Hitchin' a Ride

by Tifer14

Summary

Aaron Hotchner is on the run from the BAU after killing his unfaithful wife. His world is further disordered when he picks up a hitchhiker from the side of the road. Spencer Reid comes into his life and together they tear through the country and prove that even serial killers are capable of love.

Notes

This is my first full-length fanfic. I would greatly appreciate all your feedback. Reid is a little OOC at the start but trust me that it works in context, or at least I hope it does. Again, this contains rape and graphic violence. I'm going to be trying to upload several chapters every couple of days as I already have most of this written. However, I would love comments and any encouragement you can give! :)

I don't own Criminal Minds but if I did definitely bring out the darker side of Hotch.
On the Road Again

Aaron Hotchener suppressed a yawn and rubbed a hand over his face. His two day stubble scratched at his palm. He needed a shave but that would have to wait until he had finished taking care of business. Work always comes first, he thought to himself with a grimace. The long, straight highway stretched out in front of him and he flicked his headlights on to combat the darkening sky. Rolling down the window, he enjoyed the cool feeling of the twilight air on his face as he turned up the volume on the radio. The DJ was counting down his top twenty country songs and Charlie Rich’s “Behind Closed Doors” was number six. Hotch smiled to himself. He had a long history with this song. It was one of his Father’s favourites and, even though good old Dad was a bastard, he had good taste in music. When writing his marriage vows, Hotch had included the line “you make me glad that I’m a man.” He’d whispered those same words into Hayley’s ear as he’s gutted her open three months ago and he fucked her until she bled out.

Hotch smiled slowly as he recalled the warm sticky feeling of her blood coating his hands and stomach. Fucking bitch got what was coming to her. She should have known better. She should have known that you can’t hide an affair from a BAU profiler. The whore even got pregnant with the other guy’s bastard. Well, Hotch cut that out of her. Lost in reminiscing, Hotch nearly missed the pretty little lady sitting at the side of the road with her thumb out. She was all bent over so that her soft chestnut hair swung in front of her face. His SUV had already gone a couple of hundred yards down the road before Hotch realised that you don’t turn down such a pretty little gift like that when it’s served to you on a platter. Didn’t matter that he liked blondes; variety is the spice of life. Sure, he had some unfinished business in his boot but there was plenty of room for two in the car. He shoved the gears into reversed and pulled up next to the bent over body on the side of the road. Leaning over, he pushed the passenger door open.

“Hey, honey,” he called out with all the Southern charm that he could force into his Scotch-scratched voice, “you need a ride?”

The figure didn’t look up but he heard a sweet low voice murmur, “I sure do, baby.”

“Hop on in. I’ll get you where you need to go.” Hotch smirked and shifted as his trousers started tightening. He thanked the God he no longer believed in for trusting little whores. However, he was startled as the figure unwound with lightening grace and hopped into the passenger seat with a revolver pointed squarely at Hotch’s chest.

“I’m sure you will, Daddy,” the young man said as he lolled in the seat and slammed the door.

“What the fuck?” Hotch managed to stutter as he looked over at the boy next to him. He was skinny as a rake. Hotch could have broken his arms without effort but he didn’t feel like getting shot right now.

“Aw, Daddy, I’m not what you wanted?” The young man panted but licked his lips as he stared at the bulge in Hotch’s jeans, “Daddy, looks like you got a gun too or maybe you are happy to see me.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Hotch growled as he readjusted himself. The gun was temporarily forgotten and he let one hand drop to the switchblade he kept in the side pocket of the driver’s door. The young man just laughed slightly hysterically. His honey flecked eyes flashed with flickers of insanity.
“Hey, Daddy,” the young man murmured again with ice-cold calm, “I’d drop that knife if I were you.” Hotch didn’t move his hand and the boy sighed dramatically. “How lucky are you feeling?” Before Hotch could think to react, he heard the click of the gun firing an empty barrel. The young man collapsed backwards howling with laughter and Hotch saw that his white t-shirt was stained with blood down the front.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, kid?” Hotch asked still fingering the knife uncertainly. He had no idea why he didn’t slice this freak’s throat but there was something about him. Maybe it was the ‘daddy’ thing that gave him pause. He’d had to leave Jack behind in the bloodstained house. Sure, he’d called the police and he knew that the kid had been picked up and probably taken to his Aunt Jessica’s house. That bitch would offer him a better life than Hotch could but he still missed the little blond boy. He received no answer except breathless laughter. “Hey, are you hurt?” Why the fuck did he care? Hotch asked himself.

The young man managed to calm down and looked at his shirt. “Oh no, Daddy, that’s not my blood.” He smiled and his whole face lit up, except for the dark rings under his eyes. “Name’s Spencer Reid. It’s my real name as well ‘cause I can see that, you and me, we’re the same, Daddy.”

“Seriously, what the fuck are you on?” Hotch asked but he couldn’t take his eyes off the way the young man’s T-shirt rode up as he stretched languidly.

“Whatever I can get,” the young man answered. “You got anything?” he asked. “I’ll make you feel real good if you do,” Reid extended his hand and cupped the bulge in Hotch’s jeans.

Hotch flicked open the switchblade and held it to Reid’s throat, “Get off me, you fag.” He growled and bit his lip at the small fleck of blood that appeared under the knife point. His eyes widened as the kid leaned towards the knife and allowed it to cut a little deeper as a small moan rumbled from his throat.

“Naughty, Daddy, but are you really sure that you’re so lucky?” Hotch felt the gun barrel pressed against his side.

“Your gun isn’t loaded, kid.”

“Uh-uh, I put three bullets in and spun the barrel. You had a fifty-fifty chance the first time but that’s dropped now and you’re playing against Vegas where the house always wins. You want to play house, Daddy?” Reid was still smiling and squirming like he was getting off on this. Hotch growled and moved the knife away and felt the gun do the same. ‘The Gambler’ played softly from the radio and Hotch couldn’t help but smirk. He pushed the car into drive and pulled off into the night as the young man beside him scratched at his inner elbows. Silence stretched between them but it was actually quite companionable. Hotch didn’t feel like examining that feeling too much.

“Aaron Hotchner. Call me Hotch,” he finally growled. He wasn’t sure why he’d given the kid his real name but there it was. This whole evening was feeling very out of his control, which was really something considering how strange the past few months had been.

“I’ll call you Daddy,” the young man insisted with a smile and he rubbed himself through his stained jeans. “So you got anything?”

“There’s bourbon in the back,” Hotch shrugged. Reid just made a face like a little kid.

“You’re no fun, Daddy. So where we headed?”

“What do you mean ‘we’? I’ll drop you somewhere and you can go shoot up in an alley or
whatever.” Hotch didn’t need a partner, especially not one who was clearly mentally unstable and an addict. Hotch may have gone on a killing spree but at least he was still sane. His actions were motivated by a deep betrayal. He didn’t just go around playing Russian Roulette with random strangers.

“But Daddy,” the young man looked up at him from under long eyelashes that fluttered softly, “you’re so big and strong. Won’t you look after me?”

“You want to stick around?” Hotch asked uncertainly and Reid nodded. “Fine. I’ve got something to take care of first and then we can discuss what the fuck is going on here.”

“You swear too much, Daddy. Can we get ice cream?”

Hotch just looked at him bemused. “Sure,” he shrugged. First he just need to dump the body of that petite blond he’d picked up at a bar in Nashville last night. God, she’d reminded him so much of Hayley. They way she smiled when he stroked a finger across her cheekbone, the way she’d cried when he duct-taped her mouth shut as he fucked her in the alley and finally the way she shuddered as he slit her stomach open. He groaned at the memory and fuck if his jeans weren’t tight again. If he’d been here alone, he would have pulled over and jacked off but there was an insane kid in the next seat smiling at him.

“Sure you don’t want a little help with that, Daddy?” he smirked.

“Fuck off, kid.” Reid sure had a pretty smart mouth, Hotch thought, maybe he would put the kid to work later. Hell, he had long enough hair to be a woman and his lips would feel just as good stretched around his cock. Hotch found a small dirt road and pulled off into the cornfields. Once he was far enough away from the road, he stopped the car. “If you’re hanging around then you can help me carry something.” He hopped out the car and opened the boot. There she was all glassy eyed and sticky with blood and cum. Hotch had jacked off over her dead body after he’d loaded her into the car. He wasn’t really worried about leaving evidence. His whole team was already looking for him after the murders of Hayley and Elle. He knew he was a dead man walking so he might as well enjoy himself.

He was startled by a voice at his right shoulder. Hell, if this kid was staying around then he’d put a bell on him. “Oh, Daddy, she’s pretty.” Reid reached out and stroked the corpse’s hair. “What’s her name?”

“Hayley,” Hotch growled. “It’s always Hayley. Grab her legs.” Reid picked her up easily. Clearly the kid was stronger than he looked. They threw her in between the rows of corn and Hotch slammed the boot shut.

“Ice cream!” Reid squealed as he hopped back into the car.

Hotch chuckled and pulled out onto the main road again. They were heading west and south. He was a dead man walking but he didn’t have to make it easy for Morgan and the team to catch up with him. He knew how to hide and he had plenty of cash to do it. Further down the road they pulled into a small diner.

“Hey, kid,” he shook the young man awake. Reid blinked like a little kid and smiled slowly.

“Daddy, I thought I dreamed you. You are very dreamy.”

Hotch shook his head but smirked. “You got something to put over that shirt. I think
someone might notice the blood.” Reid nodded and pulled a dark sweater out of his bag. “Good. Let’s eat and then we need to move on.” The two men walked into the diner and a bustling older woman with greying, blonde hair seated them at a booth. Hotch smiled at her with easy charm and was pleased to see her blush. Reid scowled at that but flicked his eyes down to the menu and then back up.

“I know what I want.”

“You haven’t even read the menu,” Hotch protested with a smile to the waitress who moved off to give them a minute.

“Heavy.” Reid stuck his tongue out and started reciting. “Breakfast served all day. Eggs, grits and sausage $2.10. Eggs, hash browns and bacon $2.30…”

“Fine,” Hotch growled. “How’d you do that?”

“Edie memory and reading speed of 20,000 words a minute,” Reid supplied with a small smile. Hotch looked at him in surprise. This freak is a freaking genius. “You like that, Daddy?” Reid raised his converse-clad foot and used it to nuzzle at Hotch’s crotch, “You proud of me, Daddy?”

“Stop that!” Hotch growled low and grabbed Reid’s wrist bending it backwards. Reid only moaned and closed his eyes. Hotch dropped his grasp and sighed in exasperation. He was entirely unsure what the hell was going on with the kid but they’d eat, he’d maybe get a quick blow job, and he could kill him or leave him at the side of the road and then everything would go back to normal. Or as normal as things had been for the past few months.

“You boys ready to order?” the waitress asked with a smile.

“I’ll have a chocolate milkshake with extra whipped cream and a massive plate of fries,” Reid gestured frantically with his hands to convey the size of plate he wanted. The waitress chuckled and wrote it down.

“I’ll have the bacon burger and fries and coffee as black as the devil’s soul,” Hotch smiled up at her. After a certain case at the BAU he had started to refuse all pork but he’d developed a real taste for it in the past month.

“Well, aren’t you two just adorable!” The waitress beamed.

“Why, thank you, Jean,” Hotch smiled as he read the name off her tag.

“The food will take a few minutes. It’s only me and Kelly here at this time of night but I’ll be right back with your coffee,” she added as she bustled off to the kitchen.

“Can I shoot her?” Reid asked in a whisper.

“No,” Hotch glared at the younger man. “Why would you want to do that?”

“She looks like she’d bleed really pretty, Daddy.” He looked around and his eyes lighted on the other waitress who’d just stepped out of the kitchen with a basin full of clean plates. “I’d bet you’d like to make the other one bleed real pretty.” Hotch glanced around and his breath caught. She looked like she might be Jean’s daughter and couldn’t be more than eighteen. The face wasn’t right but that blonde hair, that blonde hair was perfect. He could fuck her from behind and he’d never know the difference. “That must be Kelly,” Reid muttered.

“Her name’s Hayley,” Hotch growled. The men ate in silence only broken by Reid
slurping at his milkshake. Hotch had three refills of coffee and was feeling pleasantly buzzed from the Scotch he sipped out of a hipflask. The diner was still empty when they finished their meal. Hotch slipped Reid some bills and sidled up to the counter where Kelly was polishing glasses.

“Hey, there,” he whispered and smiled, “you’re mighty pretty, did you know?”

She blushed and laughed slightly but didn’t say anything.

“What time do you get off?” He pressed and leaned over the counter towards her. He looked deep into her pretty azure eyes and felt himself fall slowly into cool blue waters. She was breathing slightly faster and unable to break the contact when suddenly there was a loud crack of gun fire followed by a high pitched giggle.

“Daddy, she’s not nearly as lucky as you!” Reid shouted across the empty diner as he stood over Jean’s corpse. He’d shot her straight through between the eyes and was now standing looking down at her with his head tilted to one side and his finger on his chin. Hotch looked at him and realised he looked like he was examining a crime scene instead of standing over someone he’d just murdered. Hell, in a different life the boy genius probably could have been an asset to the BAU. His reverie was interrupted by a high-pitched scream.

“Momma!” Kelly shrieked and leapt towards her mother’s body. Hotch grabbed with one smooth movement and pulled her towards the kitchen.

“Uh-uh, Hayley, you’re all mine,” he growled. Once they were in the back he flicked out his switchblade and pushed it towards her face. “Be quiet, Hayley, you know screaming never helps you.” He grabbed a dishtowel and used it to gag her. When he released her arm, she started to run to the back door but he snarled and punched her hard on the nose. Blood spurted like a fountain and she fell to the floor. Hotch quickly undid his jeans with one hand and pushed them down. He’d learned that underwear was just a hindrance so he’d stopped wearing them. God, he was so fucking hard right now. Kneeling behind her, he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her to her knees. He used his knife to slit open her skirt and underwear. The blade nicked her thigh and he bent to tongue to droplet of blood. He held the knife against her throat and pushed hard into her dry pussy. Fuck she was tight. “Hayley, you’re tight like a virgin,” he groaned. The girl beneath him just sobbed. He was thrusting hard and fast into her. God, he wouldn’t last long, he was just able to think before his balls tightened and he felt himself coming hard and fast. He grabbed at her neck with his arm and pulled her up against his chest. Moving the knife down, he sliced the buttons off her shirt and then, as he nuzzled her neck, he dragged the knife across her stomach in one smooth motion and her guts came spilling out.

“Ungh...” he heard a deep moan behind him and glanced up to see Reid standing in the doorway with his dripping cock out and a puddle of cum in front of him on the floor. “God, Daddy, you make me feel so good.”

“Fuck off, freak,” Hotch screamed at the younger man who turned and fled. Hotch laid the girl back down on the floor. She was still alive but not for long. He quickly closed his trousers and walked back into the diner. Locking the front door, he flicked the sign to closed and started scanning the diner but he couldn’t see Reid anywhere. “Where the fuck are you, you little shit?”

“Right here, Daddy,” Reid popped up from behind the counter with a tub of ice cream and a spoon. “You want some ice cream?”

Seriously, Hotch thought to himself, what was with this kid? He couldn’t manage to remain angry at the intrusion so he just nodded and grabbed a spoon. Again, the silence felt good and companionable. Reid still hadn’t closed his trousers and his limp cock was hanging out of the open
zipper. Hotch felt his eyes flicking to it several times. Shit the kid was big, he thought. He tried to ignore the stirring in his own pants but he was always ridiculously horny after a murder. He’d reverted to being a teenage boy these past few months. He stiffly moved off the bar stool and back into the kitchen. The girl had dragged herself slightly closer to the door but she’d passed out before she made it. Hotch moved her fully onto her stomach and started pumping his cock over her hair.

“You want any help with that, Daddy?” Reid called out from the diner. His mouth was full of ice cream and the words were wet and slurry. Hotch just grunted and came in thick droplets all over the girl’s hair. He didn’t want to think about the fact that Reid calling him Daddy had pushed him over the edge this time instead of thinking about Hayley.

“Come on. We gotta go,” he ordered as he buttoned himself up again. Reid grabbed another carton of ice cream and opened the till to take the money. Hotch made a small noise of disgust. He’d never robbed anywhere but the kid probably didn’t have the luxury of clearing out a substantial bank account before he went on the run. The boy practically skipped out the door and back to the SUV.

“Can we stop off and get some candy and energy drinks, Daddy?” he asked once they were in the car. Hotch grunted his agreement. They’d need gas soon anyway. Reid opened the new ice cream and tucked in with gusto while Hotch flicked on the radio.
Garcia bustled into Morgan’s office with a file in hand and a worried look on her face. Morgan instantly recognised that expression. It was reserved for one very specific on-going case.

“Is it him, Baby Girl?” Morgan asked wearily.

Her eyes filled with tears but she nodded. “I still can’t believe that he’s doing this,” she mumbled.

“I know, Honey, where was this one?”

“A diner in Tennessee.”

“We’ll do the briefing on the plane. Tell the team- wheels up in twenty. He won’t hang around.”

Morgan looked around the jet at his team. Nothing about this seemed right to him. He sighed as he handed out files to everyone. Garcia’s face appeared on the monitor and he smiled at her before beginning. “Last night two women were murdered at a diner in Tennessee. Jean Corbin and her daughter Kelly Corbin.” Their pictures flashed up on screen and Morgan heard Rossi’s sharp intake of breath as he looked up at the blonde little girl. The older agent had already put the pieces together. Seaver glanced at him but quickly returned to the file.

Morgan continued in a monotone, “Jean was shot once in the head by a revolver while Kelly was beaten, raped and then disembowelled.”

“Shooting isn’t his MO,” Rossi muttered, “and especially not with a revolver.”

“Wait who is he?” Seaver asked. She and Blake were new. They had never worked with Hotch.

“Aaron Hotchner,” Morgan sighed again, “he used to work for the BAU but he had a psychotic break and murdered his wife and another agent. He’s been on the run for the past three months. He kills young, blond, women by slitting their stomachs open.” Seaver and Blake nodded. They’d heard about this. “As for the gun, I don’t know. We should maybe investigate the possibility of a partner. The ballistics are still running but we should have the results by the time we land as well as the DNA results of the semen found at the scene.”

“Hotch always was a secretive son of a bitch. I can’t see that changing now. You really think he’d work with someone else?” Gideon supplied. He was sitting away from the group. Morgan would have laughed if he felt like he still had that in him. Gideon isolated himself more than Hotch ever had.

“I never thought Hotch would kill Hayley, Gideon, so I wouldn’t rule out him having a partner,” Morgan muttered.

There was a ping from the laptop and Garcia made a small noise of surprise. “Okay, my Chocolate God, the ballistic results are through. The gun matches one that has been used for a string of homicides across the country. This guy is prolific. So far, there are thirty one victims over the past five years. He seems to mainly kill along the highways. They were all killed by a single bullet to either the head or chest.”

“Thank, Baby Girl.” Garcia nodded and severed the connection. “Well, it seems that Hotch has
“Found a friend,” he muttered darkly.

“This is not good,” Rossi added to no one in particular.

The plane touched down and the team piled into two SUVs, Morgan behind the wheel in the lead with Rossi following. No one had talked much during the flight. It was horrible to be hunting one of their own but Morgan was more confused than horrified by Hotch. He was sure that they had all thought about their perfect murder. They knew all the necessary forensic countermeasures but Hotch wasn’t following any of them. He was leaving DNA, fingerprints, everything. Sure he only used cash and didn’t carry a mobile but that was out of necessity. His accounts were frozen too late; he’d already withdrawn everything he could, and who was he really going to phone? He had eluded them so far by just moving on as fast as possible. He also sometimes dumped bodies and sometimes just left them where they were. There didn’t seem to be any rhyme or reason to his actions. Morgan rubbed his hand across his face. He guessed Hotch really was just crazy but where the hell did he hook up with this other guy? Did they have some kind of sixth sense for each other? And who was this guy anyway? He’d avoided the police for years so he must be pretty skilled at what he did.

Morgan and Seaver made their way to the crime scene while Rossi drove the others to the police station which was about an hour’s drive from the remote diner. There was a young detective waiting outside the roped off diner. He shook their hands and introduced herself as Officer Lewis.

“It’s messy in there,” she cautioned them. Morgan nodded grimly. Hotch’s crime scenes always were. He knew that the evidence had already been collected but there was still a sticky patch of blood near the till. He glanced at the photos on his tablet. That was where Jean was shot. The till had been cleared out, which was new. So far, Hotch hadn’t stolen anything other than cars like he had some kind of perverted morality when it came to petty crime. Morgan assumed that the other man was responsible for the theft. Seaver called him through to the back where there was a much larger, smeared blood stain across the floor. The girl had clearly tried to crawl to the door but she hadn’t made it.

