

The guy doesn't even have a website.

Who the fuck, in this day and age, sells anything and doesn't have a website? I don't care if he's a paranoid prepper who thinks the government is out to get him. If he's going to sell Pemmican to my man, he'd fucking better have more than a phone number to place an order from.

As much ribbing as I've been giving Tristan about running out of the only food he considers worth eating (something only an addict would say, let me tell you). After watching him go still like that as he looked at the ruin of the storage complex where he'd built himself another hiding spot, filled with all the supplies he'd need to take on whatever would take him near this area again, I am not going to sit here and let him suffer. And he's suffering, let me tell you. I know my man. He's hiding it, but he's in full-blown withdrawal at this point.

Of course, paranoid preppers are, purely by accident, good at making finding them hard for someone like me.

That phone number? It's not a cell. It's an answering service. Probably the last one in existence that is entirely manned by people. Good sounding people at that. But they don't know who the client they are taking the order for is, let alone where he lives. The messages are written on paper, placed in a box with a number linked to the one I called, and when someone calls with the right authorization code, they get read to whoever is on the other end.

How the fuck am I supposed to hack the information out of there?

There's always going there directly, but crossing the border into Canada isn't exactly on the cards at the moment.

So, I hear you ask. Why not just place an order and be done with it?

And have that delivered where, exactly? We aren't staying in one place long enough for it to arrive, even if they offer express delivery. There's PO boxes, but with the amount of people looking for us at the moment, the odds are good that would be under surveillance by the time we get there.

Okay, ship it to some stranger and go pick it up.

You ever heard of refusing deliveries? Worse yet, of the person accepting it, wondering what it's about and calling the shipper with questions they really shouldn't be asking and probably burning my one link to that Tristan's pusher.

Oh, and about that ruined storage complex? No, it wasn't an attack on my man. Or if it was, whoever did it is Tristan's very own Moriarty.

Oh, come on! Go watch the movie. RDJ's amazing in it. And if you're old, I'm told there are books about the character too.

But it was an accident. Electrical fire that started three lockers away, spread to the next one, where some idiot was storing gas in it. So, of course, the it was filled with fumes when a spark made it through the wall and 'kaboom'. The owner was dragged into court because the sprinkler system never kicked in.

I guess that makes it negligence more than accidental. Bottom line is that we drove there for nothing. Now, we're on our way to Spokane, Washington, which is the closest

storage with Pemmican under a decade old in it. Fourteen hundred miles, give or take. Technically, we could be there under twenty-four hours. But taking the back roads, since we were attacked recently, it's going to take a whole-lot longer.

It should give me plenty of time to work out who that escaped bounty hunter was, but I went through all avenues on the way to Pryor Lake.

You would think that having everyone's identities, as well as where they rented the ATVs and dirt bikes, would make it simple. I mean, where else with our mystery man has gotten that bike of is? Except that in the process of deleting those bikes and ATV's existence from the rental place's server, I accounted for each of them. Not one extra bike rented that day. As far as I can tell, that asshole brought his own bike to the party.

We could probably go ask other bounty hunters about mystery man. Yellow and Green jacket can't be that common. Or maybe it is. Which it irrelevant. We're trying to avoid those people, not go looking for them.

And they went one way, we went the other.

I'd love to see him find us again.

It's part frustration at having such a great rig, but not being able to get anything of use out of it, and part smell of the food that has me leave the van.

We're parked in a surprisingly dense wood cut by the gravel we're on. Don't ask me where we are. I have no idea. All I know is that for the three hours I drove before Tristan took over, it was all farmland.

"I see the hunting went well." There are seven plump rabbits on the spit over the fire.

"I don't think anyone's been here in a long time," Emil says, turning the spit. "There's so many rabbits around here, all we had to do was reach down and pluck them off the ground."

"You're thinking dandelions," I correct him and sit next to my man, who has disassembled his gun and is cleaning it, with the pieces arranged in a perfect diagram of one on the board that would be the table, if it was still attached to its base in the van. "I couldn't find him," I tell him. "You weren't kidding when you said he was paranoid."

"Thanks for trying, but you didn't have to. In a week at most, I'll have a case."

"But after that—"

"I said I'm fine, Alex." The finality in the tone shuts me up. I exchange a look with Emil across the fire and he shrugs. Sure, fine is what he is. He still focuses on cleaning the parts as if he hadn't just snapped at me. Normally I'd say there's no way he missed what he did, but he isn't entirely himself.

To avoid thinking about how bad this can get, I ask about something else. "Did you really need to set up the tents? We have perfectly comfortable beds in the van."

"Come on, Pa. We're in the wilderness, we're supposed to be roughing it."

"Says the one spending too much time on his phone."

"Says the one spending how many hours a day on the computer?" he retorts.

"That's work, trying to work out how to get to the bounty hunter's board, the identity of that bounty hunter who got away, setting up 'accidental' deaths of all the people me and your dad killed. How long until we can eat?"

"Make the salad." Emil points to the cooler. "And we'll be good to go."

"There is a perfectly good fridge in the van."

