

I wake. Not to the motion, but to my body's reaction to it. I thrust, my already hard cock sliding between the cheeks, and Alex moans, shifting, trying to get his hole lined up. I tighten my arms around him and whisper.

"Didn't you get enough last night?" there are dents and scratches against the wall mounted headboard to attest to how energetically I fucked him.

"Never." His voice has a dreamy quality to it. He might be trying to lull me into thinking he isn't quite awake, but he worked too hard at causing my body to react while I slept for that.

I shift, and he gasps as the head of my cock presses against his hole. "And you thought you could get more without my approval?"

"Would you deny an addict his fix?" he asks, and I can hear the smile.

"Easily," I whisper. Adding pressure.

"Would you deny me this fix?" he corrects and I smile. That is the difficult question. I can shut down the boxes, go soft and roll on my other side. Make it clear I don't approve of him thinking he can get this without earning it.

And I don't.

He cries out as my cock head pops in mostly dry. He forgot that the lube we used last night doesn't last.

And I don't want to stop. I push further in. As dangerous as it is, Alex whittles at my self control when it comes to us having sex and there is something...enticing in that danger.

His cry is loud when I bottom in.

"His this want you want?" I whisper, reaching down for confirmation before he can answer, and getting it in the form of his leaking cock. "You want me to hurt you? Is this why you did this? Knowing I'd make you suffer for it?"

I pull out slowly. The dryness is irritating to me, but painful to him. His cock is slick with a few strokes and he squirms.

I slam in and he cries out.

"Answer," I whisper.

"Y—yes," he stammers.

"Then I should stop." I pull out slowly, again. Not quite as dry.

"Please don't."

"Why not?" my cock out, I thrust, so it glides over his hole. I let him squirm again, this time attempting to get in back in.

"Please hurt me," he whispers, but the need still carries through.

I want to deny him. I should deny him. Not to do so is to let him think he can make these decisions for us, and there is danger in that. It could end what we have sooner than I want it.

I slam in hard and he cries out, grabs my arm across his chest tightly as I fuck him ever harder, jerking him off. Amidst his cries, Emil bangs the wall separating our room, and Alex responds by screaming his orgasm.

I slow my thrusting, and Alex's whimpers are soft enough I make out Emil's grumbling about our lack of consideration.

"You are playing a dangerous game," I whisper.

“They’re the best kind,” he replies, yawning.

“They can be deadly.” I raise my cum covered hand to his mouth.

“I know.” I press it, and he licks it.

It would be easy to apply more pressure. Shift it to hold his nose close and listen to him suffocate. It would be a mercy to do this now, wouldn’t it? To do it later will simply expose him to more of the monster I am, that he is drawn to. He is looking at a future of ever more pain as he unleashes me on himself.

Not even he deserves that.

I should end it now. It would be a mercy.

I move my hand away.

That is why I don’t do it.

I am a monster. Mercy is not something I offer.

I hold him tight as he falls back asleep.

Boxes glow and I allow myself to cling to him, since he won’t know. To fear losing him. To fear destroying him. To hate myself for what I will eventually do to him.

If I were better, I would leave him here. Take Emil and disappear.

But Alex doesn’t want better. He wants monstrous.

And that is what I am.

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Emil glares at us when I knock on his door.

“Some of us need sleep, you know.”

“I slept wonderfully,” Alex replies, smiling at me.

“That makes two of you.” He lets out a breath. “What’s the plan?”

“The garage,” I state, as Alex says.

“Breakfast.”

Emil smirks. “Maybe you shouldn’t have worked up such an appetite during the night.”

The words are out before I can check them. “Didn’t I feed you enough this morning?” him, in the small shower, pressed against the wall, fighting for breath, my cock deep in his throat as I came.

Emil stares at me. Then laughs. “I was wondering why you were quiet for a while there.”

“As much as you came,” Alex says, “that’s not breakfast.”

“Then you’ll have to wait.”

“Hi Emil!” the receptionist calls as she walks around the corner, empty garbage can in hand.

“Hey Jude,” he replies. “We’re off to see what’s going on with the RV. I’ll see if I can drop by after we’ve had breakfast.”

“Cool!” Then she’s inside.

“You know you don’t have to come with us,” Alex says. “I’m sure she’d be more than happy to have you feed her breakfast.”

“We eat as a family,” I interject, tone severe. Alex knows that.

“I’m just saying,” he pushes.

“It’s okay, Dad,” Emil says before I decide how to remind Alex of his place. “I’d rather have breakfast with the two if you.”

“Do you now,” Alex says, and Emil flips him the finger.

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“You know, Dad,” Emil says as we stand before the RV. “When you said the mechanic wouldn’t have a reason to look into the bench storage as part of the repairs. Did you consider he might take the whole bench out of the RV?”

The bench is against the garage’s wall.

“Or the entire kitchen?” Alex adds.

That is next to the bench. Next to that are the RV’s wheels and suspended on a chained pulley, the engine.

While it’s possible Ralf didn’t notice what is stored inside the bench, since the brackets are on the outside, to detach the counter with the sink and cooktop, he had to get under, where I had two Desert Eagles secured to the underside.

“At least there was nothing hidden under the mattresses,” Alex says, then looks at Emil. “Well, other than your porn?”

Emil rolls his eyes. “Who keeps that under their bed? It’s on a flash drive in my pocket.” They both look at me, and boxes rattle as I try to work out why.