“All right, let’s run this scenario,” Morgan ordered. “We’re sitting down eating. The side with the coffee must have been Hotch. He never would’ve ordered a milkshake. You think the other guy is a kid? Nah, that can’t be right. Anyway, you’re sitting across from me with your milkshake. We finish and we get up to pay. Everything was apparently fine up until that moment so what set it all off. Jean died first. She was shot. So you’re the one who went to pay. I go over to Kelly who’s polishing glasses. She hears the gunshot and I drag her in the back. Where was the semen found?”

“All over Kelly’s hair as well as internally. Also, there was some near the door to the kitchen,” Officer Lewis supplied.

Seaver made a small disgusted noise, “He watched. Morgan, he stood at the door and watched the rape and got off on it.” Morgan grimaced. This whole case kept getting more and more fucked up.
“I need to get gas. Don’t shoot anyone,” Hotch glared over at the young man.

“Why would I shoot someone?” Reid looked genuinely perplexed at Hotch’s command. “You’re going to get me some candy and energy drinks, right?”

“Sure thing, kid,” Hotch chuckled and pulled into a gas station. He filled the tank and wandered into the store. He made sure to grin broadly at the security camera and grabbed several bags of different sweets and chocolates as well as a couple of cans of pure caffeine. The cashier looked bored and rung up the purchases without any comment. Hotch returned to the car but Reid wasn’t there. He hadn’t run off because his stuff was still in the backseat but Hotch felt himself get irrationally anxious about the boy’s absence. He threw the stuff into the driver’s seat and slammed the door shut. Looking around he spotted the bathrooms and huffed his frustration. Kid probably just wanted to take a leak but he’d check anyway.

The bathroom stank of stale urine and damp. Hotch looked around but couldn’t see Reid until he noticed two feet sticking out of the last stall. The kid’s jeans had hitched up and Hotch could see that he was wearing one red and white striped sock while the other was black polka dots on white.

“Kid, come on. We gotta keep moving. What the fuck are you doing on the floor in this shithole anyway?” Hotch waited for a reply but hearing nothing he strode over and pushed the door open.

“Hey, Daddy,” Reid looked up at Hotch blearily. His eyes were heavily hooded and his pupils were blown. “Up?” Reid held his arms up and a needle fell from his left elbow and rolled on the ground.

“Fuck’s sake, kid,” Hotch groaned but he lifted the boy to his feet and carried him bridal style back to the car. He slid him into the passenger seat and leaned over him to buckle the seatbelt. He felt warm breath near his ear and lips ghosted across the lobe. A lazy hand snaked up and he felt strong, thin fingers card into his short black hair. He wasn’t sure why he didn’t pull away. He wasn’t sure why he didn’t just shoot the kid and be done with it. Instead he allowed his head to be angled until it met dry, chapped lips which pushed against his own thin grimace. The kiss was almost innocent, like Reid wasn’t really sure what he was doing but Hotch was pretty sure that was just the drugs making him slothful. Still, Hotch didn’t pull away when he felt Reid’s tongue press against his lower lip. He let his mouth fall slightly open and he tasted the too sweet, sticky saliva as Reid’s tongue darted in and started mapping his mouth.

“You taste good, Daddy,” Reid murmured as they moved apart breathing heavily.

“Shut up, kid.” Hotch grumbled and slammed the passenger door shut. He moved around the car and threw everything he’d bought into Reid’s lap. “Here, I got you some stuff.” Reid just smiled lazily as his eyes slid shut. Hotch floored the gas and pulled out of the gas station before turning back in the direction of the diner. He figured the team would be there by now and he had a weird urge to see Morgan and the guys. However, he’d only driven a quarter of the way when he felt his eyes growing heavy. He wasn’t really sure when he’d last slept. It was before Nashville, so, maybe about 72 hours ago. He pulled the car down a dirt road and pushed his seat back. He fingered his knife with one hand and the kicked his feet up onto the steering wheel. Reid still hadn’t moved. Hotch let his eyes slide shut and he floated on the edge of consciousness. It had been months since he’d really slept but he didn’t have that luxury now.
Groaning, he groped at the silky hair that was splayed out over his crotch. He didn’t open his eyes but twisted the hair in his fist and forced the warm, damp mouth further down his cock. Hips bucking as a quick tongue darted over the thick vein on the underside of his dick, he heard a slight spluttering noise and allowed the head to move back a little. A sticky, shaky hand gripped him firmly and started pumping him as he felt the head being enclosed once more between full lips. The head re-angled and with a swallow, Hotch felt himself sliding down a constricting throat. He moaned and thrust into the warmth. “Fuck,” he growled as he opened his eyes to see Reid’s head bobbing up and down in his lap. Part of him wanted to push the kid away in disgust but god this felt really good and he was really close. How the hell had the kid started this without him waking up? That clearly demonstrated that Hotch was not as alert as he thought. He’d have to try to get more sleep or he’d make mistakes. Reid sucked hard on his head and then took Hotch back down his throat again and Hotch moaned. He pushed hard down on Reid’s skull and started thrusting his hips up. There was saliva pouring down his cock as he fucked Reid’s mouth until with a ragged shout he came in thick streams. “Swallow it all,” he ordered hoarsely as Reid tried to move away. Wide, honey flecked eyes with thick lashes gazed up into his and Reid started to lick any cum that had spilled from his mouth. Once he was done, Hotch pushed him roughly back into the passenger seat and did up the button fly on his jeans.

Reid smiled over at him and un-wrapped a lollipop. “You want a lick, Daddy?” he asked sweetly. Hotch glared at him but the kid looked so damn hopeful that he found himself leaning over and running his tongue over the cherry flavoured lollipop. Reid moaned like Hotch was tonguing his cock and Hotch frowned. He turned the car and almost drove back towards the highway before stopping again. He was still tired but they’d stayed in one place long enough. Still, he needed to take some precautions. He snatched a screwdriver from the glove compartment and popped the trunk. He grabbed a set of licence plates that he’d acquired in Kentucky and quickly changed the plates. Reid watched him with his head cocked to one side and that damn lollipop in his mouth. He’d need to change car as well soon. The team would probably make it to the gas station in the next couple of days.

“You want me to drive?” He looked over in surprise at Reid. He actually sounded sane and grown up for the first time.

“Sure, kid, do you even have a licence?” Hotch snorted.

“Of course,” Reid crossed his arms over his thin torso, “I’m twenty-three and I hold doctorates in Engineering and Mathematics.”

Hotch was really surprised now. “You have two doctorates at twenty-three?”

“I had two doctorates by age nineteen and was in the middle of a third one but...” Reid tailed off and waved his hand as if that was enough to explain how he’d gone from a genius to a serial killer with a serious drug problem and daddy issues. Hotch guessed he would use a similar gesture to explain how he’d gone from unit chief of an elite FBI unit to a rapist and murderer who just got blown by a junkie. Still, Hotch didn’t quite know how to talk to the young man next to him. He sounded totally different than the person he’d picked up yesterday. He stayed silent but didn’t make any move to stop the car. Reid opened one of the energy drinks and took a sip.

“We’ll need more of these,” he mumbled and turned to look out the window. Hotch nodded tersely. He’d pick up a crate at the next supermarket.
How Does This Change the Profile?

The team were gathered around a table at the police station. The room was cramped and the air conditioner was not very effective. The sweat pouring down Morgan’s back was making him cranky. The diner was everything they had expected. There was a ton of DNA and fingerprints. Hotch had definitely done this. However, the other sample remained unidentified, as did the fingerprints. As Morgan had suspected, only the other man’s fingerprints were found on the till. He had also cleared out the ice cream, which was weird. There were no cameras so they couldn’t see what the men were driving but they had sent officers out to the surrounding area with a picture of Hotch. Someone would have seen the older man and maybe they would be able to give a description of his accomplice.

Seaver had taped up a map of America and was marking the sites of Hotch’s known abductions and dumping grounds. The man was moving generally away from DC but other than that he didn’t seem to be heading anywhere in particular. She was gradually adding in the information about the other man as well as Garcia collated all the data.

Blake was reading up everything about Hotch’s past murders. So far there was Hayley Hotchner, Elle Greenaway, Clare Church, Miranda Rucker and now Kelly Corbin. Morgan had warned her that there might be others that they hadn’t found yet. Clare had been found nearly 200 miles from her abduction site by a farmer even though she was taken from a bar in the city. All the women, apart from Greenaway, had been raped and disembowelled. Elle had been shot in the stomach and left to bleed out.

“Why didn’t he rape Agent Greenaway? And why use a gun?” Blake asked aloud to the room.

“We figured that she didn’t fit his type. She was a brunette. Possibly, it was also because he knew her. It’s the only one where he has shown remorse. He covered her with a comforter and then called the police to come to his house. It was possible that he thought there might be a chance to save her. He also left a note about how to care for his son. It was like what you’d leave for a babysitter,” Rossi rambled as he flicked through the statement of the delivery man who had found the two women at the diner.

Officer Lewis burst into the room, “A man matching your description was seen this morning at a gas station on the 40 heading towards Arkansas.”

“Ok. Gideon and I will go. Come on,” he motioned to the older man who was standing at the window staring into the dark. “The rest of you continue with what you can and then go back to motel and get some sleep. It seems like he’s already left the state.”

Morgan drove like a madman out of Jackson to the gas station. He passed a crappy motel, with a black SUV parked outside. It could have been a Bureau car except for the Kentucky plates. He prayed that they were staying somewhere better than that tonight. Once they reached the gas station, he allowed Gideon to take the lead with the attendant while he reviewed the security footage. He watched as Hotch strolled into the store and looked right up into the camera and smirked. “Smug son of a bitch,” Morgan muttered as his fists clenched. He moved to the footage from the pumps. Hotch was driving a black SUV. Well, at least he was predictable in that area. Morgan wrote down the plate and watched as a skinny young man with long hair unfolded himself from the passenger seat and wandered over to the bathrooms. The feed was grainy but the boy looked jittery. He called Garcia and asked her to put out a trace on the plates as he fast forwarded through Hotch coming back to the car and then running to the bathroom. He watched with open mouth as Hotch returned with
the young man slung over his arms. He looked barely conscious.

“Gideon. You should see this,” he shouted across to the elder man, who slouched over and Morgan rewound the tape so that he could see Hotch passionately kissing the young man. “How does this change the profile?” He asked quietly. For some reason, he was really freaked out to think of Hotch as gay but also angry because that kid looked so young.

“I don’t know, yet,” Gideon muttered. “Hotch bought candy and energy drinks here. I thought he was maybe treating his accomplice like a son but apparently not.”

“We’ve got everything we can from here. I just want to check the bathroom and then we can go. We need to get some sleep,” Morgan wandered over to the bathroom and balked at the smell. He quickly looked around and then spotted the needle in the last stall. He called out to Gideon to bring gloves and an evidence bag. He carefully picked up the needle and took it back to the SUV. They’d check it for DNA and maybe end up with another piece of the puzzle.
“I’m tired, Daddy,” Reid grumbled again. “Can we stop yet?” They’d just rolled into Jackson, which was about an hour from the diner. Hotch figured that the team would be staying here. This was an incredibly stupid move on his part but he needed the extra thrill. Plus he needed to pick up a new car. He was thinking about a truck this time. There’s something about a truck that just appeals to a Southern boy.

“You’ve been sleeping most of the time we’ve been driving,” Hotch muttered.

“I want to go to bed, please,” Reid whined, “Take me to bed, Daddy.”

“For fuck’s sake, I’m not gay,” Hotch growled at the young man and gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles were white.

“Then you can just tuck me in,” Reid pouted and Hotch felt a weird compulsion to kiss those full lips.

“Fine. We’ll get a motel room if it will stop you whining,” Hotch would usually just sleep in his car but he really needed a shower and a shave. It would be good to sleep in a bed for one night. He pulled in at a dingy looking motel on the outskirts of town. “Stay,” he commanded Reid and locked the young man in the car. He looked back and saw Reid sticking his tongue out. He couldn’t help but smile and his face ached from the unfamiliar action. He shoved a baseball cap on and pulled it low as he approached the booth which served as a front desk.

“I need a room,” he coughed nervously. He needed the man to believe that he was here with a male prostitute. If he thought that then he wouldn’t get too curious about anything else.

“You gotta pay now,” the man drawled without looking up. “Single or twin?”

“One bed on the ground floor,” Hotch coughed again and shuffled his feet. He wasn’t quite sure why he genuinely felt nervous about that. The kid was touchy-feely but he could always overpower him. And why exactly was he getting hard thinking about that? Hotch slipped money through the window before he could think too much about that and received a room key in return.

He returned to the car and grabbed his own bag. Reid hopped out eating Jelly Beans and pushed himself flush against Hotch’s back. “Wanna a sweetie, Daddy?” He looped a hand filled with sticky red candy around Hotch and ground himself into Hotch’s ass.

“No,” Hotch growled. He could feel the desk clerk watching them which was good. Reid was really putting on a show. “Get your bag.” Reid hopped back and swung his large messenger bag over one shoulder before following Hotch to the room. Hotch stopped in the doorway and looked around.

“We’d have been better sleeping in the car,” he grumbled. The carpet was dark green, which at least hid the stains that were plainly covering the dingy, white bedspread.

“It’s not so bad,” Reid smiled and dropped his bag onto the chair, before pulling his blood-stained sweater and t-shirt over his head. Hotch stared at his naked torso. There were tract marks at both elbows and he could count each and every rib. His jeans were slung low on his hips and the bones jutted out.

“You need to eat more, kid,” Hotch muttered and averted his gaze and Reid stripped off
his jeans and stood there in a pair of filthy chequered boxers.

“You gonna fill me up, Daddy?” Reid smirked with a hand on one cocked hip. The older man didn’t answer but he pulled his t-shirt off and undid his belt. “Or you can spank me with that.”

“Shut the fuck up, for once. I just want to have a shower and sleep for a couple of hours,” Hotch growled. Reid kept smirking but didn’t say anything as he threw himself onto the bed and flicked on the television.

Hotch pulled off his jeans and wandered into the bathroom with his shaving kit. He stared at himself in the mirror, looking for any signs of what he’d done these past three months in his eyes. He looked filthy and his beard was a ragged salt and pepper but his eyes looked more relaxed than they had in years. The kid had even made him smile a couple of times. Sure, Reid was a psychopath but Hotch was beginning to think that didn’t make him a bad person. Something pretty terrible must have happened to make him lose such a bright future. Hotch started the water and sighed as he stepped under the hot stream. The water quickly turned brown as a layer of dirt and dried blood poured off him. His hair felt itchy from not being washed and he revelled in the smell of the soap. It was a good idea to get this room. Once he was clean, he carefully shaved and brushed his teeth. He tried a tentative smile in the mirror. It looked like his face was cracking with the effort and it didn’t reach his eyes but it was a start.

He wandered back into the room without dressing and saw Reid sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed watching Spongebob. There was another can of energy drink open on the bedside table as well as a pill bottle. “What did you take now, kid?” Hotch sighed.

“Just some Oxy,” Reid shrugged without looking away from the screen. “Help yourself.”

“I’m alright, thanks.” Hotch laid down on the bed and propped his head up with a pillow. “Go have a shower. You’ll feel better.”

Reid nodded and looked round at him. His eyes widened slightly and he smiled at the older man. “Looking good, Daddy.”

“Shower. Now.” Hotch growled and the younger man scampered into the bathroom. He listened to the water and tried to understand what the hell was going on in this TV show. He figured he’d need some of Reid’s drugs to follow it. He grabbed one of the beers that they’d picked up at the supermarket when he’d picked up the crate of energy drinks for Reid and some food for both of them. He opened a bag of chips and lay back with them on his stomach. He felt far too relaxed for his situation. This kid was doing weird things to him. He felt as if in another life he had known him well. Maybe they’d been friends or lovers. Where the hell did that idea come from? It wasn’t unwelcome but still. Aaron Hotchner was straight. He was sure of that. He was pretty sure at least. He’d never really had a chance to find out anything else. He’d been with Hayley since Junior High. His hand gripped the beer bottle tightly and he had a sudden urge to smash it through the television screen. Fuck, that woman made him so mad. He’d given her everything and she’d fucked around. Everything that had happened was her fault and he wished she was still alive just so that she could suffer with that knowledge and then he’d kill her again.

“Hey,” came a soft voice from the doorway. His head jerked up and he saw Reid standing there in a towel. “I wanted to say thank you, you know. You’ve been really nice to me. I know I’m weird but you’ve been really nice.”

“We killed two women together. It’s a bonding thing,” Hotch deadpanned after a pause he added “How come your so normal sometimes and then you’re not?”
“I don’t know,” Reid shrugged and lay down beside Hotch helping himself to some chips. “I would say that it’s a coping thing. I act crazy because I probably am. My mother is.”

“Your mother?”

Reid nodded, “Paranoid Schizophrenic. It’s genetic. I don’t think I am but who knows. I’d like to think I choose to do what I do but I get these headaches and sometimes I don’t remember everything.” Reid frowned and wrapped his arm around his bare chest. “What about you?”

“I guess I’m just really angry,” Hotch admitted. It was weird but he felt like he’d finally found someone who could understand how he was feeling. Still, he wasn’t sure when Reid would snap out of this calm seriousness. “Something bad happened and this just seemed like the most logical way to deal with it.” Reid nodded and laid his head lightly on Aaron’s shoulder. Hotch didn’t move away. “Where are you from, kid?”

“Told you the moment we met,” Reid muttered. He sounded really sleepy, “Vegas.”

“Why’d you leave?” Hotch yawned.

“They killed Maeve. Said I did it but I don’t think I did. I figured I wouldn’t last long in prison. I figured I’d do better on the road,” Reid paused as he yawned widely, “I’m doing pretty good. Met you, Daddy.” He slid down and rested his head on the pillow. Hotch looked down at the young man in confusion. He really thought that meeting a serial killer was doing well. He was right though. He wouldn’t have lasted in prison. Hotch slid down next to the boy who was already breathing deeply. He hesitated for a moment before pulling the covers up over both of them and tucking Reid in gently. The bed was pretty small and he didn’t have much choice but to lie next to the young man who promptly rolled over and slung and arm over Hotch’s chest. Hotch moved his own arm and allowed Reid to snuggle in near his neck. Their naked bodies fit neatly together and Hotch fell asleep feeling strangely contented.
Hotch was jerked awake by a sharp pain across his jaw. He leapt out of bed and opened the switchblade he had under his pillow in one smooth motion. They’d left the bedside lamp on and he quickly scanned the room for the intruder with his heart racing. It took him a moment to realise that Reid was the only other person in the room and that he was thrashing against the covers in the throes of a nightmare. Hotch slowly lowered his knife and rubbed his jaw while staring down at the young man and listening to the high-pitched keening noises he was making. The kid sounded really scared. Hotch looked at his watch. They’d slept enough, anyway. It was nearly six am and a good time to get moving. He didn’t really feel like getting any closer to those flailing limbs but he figured that he should probably wake the kid. He closed the blade and threw it onto the bedside table. No point in accidentally stabbing Reid.

He crawled onto the bed and with a quick movement grabbed hold of Reid’s arms and pinned them above his head. Reid kept fighting him with his hips bucking and his body twisting so Hotch laid his full weight along the length of the young man. They were almost exactly the same height he thought as he pushed down with his hips to still the quaking body beneath him.

“Kid, wake up!” he growled into Reid’s ear. The body beneath him became eerily still and he looked quickly to check he was still breathing. Reid thin chest was rising and falling rapidly. “You had a nightmare,” Hotch tried in a slightly more gentle tone. Reid’s lashes fluttered on his cheek and when his eyes opened they looked far too large and innocent. Unshed tears were gathering and one slowly slid down sideways down into Reid’s hair. Hotch released his arms and used a finger to catch the next tear that fell. He raised his finger to his mouth and tasted the salty sadness without really knowing why.

Reid stared up at him without saying a word and then flung his arms around Hotch’s neck and pulled the older man down into a fierce hug. Hotch stiffened in surprise but he wrapped an arm around Reid and pulled him into a sitting position. The kid’s hair was impossibly soft and he buried his nose in it feeling like an imposter. He couldn’t give comfort anymore. He wasn’t the saviour that this kid needed to rescue him from nightmares. Hotch felt like the kid was calling to him. He was begging Hotch to come and rescue him from torture. He felt like they were embracing over an open grave but he couldn’t figure out to which one of them it belonged. Still, he embraced this young man wholly and fully until their nakedness filtered into his consciousness and he felt horribly exposed. Pulling away he ran a hand over Reid’s hair and attempted a smile. It hurt.