“Roughing it,” Emil replies like that answers anything.

Instead of wasting time arguing with him, I mix the vegetables together, adding the salad dressing, then pile that onto the plates. By the time I’m done, Tristan’s gun is back in its holster and he’s cutting meat off the bones and putting that on separate plates. Roughly two rabbits for me and him, and three for Emil. While that’s happening, our son uses a stick to pull foil covered potatoes from the coals. Pretty deep, by the way he’s working at it.

Then we eat, with Emil taking Tristan’s salad once he says the meat on his plate is enough for him. I eat his potato.

As usual, the food’s good, although that’s marred by Tristan’s inability to eat anything that had even a little preservative or other chemicals in them. Like I don’t know it’s the dressing that made him turn that down. Next time, I need to remember to set him a plate with just the rabbit food. Once I’m done, I lean into him and he places an arm around my shoulders.

“I’m sorry for snapping,” he says, “it’s all that traveling, the little rest, and losing one of my lockers.”

And not getting your fix, I most certainly do not say. Before I can let him know it’s fine, his mouth is against my neck.

“Let me make it up to you.” He bites down, and my reply turns into a shuddered moan as he sucks on the flesh between his teeth. The hand at my back, and skin between his teeth are probably what keeps me from just falling back into the grass he lowers me into.

I have a hand on his head as soon as the pressure lessens and I fucking hold him there. He said this is to make it back to me. I’m not letting stop so soon. This time, he bites down hard enough I cry out and I can’t do anything other than pant when he lets go. There’s blood on his teeth when he smiles at me. He licks them slowly, hungrily, and my cock hurts from being so hard.

I want to tell him to fuck me right now, fuck me hard, and fuck me raw, but his eyes are on me, and I can’t get my throat to work, my mouth, or even my fucking brain. I see my monster lurking behind them and fuck; I want him unleashed.

Instead, he moves down until he’s over my nipple and bites down again. I buck in pain and pleasure. My cock rubs against his stomach and I grind until he forced me down.

“Please,” I manage to say when he looks up at me.

“I said I’d make it up to you,” he replies, his voice low and growly. “That means it isn’t going to be over quick. You are going to squirm and scream for me, Alex.” He bites down on my other nipple and when I’m done screaming for that, he grins.

He gets on his knees between my legs, then raises them until the head of my cock is at his lips and confusion peeks through the cloud of pleasure. If he wants this to last, that isn’t. His hot breath washes over my cock as he opens his mouth and closes his lips over the top of it. Just that, as he looks at me and I see the malice in his eyes.

The son of a bitch isn’t going to suck me off; he’s going to torture me with slowness. I try to thrust, but of course he holds me in place. He opens his mouth and slowly licks the crown, watching me the whole time. I shudder. He wets his major finger before closing his mouth over the head of my cock. I feel it moving between my ass cheeks as his tongue moves over the head.

I moan when he presses against my hole, rubs it and takes enough of my cock in his

mouth to run his town over the crown again. I whine when his finger goes away, but there's only so much lubrication spit offers with one pass and the lube's nowhere near.

The thought of calling out to Emil for it is fleeting. Knowing him, he's already gone to get away from this.

Then the finger is back, slick.

Gun oil?

The response is incoherence as he pushes it in and takes more of my cock again.

Can't be, I manage once he pulls it out. He put that away before eating. I sense the hand moving under me and the answer is oblivious, and lost as the finger goes back in, stretching me and I scream from the pressure against the prostate.

When I don't cum, I force myself to look at him, unmoving on my cock, with that malicious amusement in his eyes. He's not even sucking on it as his precum lubed finger fucks me.

When he pulls it out, he also lets go of my cock and I so fucking want to curse him. Only he lowers me before I open my mouth and his cock is what's between my cheeks. Then pressing against my hole.

My one attempt at influencing things is to offer him a hand, which he takes, grinning in a way that tells me I'm going to both regret and love what's about to—

He pulls me to him and I scream as my weight pushes me down on his cock, hard. I grab on to him, panting. He nuzzles my neck, and I swear he's purring.

His hands go on my ass, tense, then he pulls until I wince from the head of his cock popping out. It's back in before I catch my breath and bottoms out with a swift motion. I bit into his muscles shoulder, my tongue going over the scars there as he moves in and out too fucking slowly.

I know I whine, because the asshole chuckles, then rewards me by biting my shoulder too, a lot harder than I did his. Then he licks the spot he bit as his cock keeps on moving in and out. My cock held away from his body, so all I get is the stimulation he gives me.

Each time the head passes my prostate, I shudder. When he finally picks up speed, the incessant pressure on it turned into a pressure into my balls. I might have said something. It might have been a curse, or a thank you, or the sixty-four alphanumeric access to Dear Old Dad's master account.

Fuck if I know.

All I know is this.

My word explodes with my monster's cock slamming into me. It keeps exploding with each thrust and his arms holding me against him. And keeps going well past me slumped against him, cum dripping down my cock and balls, and it reforms when he extracts a last scream from me as he slams in hard, holds me there and it's his turn to explode.