They look at each other and shrug.

I put my attention on Ralf as he pulls himself out from under the RV. “Glad you’re here,” he says with that same utter lack of an accent. “There’s a few things we need to address before I can give you a quote for the work.”

“Did you leave anything in there?” Alex asks.

“The floor, the walls, the structural supports,” Ralf replies in the tone of listing items, which is exactly what he is doing. There is no surprise at having been asked. No amusement. The question was voiced, and that is the answer. “Which leads me to ask, are you aware you’re exceeding the suspension’s weigh limit?”

“The SSR-184 is rated for three tons,” I reply. “Including the weight of the RV itself, we are well under the limit.”

“Your vehicle has 106s. Their limits are two thousand six hundred pounds. You’re two-hundred and seventy pounds over that limit, not taking into account what you took with you, since I didn’t have that on hand to weight. Taking into account your apparent strength, the ease with which each of you carried your duffle bag when you left, I estimate an extra two hundred and fifty pounds, which does place you under the limit for the 184s, but as I said, those on your vehicle are 106s.”

I nod. The urgency with which we needed to leave Phoenix meant I was forced to forgo doing my own check of the RV when we took possession. He had the occasional down time since then, but they were spent being a family.

“Since I’m already going to lift it to work on the engine compartment, I can upgrade them. It won’t be brand name, but I have the steel needed to print something that can take well over five thousand pounds, will give you the opportunity to expand what you need to transport should circumstances require. Regarding the sides. The damage is easily repaired, but if you want, I can add armor to prevent a repeat from causing similar damage to the interior. That will be within the ungraded limits, although it might mean you won’t be

able to stock as much as you might require.” He turns pensive as I puzzle over his behavior.

He has seen the damage received through multiple gun battles, seen the damage to the engine, and yet, there are no indications he’s curious about any of it. His behavior is that of a mechanic asked to do the fifteenth tire rotation of the week. Not bored, but definitely something he sees every day.

“It might be more efficient if I install a—”

“That’s enough,” Ryan says in his drill sergeant tone, as he enters from a door on the side wall. His forearms, as well as the plate in his left arm, are wet and dripping suds on the floor.

Ralf doesn’t go quite at attention, but he’s attentive.

“All they’re asking is for you to fix the engine so they can get back to their vacation.” He levels a ‘don’t you dare contradict me’ glare at me. “Not for you to turn this into a flying super car.”

“Got it,” Ralf says, and Ryan returns to the kitchen. “I can’t do flying cars,” he says, volume conversational, but not loud enough to carry. “But otherwise, if you want it, I can probably make it happen.”

Putting him to the test is tempting. What he has already mentioned can be accomplished, but I can easily want more than that. Time permitting, I would have done work on it before we took to the road.

Time permitting.

Time still didn’t permit. As isolated as this community is, remaining in one place is asking to be found. Even with Asyr scrubbing the internet to ensure no pictures of me, Alex, or Emil last, all it takes is one recognition program to be faster than them, and we will be sitting ducks. They are faster than the FBI and other law enforcement agencies, but bounty hunters chasing million dollar bounties do not limit themselves like that.

“The suspension needs to be upgraded, the engine repaired.”

“I’d recommend a replacement,” Ralf says.

“Time frame?”

“I can have the engine printed within four days.”

“Not to get in between two experts,” Alex says, “but did you say printing the engine? Like those box things that spit out toys?”

“No. I have three industrial printers designed to work with a variety of metals. In the back room,” he adds as Alex looks around. “They are loud and the level of heat needed can be uncomfortable.”

Alex looks at me.

“I have read about them, but never investigated their uses.”

“Too modern for you?” he smirks.

“Within those four days, can you have the suspension upgraded?”

“Those can be printed on one of my smaller printers.”

“How long to add armors?”

“Type?”

“Thickest the suspension can take while giving me five hundred pounds of slack for extras we will need to get on the way.”

“Someone’s spending my money,” Alex said, then raises a hand. “Not complaining. It

would be nice not to have to cock the holes with silicon to keep the rain out.”

“Budget?” Ralf asks Alex.

“So long as you can take electronic transfers, it’s whatever you say the price is, if he doesn’t tell me you’re trying to screw us over.”

A nod and Ralf is thinking. “Three hundred fifty-two thousand, six hundred and ninety-eight dollars. That includes the components, power needed to print them, as well as time invested in putting them in.”

Alex looks at me.

The introduction of the printers skews how I would calculate the total. I would order the parts if they couldn’t be repaired. That means a lower total, but the time frame would be well beyond four days.

In the end, I go by the read I get from Ralf. Nothing about what he saw fazed him. He offered upgrades relating to what he saw as if they were nothing more than expected options under these circumstances.

I don’t think the idea he could ask more than what he considered the work to be worth even crossed his mind.

I nod and Ralf takes out his phone, types for a few minutes then looks at Alex, how takes his out. He passes it to me and I read the work-order. It is what Ralf said the work would be, so I nod and Alex sends the money.

“There are couches there if you want to stay while I work. You can supervise,” he tells me, “but my tools are off limits.”

“We’re heading for breakfast,” Alex says.

“Then I recommend Family’s.”

“Are there other options?”

“Gigi’s and Sunshine’s have breakfasts foods.”

“But that’s in the say way you said they have coffee yesterday, isn’t it?”

“They do have coffee.”

Alex takes my arm. “Family’s it is.”