“Sorry,” Reid mumbled.

“It’s fine,” Hotch stated evenly, “we’ve got to get going anyway. Get dressed and pack your stuff. I want to empty the car and steal a new one.”

Reid nodded numbly and started looking for his clothes, which were spread across the hotel room. Hotch was disturbed by the lack of quips but he figured the kid would perk up soon. He saw him palm a couple of oxy and finish off a can of energy drink after he’d slipped on his filthy boxers and stained jeans. Hotch figured they should probably stop to do laundry in the next town, maybe even buy some new clothes. The kid would look really good in a well-tailored suit, he thought, and shook his head. Where the hell was he getting these ideas from?

He quickly packed up his bag and pulled on a relatively fresh t-shirt. “Ready?” He asked with a glance at Reid who nodded and grinned.

“All good, Daddy,” he jumped up from where he had flopped back onto the bed and
barrelled into Hotch with a messy kiss. “You sure you don’t want to hold me down all naked again before we go?” Hotch was taken aback by the sudden switch. He figured it was all just an act but it was weird. “I’ll make it up to you. You know,” Reid added in a lower voice tracing the slight bruise on Hotch’s jaw.

“You don’t have to do that,” Hotch grumbled and stepped backward. Let’s clean out the car before anyone will see us then we can get some food across the street. I want to wait for someone.”

Reid grinned, “Can I get chocolate chip pancakes, Daddy?”

“Sure, whatever,” Hotch turned for the door and Reid grabbed his ass as he pushed past towards the car.

There wasn’t much in the car that needed to be taken. The back was filled with trash and several empty bottles but Hotch just grabbed his spare knives and slipped them into his bag along with a small toolkit and some licence plates that he hadn’t used yet. The boot was covered in dried blood and he ran his hand lovingly along the stiff carpet. He managed to keep this SUV for a while. He liked it. It reminded him of the Bureau cars but he knew that they’d see it on the gas station security and it was time to change car. Reid lounged on the side of the car but Hotch could see the kid’s hands were shaking. They headed across the road to a diner and Hotch ordered a huge stack of pancakes for the kid and the breakfast special for himself. The coffee was good and he relaxed against the red leather of the booth while glancing over at the motel through the window.

Reid ate like he was starving and drank a couple of litres of soda while Hotch sipped his third cup of black unsweetened coffee. “What’re we waiting for?” Reid mumbled through his pancakes. Hotch was tempted to tell him not to eat with his mouth full but ignored it.

“Some old friends of mine should arrive in about half an hour. I just want to see them and then we can go,” Hotch kept staring out the window. He knew Morgan would put it all together soon.

“I need to get some candy before we leave, Daddy,” Reid smiled.

“You’ve still got from yesterday,” Hotch replied without glancing at the young man.

“I need my special sweets, Daddy,” Reid explained slowly. “Don’t worry it won’t take long.”

Hotch made a grimace of disgust. He really didn’t want to deal with drugs right now, “Can’t you just stop.”

Reid’s smile faltered but he closed his hand over Hotch’s on the table and finally garnered the older man’s attention, “Please, Daddy,” he whined and smiled broadly, “at least until I get addicted to the taste of you.” Hotch pulled his hand away but nodded and returned to the window. What the hell did the kid mean by that anyway? He was getting frustrated by how many questions he seemed to be asking himself. Things had been simple before he’s picked up Spencer Reid. He’d driven around and picked up a girl if he felt like it and he knew that he’d be caught sooner or later. He hadn’t really cared. Now he was starting to feel like there was a reason to stay alive and that scared him. Reid had grabbed a newspaper and was flicking through it at breakneck speed. Hotch sighed slightly but didn’t take his eyes off the window.
Hey, Derek!

Morgan tossed and turned. He had a feeling like he’d seen something and he should be able to connect the dots. It didn’t help that this bed was particularly uncomfortable and that he was sharing a room with Gideon, who snored. At six-thirty his phone buzzed and he jumped at it.

“Hey Baby Girl,” he said quietly as he walked to the bathroom. “You got something good for me?”

“Oh Honey, don’t get me started on all that I’ve got for you,” Garcia shot back playfully, “What are you wearing?” she added in a sultry tone. Morgan chuckled but declined to answer that he was standing there in just his boxers. “I ran the plates from the gas station,” Garcia continued in her business tone. “He’s switching plates so nothing came up. However, a black SUV was logged by a motel right where you are in Jackson.”

“The son of a bitch came back here,” Morgan fumed and suddenly it fell into place. He’d seen that car outside a motel when he was driving past with Gideon yesterday. “Thanks, gorgeous.” He hung up and woke Gideon as he called the police station. He hoped they’d catch Hotch still asleep and then this nightmare would be over.

By seven thirty, the team and several officers were swarming on the motel. Seaver and Rossi secured the car while Morgan burst through the door into the motel room. The team barrelled in and quickly cleared the room. Morgan swore loudly and kicked the wall. There was a note left on the pillow in Hotch’s neat script. “Hey, Derek!” was all it said.

Across the road, Hotch smiled and chuckled darkly. However, something caught his eye and his breath stopped in his throat. Who was that new girl?

“Looking at the blonde, Daddy?” Reid leaned over and smiled at Hotch who nodded. “She is pretty.”

“Hayley,” Hotch breathed softly. It was perfect. She was in the BAU. He’d lost Hayley to another man because of his job. This would hit everything all at once. She could be his last and then... he had no idea what would come after that but he knew that he wanted this one to suffer. God, he’d play with her for days if he could.

“Come on, Daddy, you didn’t tell me your friends were FBI. I don’t think I want to meet them anymore. Let’s get me some candy and get out of here. You can’t have her now anyway.” Hotch allowed Reid to pull him away. He felt a hand reach into his pocket and pull out a couple of bills to cover the meal but he couldn’t take his eyes off the blonde who had popped the trunk of his SUV and turned away in disgust from the blood. Hotch smirked, she was new and green. God, she’d probably scream for hours. God, she’d bleed so prettily. Reid led them out the side door and down and alley away from the motel. Hotch could feel his hard on pressing on his fly and shoved his hand down his pants to re-arrange himself.

Lost in thought, he let Reid lead him down several alleys into what was apparently the homeless district. Reid looked quickly around at several of the sleeping and stirring figures before focusing on one who he kicked awake gently.

“Hey, man, you know where I can score?” Reid asked leaning down.

“Fuck off, kid, it’s too early,” the man groaned and covered his eyes with his blanket.
“Aw come on, Daddy says we gotta go soon and I need it,” Reid moved in closer.

“Your Daddy? What the fuck?” the man sat up and scratched at some sores on his face with dirty fingers. “You got any money?”

“I got a twenty and a pretty mouth,” Reid pouted. “I’ll take whatever that’ll get me.” Hotch turned in surprise at Reid’s comment. He wouldn’t have the kid selling himself for drugs.

“That’s nice, kid, I’ll take your money but I don’t know about my guy. He might be willing to deal. Come on. Let’s walk.” The pile of blankets moved and shuffled to the phone booth before holding out his hand to Reid for a quarter. Reid slipped him one and the man started dialling. He spoke briefly into the phone. “Alright, you head down two blocks and buzz for the second flat. He’ll come out to you. Money?”

Hotch saw the flash in Reid’s eyes and stepped back as the kid pressed his gun to the guy’s head and pulled the trigger while laughing. The sound echoed down the alley and the occupants scattered quickly.

“What the fuck, kid?” Hotch groaned as they started running too. He wasn’t sure if Morgan would be able to hear that from the motel.

“He had 4-2 odds, Daddy. I play fair or as fair as the house ever is. I guess he just wasn’t so lucky. Ooh we’re here,” Reid spun and stopped outside the door of some dingy apartments. He buzzed and leaned against the wall nonchalantly. “You got a hundred bucks, Daddy?” Reid asked, “If not then I might be a while working for these.” Hotch grimaced again and handed Reid the money. A young man stepped out and handed Reid a small package which Reid opened, inspected, nodded and handed the man some money before walking off.

“Car shopping?” Reid asked as he skipped along happily next to Hotch.

“I want a truck,” Hotch growled. Everything felt to out of control this morning and he didn’t like it.
“We must have just missed him and the bastard is taunting us!” Morgan raged. Hotch was still better than he was and it drove him crazy.

“At least we got the car,” Blake started but Morgan cut her off.

“We got the car because he wanted us to. He knew that it was hot and so he left it behind. What can we tell from it?” He quickly ran his eyes over the interior, “Hotch has a drinking problem and he transported a body in the boot. We knew that already. Hell, I knew he drank too much when he was still the unit chief.”

“Calm down, Morgan,” Rossi interjected. “He’s not infallible. He’ll leave something of himself behind that he didn’t intend and we’ll nail him on that. Especially now he’s got an accomplice. He’s not as in control of the situation anymore. The kid’s probably as much of a psychopath as he is and that’s going to lead to tension.”

Morgan’s phone rang and he snapped it open, “Morgan. Talk.”

“Not until you ask nicely, honey,” Garcia answered sounding slightly hurt.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Morgan softened his tone.

“I’m guessing he wasn’t there.”

“No. But he left me a note to say hi,” Morgan felt like laughing but it didn’t quite make it out his mouth. “You got anything for me?”

“I do indeed. The DNA on the syringe matches the semen from the diner. Seems like Hotch’s friend has a drug problem. I’ve also been trying to trace this guy. It seems like it all started in Las Vegas for him but I don’t have a name yet. I’m trying to get more out of their police department but I might just hack them if they don’t get back to me in the next ten minutes.”

“You do that, mamma, maybe we can get him through this second guy.” Morgan hung up and rubbed his eyes. In the distance, he heard a loud pop like a car backfiring or it could have been a gunshot. He looked up but no one else seemed to have noticed. He filed it away as something to check up on later. For now, they should take another look around the room and the car. Maybe they would find something to add to the profile and give them a hint as to what Hotch would do next.
“So do you just pick one and take it?” Reid asked happily as they walked further into town.

“No,” Hotch answered gruffly, “there has to be an opportunity. You’ve never stolen a car?”

“Nope. I hitchhiked all over America. It’s easier and free,” Reid smiled.

“It’s dangerous,” Hotch answered without thinking.

“Oh yeah, I could’ve been picked up by a serial killer,” Reid drawled playfully and Hotch found himself laughing softly but genuinely. He scanned the street and saw a man getting into a black truck across the road. He had a load of groceries and was distracted. It was perfect.

“Him,” Hotch ordered and Reid pulled out his gun. Hotch moved him to the side. “I’ll handle it. Stay behind me and don’t shoot him unless I tell you to.”

“No fun, Daddy,” Reid whimpered but he moved behind Hotch as the older man flicked out his switchblade.

“Excuse me,” Hotch asked politely as he moved across the road. “Could you tell me where the nearest payphone is?” The man turned around to answer and Hotch pressed his knife to the man’s stomach. He moved in closer so that his body shielded the events from prying eyes. “Say a word and I will gut you,” he added calmly. The man nodded with wide eyes and Hotch leered at him. “My friend and I need to borrow your car. You will drive. Get in.” The man moved into the driver seat and Hotch moved with him. “Kid, get in the passenger seat. You may take out your gun but for god’s sake don’t shoot our driver.” The man whimpered at that but Reid hopped happily into the passenger seat with his revolver pointed at the guy’s crotch.

“Hi, how are you?” Reid asked happily. “Daddy likes your truck.”

Hotch moved into the seat behind the driver and placed his knife against the man’s throat. “Where do you want to go, kid?”

“Mississippi!” Reid hollered, “M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I!”

Hotch chuckled, “Seems like your driving us to Mississippi. You better get moving.” The man shifted the truck into gear and pulled out down the street. “Take the back roads. I like a scenic drive,” Hotch added and leaned through to the front to switch on the radio.

“You know the world’s largest shrimp is on display at the Old Spanish Fort Museum in Pascagoula,” Reid said excitedly turning to Hotch.

“You want to go see it?” Hotch asked bemusedly.

“Sure. If we take the 45 then it’s 398 miles from where we are right now.”

Hotch looked at him in surprise, “How can you know that?”

“I like maps, Daddy.” Reid smiled broadly and Hotch grinned back. The man shifted and cleared his throat. “Shh,” Reid placed a hand on the man’s dry lips, “if you talk Daddy will kill you.”

“You heard the kid. Take the 45 and shut up.”
They drove in silence listening to radio for just over an hour when Hotch suddenly told the man to take the next exit and drive down a secluded road. “Ok, we’re done with you,” he said once the man had pulled to a stop.

“Please don’t kill me,” the man begged, “I won’t tell anyone.”

“Nope,” Reid smiled and pulled the trigger on his revolver which was pressed against the man’s temple. Blood and brain matter splattered wetly against the glass and Hotch’s face.

“Fuck’s sake, kid,” he cursed, “you could have taken him outside. He’s bleeding all over the interior.”

“Got bored,” Reid shrugged but leaned over and opened the driver’s door so that the body slumped down and fell onto the grass. Hotch grabbed a towel which was on the floor in the back and wiped his face clean. He hopped out and kicked the man out of the way before wiping down the window and the seat as best he could. “Kiss and make up?” Reid asked shyly as Hotch got back in the car clearly still fuming.

“Fuck off. We’re going to have to stop somewhere to buy some clothes and do laundry. This was my last clean shirt.”

“What’s a clean shirt?” Reid asked with a smirk. “Can we change the music?”

“Don’t like country?”

“I prefer classical.”

“We are not listening to classical music.”

“Half an hour? Please?”

“Fine. Half an hour.” Reid switched the station as Hotch drove back to the freeway. Again, Reid had surprised him. Classical music of all things. He shook his head and attempted to enjoy the monotonous orchestral piece.

Around two o’clock they pulled into the car park of the Walmart outside Waynesboro. Hotch had turned the radio back to country after Reid had fallen asleep four hours ago. “Hey, kid, wake up.” He gently shook Reid awake and the young man turned to him with a smile.

“Shrimp?”

“Not yet, probably tomorrow. We need to get clothes and food. Come on.” Hotch hopped out the truck and Reid followed stretching lazily. His T-shirt rode up and expose his jutting hip bones. Hotch really thought the kid should eat more. They wandered into the store and Reid enthusiastically returned the store greeter’s salutation.

“Oh, they’ve got a sale on energy drinks!” Reid exclaimed excitedly. “Can I get some, Daddy?”

“Sure,” Hotch replied gruffly, “but first we need clothes. What size do you wear?”

“I dunno, whatever fits.” Reid answered distractedly. Hotch sighed but grabbed several multipacks of shirts and boxers. He refused to buy jeans here. He still had some standards even if he wasn’t wearing tailored designer suits anymore. He also picked up socks for both of them a plain hoodie for Reid. The kid had blood all over his sweater and Hotch wasn’t sure it would wash out.
Reid bounced around behind him or kept running his hands over Hotch’s arms and thighs and then spinning away before Hotch could swat at him. This was harder than shopping with Jack, he thought to himself but he couldn’t deny that he had been smiling for the past twenty minutes and it no longer felt like an unfamiliar facial expression. Reid switched out the packet of plain white socks for another with multicoloured options but didn’t interfere with Hotch’s choices.

“I don’t wear matching socks, Daddy. Never. It’s bad luck.” Hotch didn’t bother to ask why.

They grabbed some basic supplies as well as two crates of energy drinks for Reid and then Hotch spotted some camping goods.

“You wanna sleep out in the truck tonight?” he asked Reid shyly.

“Like camping?” Reid looked dubiously at the sleeping bag Hotch was holding.

“Yeah,” Hotch nodded hopefully. It had been years since he’d been camping. “You ever done that?”

“I’ve slept on the street but I doubt it’s the same,” Reid said thoughtfully while resting his chin on his hand.

“Not really,” Hotch laughed and took two sleeping bags as well as a couple of mats. They could at least be comfortable.

“Where you get all this money from, Daddy?” Reid suddenly asked. “And what’s with you having FBI friends?”

“We’ll talk about it later,” Hotch muttered and moved to the checkout.

“You guys having a sleep-out?” the cashier asked as she scanned Hotch’s beer.

Hotch smiled winningly and leaned closer, “Yes we are, Sarah, care to join us?” It was easy to flirt with the young brunette and she blushed so prettily.

“I don’t think my boyfriend would like that.”

“Ah, well, he is a lucky man. I can see why he wouldn’t want to let you out of his sight.” Hotch waved at her as he carried the groceries out to the car. Reid was uncharacteristically silent and he even looked a little angry.

“What got into you?” Hotch asked as they pulled out of the lot and drove towards the Laundromat that the store greeter had helpfully directed them to. “Is it because I didn’t answer your questions? I don’t know anything about you either.”

“Why were you flirting with her?” Reid asked as he started rifling through a bag of M&Ms for the green ones.

“Why not?” Hotch replied. “What’s it got to do with you anyway?”

“Nothing,” Reid mumbled and stared out the window. He remained moodily silent, eating candy until they pulled up at the Laundromat. It was late and the place was deserted. Hotch was glad that it was one of those automatic places. Hopefully, they could get through the laundry without having to talk to anyone or explain the disturbing amount of blood that had to be washed out of their clothing. Hotch grabbed both their bags and made sure he grabbed all the change from the driver’s
“Separate your whites and colours kid and let’s get this done as quick as possible.” He ducked behind a washing machine and pulled off his own T-shirt and jeans, slipping on a pair of sweatpants from the bottom of his bag, before throwing them in with the rest of the laundry. Reid emptied his bag, setting aside a pharmacy of drugs and a notebook, he threw the rest in with Hotch’s clothes. He then stripped off his sweater and jeans and added them too. He looked so forlorn standing there in his stained T-shirt and boxers with his thin arms wrapped around his waist.

Suddenly his eyes lit up as he spotted the carts in the corner. He hopped into one with a grin, “Push me, Daddy!” Hotch looked over at him and smiled tiredly.

“I’m not going to push you kid. Sit down and stop fucking around.”

“Come on, Daddy, push me!” Reid clearly wasn’t going to give it up. Hotch slid over to him in just his socks and grabbed the handle of the shopping cart. He backed it up to the opposite end of the room and then started to run. Reid was giggling as they picked up speed and went whizzing down the aisle. Hotch felt his feet slipping underneath him and he let go of the cart before he hit the floor. Reid careened out of control and hit the drier at the end of the wall with a bang, falling sideways out onto the floor where he lay laughing hysterically as Hotch ran over to him.

“Are you okay, kid?” he asked as he kneeled down next to him.

“That was awesome. Let’s do it again.”

“Let’s not,” Hotch drawled but he was smiling. Reid sat up and Hotch joined him to lean against the drier.

“I’ve got some cards,” Reid smiled over at him. “We could play some poker.”

“I think you’d take me for all I’ve got, Vegas,” Hotch smiled over at him.

“We’ll play for snack food,” Reid smiled and wandered over to his bag. He came back with playing cards, Cheetos, and a new bag of M&Ms. Hotch smiled as Reid shuffled and dealt with elaborate flourishes.
“So where would he go from here?” Morgan asked the room. No one even looked up from the files or their take-out. He groaned softly. Chasing Hotch shouldn’t be this difficult. Hell, the man was insane and he was leaving behind enough evidence to fill the entire evidence locker. His phone beeped and he flipped it open. “Please say you’ve got something good for me, gorgeous.”

“Oh, I got all the goods for you, sugar but maybe another time. All I know is that meeting Aaron Hotchner definitely wasn’t good for Carrie Pope.”

“We’ve got another victim,” Morgan announced to the room, “I’m putting you on speaker.”

“Hey, everyone. Carrie Pope went missing from Nashville three days ago. She was seen leaving a bar with a tall, dark-haired man. We know that was Hotch, of course. Though, personally, I still can’t quite believe it. Her body was found 50 miles away from the diner in a cornfield. She was raped and disembowelled. I’m sending you the disturbing photographs that I will need to discuss with my shrink later. Garcia out.”

“So, she was killed before Kelly and Jean. The question is when did he pick up the partner?” Rossi asked as he looked over the new data on his tablet.

“Well, we know that this guy kills along the roads so maybe he hitchhikes. It would be a good ruse to get people to stop. The question is why didn’t he kill Hotch?” Gideon spoke aloud but he didn’t turn away from the board where he was marking Carrie’s abduction and dump sites.

“Our jobs would be much easier if he had done,” Morgan muttered.

“There could be more victims we haven’t found yet,” Seaver added softly.

“It would make sense,” Morgan continued, “Hotch doesn’t seem to have a particular pattern. It just depends if a certain woman sets him off or not.”

