I am in charge. I massage his balls, feeling them tighten, his panting getting ragged, and I move away from him.

This time, it isn’t confusion but anger that greets me when I smile at him.

“I am sorry,” he said.

“I know.”

“Please.”

I laugh. “No way.”

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“Stop!” He protests as I remove my finger from his ass. “Please.” His cock is throbbing and his stomach is wet with a mix of sweat and precum. “Let me cum!”

Stopping in time is getting harder. His trigger is ever so thinner, but again, he’s left at the edge and the shudder come with tears.

I lie next to him. Spoon with him. Kiss the back of his neck. “Don’t ever do this again, Alex. You don’t have the right to throw your life away. It’s mine. Am I clear?” I run a finger along the underside of his trembling cock.

“Yes.” His voice shudders. “Please.”

I kiss under his ear. “No.”

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He screams as I stroke his cock hard. Cum pours out, his body is tense. He shudders and I keep stroking. His scream shift from pleasure to displeasure, but I don’t stop. He tries to squirm, but I hold him down. When I remove my hand, it is to replace it with my mouth. His scream is a protest now. I don’t stop even as his cock softens. His pleas have no strength to them anymore. He is spent in more ways than one. But I’m not giving him respite yet.

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“Stilt Security,” the woman answers.

“I’m...” I look at the clock, well past ten in the evening. “I’m sorry. I was expecting to leave a message.”

“Well, you can leave it with me.”

“I wanted to let you know that Alex won’t be able to come into work tomorrow.”

“He’s not over what he caught?” she asks.

“No,” I reply, smiling. “He’s stuck in bed. And I don’t think he’s going to be getting out of it tomorrow.”

“Alright, thank you for letting me know. You take good care of him.”

I look at his unconscious form on the bed and my smile turns feral. “Oh, you can be certain that I will take care of him, all right.” He’s earned the coming fucking, that he be ready for it or not.

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