Officer Lewis entered the room, “There wasn’t a lot at the hotel. Seems like they just showered and slept. The blood in the back of the car has been sent to DNA. Also, Agent Morgan, you asked about any shootings in the area today.” Morgan nodded expectantly, “I don’t see how it’s related but a homeless man was shot early this morning. No one is talking to police though.”

“Was he a drug addict?” Gideon asked

“Yes, sir,” the officer nodded.

“It was probably the partner. He needed to score but didn’t want to pay. Let us know once the ballistic results are in.”

“It’ll take a while. The lab for the area is pretty backed up.”

“Send them to our lab,” Morgan grunted, “we can assume it’s part of the case.”

“So what’s our next move?” Blake asked Morgan.

“We figure out where Hotch would go next. Check for reports of stolen cars. We need to figure out what he’s driving.”
“There are bugs,” Reid grumbled as Hotch lay the mats out on the truck bed and unzipped one of the sleeping bags and laid it on top of that. The other one would work as a blanket.

“Stop moaning and lie down,” Hotch pulled Reid up into his arms. He was more than a little drunk and was feeling affectionate. He hugged him gently and grabbed his beer before lying down to look up at the stars. It was a warm night and he had pulled his t-shirt off to feel the slight breeze play across his chest. Closing his eyes, he listened to the sounds of the crickets and realized that he didn’t miss D.C at all. Suddenly he felt a hand on his zipper and the weight of Reid’s body pressing into his side. Reaching out a hand he felt the young man’s bare shoulder. He opened his eyes and Reid looked nervously at him. It was something in that glance that made him feel truly disgusted with himself. Not because of the rapes and murders. That seemed fine. It was the innocence in the young man’s eyes. He couldn’t take advantage of that, no matter how much he wanted to. No matter how tight his jeans were feeling right now.

“Why are you like this?” Hotch mumbled pushing Reid off of him. He really didn’t feel like analysing why he was feeling so hurt. “Look, I don’t want payment or anything. You don’t owe me.”

“Did you ever think that maybe I just want you?” Reid said so quietly that Hotch wasn’t sure that he’d really heard him. Reid had his arms crossed across his thin frame and he pulled his knees up to his chin. His legs were too long for that position to be comfortable, Hotch thought, as he gazed at the creamy patch of skin exposed when Reid’s threadbare boxers slid back along his thigh. God, the kid was practically naked.

“Why would you want me?” Hotch asked in surprise. He was a broken man. Hell, he was probably an evil man. He raped, tortured, killed and gained pleasure from each of those actions. He’d become the thing he’d hunted for so many years. Plus, he was a heck of a lot older than Reid.

Reid shrugged. He could point out how handsome, strong, sexy Hotch was but he already knew that wasn’t what the older man needed. Instead he sighed and decided to try and explain how he really felt. He hoped it would make sense. Words seemed to jam in his brain these past few years. “We’re the same, you and me. Just like I said when you picked me up at the side of the road but I just didn’t realise how true it was. We’re both men who had a great deal of potential but somewhere along the way everything got fucked up and now this is what we do because it’s the only thing that makes sense.” The crickets chirruped and Hotch stared at the label on his beer as if it held all the answers. It still unnerved him when Reid suddenly started talking like a normal human being.

“Who’s Maeve?” Hotch asked quietly. He remembered Reid had mentioned the name last night in the hotel. Her death sounded like it had been his stressor. The lingo still rolled easily through his mind but he avoided applying it to himself. It was one thing to subtly profile others but it was another to profile his own psyche.

Reid looked up at the sky and for a long time Hotch thought that he wasn’t going to answer but then Reid started talking very quietly without looking away from the stars, “She was my girlfriend, I guess. I was a child prodigy with a schizophrenic mother so I didn’t really have it easy in school. You, know bullies, whatever. I wasn’t good at standing up for myself back then. I was studying for my first degree at university by thirteen. I had no friends or anyone really to talk to. So, I was weird. Not as weird as I am now, maybe, but still. I met Maeve when I was studying for my third doctorate. She was studying genetics. I was nineteen and she was seventeen and I think we fell in love. Nothing really happened but there was something there. She died.” He glared at Hotch as if
challenging him to ask for elaboration. Hotch just sipped his beer and stared at the sky. “Who’s Hayley?”

Again Hotch felt the white hot rage pulse through him and he was tempted to beat Reid to a pulp for even asking but he breathed deeply. It was only fair, he guessed, he’d asked about his girl. “My wife.” Hotch growled. “Killed her,” he added after a moment’s pause.

“Oh,” Reid said and lay down again. Silence stretched between them and for the first time it was really uncomfortable. Reid kept squirming next to him until Hotch felt like holding the kid down. Finally Reid spoke, “So, are you totally straight?” That definitely was not the question that Hotch had been expecting. His first automatic answer was yes but for some reason that didn’t make it to his mouth.

“I don’t know,” he mumbled. “I never really experimented.” Reid nodded sagely.

“I only started after Maeve. My first time was to get a score. Up against a wall in an alley is no way to lose your virginity,” Hotch winced slightly but Reid continued, “Still there was this one guy who took me in for a while. He wasn’t nice like you but at least he made me feel good and he didn’t want too much in return.”

“I don’t want anything from you,” Hotch reiterated.

“I know, Daddy,” Reid looked at him, “but I still want to give you everything.”

Hotch’s breath caught in his throat and he felt like being out here in the open was suddenly very claustrophobic. He rolled onto his side and gingerly placed a hand on Reid’s hip. “So, how would we?” He had no idea how to continue that thought but Reid smiled broadly and leaned into the older man. Their lips touched in a very soft, chaste kiss. Reid pulled back and Hotch smiled shyly at him before moving his hand to the back of Reid’s head and allowing it to twist softly into Reid’s hair. It wasn’t like that time Reid blew him in the car. This was gentle and tentative. He winced as he remembered fucking the boy’s mouth but suddenly Reid was pushing at his bottom lip with his tongue and Hotch parted his lips and allowed entrance. Their tongues danced for dominance and Hotch smiled at how ridiculously sweet Reid tasted. God, he must taste like a distillery. Still, Reid didn’t pull away and suddenly Hotch realised that the desperate moan he was hearing came from his own throat.

Reid pushed lightly on Hotch’s shoulder and rolled him onto his back before straddling him and leaning down for another kiss. Hotch’s hands ran up and down the bones of Reid’s spine. Hotch could feel every vertebra pushing through the skin. When Reid slid down to kiss Hotch’s neck their erections brushed and Hotch’s hips bucked upwards. He didn’t care that he was groaning gently, needily as Reid lightly sucked just beneath his earlobe. He couldn’t remember the last time that someone had touched him this way, the last time that someone had really wanted him. He couldn’t remember the last time that he had been this turned on.

He pushed and flipped them with a self-defence move from the Bureau and he was on top of Reid. The young man lifted his shoulders and pushed into Hotch’s kiss desperately. Hotch ran his hands over Reid’s ribs and as his thumb brushed Reid’s nipple, the young man gasped slightly. A little unsure, Hotch leaned down and took Reid’s small hard nub in his mouth. Sure, he’d do this to a woman but did it work for a man? Reid moaned and writhed when Hotch bit down slightly and Hotch grinned as he realised that it definitely worked for a man. He ran his hand slowly down Reid’s side and felt the shiver beneath him. Gently he palmed Reid’s erection through his boxers and looked up to see the young man gazing down at him with wonder.

Hotch sat up and started unbuttoning his jeans while Reid quickly pulled down his boxers.
Hotch would have to remind him to throw those out. They really were disgusting. Once they were naked Hotch lay down again on top of Reid’s splayed body and nestled himself between the skinny thighs. In the pale moonlight, he could see the tract marks that dotted Reid’s inner elbows and he could feel some on his thigh. “God, kid, you gotta stop with the drugs,” he groaned as his hand caressed the soft skin near Reid’s groin.

“Sure, Daddy, you get me clean,” Reid looked at him with so much trust that Hotch thought his heart would burst. He definitely didn’t deserve this. He slid back up the sharp edges of the man beneath him and captured his mouth in a wet, messy kiss that promised so many things which he wasn’t sure he could deliver on. Reid was grinding their erections together and Hotch felt like his whole body was buzzing as long thin fingers wrapped around both their cocks and started jacking him off.

“God, kid, feels good,” Hotch mumbled into Reid’s neck as he kissed and sucked all along the curved muscle of his shoulder. It was hard and it was rough. His skin was burning slightly and it all felt so fucking good.

“I want you inside me, Daddy,” Reid moaned. Hotch sat up looking a little afraid. That seemed a little too much. Reid’s eyes fluttered open at the loss of pressure, “If you want,” he added hesitantly. “I mean I don’t have a condom so,” he waved his hand in a way that Hotch already recognised as purely Reid. It made him laugh softly. Reid stared up at him nervously.

He stroked the young man’s hair and smoothed a thumb down his cheekbone. “I rape women and you fuck for drugs, neither of us really practices safe sex, kid.” Reid let out a soft huff of laughter. “I just don’t know if I’m quite ready for that. This is feeling really good so maybe we could wait.”

Reid smiled, “Sure, we could buy some lube as well. It’d make it more fun.” Hotch nodded and thrust forward into Reid’s hand that was still holding them together. Reid moved his hand again and Hotch groaned and returned his attention to the sensitive skin beneath him. He desperately wanted to mark this young man as his. When Reid moved his hand and took Hotch solely, Hotch moved his own calloused fingers around Reid’s erection. The two men were groaning and humping at each other and it was all very high school. Hotch smiled, it had been too long since someone had jacked him off in the back of a car and then he pushed that thought away because it would lead to Hayley and for the first time in three months he really didn’t want to be focused on her.

As Hotch came he bit down on Reid’s shoulder hard enough to make the young man whelp as he also came hotly over both their stomachs. Hotch slumped back onto his own sleeping bag and lay there breathing heavily. He reached out for Reid’s boxers and used them to wipe down both of them. Reid moved and lay his head gently on Hotch’s chest, listening to the man’s gradually slowing heartbeat.

“I could really use a shower, right now,” Hotch said as he settled his arm around Reid.

“You’re the one who wanted to rough it tonight,” Reid pointed out.

“Enjoying yourself?”

The young man sat up and played his fingers through Hotch’s chest hair, “Immensely, Daddy.” Hotch smiled at him and stared up at the night’s sky.
Hotch awoke late the next morning with a headache and dried cum all over his stomach. The sun was already beating down on them and he wondered how long they had slept. His watch was trapped under Reid who was curled up around him and Hotch knew he would have to wake him if he wanted to move.

“Hey, kid,” he shook Reid’s shoulder gently, “I gotta take a piss. Let me up.”

Reid didn’t answer but he rolled onto his back and splayed out. Hotch grabbed a clean pair of jeans from the laundry they had done yesterday and one of the new T-shirts. There was a small creek running near the field where they had parked and he figured he’d feel better once he’d washed and had his breakfast beer. The cold water felt good on his body and he smiled thinking about the young man asleep in the back of his truck. Life felt a lot better than it had in years. He probably didn’t deserve to be this happy right now but he was.

He dressed while his body was still wet and his clothes clung to the damp skin. As he wandered back, he could see Reid’s head lolling backwards over the side of the truck. The kid was staring blankly over in his direction and his pupils were too dilated. Hotch cursed gently but didn’t say anything as he grabbed a beer and hopped into the back of the truck. He just loosened his belt from around the kid’s bicep, feeling a little disgusted that it was his belt, and carefully threw the needle over the side. Reid still hadn’t moved by the time he finished his beer. His head ache was receding slowly.

“What you want to do today, kid?” Hotch shoved slightly at Reid’s shoulder and the young man slumped onto the truck bed before worming his way over to lie with his head in Hotch’s lap.

“Shrimp,” he whispered.

“Really?” Hotch thought he would have forgotten about that.

“Yup,” Reid didn’t open his eyes but he nuzzled into Hotch’s crotch and the older man groaned slightly.

“We should eat something,” he muttered trying to control himself.

“I had my candy, Daddy.” Reid was still buried in Hotch’s crotch and he could feel the words reverberating through his jeans.

“That doesn’t count. You need food.”

“Fine, let me just sleep for a while and then I’ll eat you,” Reid smiled up at Hotch.

“That’s also not what I meant,” Hotch said smiling. “Come on, kid, we should keep moving. We can stop for something on the way and you can sleep while I drive.” Reid nodded but still made no indication that he was planning on moving or getting dressed. Hotch leaned back and opened another beer while allowing his eyes to wander all over the body of the young man sprawled horizontally across the truck bed. His legs were bent awkwardly so that he’d fit in the compact space he looked like a graceless young colt. His chest was nearly hairless but there was a slight line of light brown hair which trailed over his concave abdomen and down to his pubic hair. Hotch could see the tract marks on his inner thighs and reckoned he’d find some between Reid’s toes if he cared to look. He didn’t.
Part of him wanted to protect Reid from the world like he was his son while the other wanted to spread him open right now and fuck him until he was screaming Daddy. Instead of either of those things he downed his beer and allowed his eyes to close again. He really needed to catch up on sleep and it was still only eight in the morning. The FBI had no way of tracking him right now and Reid needed to sleep.

It was nearly eleven by the time they returned to road and started heading south. They compromised on music by putting in the Beatles' Greatest Hits album that they found in the glove compartment. Hotch had wanted to put on the White Album, which was his favourite, but Reid had argued that two killers driving around listening to Helter Skelter was a little too cliché. They held hands over the centre console and Reid talked while Hotch listened.

“You know the Old Spanish Fort isn’t really a fort.” Reid commented as they passed into Pascagoula. “It was constructed in 1721 by Joseph Simon de la Pointe. It’s 37 feet by 62.25 feet and is constructed from cypress and cedar wood which is filled in with oyster shell concrete in the oldest parts. It was also used as a slave plantation. They grew rice and cotton.”

“Why are we going if you already know all about it?” Hotch asked with an amused grin.

“I gotta see it to believe it, Daddy,” Reid answered with a broad smile. However, he frowned as he they pulled up near the entrance and spotted the sign: Closed due to damage from Hurricane Katrina. “But I wanna see it,” Reid whined and crossed his arms.

“Seriously, kid,” Hotch raised an eyebrow. “We can go somewhere else.”

“Food?” Reid smiled again.

“Sure, let’s eat and then you can pick somewhere else on the map. Can we please make it a city, though? I want to go to a decent dive bar.”

“Isn’t that a contradiction?” Hotch just shrugged and pulled in at a diner. “Hey, Daddy, it’s just like our first meal together.” Reid smiled and leaned over to kiss Hotch.

Hotch licked his way into Reid’s mouth and deepened the kiss. “It sure is. If it’s quiet enough maybe we can re-enact it.” However, when the two men walked in they saw that the diner was packed. Apparently, it was Saturday morning. Reid looked disappointed but he perked up once the waitress brought over his milkshake.

“You want some?” Reid held out his straw and Hotch made a face and held his cup out for a re-fill of the mediocre coffee. Reid shrugged and pulled some pills out his pocket and palmed two with another sip of shake. “So you worked for the FBI?” Reid asked loudly and a kid at the next table turned around with an awed expression.

Hotch smiled at the little boy who ducked his head. “Yeah, for the BAU. It’s the...”

“Behavioural Analysis Unit, I know, Daddy,” Reid said exasperatedly.

“Of course you do. I was the unit chief of the team we saw yesterday.”

“Oh so you really were something. I bet you looked real sexy in your suit, Daddy,” Reid practically moaned his words and Hotch smirked.

“Maybe I’ll dress up and take you somewhere nice one day. You’d look good in a suit too, kid.”
“Yeah, sure, Daddy,” Reid sneered, “we’ll just walk into the Ritz and then shoot people until they give us good service.”

“Hey, I can dream,” the older man smiled and ate his eggs. He was fully aware of Reid’s slightly confused expression. It felt good to have managed to confuse the psychotic genius. Hotch felt a little more in control of their relationship and he was going to use that to the full extent that he could.
“I cannot authorize you remaining in the field if you admit that you have nothing to go on, Agent Morgan,” Erin Strauss’ staccato voice made Morgan think about throwing his phone through the closed window. He was beginning to understand why Hotch went insane.

“Ma’am,” he struggled to keep his voice even, “we know that he is in the area and we suspect that he may be heading towards New Orleans.” He was grasping and he knew it. Hotch had mentioned that he would like to come back for a holiday when the team had been on a case there a few years back. He just hoped Strauss wouldn’t call him on it.

“And this is based on what exactly?”

“Our knowledge of the Unsub.”

“I’m sorry but that just isn’t good enough. You can fly down again if something turns up but until then I expect you back on a flight to Quantico this evening.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Morgan hung up the phone and looked around at his team. “Pack everything up. We’ve been called back. I’ll go talk to the locals and try to assure them that we’re not giving up.” Even if it looks like we are, he added to himself. Strauss was partly right. They didn’t have any leads. No cars had been reported stolen but a man was reported missing by his wife and his truck wasn’t found. They had a BOLO out on it but they were 48 hours behind Hotch. He could be anywhere by now. The guy in the alley was shot for drugs but no one was talking other than to say it was two guys who matched the description of Hotch and his as yet unidentified friend. Garcia was still working on running his face through every database she could think of but nothing was pinging.

Officer Lewis was understandably upset that the BAU were pulling out but Morgan reassured her that they would continue to pursue Hotch and the other man and that Kelly, Jean and the John Doe would be added to the charges against them. Morgan couldn’t ignore the hollow feeling in his chest as the team headed back to the jet. No one was saying anything at all. They all knew that they were just waiting for the next body to turn up and hoping that they wouldn’t have too many more deaths on their hands when they finally caught up with their old unit chief.
“Little Rock,” Reid said as they climbed back into the truck.

“Arkansas?” Hotch asked with an eyebrow. Why the hell would anyone want to go to Arkansas?

“Yup,” Reid nodded. “Take the 49. In current traffic it will take us over seven hours so we can camp out again tonight.”

Hotch’s stomach did a little flip at that, “You liked that?”

“It was fun, Daddy,” Reid smirked over at him. Hotch pulled out into traffic and smiled. He wondered what Morgan and the team were doing at that moment. Strauss was probably trying to get them to return to Quantico. He was sure that he was a major embarrassment to the FBI and the BAU. The psych evaluations were surely going to become much harder to pass once everyone figured out that he got stellar marks on every single one. The questions were really too easy to answer correctly when you were one of the men who wrote the handbook. He sighed slightly thinking about how all his work would come into question. Appeals would be filed. His published work would be suppressed. There wasn’t anything he could do about that. He didn’t regret anything that had happened and he wasn’t looking to stop. At least not yet. He still had that pretty little BAU blonde to torture and then maybe he could look at retirement. He could cross the border with Reid and disappear. He didn’t like the idea of running away, though. It didn’t fit with who he was.

“What you thinking about, Daddy?” Reid asked and snapped his bubblegum.

“My endgame,” Hotch sighed.

“I don’t have one. Doesn’t seem to me that you can really plan for anything in this world. It’s all random.”

“Like the people you shoot.”

“Yup, though it’s funny. You’re the only one I didn’t kill. Everyone else got a bullet first time which is highly improbable,” Reid shrugged his shoulders and kicked his feet up on the dash. “Like we were meant to be together. It’s what made me laugh so much.”

“I remember. I thought you were fucking crazy,” Hotch said with a smile.

“I am.”

“Whatever, kid. I don’t want to drive straight. Give me a winding road to take.”

“Sure,” Reid thought for a moment, “Head up to Meridian and then we’ll go through Jackson and pick up some supplies and we can sleep out near El Dorado.”

“Sounds good. Direct me.”

“Ooh, Daddy, and I thought you’d take all the control,” Reid squirmed in his seat.

“Shut up, kid.”

It was dark by the time they pulled off the highway down a country road and found a place that would hide their truck in case someone drove by. Hotch yawned widely but Reid seemed really
buzzed. Hotch was pretty sure the kid had done a line of coke at the last bathroom stop from the way he kept sniffing and wiping his nose. Hotch laid out the mats and sleeping bags and stripped off his shirt. Reid moved in close behind him and started running his hands over Hotch’s bare chest, tweaking his nipples and making Hotch moan gently. They jumped up onto the truck bed and lay down next to one another. Hotch started kissing Reid’s neck paying special attention to any spots that made the other man groan. Gently, he sunk his teeth into the pulse point where there was still a slight cut from his knife. Reid bucked his hips and rolled so that he was straddling Hotch. His pale skin seemed to glow in the moonlight as he stripped off his T-shirt and leaned down to catch the older man’s mouth in a messy kiss. Hotch pulled on Reid’s hips and ground up into him. He didn’t know how to ask but he knew what he wanted.

Reid slid softly down Hotch’s bare chest planting kisses on his skin and almost tickling with light touches on his ribs. Dextrously, he flicked open the buttons of Hotch’s jeans and pulled his straining erection out. Pre-cum dripped from the swollen head and Reid dipped to gently tongue the slit. “God, you taste good, Daddy,” he groaned as he pulled Hotch’s jeans down to his knees. Hotch fumbled to toe off his boots so that his legs would be free before he reached up with shaking hands to unzip Reid’s jeans. The kid was wearing new, tight black boxers underneath and they fit so snugly around his ass. Hotch flipped him onto his stomach and bit down into the soft fabric before whipping off Reid’s chucks and pulling his jeans and boxers off him. He could see the slight impression of his teeth in Reid’s ass and he slapped the spot, hard. Reid groaned and rubbed himself against the sleeping bag, desperately seeking friction.

“I want to try...” Hotch started but trailed off. Shit, they hadn’t bought any lube and he figured it was probably necessary with another man. He didn’t really want to hurt Reid. At least, not a lot.

“Want you, Daddy, want you inside me” Reid moaned and spread his legs wider, exposing his tight little hole. Hotch’s dick twitched.

“We didn’t buy lube,” Hotch groaned and pulled the younger man to his knees so that he could get his hand around Reid’s cock.

“Spit. Use spit,” Reid panted as Hotch started tugging on him. Hotch held out his free hand and gently traced Reid’s lips with two fingers. Reid lunged forward and took the digits in his mouth before sucking like he was blowing Hotch. Hotch extracted his dripping fingers but still hesitated. Was he really about to stick his fingers in a man’s ass? Was that even sanitary? “One finger. Then two. Then three. Then fuck me.” Reid punctuated each word with a desperate moan as Hotch continued running his thumb over the slit of Reid’s penis and that moan sent every other thought fleeing. Hotch gently traced the opening before pushing in with his index finger. God it was so tight, hot, good. Reid groaned and pushed back so Hotch added the second finger and pushed in up the knuckle. Reid seemed to stop breathing for a moment but then Hotch felt him relax and he was able to scissor his fingers a little. He twisted slightly and Reid threw his head back with a shout.

“Did I hurt you?” Hotch asked in shock.

“No. Good. So Good.” Reid moaned and started moving his body so that he was fucking himself on Hotch’s fingers. Hotch stilled him with a hand on his hips and added a third finger. Shit this was a bit weird but it felt so fucking right. He pulled out his fingers and spat into his palm before slicking up his dick.

“You sure,” he hesitated slightly.

“Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me hard.” Reid groaned and Hotch pushed the head of his cock in. It was really so tight, hot, good. He groaned but waited for Reid to breathe again before pushing his
whole length in. He didn’t even want to move. This felt so good. This was better than raping a
virgin. Fuck, this was the best he’d ever had. “Move,” Reid moaned and Hotch started withdrawing
slowly before pushing forward again. He was enjoying the slow pull over his dick and the feeling of
Reid shaking beneath him.

“So good, kid, so good,” he groaned as he pulled out again. He could feel that he was
starting to lose control and desperate to move faster.

“Faster,” Reid almost growled as if in answer to his thoughts and Hotch let his hips snap
forward. He reached round Reid’s waist and started stroking the younger man in a counter motion to
his fast thrusts. Reid was moaning beneath him and he felt the kid’s ejaculation pour over his hand
and his asshole become impossibly tighter before Hotch came with a broken shout. He fell forwards
and Reid collapsed beneath his weight. Both of them were breathing heavily and Reid winced
slightly as Hotch’s soft dick slipped out of him and the older man rolled onto his back.

“Fuck,” Hotch groaned.

“Fuck,” Reid concurred and turned his head to smile in Hotch’s direction. Hotch rolled
onto his side and pulled the young man towards him so that they were spooning away from the damp
patch on the sleeping bag. He pulled the other over them as a cover and nuzzled into his neck.

“Spencer,” Hotch murmured happily as he was falling asleep. He thought he felt Reid
stiffen slightly but he was out before he was able to really think about it.
Nothing Like a Massacre

When he woke up he was alone. He looked around in confusion and quickly dressed. He had a vague feeling like he had done something wrong but he wasn’t sure what it was. Reid had seemed to enjoy the sex but maybe he hadn’t been good. He hopped out of the truck and nearly tripped over the kid who was leaning against the wheel cooking up. “Good morning,” Hotch tried hopefully and attempted to smooth down his hair.

“Morning,” was the only curt reply he received. He didn’t need to be a profiler to see that Reid didn’t want to talk. Hotch turned quickly and hopped into the back seat of the truck. He grabbed a bottle of bourbon and started drinking to suppress the feelings that he was having towards the young man. This isn’t a fucking love story, he reminded himself again. They had sex. That was all it was and all it was going to be. He’d drop the kid off in Little Rock and continue with his life until Morgan caught up with him and shot him.

He steadily drank through the afternoon and he vaguely heard the clink of Reid’s spoon as he lit another candle to cook a second hit around two. It was nearly five before Hotch stumbled out and kicked the kid in the side. He rolled slightly and opened his eyes but seemed unable to focus. “Out of booze. We’ve gotta find a bar.” Hotch grunted.

“Sure, Daddy,” Reid smiled up at him and uncurled himself before painfully slowly gathering up his stuff and packing it into his bag. He seemed to be moving in slow motion as he made his way into the passenger seat with Hotch cursing him every minute. Finally they pulled out and headed towards the nearest town.

It took them three hours to find a bar mainly because Hotch had to pull over to vomit and Reid was in no state to use the maps in his head so Hotch got lost twice. Finally they pulled up at a real shithole in the middle of nowhere. When they walked in everyone turned to look at them. There were two men in flannel shirts at the bar as well as the bartender. Hotch knew that her hair was dyed blonde and that she was probably in her fifties but fuck she would do. There was also a biker in the corner with his girl. Reid decided to take that moment to become friendly again and he pressed himself in close to Hotch kissing him gently against the bar.

“Fucking fags,” one of the men in flannel shirts growled and cracked his knuckles. Hotch felt the white hot anger rushing through him but Spencer just smiled and pulled his gun out the back of his pants. He shot the man straight through the head before handing Hotch his Glock.

“Where the fuck did you get this?” Hotch cursed. He hadn’t seen the kid get it out his bag but the weight felt good in his hand. He flicked open his switchblade with his left and was very glad for the fact that he shot right even though he was a lefty. He slashed at the biker who lumbered towards him and caught him across the throat as he shot towards his girlfriend. She ducked but Hotch quickly fired another round into her and she fell to the ground. Reid was giggling and firing at the other man at the bar. He emptied five rounds into him and flicked his revolver open to reload. Hotch vaguely registered that the full revolver was something different for Reid but he was too focused on the woman behind the bar who had backed herself into a corner and was fumbling with a shotgun.

“Here,” Hotch growled, “let me help you with that, Hayley.” He yanked it out her hands and struck her across the head before dropping it to the ground. Placing his own Glock on the floor, he started unbuckling his belt. He grabbed a towel and placed it over her face. She really was too fucking old, he thought and he had to pump his dick a few times to get himself hard. He could feel Reid watching him over the bar but he didn’t give a shit. The kid didn’t want him then he didn’t need
the kid. He sliced open the woman’s trousers but he wasn’t judging things too well and cut deep into her thighs. Shoving himself in he tried to keep his erection but no matter how hard he thought of that night when Hayley had told him she was leaving him for another man. That night when Hayley had told him she was pregnant and it wasn’t his. That night when he had shoved Hayley face down on the floor of their bedroom and pulled her skirt off and raped her. That night when he had sliced Hayley’s unborn child out of her stomach. Ok, that did it. He came and cut the woman open but he didn’t feel the same rush. It felt forced and depressing.

He turned roughly to Reid, “What the fuck do you want?” Reid looked like he was crying but Hotch didn’t give a shit.

“Was that good for you, Daddy?” Reid asked hollowly.

“Yeah, it was fucking amazing. Much better than last night,” Hotch spit at the younger man.

“You’re lying, Daddy,” Reid muttered but tears were falling heavily down his cheeks. Hotch did up his trousers and picked up his Glock.

“What would you know about it? You haven’t even spoken to me all day.” Hotch hated how petulant and hurt he sounded. The door creaked open and two men walked in laughing. Their faces momentarily registered the massacre but Reid shot the one on the left and Hotch the man on the right before they even made a sound.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” Reid muttered. “I got scared.”

“What the fuck are you talking about kid?”

“You called me Spencer,” Reid looked up at Hotch as if that would make everything clear.

“That’s your name, isn’t it?” Hotch asked hesitantly. There was something he wasn’t getting here.

“It sounded like you meant something by it and I freaked out and when I freak out I get high because my brain starts working too fast and thinking that maybe you feel something and that’s stupid because I’m me and you’re you and it was just sex.”

“Was it?” Hotch asked quietly.

“I don’t know,” Reid spread his hands and inched them towards Hotch over the bar. Hotch grabbed one and pulled the younger man into a kiss.

“Maybe we could try and figure it out.”

“I’d like that.”

“She really didn’t do it for me. Not like you. You were amazing,” Hotch admitted with a smile.

“I know, Daddy.”

“You can call me Aaron.”

“I know, but not yet.” Reid leaned across the bar and kissed Hotch gently.

“We should get out of here,” Hotch admitted.
“I’ll get the register. You grab the booze, Daddy.”

“Sounds like a plan, kid.”

“Apart from the whole fight, this was pretty fun. We should do it again.”

“Yeah,” Hotch sighed and looked around at the seven dead bodies on the floor. “Did you do this on purpose?” He asked with a frown.

“Yeah, I was feeling angry. Filled my revolver too. Didn’t feel like giving anyone a chance.” Hotch nodded and selected several bottles from the shelves behind the bar before holding the door open for Reid and bowing him through. Reid giggled and scampered away before Hotch could grab his ass.

It was really late so they pulled into a highway motel on the road to Little Rock. Reid had been pretty quiet since the bar and Hotch wasn’t sure what to say. It was a real shit hole but both of them fell into bed after the shower and were asleep in minutes. Nothing like a massacre to wipe you out, Hotch thought but he smiled as Reid snuggled against his chest.
Morgan sat next to Garcia in her lair. Technically, his team had been removed from the Aaron Hotchner case. The powers that be had decided that their time was up and the next batter would step up to the plate. It had been an issue for the past three months and Morgan had repeatedly argued that his team should have this because they knew Hotch the best. They would be able to predict his movements and they had to an extent but not as successfully as he had hoped. The note Hotch had left him in the motel had been the last straw. Apparently, they believed that Hotch was using *his* familiarity with the team to predict their movements far more successfully and Morgan had lost the case. That didn’t stop him working it, though.

“Anything, Baby Girl?” he asked for the hundredth time that week.

“I think so,” she tapped a few keys and brought a newspaper article up onto the screen. “There was a massacre in a bar near El Dorado, Arkansas. Seven people were killed. Five were shot, three with a revolver and two with a Glock. One man had his throat slit and the bartender, Nancy McLean, was raped and dismembered.”

“Yup, that’s him,” Morgan confirmed with a sigh. “That’s a pretty big escalation. Seems like these guys are feeding off each other. I was sure Hotch would head for New Orleans but they went North.”

“I think I may have identified Hotch’s BFF. I introduce to you one Spencer Reid. He is off the charts smart. Like a certified genius. IQ of 187 and two doctorates by age twenty. He’s a Vegas boy but he was last seen at CalTech where he was being questioned in the murder of Maeve Donovan. She was shot in her apartment and it seems like they were a couple. The police couldn’t firmly link him to the murder forensically but he had no alibi. He claimed he had no memory of the night. He disappeared once he was released without charge and I believe he has been shooting his way across America since.”

“Interesting,” Morgan muttered as he quickly read through the reports Garcia had up on her screens. This kid was definitely a wild card. “I’m not sure how this is going to help us catch either of them,” he admitted.

“Information is power,” Garcia attempted with a smile. After a pause, she asked quietly “Derek, what if you have to shoot him?”

“I’ll shoot him without hesitation, baby. He’s not the man we knew anymore.”

“I guess not. I looked at the security tapes. Seems like there’s something steamy going on with him and Spencer Reid.”

“And that’s just another piece of the puzzle that I can’t get to fit.”

“I’ll keep looking.”

“I know. I’ll pass this information on to Rossi and Gideon. Seems like they need a higher body count to get their thrill. Hopefully, that will work in our favour.”

“That just means more people are going to die,” Garcia whispered to herself as Morgan closed the door. She looked over at the photo of Hotch in the birthday hat that she hadn’t been able to take off her bulletin board. He was even smiling. For the life of her, she couldn’t understand how everything had gone so wrong with her family.
“Motel tonight?” Hotch asked nervously as they pulled into Dallas, “I could get us a nicer room, if you’d like.” Reid frowned slightly and Hotch felt his stomach clench. He was pushing things. This wasn’t going to end up as a love story. So what they had made up. To do so they had killed seven people. That wasn’t the same as breaking a glass in frustration. They were both on the run and wanted for murder. He had to keep reminding himself that there wasn’t going to be a happy ending. Everyone had always said that he was the marrying type. He would make everything too serious, too fast; always doing stupid things for love. Dressing up as a pirate; raping and disembowelling his unfaithful wife; nervously asking a serial killer if he wanted to share a room at a nice hotel. This was all him being stupid about love. Reid must have said something because he was now looking expectantly at Hotch with his head tilted to one side. “What did you say?” Hotch asked tersely, his hands tightening on the steering wheel because his fingers were itching to move to his knife. He didn’t deal with rejection well and if he couldn’t have Spencer Reid, then no one would.

“I said: what do you want, Daddy?”

Hotch glanced at Reid in surprise, “What I want, I’m not going to get.” There were no happy endings.

“Why not?”

Hotch sighed deeply. He desperately wanted to summon up the SSA Hotchner persona that kept him so closed off at work but he’d never managed to be that person in his private life. Aaron always fell deeply and he always admitted it, “Because I’m falling in love with you,” he mumbled and ran a hand over his face.

Reid made a strange, stifled noise in his throat and gave Hotch a terrified look. “Stop the car!” He practically hollered.

Hotch’s anger flared and he stamped on the gas pedal. “I will not let you get out of this car,” he growled threateningly.

Reid muttered something that seemed to end with the words, “safety precaution,” and Hotch barely registered the click of the seatbelt before Reid launched himself at Hotch who swerved violently as Reid’s lips connected with his and the young man practically climbed into his lap. Hotch heard car horns blare as he struggled to drive straight.

“Alright, I’ll stop the car,” Hotch smirked as he managed to pull back and peer over Reid’s shoulder to the nearest turning. Reid slipped back into his seat slightly but kept tonguing the soft skin beneath Hotch’s ear, making the older man groan. He parked the car down an alley and turned to the smiling young man next to him. “I’m sorry if that was a bit much. I mean we’ve only been known each other about a week and everything is so fucked up but you make me feel so good. You make me feel better than I ever have.”

Reid grinned even wider and leaned in to kiss Hotch again. He ran his tongue over his lips and gently carded his fingers through Hotch’s short dark hair. Gently, he angled the older man’s head and whispered in his ear, “I think I love you too, Aaron.” Those words shot straight to Hotch’s groin. His first name rolled off Spencer’s tongue like it was made to be moaned by the younger man. Reid pulled back and stared into Hotch’s lust blown eyes. “No one has ever said that they loved me. Apart from my mom. I can’t really believe...”
Hotch pressed a finger to Reid’s lips, “Shh. Believe it. I love you Spencer. I know things are crazy and out of control and we’re being hunted by every law enforcement agency in the country but I want to make you happy. Let me show you that I love you.”

“God, Daddy, you can do anything you want to me. You know that.”

“Get in the back,” Hotch’s voice dropped an octave and he watched wolfishly as Reid eagerly scrambled into the back seat. “Take off your pants.” Hotch followed him through and shoved Reid’s jeans and boxers to his knees impatiently. Spencer’s cock was hard and throbbing as Hotch manoeuvred himself so that he was kneeling between the young man’s legs and Reid rested his head on the window. Hotch leaned down and licked a long stripe up the vein of Reid’s cock which twitched enthusiastically. Okay, he thought to himself, this is a little weird and I have no idea what I’m doing but just go with it. Reid moaned impatiently and squirmed a little. Hotch took the head in between his lips and swirled his tongue around.

“God, Daddy, it’s good,” Reid urged him on with his hand hovering but not touching Hotch’s head. Hotch closed his eyes and concentrated on what he liked, hoping that Reid would respond similarly. He moved his hand to take the shaft as he concentrated on sucking the tip and allowing his teeth to scrape slightly against Reid’s sensitive member and then soothing with his tongue. Reid was moaning incoherently, a long stream of words falling from his lips as he tried desperately not to buck up into Hotch’s mouth. Reid felt a hand reach underneath him and gently fondle his balls before moving further back and a blunt nail scraped along his perineum. “Fuck, Daddy!” Reid whole body was shaking. “Suck me. Please. Please. Daddy. Suck me. Please. Aaron.” Hotch smiled around Reid’s dick at the use of his first name. God he loved hearing the kid moan that. He pulled more of Reid’s dick into his mouth until it hit the back of his throat and gagged slightly. Moving back, he kept his hand working the shaft as he tongued the slit. “So close. So so close.” Hotch sucked down hard and his cheeks hollowed as Reid came hard into his mouth. He swallowed and licked until he had every drop before moving slowly up to kiss Reid hard on the mouth. The taste wasn’t what he expected. It was surprisingly bitter considering Reid’s diet but it wasn’t unpleasant.

“That was amazing, Daddy,” Reid murmured as his lashes fluttered on his cheeks. He reached down between Hotch’s legs and cupped the man’s straining erection. Hotch ground into the hand before pulling away.

“Want to go to a hotel. Want to fuck you into the mattress,” he growled into Spencer’s ear before climbing back through to the driver’s seat. His cock was aching but he wanted to wait. He wanted tonight to be special. God, he really was such a romantic idiot. He knew he was living a dream if he thought that this was going to end well but right now he didn’t really give a shit. Reid clambered back through with his jeans still hanging open and buttoned himself up once he was in his seat. He smiled broadly and kissed Hotch before grabbing another lollipop and opening a can of energy drink.

Hotch stopped at a pharmacy and hopped out the truck. Reid followed with the lollipop hanging out his mouth and Hotch had to rearrange himself as the young man gazed at him licking slowly. “Jeez, kid, would you cut it out?” Hotch complained with a smile. Reid pulled a couple of bits of paper out of his pocket and quickly signed them after writing something incomprehensible.

In the pharmacy, Reid marched up to the counter and presented the paper to the chemist. He gave the scruffy young man a sharp look and double checked the ID he had presented but apparently everything was in order and he gave Reid several canisters of pills. Reid thanked him and gestured to Hotch. Clearly, he was saying that he would be back to pay once they had finished shopping and Hotch sighed heavily. It wasn’t that he minded the money. Hell, he had plenty of money. It was the drugs. Reid wrapped his arm around his waist and limped awkwardly.
“What are you doing?” Hotch hissed.

“Oh, I got shot in the knee,” Reid smiled, “The pain is really bad.”

“You got shot?”

“Yeah but it healed up years ago. You must have seen the scar.” Hotch tried to think but whenever Reid was naked, he hadn’t been looking at his knees. “Anyway, I was prescribed dilaudid for it. It’s like heroin from heaven.” Reid sighed softly, “I still manage to get some in pill form sometimes. It’s not as good as shooting it but still. Ooh, look cherry flavour!”

Hotch blushed as Reid held up the lube but he nodded sharply and turned back to the counter to pay. Reid unscrewed the pills as soon as they were in the car and downed one with a slurp from his can. He offered Hotch who shook his head and headed in the direction of a hotel he knew from a case they’d had here three years ago. It was pretty nice. The Bureau never shelled out for the best but this was a giant step up for the other places they’d been staying. Reid seemed pretty spaced out as he slumped down in the passenger seat and stared out the window but he smiled as Hotch ran his hand up his thigh.

“How’d you manage to get those pills?” Hotch asked as he drove.

“I am a doctor, Daddy,” Reid slurred.

“You’re not an M.D. Are you?” Hell, maybe the kid was. He still barely knew him.

Reid waved his hand around sluggishly. “Details,” he murmured and Hotch smiled and watched as Reid’s eyes slid shut. The kid was still asleep when he pulled into the hotel parking lot. Hotch donned a cap and some sunglasses and walked in confidently and requested a double room. Once he had the key, he walked back out to the car and roused Reid.

“Hey, kid, wake up. I’ve got us a room.” Reid smiled and claimed Hotch’s lips in a lazy kiss. Hotch shouldered both their bags and Reid leaned heavily on him as they strolled through the foyer. In the elevator, Reid’s hands wandered slowly over Hotch’s body, caressing and teasing the older man languidly. Reid giggled as they stepped off the elevator and an older couple gave them a disapproving look. As the doors closed Reid pulled him into a passionate kiss and Hotch could hear a sharp intake of breath from the woman. She reminded Hotch of his mother. Shame she was dead. If only she knew what her son had become. He grabbed Reid’s hand and pulled him down the corridor to their room. He swiped the card and with a flourish allowed Reid to step into the room first. It really wasn’t anything special but it was clean. There wouldn’t be any bedbugs and the TV had full cable. Still, Reid stood looking around as if Hotch had got them a room in a five star hotel.

“This is really nice, Daddy,” Reid whispered in awe. “I haven’t slept somewhere so nice in years.” Hotch moved behind him and wrapped his arms around the younger man. He pulled him in close and kissed his neck softly.

“You deserve this, Spencer,” he whispered softly in his ear. Slowly, he walked towards the bed as his hands moved up underneath Reid’s shirt and teased his nipples. “You deserve so much more than this.” Reid turned in his arms and kissed him slowly. Not a kiss to enflame but a kiss of communication, of expression: a kiss that said that he loved Aaron.

“I’m gonna grab a shower, kid.” Reid’s hand moved slowly down and cupped Hotch’s straining erection. Hotch groaned and tightened his grip on his hips.

“You sure you wanna wait, Daddy? Seems to me like you want to take me right now.”
“God, yes,” Hotch moaned, “but neither of us has showered in days. Seriously, I think we’d both enjoy this a hell of a lot more if we were clean.” Reid whimpered slightly but nodded his agreement. “Want to help me strip?” Hotch asked with a wiggle of his eyebrows. Reid giggled and slid his hands under Hotch’s T-shirt, tracing the hard planes of his muscles while Hotch kissed Reid’s neck and licked the salty sweaty skin. If he was honest, he knew that they were both pretty disgusting at this moment, not sexy dirty. This was two men who hadn’t washed in way too long and who basically lived in a car but he really didn’t care. Still, it would be nice to shower.

He moved away long enough for Reid to pull both their shirts off and then he moved his hands down to unzip Reid’s trousers while the younger man toyed with his belt. Both of them toed off their shoes and socks before stripping naked. Hotch pulled Reid into his body and they both moaned as their erections aligned. “Shower,” Hotch managed to gasp and pulled Reid into the bathroom. Showering together was awkward. Neither of them was particularly small and the cubicle was cramped but he couldn’t keep his hands off the younger man as he slicked soap over every inch of skin. The water was already cooling when Hotch turned off the shower and handed Reid a towel. Fuck, he was so goddamn horny but he wanted to take this slow tonight. He wanted to make love to Spencer.

He dried off and pulled Reid against him again, moving backwards towards the bed. Reid’s knees buckled as he hit the mattress and Hotch fell on top of him still kissing and sucking at his neck. “Mine,” he growled softly into Reid’s ear.

“Yours,” Reid whispered back and scooted up to the pillows. Hotch stood and looked at the young man spread-eagled across the bed. His dick twitched as Reid smiled up at him comfortably before moving a hand down and stroking himself gently. Hotch reached down into his bag and pulled out the lube they had bought earlier. Crawling back up Reid he placed it on the pillow and started kissing his way down the lithe body beneath him. He wanted to learn every inch of his skin. He dipped his tongue into the hollow of Reid’s throat and was rewarded with a deep moan. Thumbing one nipple, while he bit and licked the other started Reid’s body shaking beneath him as the young man fisted the sheet. As he moved down the concave belly beneath him, which was covered by a thin line of pale brown hair leading to Reid’s throbbing cock. He licked at the little pool of pre-cum, which had dripped onto Reid’s stomach and smiled wolfishly as he looked up and saw Reid staring at him with wide, lust-blown eyes.

He moved further down, conscientiously ignoring Reid’s cock despite the small movements the younger man’s hips were making. He tongued the old tract marks on Reid’s inner thighs and ran his nails down the sensitive skin before kissing his way to Reid’s knee which was puckered by scar tissue. He’d have to ask how Reid got shot later but not now. Licking, kissing and scratching, he moved back up and took Reid into his mouth, sucking on the swollen head and tonguing the slit. Reid seemed to be vibrating beneath him.

“Please, more, please, Daddy, please,” words fell from Reid’s mouth without him seeming to be aware that he was even talking.

“What do you want, Spencer?” Hotch asked, whispering into Reid’s ear while running his fingers through the still damp hair which formed a halo on the pillow.

“You. Want you. Aaron. Please.”

Hotch smiled and kissed him tenderly before grabbing the lubricant and positioning himself between Reid’s legs. He slicked up his index finger and took Reid’s cock in his mouth again before gently pressing into his tight, warm hole. Ok, lube works way better than spit, he thought as his finger glided past the clenched muscles. He waited for Reid to relax and tongued his dick before starting to move again. Once Reid was pushing down on his hand, he added more lube and a second finger.
Reid moaned at the added width and his fingers tightened in Aaron’s hair. Hotch twisted his fingers until he found the spot that garnered a shout from Reid as his hips bucked furiously. Scissoring, he stretched Reid before adding a third finger and watching as Reid’s brow furrowed briefly before he adapted to the intrusion.

“Ok?” Hotch asked quietly as he thrust gently with his fingers and kissed Reid’s palm which had slid from his hair to cup his jaw.

“So good. Want more,” Reid gasped out as Hotch’s calloused fingers brushed his sweet spot again and again with every thrust.

“Turn over?” Hotch tried to move Reid onto his stomach.

“Want to see you. Please. Aaron.” Reid’s eyes fluttered open and he pulled Hotch towards him for a deep tonguing kiss. Aaron just groaned and pulled his fingers from Reid so he could slick up his dick. Reid arranged his legs on Hotch’s shoulders as Hotch aligned himself before pushing in slowly.

“Fuck, kid. You feel so good,” he groaned and grabbed onto Reid’s hips until he was fully sheathed. Waiting, he watched as Reid adjusted to the feeling.

“Move,” he whispered and then cried out as Hotch thrust deep in again, his hips snapping forwards. He withdrew painfully slowly and then pushed in again quickly. Reid cried out as every thrust grazed his prostate.

“Open your eyes. Look at me,” Hotch’s voice came out dark and heavy, gravelly but brimming with emotion. Reid’s eyes flew open and Hotch reached around to start working his cock in rhythm with his thrusts. “Love you, Spencer. Want you.” Both men were breathing heavily and Spencer just moaned in reply. Hotch started moving faster, pumping harder and pushing Reid’s knees towards his chest. The kid was pretty flexible, he thought to himself as he tried to stave off his own release.

“Come for me, Spencer,” he groaned and twisted his hand the way that he knew Reid liked. The younger man’s hands flew out to the sides as he grabbed handfuls of the sheets and his hips jerked uncontrollably as he came over Hotch’s hand and his own stomach. One leg slipped from Hotch’s shoulder as the older man fought through the tightening muscles around him, slamming into Reid a few more times before his own release shuddered out of him. He fell forwards but pushed himself up on his elbows so as not to crush the slender man beneath him and pushed the damp hair from Reid’s face before leaning in to kiss the sated young man beneath him.

“Love you, Aaron,” Spencer moaned as Hotch’s soft cock slipped from him and the older man rolled onto his back beside Reid. They were sticky and sweaty but it could wait. The bed was comfortable and he was tired. Reid snuggled into Hotch, fitting himself into all the spaces that Hotch needed filled and both men blissed out on the comfortable feeling of a decent bed.
“Anything, Baby Girl?” Morgan asked in a whisper. They were on a case in Missouri but he still wanted to keep up with Hotch and Reid.

“I take it you’re not calling about Blake’s request to check the victim’s phone records,” Garcia whispered back.

“You know why I’m calling,” Morgan grumbled slightly.

“Sure, but why are we whispering?”

“I don’t know why you’re whispering, sweet cheeks. I don’t want to wake Rossi. He’s a nightmare if he doesn’t get his beauty sleep,” Morgan chuckled.

“Ah, ok. No, everything is all quiet on the Hotch front. Maybe they’ve stopped?”

“People like them don’t just stop, Garcia.”

“There have been some.”

“True, the Zodiac Killer appeared to just stop but it’s more likely he died or got arrested on an unrelated charge. Look, they can’t just disappear.”

“I know that but I’m telling you: there haven’t been any rapes with disembowelments and there haven’t been any ballistics that have been flagged for either the revolver or either of Hotch’s guns.”

“It’s weird. It’s been two weeks now. I wonder what they’re doing.”

“Is it really bad that I still hope Hotch is ok? I know he has done horrible, terrible things but what if something has happened to him?”

“Then someone has done us a favour, momma. I keep telling you, the man you knew is dead already. He died when he crossed that line.”

“I know, Derek. I know. Try to get some sleep.”

“You too, honey.”

“Stay safe.”

“Always.” Morgan hung up the phone and sat looking out the window. Rossi snored evenly behind him but sleep seemed like an unfamiliar impossibility. It had done ever since Hotch had killed Hayley and Elle. He could say whatever he wanted to Garcia but he really didn’t know if he would be able to take the shot if it came down to that. Hell, he had looked up to Hotch. He had respected him. He had been a role model, a friend, and almost a father figure to Derek. This all felt like a horrible betrayal and it hurt. He sighed heavily and then winced as he heard Rossi turn over in his sleep. Seriously, he didn’t feel like getting chewed out by the grumpy older profiler tonight.

Even that bothered him. He always used to share a room with Hotch if they had to and they had developed a comfortable rhythm. Both of them were night owls and they would sit up watching a game while throwing insights about the case back and forth. He appreciated how neat Hotch was. Gideon would leave his stuff scattered all over the hotel room. Most importantly, Hotch
didn’t fucking snore. Both Gideon and Rossi snored and it was unbearable. However, they hated each other so much that it just wasn’t worth it to try and force them to share.

Morgan considered raiding the mini-bar but decided against it. They had an early start tomorrow and he would need a clear head. Reluctantly, he stiffly lay down in bed and stared at the dark ceiling. Where was Hotch right now? What was he planning?
Reid ran his fingers through the dark curls on Hotch’s chest and propped his chin just below his collarbone. Hotch could feel Spencer’s hazel eyes boring into him and he plumped the pillow under his head so he could look down at the beautiful young man whose pupils were still blown from sex and probably drugs. It was another night in another city in another second rate motel but everything seemed better with Spencer.

“Daddy, are you happy?” It certainly wasn’t the question that Hotch had been expecting. Reid’s tone was light, almost joking but his brow was slightly furrowed and his hand was anxiously tracing patterns across Hotch’s skin. Hotch figured he would need some kind of degree in mathematics to know what Reid’s clever fingers were trying to communicate. He forced his focus back to the question and was surprised by the warm feeling that seemed to emanate from his heart, through to his stomach, and eventually filtering back up to his brain. He realised that he was more relaxed than he had been in years. He realised that he was actually happy.

“You know, kid, I really am.” Hotch smiled broadly and easily. “It’s weird. Everything should be so wrong in my life right now but it all feels too right.” A slight cloud moved across his face, “I only wish you could meet Jack. He’s a great kid.”

“I’m not really good with kids,” Reid blushed. “It’s like this weird Reid Effect I have on kids and dogs. They hate me.”

“I don’t think Jack would hate you. But he will grow up to hate me. I killed his mother,” Hotch sighed heavily and pulled Reid even closer to him. “He won’t understand. He won’t hear my side of the story and even if he did I don’t think that my justifications will be enough. Hayley’s going to be some kind of fucking angel to him. I’ll be a monster.”

“My father left when I was ten. He left me to deal with my paranoid schizophrenic mother all alone. He never called. Nothing. I don’t know if he’s alive or dead and I would only care if it was to track him down and shoot him myself.”

“We could do that if you want,” Hotch offered quietly.

“Maybe, Daddy. Anyway, I think you should write to Jack.”

“He’s five years old, kid. I don’t think he’d understand my letter.”

“One day, then. You know when he’s older. Tell him your side of the story.”

“When he’s older? You really think that we have a future, kid. Come on. There are two options for us: death or prison. I really don’t want to go to prison and you’ve been on the run for years because you knew you wouldn’t survive there.”

“You could look after me,” Reid said so quietly that Hotch strained to hear it.

“I doubt they’ll give a nice double cell to cosy up in if we tell them that we’re in love. They don’t really give a shit about that kind of thing. Especially not with the death toll we’ve racked up.”

“But we are in love. That should count for something.”

“It does, kid. It means more to me than anything else in the whole world. I love you and for some unknown reason you love me too. That’s all we’ve got but it’s something.”
“It’s more than I ever thought I would have, Daddy.” Reid smiled broadly despite his glassy eyes. “Promise me that if I ever get caught you’ll get me out, even if that means you have to kill me?”

Hotch kissed him gently and ran his fingers through the soft curls at the base of his neck. “I promise I’ll get you out.” He didn’t want to think about ever having to kill Spencer. “Where do you want to go next?” They’d been moving around aimlessly for the past couple of weeks. Not driving very far but enough that they wouldn’t become familiar faces to anyone. Mostly, they slept in the back of the truck but sometimes they’d get a motel room and bliss out on hot water and relatively clean sheets. Neither of them had killed in that time. Hotch sometimes felt slightly itchy about that. Especially when he saw a pretty blonde but Spencer was good at scratching that itch for him. Reid, in turn, had stopped shooting up. The first few days were horrible. He was shaky, irritable and alternately freezing and then boiling. He suddenly strip off his shirt and curl up with sweat pouring down his back and Hotch would pull over and try to get him to drink some water. Sure, he was still popping his pills but it was a start.

“Don’t know. Why don’t you choose?” Reid pressed little kisses to the side of his neck and Hotch allowed a contented grumble to roll from his throat.

“What about New Orleans? Could be fun and I always meant to take a trip down there.”

“Sure, sounds good, Daddy.”

“We can take a couple of days. I don’t feel like driving straight. We should probably change car as well. We’ve had the truck way too long.”

“But I like it,” Reid whined. “First time you fucked me was in the back. Remember that Daddy?” Reid ground against Hotch’s leg.

“Of course,” Hotch aimed for nonchalant but it came out as a heavy growl. Shit the kid knew how to push his buttons. “Still, we gotta get a new one. We’ll get another truck if we can.” Reid pouted but reluctantly agreed. They lay together silently for a few moments but Hotch could tell Reid wanted to speak. He knew not to push the kid so he just stroked his hair and waited.

“Daddy,” he finally said slowly. Hotch just grunted. “You know how I stopped shooting up.” Hotch grunted again. “Would you stop raping women for me?” Hotch scowled down at the young man who avoided his eye contact. “I’m not asking you to stop killing. That would be hypocritical. I just thought maybe I could be enough for you, you know, sex wise.”

Hotch tried to keep his voice even but he knew he sounded pissed, “It’s got nothing to do with sex, kid. It’s just what I do. Like how you don’t load every chamber of your gun.”

“I don’t like sharing you,” Again, Reid whispered it so quietly that Hotch strained to hear him but he did and it melted him a little.

“Jealous?” he asked jokingly.

“Yes.” Reid’s eyes flared as he looked up at Hotch who was surprised at the passion in that glance. Hell, the kid was jealous of him. Possessive. Damn, that was pretty hot. He rolled them so that he was on top, holding Reid down at the wrists.

“Fuck, Spencer. You don’t have to worry. I’m yours, you know that.” Reid chewed his lower lip uncertainly and Hotch realised that the kid had no idea. “You should know it. I love you. I’ve told you that. Is this really important? You really need me to stop?” Reid nodded slowly but still looked away.
“Ok,” Hotch sighed. “I promise.” He wasn’t sure this was something he could actually promise. The SSA voice in the back of his head reminded him that serial killers don’t change their MO. It told him that he needed to rape the women but he pushed it aside. He hadn’t killed in two weeks. He could stop completely if that was what Reid needed. He was pretty sure he could, anyway.
“Maybe you should just drop it, Derek.” Rossi stood at the door to the unit chief’s office and shook a bottle of Scotch while holding up two glasses. Morgan leaned back in his chair and placed his hands behind his head. Rossi took it as an invitation to enter and made himself comfortable while pouring two healthy shots. Only after they had both taken a sip, did Morgan feel ready to respond.

“You really believe that, Dave?” he asked quietly. “He was your friend.”

“True. Perhaps I’m not the greatest judge of character. Perhaps I’m not the greatest profiler.” He paused and weighed his next words. “You know I considered retirement when my first book was a success.”

Morgan snorted, “Sure, you leave the BAU. The only way we’re getting rid of you is with a toe tag.”

“Thanks for that,” Rossi grimaced and took a long swallow. “I really did think about retiring. All of this can get to you. Hell, it got to Aaron.” Morgan winced slightly at the use of Hotch’s first name. It made it all too personal, too real. Rossi chose to ignore it. “Some cases get under your skin and fester. Everything becomes skewed and personal relationships go to hell. I should know. There’s a reason I write three alimony checks every month and it’s not to practice my penmanship.”

“If you’re saying I’m taking this too personally, then damn right I am. It’s Hotch. He killed Elle.”

“Exactly. None of us are objective enough to be on this case. As much as I hate to admit it, Erin was right this time. Leave it to Agent Hunter’s team. They’re good. They’ll get him.” Morgan just huffed his disagreement. “Look at you, Derek, it’s nine o’clock on a Friday night. Shouldn’t you be out at a bar picking up some gorgeous girl or hanging dry wall or something? Whatever gets your rocks off. You shouldn’t be here obsessing over case files that you’ve already read a hundred times. Yes we all knew Hotch well but he isn’t that man anymore and this isn’t our case.” Morgan just sighed heavily and swirled his drink.

“I can’t, Dave. It’s eating me away inside.”
They pulled into San Antonio on the way to New Orleans and decided to grab some food before finding somewhere to sleep. Reid stretched sleepily and ran his hand up Hotch’s thigh as they pulled into a drive-thru and ordered burgers with extra fries. The kid’s diet was really appalling but Hotch’s wasn’t much better these days. Still at least he didn’t order a large chocolate milkshake.

It was then that he saw her at the window waiting to take his money. Fucking hell, it really was Hayley this time. She smiled at him with her stupid hat and he felt like ripping her throat out right there and then but he calmed himself enough to pay and move on to collect their food. Shit, he thought to himself. She looked exactly like the fucking bitch. Was this the some fucked up joke the universe was playing on him? Testing his promise to Spencer? Well, he was going to fail because that was Hayley’s fucking twin at that window.

“What’s up, Daddy?” Spencer asked as they pulled into the parking lot and he started eating his fries.

“Nothing,” Hotch answered gruffly. He’d lost his appetite. At least for food. Reid popped three pills after eating and curled up in the seat. Hotch said something about going to the bathroom but really he’d been watching through the rear-view mirror, waiting for Hayley and he’d just seen her step out on her break. Smoothing his hair down, he walked over towards her smiling.

“Hey, on a break?” he asked in what he hoped was an engaging tone. It was hard to judge nowadays.

“Oh, yeah. Um, do I know you?” She seemed slightly nervous but she was smiling.

“Oh, no. My friend,” Fuck, he felt guilty about referring to Spencer as a friend, “and I went through the drive-thru earlier and I just noticed you. We were eating out here and I saw you and um thought I’d try my luck.” He’d addressed his words to his boots but he looked up at her shyly. She blushed and he knew he’d got her. “So, when do you get off?”

“Really late. Are you from around here?”

“No. We’re on our way to New Orleans. Want to come?”

She laughed. “I don’t think my boss would like that.”

“Try again,” Hotch growled and grabbed her arm pulling her down the nearest alleyway. He hit her face into the wall and held her there with one hand while the other started working on his belt. He didn’t even notice the approaching footsteps until he heard a whimper that could only belong to Spencer. He looked into the younger man’s doe eyes and felt his heart break as Spencer turned and fled.

“Look, I’m sorry,” Hotch groaned as he watched Spencer run out of the alley. He looked down at the scared, bleeding woman who had dropped to the ground. “This is all your fault, Hayley, you always fuck things up for me. You can never just be happy for me.” He picked her up and slung her over his shoulder in a fireman’s lift. Ducking out of the alley, he circled back to the truck and threw her in the back. “You be nice to Spencer or I’ll kill you.”

Hotch drove around for over an hour before he found Spencer slumped in a doorway. He couldn’t even be mad at the kid. They’d both broken their promises tonight and it was all Hayley’s stupid fucking fault. He left the car running and jumped down. Spencer didn’t respond at all as
Hotch lifted him and slid him into the passenger seat. It was just like the time at the gas station. The first time he saw Spencer shoot up and the first time they kissed. Except this time there was no kiss. He needed to get him somewhere safe, somewhere no one would ask too many questions.

He drove around until he figured he’d found the worst motel and parked the truck carefully a short distance away. It was time to dump it anyway. He really wanted to kill the woman in the back and be done with her too but he wasn’t sure when Reid would be ready to move and the police might find the body before it was convenient. It was best to keep her with him for now. She might even prove to be useful. He left Spencer in the seat and pulled open the back. Wide, frightened eyes looked up at him as the woman’s head lolled backwards off the seat. She looked even more like Hayley upside down but Hotch was beyond caring. Spencer needed him. He grabbed a few necessary things from his bag. He’d come back for the luggage and Spencer afterwards. Tugging the woman out by her hair, he pulled her to her feet.

“Here’s a tissue, Hayley,” he handed her a Kleenex and smiled winningly. “I’m going to ungag you now. If you make a noise I will be forced to hurt you and I really don’t want to do that.” He forced all the warmth and sincerity into his voice that he could summon. “Do you understand?” She nodded slowly and Hotch reached around to remove the cloth he had stuffed into her mouth. “I need your help. We’re going to rent a hotel room together and you’re going to act like we’re a couple. Do you understand?” Again she nodded. “Good. Walk with me.” Hotch slung his arm around her waist and held a switchblade against her side. He leaned in closer as another couple passed so that he was whispering hotly into her ear, “You do anything to give us away and I will slice you open.”

The man at the check-in barely glanced at them. Flatly, he asked if they would be paying by the hour or for the night. Hotch said the night but when he asked for a name he prodded the woman with his knife.

“K-Kate. Kate Joyner,” she managed to say but tears were already starting to fall. Hotch snarled slightly but the man was too involved in the game to notice. He slid a key through the window once he’d counted the money and Hotch dragged Kate away.

He took her into the hotel and threw her onto the bed before slipping his old cuffs out of his back pocket. He grabbed her by the hair as she cried out and cuffed her to the radiator. He slid the makeshift gag back into her mouth. He thought it was an old pair of Spencer’s boxers that he’d cut up when she wouldn’t stop crying in the backseat but he wasn’t sure.

“Stay, Hayley.” He pointed at her like she was a dog and left the room locking the door. He wanted to run back to the truck but that would draw attention so he walked swiftly. He pulled out the bags and anything else that they might need before slipping the key into the ignition and leaving the door open. In this neighbourhood that was better that an open invitation for a carjacker. Spencer was still mostly comatose but Hotch managed to walk the young man to the hotel with one arm swung around his neck. It wasn’t the most comfortable way to carry a person but no one gave them a second look. Apparently this was the kind of place where you could bring a strung out junkie and no one would care what you were going to do with him.

Hayley hadn’t moved since he’d left but he hadn’t figured she would. The woman was terrified. Hotch lay Spencer out on the bed and removed his shoes. He thought he heard the young man whisper something but when he looked up he seemed to have fallen unconscious again. It was only when he brushed the sweat soaked locks away from Spencer’s face that those honey flecked hazel eyes fluttered open and Spencer attempted to focus on Hotch’s face.

“Leave me alone,” he grumbled, “I don’t got anything.”
“It’s me, kid. What have you taken?”

“Aaron?” Spencer whimpered and Hotch felt his throat constrict at the helplessness conveyed.

“Yeah, Spencer. It’s Aaron. What did you take?”

“You don’t want me. You only want them.”

“I do want you. I love you. I told you that. Now, tell me. What have you taken?”

“Love me?” Spencer’s brow furrowed. “You love me then you’ll leave me. It’s always that way. Dad. Mom’s been leaving in little pieces my whole life. Maeve. Everyone leaves.”

“I won’t leave you, Spencer,” Hotch whispered this as he stroked the young man’s cheekbone.

“We’ll see.” Spencer sighed and burrowed into Hotch’s hand. “Sleepy, now.” Hotch rolled up Spencer’s sleeve and saw several new injection marks. He had no clue how the kid wasn’t dead from an overdose. He turned swiftly to the young woman behind him who had been watching this exchange wide-eyed.

“Hayley, you know anything about overdoses?” The woman looked terrified but nodded. “I will un-gag you. We will have a discussion. You try anything and I will kill you.” Hotch moved over towards the radiator. The blonde flinched but allowed him to take off the gag.

“You need to get him to a hospital,” she said quietly. Her accent was all wrong. What was that? English? What the hell was she doing here? Hotch flinched. This wasn’t Hayley. None of them were Hayley. He knew that at the time but now he knew it. Surrogates. Stupid profiler speech. He shook it off and focused on what the young woman had said.

“Can’t. We’re not exactly law abiding citizens with health insurance. Is that all you know because if so, you’re worthless to me?” He went to replace the gag but the girl spoke quickly.

“You need to keep him hydrated. He’s probably going to vomit, have diarrhea, shaking, coughing, and he may have other symptoms like heart palpitations. It’s all very individual. Heroin, right?” Hotch nodded. “Ok, he’ll be feverish as well. I can help him,” she added quietly, “I was studying to be a nurse.”

Hotch eyed her suspiciously but nodded. “What should I do? I want to get him off the drugs.”

“You’ll need to be prepared to clean up at lot. He’ll need fluids and to keep his electrolytes up. Sports drinks are good for that as well as water. He probably won’t be able to keep food down while he’s detoxing but he will need to eat. Lots of towels and a lot of patience. This isn’t going to be pretty.” The young woman seemed to gain confidence as she spoke and almost to forget that she was cuffed to the radiator in a shitty motel with a serial killer and his junkie friend. “He’ll be out of it for a while but when he wakes up he might be looking for a fix. If you really want him to get clean then take away everything he has,” Hotch got up and started looking through Spencer’s pockets and his rucksack. He found two baggies of heroine, several tabs of LSD, a container of dilaudid and two of oxycotin. He hid them all in a concealed pocket at bottom of his own bag underneath his stash of dollars and turned back to Hayley.

“Hay- What’s your name?”
Hotch raised an eyebrow and seemed to contemplate this change of reality for a moment before continuing. “Kate, I’m going to go out and buy some supplies. I’ll be gagging you again. Keep an eye on Spencer but be careful: he can be a bit trigger happy.” Kate’s eyes widened but she nodded slowly. Hotch gagged her and slipped out the room to head to the store across the road. As soon as the door closed he could hear her pulling frantically at the handcuffs. He just chuckled. People are so predictable. She was just going to end up with bruised, cut wrists.

Quickly, he made his way around the store with his baseball cap pulled low over his face. Now wasn’t the time to put on a show for Garcia and the BAU. He paid in cash and ran back over to the motel. As soon as his key entered the lock, the struggling within quieted. Again he smirked. Spencer was still asleep on the bed with his mouth slightly open and his head off the side. Kate was panting around her gag but she hadn’t been able to free herself. Again he leaned over her and removed the cloth. He offered her a bottle of water and a sandwich he had picked up while helping himself to the same. There was no reason to starve her. She looked at him suspiciously but sipped the water as he leaned back in the uncomfortable chair that was next to a small Formica covered table.

“What’s your name?” Ah ha, Hotch thought, engage your captor. Make him see you as human.

“Hotch.”

“Is Spencer your…” Kate struggled to find the right word to not set him off, “partner?” She settled on. Hotch shrugged. He had no idea what Spencer was to him. His fuck buddy. His boyfriend. His surrogate son. The Bonnie to his Clyde?

“We have a complicated relationship.”

“But you love him?”

Hotch narrowed his eyes at her. “Yes.”

“I have a boyfriend. His name’s Blake. We’re hoping to move in together soon.” More humanisation. Boring.

“Good for you.”

“Why did you take me?”

“I was going to rape you and kill you.” Kate shivered and fell quiet. Hotch ate and enjoyed the silence. If she was going to be this chatty, he would have to keep her gagged. He rubbed his hand over his face. Fuck, he was tired and he had a feeling that the next few days were going to be draining. Pulling off his shirt and jeans, and ignoring the whimper from Kate at that action, he crawled into bed next to Spencer. He looped his arm around the young man’s waist and pulled him in close. Burrowing his face into the sweat-damp hair he whispered, “Don’t leave me. I’ll stop if you will.”

Hotch was awoken by a shoe to the head. He looked up to see Spencer tearing the room apart. Kate had fallen asleep with her head at an awkward angle and her arms still held up by the cuffs.

“What are you doing, kid?” He asked groggily.

“What the fuck did you do with it? Give me it now! You can’t fucking do this. You don’t
own me and you don’t get to make decisions for me.” Reid’s frantic shouting woke the young woman who cowered away from him as much as she could but he didn’t even seem aware of her presence in the room.

“I got rid of it all. You are getting clean.” Hotch was fully alert now and tensed for a fight.

“You don’t get to make that decision. Give it to me now.”

“No.” Reid returned to frantically searching the room but even though he tipped everything out of Hotch’s bag, he was too out of it to realise that there was a concealed compartment. Eventually he gave up and crawled up the bed towards Hotch who hadn’t moved during the whole hurricane search that had up-ended the room.

“Please, Daddy, please,” Reid was sobbing now. “I’ll do anything. I’ll do anything for you. I’ll make you feel so good. You know I can make you feel good. You can fuck my mouth, my ass, whatever you want. Please just give me something. I just need one little hit that’s all.” His hands were caressing Hotch’s chest and arms, moving down towards his thighs and groin but Hotch caught them.

“I always said that I didn’t want anything from you, kid, but that’s not true. I want you to get clean. If you do, I promise I won’t touch another Hayley. I promise.”

Reid’s eyes darkened. “You promised that before and you broke it, Daddy. Don’t make promises that you can’t keep. Just give me the drugs and we’re done.”

“I can’t be done with you, Spencer,” Hotch’s voice broke slightly. “I need you.”

“I need my candy,” Reid was crying now but he was no longer trying to paw at Aaron.

“No you don’t. You’re better than that.”

“I just want to forget. Please let me forget, Daddy. Please.”

“Not that way, kid.” Suddenly, all the fight seemed to flee Reid’s body and he slumped forwards onto Hotch’s chest crying inconsolably.

“I didn’t stop either. I kept shooting up. I just made sure you didn’t notice. I’m sorry but I just can’t stop. Those first few days hurt too much and then I started remembering.”

“You can stop. We’ll do it together. I promise, okay?”

“Okay,” Reid mumbled into Hotch’s neck as the older man held him gingerly. He felt his breath even out and realised that Reid had fallen asleep. Laying him down in the pillow, he looked over at Kate who was curled in the corner.

“You’ll help too,” Hotch said darkly and it sounded like a threat. The young woman nodded dumbly at him through the darkness as he flicked off the overhead light, leaving just the light that filtered through the thin drapes.
I'd Do Anything for Love

Hotch was awoken by Reid pushing him half off the bed as he scrambled to make it to the bathroom. He followed cautiously and saw the young man retching over the toilet. Gently he stroked a hand down Reid’s shaking back as he brought up bile from his empty stomach. Spencer finally curled up in with his knees to his chin, shivering on the bathroom floor, and whimpered between strangled coughs. Hotch brought him a bottle of water and tried to coax him to drink some but the young man just pushed it away, gagging.

“Do you want some Gatorade?” Hotch asked quietly, running his hand up and down the boy’s back in what he hoped was a soothing action.

“You know what I want and you won’t give it to me,” Reid mumbled with tears streaming down his face.

“You’re better than the drugs, Spencer.”

“No I’m not. You don’t even know me. You don’t know anything about me.”

“I know enough. You smart, gifted, handsome. You’re caring and capable of depths of love for people who don’t deserve it at all.” Hotch gestured to himself self-deprecatingly.

“I just want to forget it all.”

“What?”

“Maeve. I want to forget Maeve. I want to forget my Mom and my Dad. I want to forget Vegas and being a child prodigy. I want to forget the bullying. I just want all of it to end.”

“Tell me about Maeve.” Hotch pulled the young man into a sitting position and allowed him to nestle into his chest.

“I told you,” Spencer mumbled.

“You told me they killed her? Who? And why do you want to forget so much?”

“It was a long time ago, Aaron. I’m tired.”

“Will you tell me one day?”

“Okay, if you do something for me?” Spencer looked up into the older man’s eyes.

“Anything. I’d do anything for you Spencer.”

“Stop stroking my back like that. I’m aching all over and you’re making it worse.” Aaron pulled his arm away and Reid curled back in on himself on the floor.

“Don’t you want to come to bed again?” Aaron tried, feeling like he couldn’t do anything right.

“No. I’m just going to vomit again in a few minutes. What’s the point?”

“I’ll bring you a blanket.” Hotch stepped towards the door.
“Bring me some drugs, anything. You said you’d do anything for me.”

“At the risk of sounding cheesy, I’d do anything but that,” Hotch tried to smile but it felt painful again. Spencer didn’t respond so he walked back into the bedroom. Kate looked up at him with tear-filled eyes. “What the fuck do you want?” He grumbled and pulled the comforter off the bed. The woman just shivered and looked back at the ground. He laid the comforter over Reid’s quaking body and sat down next to him. Spencer might not want him there but he sure as hell didn’t want to be anywhere else.

That stupid song was stuck in his head but, damn it, the lyrics seemed to fit. He would do anything for Spencer Reid except leave him. Where the hell did this love come from? Nothing was going to plan at all these past few months and yet he felt more himself than he ever had done following his mother’s wishes, or Hayley’s, or even his own. His whole life had been planned out for him but from the beginning everything had been warped and disturbing. They’d lived as the perfect family behind their white-washed walls and picket fence. The Southern Charm masking disturbing violence beneath. He chuckled lightly as he realised that his house was a perfect representation of his own psyche. He was the perfect Southern Gentleman, FBI Agent, lawyer but with a torrent of violence and anger beneath. He’d just got tired of hiding it and Hayley’s betrayal had been too much.

For the first time, he was able to think calmly about his dead wife. She was nothing to him now other than a stupid bitch who screwed around. If only he’d met Spencer before then maybe she wouldn’t have had to die. Still, he didn’t regret killing her especially if that act was what was destined to bring him and Spencer together. Did he even believe in destiny? Nothing seemed certain any longer other than the burning desire in his heart for the young man coughing and shaking on the floor beside him. Tentatively, he ran a hand through the sweat-soaked locks and was pleased when Spencer nuzzled into him in his sleep. Why the hell would he put up with Aaron’s shit? He’d probably leave once he was sober. With that thought, came the temptation to abandon this whole plan. Spencer would get sober and realise that he could do so much better than a damaged middle-aged man with no future. Still, he owed it to Spencer to help him get clean. Even if that meant losing him.

Lowering himself to the floor, he curled up next to the only man he had ever loved. The tiles were freezing but Spencer’s flesh was burning up. Probably a nice bath would have helped with the fever and the aches but this shitty motel certainly didn’t offer such luxury. Spencer deserved so much more than life had given him. He deserved more that Aaron could offer him but he was sure as hell going to try his best.

“You should phone your boyfriend,” Hotch muttered later that day. “I don’t want him filing a missing person’s report. I promise you that if you help me get Spencer clean then I won’t hurt you, okay?” He smiled winningly at Kate who shivered but nodded. Hotch un-cuffed her and led her to the phone in the room. “However, if you tip him off in any way I will not only kill you but I promise you that you will suffer.” Again Kate nodded dumbly before dialling Blake’s number.

“Hey, Baby,” she said softly into the receiver. “No, I’m fine. You know I hated that job. I decided to get away for a few days.” Hotch nodded his approval. “I’ll call you when I’m coming home. I love you.” Kate’s voice broke slightly and Hotch hung up the receiver before she could say anything more.
Twelve-Stepping

The next two days were a blur of sleeplessness, vomiting, fever shakes and bone-deep aches. Spencer was cranky and depressed. He burst into tears whenever Aaron approached him and snapped at whatever was offered to him. Every morning, Aaron went to the desk and paid for another day then walked across to the supermarket to pick up supplies. Kate had been surprisingly compliant. She really was nothing like Hayley at all. God, she would have bitched about stripping the sheets when Spencer had vomited and had diarrhea at the same time all over them. The young man refused to leave the bathroom so both of them had been sleeping on the floor in there until Spencer had snapped at Hotch and told him to leave him alone for fifteen minutes. He wasn’t going to break the mirror and use the shattered shards to slit his wrists. Aaron had refused to leave Spencer alone for the rest of that day after that comment and had been screamed at incessantly. It didn’t matter. Spencer was three days clean.

Things started to pick up on the fourth day. Aaron had locked both Kate and Spencer in the bathroom when he had left and told Kate to make sure that Spencer didn’t hurt himself but he had still practically run around the supermarket. The woman at the till had greeted him warmly. People were starting to recognise him. This wasn’t good. They had to get moving soon but Reid still wasn’t in any condition to be on the road again. By the time he got back to the room, his heart was hammering in his chest. The cleaning woman had smiled at him when she’d given him clean sheets and a man who was always sitting on a bench waiting for a bus that never came had winked at him. People were definitely starting to recognise him and he was panicking slightly. He wasn’t ready to be caught. There was still so much he wanted to experience with Spencer. It was that thought that had got his heart thumping. He wanted to live. He wanted to be free and he wanted to live free with Spencer Reid.

He flung open the door to the bathroom and threw himself at the younger man who was staring at the blonde woman curled in the shower suspiciously. Hotch had chained her to the pipes and by the fresh blood she had been trying to free herself from this new prison to no avail. Panting, he wrapped his arms around Spencer and pulled him in close.

“I love you. I love you so much. You’ve got to get better and we’ve got to go. We could go to Mexico or somewhere. We’d be safe and we can grow old together,” Hotch’s words came spilling out of his mouth in a desperate tumble and he clung to Spencer’s emaciated frame.

“What’s gotten into you, Daddy?” Spencer mumbled but when Hotch looked up the young man was smiling. He hadn’t smiled in days.

“You. You’ve gotten into me.”

“I think it’s the other way round but if you want to give that a try,” Spencer tailed off and positively grinned. “Shower with me?” He asked shyly and gestured to the occupied cubicle.

“Sure. Let me move her.”

“Who is she?” Spencer narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “What have you been doing with her?”

“Nothing. Nothing, baby. I promise I haven’t touched her. She was a mistake and then I couldn’t get rid of her because that would have brought too much heat down on us. I’ve just been keeping her until you’re better and then I promised her I’d let her go.” Hotch gave Reid a cold, hard smile as he said that but Kate couldn’t see his expression.
Reid just cocked an eyebrow, coughed painfully, and looked over Hotch’s shoulder at the young woman. “Has he touched you?” Her eyes widened and she clanked her shackles. Reid just shook his head dismissively. “Not like that. I don’t care about that. Has he raped you?” Kate shook her head fearfully. “Daddy,” Reid smiled broadly at Hotch, “I’m so proud of you. Getting me clean and giving up your addiction too. We’re regular twelve-steppers.”

Hotch guffawed and leaned in to gently kiss Reid. The boy tasted and smelled disgusting but he didn’t care. Spencer Reid was his. That was all that mattered. Standing and reaching into his back pocket. He undid Kate’s handcuffs and dragged her back to the radiator in the bedroom. “I’ll give you water and food once I’m finished with Spencer,” he grumbled and returned to the bathroom.

Spencer was trying to stand but his legs were as shaky as a new born colt. He had managed to brace himself between the toilet and the sink when Hotch entered and gently slid his arms under around his waist to lift him into a standing position. That action seemed to use up all of Spencer’s strength and he was breathing like he’d just finished a triathlon. Hotch left him leaning on the sink and quickly stripped off his jeans and t-shirt. Reaching in, he turned the water up until it was a hot as he could stand. He pulled Spencer towards him and wrapped his arms around him to support him and move him into the cubicle. It was disturbing how little he weighed after just three days. It felt like he’d lost half of his already too low body weight. There really was no room for two but there was no way Reid would be able to shower on his own. Leaving the door open, he started to shampoo Reid’s hair and gently massage his head. Spencer cooed slightly and leaned back onto the cool tiles. Finally, the shaking seemed to have quieted. Gently, carefully, Hotch soaped up every inch of Spencer’s body, removing the layers of sweat, vomit, and even faeces. There was no input from the other man apart from the occasional sigh. Finally, Hotch turned off the water and dried Spencer as thoroughly as he could with the tiny towels they’d been supplied with.

“Will you come lie on the bed?” He asked quietly and was pleased when Spencer acquiesced with a slight motion of his head. With too much ease, he lifted Spencer in his arms and carried him over to the bed. “I’m just going to shower and then I’ll be back,” he whispered into his ear and gently kissed the damp hair. Pulling the cover over the sleeping man, he stepped back and finally felt the tightness in his chest loosen. Before going to the shower, he un-gagged Kate and threw her a cellophane wrapped sandwich and a bottle of water, cautioning her not to wake Spencer he jumped into the shower and washed away a little more of his worries.

Spencer was breathing heavily when he returned into the room and didn’t stir when he slipped in behind him, spooning him gently. He’d left Kate un-gagged but he figured that she knew to keep her mouth shut unless she wanted her throat slit.
That night Spencer awoke with a jolt at one in the morning. Hotch shot up next to him and looked around blearily. He’d been exhausted by looking after Spencer and they’d slept for over twelve hours. He flicked on the bedside lamp and quickly checked that Kate was where he had left her. She was asleep. He could leave the gag off for a little while longer. Spencer was leaning back against the wall with his knees pulled up to his chest. Hotch sat beside him and leaned into his thin shoulder.

“Water?” he asked quietly.

“Yeah. Actually, can I get some of the Gatorade?” Hotch nodded and brought the young man a sandwich with it.

“Just eat the bread if you can. Your stomach won’t be able to handle much else.”

“I know,” Spencer muttered but he seemed to be smiling. They sat in silence as Spencer picked at the bread and tentatively sipped at the drink. Finally he took a deep breath and his tongue darted out over his top lip, “So is she the one from the alley?” Hotch nodded tersely and mumbled an apology. Spencer just waved his hand. “What was so special about her?”

“She looks exactly like Hayley, well pretty much. But she’s not Hayley. None of them were.”

Reid nodded and the silence stretched between them once again. “I told you that Maeve was my girlfriend. Right?” Hotch nodded. “You still want to hear this story?” Hotch just nodded again. “I grew up as a child prodigy in a Las Vegas public high school. My Dad left when I was ten and I had to care for my mother who lost touch with reality a little more each day. I graduated high school at twelve. As you can probably imagine, I never really had any friends. It was the same throughout college. I was too young all the time and too weird. Until my third doctorate. Suddenly, I met a group of people as weird as I was and I had friends. I didn’t realise until it was too late that they weren’t really my friends at all.”

“What happened?” Hotch prompted when Reid fell silent again.

“Diane was in love with Maeve. We all knew that but Tobias told me that it didn’t matter. Adam told me that she’d be happy for us once she saw how good Maeve and I were together. They were wrong. I started to get really bad headaches. Maeve said she could help me. We ended up spending a lot more time together and realised that we really liked each other as more than friends. Maeve said not to tell Diane. She wanted to keep it a secret but I told Tobias and Adam. I thought I could trust them but I was wrong.” The words seemed to be tumbling out of Reid’s mouth in a torrent; the drug suppressed memories breaking the levies. “One day I came back to Maeve’s room and they were all there. At least, I think they were all there. Everything is all fuzzy and my head was splitting. Diane had a gun and she kept shining a light into my eyes and it burned. Adam kept telling me to call him Amanda and Tobias kept talking about God even though he was an atheist.” Hotch quirked an eyebrow but refrained from commenting that it seemed like Reid had been hallucinating from his migraines. “Suddenly there was a shot and Maeve was on the floor dead. I found her the next day like that in her room.”

“You found her the next day? But you said you were there when she was shot?”

“I don’t know,” Reid mumbled. “The police asked me all these questions and I couldn’t answer them then and I can’t now. Everything is all jumbled. Tobias and Adam came to see me but I
refused to talk to them. I was afraid that they’d be just like they were in that room that night.”

“Are you sure they were there, Spencer?”

“No. I am sure that Diane killed Maeve. She shot herself in the head the next day and left a note saying that I had killed Maeve out of jealousy for their love. That was when the police started questioning me as a serious suspect but they never had any proof. The gun was never found and once they released me I got myself a gun and left Caltech.” Again both men were silent. Hotch pulled out a beer and took a long swig. Either Spencer had a psychotic break and killed Maeve or Diane really was the killer. It didn’t really matter. The past was in the past and they had the future to focus on. Spencer apparently wasn’t thinking in the same direction. There is something about the middle of the night that prompts confessions.

“I told you that this guy took me in, right?” Again, Hotch nodded. “He was a real weirdo. Apparently, he’d read some of the papers I’d published during my degrees and recognised me when I was walking the streets one night. He took me back to his house and, well, he fawned over me. He was this college professor, right, but he dressed like the Kentucky Fried Chicken Colonel.” Reid giggled and Hotch started to wonder if this wasn’t another one of Reid’s migraine hallucinations. “He had really weird kinks. Everything had to be according to the Fibonacci Sequence. So, he’d whip me according to that pattern- 1, 1, 2, 3, 5... You know the Fibonacci Series, right?” Hotch shook his head and Spencer gaped slightly as if this was a major chasm in his general knowledge. “The following number is sum of the previous two numbers. Anyway, he thrust according to that. I had to lick him in that sequence. It was weird but he wasn’t bad.”

“He whipped you!” Hotch stared at Spencer outraged.

“Yeah, but not too hard and he fed me, bought me clothes, drugs, and books. There had been other men who did worse.” Spencer shivered slightly and Hotch reached an arm around the young man who had suffered too much too soon. “You’re the first genuinely nice person that I’ve ever met, Aaron. Please don’t leave me.”

“I’d never leave you, Spencer. I love you,” Hotch reassured him as they lay down and Reid slipped back into sleep. Hotch lay awake and tumbled Reid’s stories through his head. The Maeve one made no sense at all. Neither did the Fibonacci guy but at least it was coherent. So what if Reid did kill Maeve and had invented this story to hide it from his own mind? He’d gutted his wife. He was in no position to judge.

Reid managed to dress himself and even eat a little more bread the next morning. He declared himself ready to move so despite Hotch’s apprehensions they packed up. Kate sat silently on the floor with panic stricken eyes.

“So you say she looks almost exactly like Hayley,” Reid contemplated the terrified woman on the floor with his head cocked to one side and a finger on his chin. Hotch looked over at him and sighed as he reached for his wallet in his back pocket. He pulled out a photo from the cash section and unfolded it. There was a bloody fingerprint on it but it showed Hayley and Jack. Reid took it carefully as it was handed to him and looked from the photo to the woman beneath him. “Wow, that is pretty freaky.” He handed Hotch the photo but the older man didn’t return it to his wallet. He ran his finger over the little blonde boy smiling up at him. “She cheated on you, right?” Reid saw Hotch nod sadly. “You know, Daddy, if I’d been there I would’ve killed her too. He raised his revolver, checked it was fully loaded and shot Kate point blank through the head. “I wish it could have been the real one,” he shrugged and embraced Hotch who was still looking at the picture. Aaron raised it and carefully tore it down the middle. He slipped the half with Jack back into his wallet while he let Hayley’s face flutter down until it rested in the gradually spreading pool of blood.
“Thanks, kid. That means a lot. I promise you I’m done looking for Hayley. It’s all about you and me now.” Both men grabbed their bags and headed out the door to find a car.
Garcia ran into Morgan’s office with a tablet in her hands. “I don’t know what this means but it means something I just don’t know what. You won’t believe this.”

Morgan stopped her with a raised hand. “Calm down, Baby Girl. What’s got you so excited? Have they announced the new Doctor or something?” He smiled gently but it faded when he saw the panicked look in her eyes. She handed him the tablet which had a picture of a blonde woman who had been shot in the head lying on the floor in what looked like a motel room. It was only when he moved to the close up of her face that he had a sharp intake of breath and he felt his body grow cold.

“Oh my God, she looks exactly like Hayley,” he murmured.

“I know. I’d extended my search to include any blonde women murdered anywhere in America. As you can imagine, that got me a disturbingly high number of results; so I only got to this one today. As soon as I saw her photo I knew that it was them. She was shot with a revolver and the ballistics have just been processed. They’re a match. Look at what was logged in evidence.” Morgan flicked through the next few photos until he came to the image of a torn photograph that had been dropped in the pooled blood.

“Well, apparently Hotch is trying to get over Hayley.” He rubbed a hand over his face. What would that mean for his pathology? Would he stop now? Why had Spencer Reid killed this woman? He flicked to the coroner’s report: there was no sign of sexual assault. Okay, so Hotch didn’t even touch her. Did the other man do this alone as a sort of exorcism? He read through the police files. Apparently, she left her job suddenly on her break one night with a dark haired man. So, Hotch was the one to abduct her. She was missing for five days but during that time she called her boyfriend to tell him that she had gone on a trip. Why did they hold her in that hotel room without apparently harming her? She had been restrained but she was also well nourished. God, he needed to see that room to know more.

Garcia waited patiently as he went through all the information. She could feel the gears turning in his head. “I’ve booked you the next few days off, if you want to go down and talk to Detective Stern. He’s the lead on the case.”

Morgan tried to smile at her but it came out as a strained grimace. She understood. “Thank you, Baby Girl.”

He was on the plane that evening, feeling nervous and uncomfortable. He’d got too used to the private jet and the lack of legroom was deeply unpleasant. However, it was this whole case that still weighed heavily on his mind. He slipped his headphones on and tried to drown out the sound of the kids fighting across the aisle. By the time he landed, he had a splitting headache which he didn’t imagine was going to be improved by having to deal with convincing local law enforcement to share information with an FBI agent they hadn’t called in.

Once he’d rented a car he made his way to the police station with growing apprehension. Now that he was here he was determined to work the case whether the locals wanted him or not. This was a major turn of events in the Hotch saga which was just dragging on and on. This could be the moment that would break everything open. Morgan was sure that if he could just close this case and lay his ghosts to rest that he would finally be able to sleep again.

Detective Stern looked up as one of the newer officers, Bates or Gates or something,
knocked nervously on his door but before he had the chance to answer the door swung open and an intimidating black man pushed his way past the rookie.

“Good evening, I’m Agent Morgan from the FBI,” Morgan stated confidently and extended his hand.

“FBI? To what do I own the pleasure?” Stern sneered. He wasn’t about to be steamrollered by some punk just because he had a fancier badge.

“I would like to look over the crime scene and case files on a recent murder you had. Kate Joyner. I believe that it is linked to an ongoing case of mine.” It didn’t matter that Strauss and the powers-that-be had taken him off the case. Hotch was his case.

Stern nodded. The blonde in the motel room. It was a strange one for sure and they didn’t have any leads at all. Hell, what could it hurt if this hot-head had a look around? He could see from the look in the man’s eyes that he was chasing the one that got away. Sometimes that made for a focused cop. Sometimes that made for an obsessed cop. He’d wait and see which one this Agent Morgan turned out to be. Still, the man had to understand that this was his rodeo and he wasn’t about to be run out of the ring.

“I’m willing to share what we have but I expect reciprocation on your part and if it comes to taking down the guy then it’s my collar.”

“I’ll cooperate with you but these men are wanted across the country. This is bigger than you think, Detective.”

“There’s more than one?” Stern asked regaining his seat behind his desk and motioning for Morgan to take one of the chairs in front. The younger man remained stubbornly standing.

“How about you take me out to the crime scene and we can talk about it on the way?” He wasn’t here to pussyfoot around and make friends. Hotch would be on the move again and Morgan needed to figure out where he would be heading exactly.

“Fine. But you will fill me in or there’s no deal. You have no jurisdiction here. This case has not been declared as federal so I’m doing this as a favour and I’m doing it for Kate Joyner’s family. I don’t give a shit about your vendetta,” Morgan’s eyes narrowed at that. “Oh don’t bullshit me. I know a cop on the warpath when I see one. You eat, sleep, and shit this case. I just hope you get the guy.” The detective shouldered his coat and slipped his gun and badge into their holsters before pushing past Morgan and out the door to his car. He’d be damned if the FBI was going to drive him around in his city.

Morgan nodded tersely to himself and followed Detective Stern. Despite his reservations, he found himself liking the abrasive officer. Over the course of the thirty minute drive to the motel, he filled Stern in on the case. He’d decided to come clean with the man about everything. He had the right idea- this was about the victims and getting them justice.

“So let me get this right, Agent Morgan, this man Aaron Hotchner was one of the most elite FBI agents and yet no one caught on to the fact that there was a raging psychopath beneath the suit?” Morgan winced but accepted the criticism.

“Hotch was always very, how shall I put it, stoic? I guess. He’d didn’t give a lot away but I never would have imagined that he was capable of this level of violence.”

“I guess it’s true what they say- it’s always the quiet ones.”
“Amen. Spencer Reid seems like a quiet one too. Studious genius who has racked up a body count to rival the most prolific serial killers America has ever seen. The two of them working together cannot be good.”

“And you say that they are romantically involved?”

“They are psychopaths. They are incapable of love but they do seem to be having a sexual relationship.”

“That’s a new one,” Stern grumbled and pulled into the parking lot. “Okay, room twelve is still roped off. Will you want to talk to the clerk?”

“Yes, sir. And anyone who may have had contact with Hotch or Spencer Reid. I want to figure out why they stayed here for so long with this woman. No torture. No rape. Why the hell did they keep her?” Morgan stalked off to the room and Stern quickly followed. He broke the seal on the door and motioned for Morgan to enter first.

“Did you find any evidence of sexual activity?” He asked gazing at the stripped bed.

“The techs went over the sheets. The cleaning service here leaves something to be desired but there were no fresh deposits. That’s why I was so surprised when you said they were involved.”

“So, they stay here. Eat here. Spencer Reid never left the room according to the accounts. What were they doing?”

“One of the maids said that one morning some very soiled sheets were left outside the door. Maybe he was sick?”

“Maybe,” Morgan muttered under his breath and flicked to the photographs. There was a lot of water and Gatorade. “I think he was de-toxing. He was a drug addict and it seems like Hotch was getting him clean. So why the girl?”

“Does she fit his type?” Stern looked over Morgan’s shoulder at the picture of Kate’s shattered skull.

“Oh boy, more than that. That photo that you found in the blood was of Hotch’s wife. The resemblance is uncanny. Still why was Reid the shooter and Hotch doesn’t seemed to have touched her at all? There is some dynamic that we’re missing here.” He blew out a puff of air and rubbed his hand over his face. “I’d like to talk to the clerk now.”
Some Couples Go To Movies; Some Commit Massacres

“How are you feeling?” Hotch asked quietly as Reid spluttered awake up with a coughing fit. They’d managed to grab an old truck a few blocks away from the hotel and were now heading west on route 10 without any real destination.

Reid coughed himself out and clutched at his stomach. “I’m better.” He smiled weakly at the dubious look Hotch gave him, “I didn’t say that I was all good. I am better. Where are we going?”

“I have no idea,” Hotch admitted with a shrug. “Any ideas?”

“I thought you wanted to go to New Orleans?”

“We don’t have to do what I want. I’d rather do what you want to,” Hotch said in a rushed breath. He really wanted to make up to Spencer for the whole alleyway thing. He’d really fucked up and he’d almost lost Reid. He wasn’t about to let that happen again.

“New Orleans sounds good, Daddy.” Reid smiled broadly over at the nervous driver. “I forgive you,” he added quietly.

Hotch sighed. He wasn’t used to having a perceptive lover. Hayley had never known or cared what he was thinking. It was actually nice having someone care about his feelings but he didn’t deserve it. “You shouldn’t,” he mumbled. God was he actually going to start crying? He drove off at the truck stop he saw in front of him through the blur of tears. Stopping the car, he furiously wiped at his eyes and willed himself to stop being so stupid. He heard the seatbelt and could just imagine how uncomfortable Spencer must be feeling right now. The young man would probably give him some space, or shout at him to stop it, or just go hitch a ride with someone else to get away from him. He wouldn’t blame him. He wouldn’t stop him. Then he felt an arm around his neck and at the gentle pressure he lowered his head to Spencer’s shoulder while the young man gently stroked his hair.

“I’m not going anywhere, you know. You’re stuck with me now,” Spencer muttered soothingly. In truth, he was freaking out at this display of emotion. He’d never really been good with upset people but, acting on instinct, he rocked Hotch gently, repeating his litany, and held him until the tears stopped flowing.

“Oh God, I’m so sorry,” Hotch mumbled and pushed himself away from Reid’s damp T-shirt. “You’re sick and yet you’re comforting me.”

“Daddy, I’m not sick. I’m going through withdrawl,” Reid pointed out with a smile. “And Aaron, stop apologising.”

Hotch smiled slightly and took a few deep breaths. “I thought I’d lost you and all because I was such an idiot about that stupid blonde.”

“What you did was pretty stupid,” Reid conceded, “but my reaction wasn’t exactly smart either and I’m a certified genius.” He grinned broadly and Hotch managed a small smile back. “You getting me clean is pretty amazing, Daddy. I’m still not feeling perfect but I feel more like myself than I have for the past five years.”

“I’m glad, kid. You deserve it.” Hotch’s face fell again, “You don’t have to stay with me out of gratitude. You can do so much better and I won’t hold you back.”
Reid just looked at him in shock. “If anyone can do better it’s you, Daddy. I mean you’re gorgeous, like movie star hot and you’re smart and kind and funny.”

“Jesus, kid, would you stop it?” Hotch smirked. “I don’t know what you see when you look at me but when I look at you a see an amazingly sexy, handsome man who is off the charts smart to boot.”

“Well, then, seems like we’re both pretty happy with each other,” Reid mumbled as he blushed profusely and his hair swung forward to curtain his face.

“It does,” Hotch agreed and finally smiled broadly as he pulled Spencer in for a deep kiss. “So, New Orleans?”

“Yeah,” Reid smiled and ran his tongue over his lips before leaning into Hotch again. “I missed the way you taste.” Hotch groaned and fisted his hand in Reid’s soft hair. They were interrupted by a sharp knocking on the driver’s window.

“Hey, fags, we don’t want your kind around here.” A red-faced trucker in a stained shirt gestured threateningly through the window. Hotch smiled broadly as he heard the barrel of Reid’s gun spin.

“You got something you want to say to him, kid?” He asked grinning at Reid and reaching for his own Glock and his switchblade.

“I sure do, Daddy. Shall we?” Reid jumped out his door at the same moment Hotch shoved his open and the man fell to the ground with surprise.

“You little fairy fuck,” he grumbled, “you’ll pay for that. Hank! Steve!” He opened his mouth to continue yelling and Hotch flicked open his knife and quickly slit across both sides of his lips. A bubbling, squeal erupted from the man’s throat and Hotch grinned. He went to slit the man’s stomach but grimaced in distaste. It would be a nightmare getting through all those layers of fat. He stomped hard on the man’s groping hand and heard his fingers break before leaning in and slitting the homophobe’s throat. In the background he heard two gunshots and whirled to find Reid standing over the bodies of, presumably, Hank and Steve.

“Hey Daddy, there’s a couple more inside. Let’s have some fun.” Hotch grinned and loped after Reid into the small trailer that had been converted into a basic diner. He twirled his Glock and took down the remaining trucker who seemed frozen in his booth while Reid headed towards the waitress who was fumbling with a phone. “Uh-uh,” Reid cautioned and took the phone from her trembling fingers. “Daddy, you want this one?” He gestured with his gun to the quivering woman.

“You have her, kid. I’ll check in the back. You want anything?”

“Yeah, can you get some ice-cream to go?”

“Sure thing,” Hotch grinned. He heard the gunshot as he made his way to the giant freezer. Flinging the door open, he smiled down at the quivering young Mexican man. He was praying gently in Spanish. Hotch frowned and fingered his gun, “Do you speak English?” He asked and the young man nodded. “Sorry, wrong answer.” Hotch fired his gun point blank between the man’s eyes. They couldn’t leave witnesses behind. There was too much at stake now. They should probably change guns as well. Garcia was undoubtedly tracing the ballistics. He grabbed a couple of pints of ice-cream and grimaced at the blood splatter on them. Walking over to the sink, he washed them off as Reid walked in the door. “Sorry, got some blood on the ice-cream,” he explained.
“It’s alright. I filled a thermos of coffee and took some take-away cups as well. Do you want me to grab the pie?”

“Sounds good, kid. Then we can go.” Both men wandered back into the front and Hotch held open the door as Reid balanced the coffee, pie, and what seemed to be three sugar canisters. “We should maybe think about getting new guns,” he commented as they made their way back to the car.

“Sure, Daddy,” Reid agreed and slid into the passenger seat. He poured the older man a coffee and he took it with a smile. As their fingers brushed, Hotch felt a tingle travel down the length of his spine.

“You want to sleep out tonight, Daddy?” Reid asked shyly.

“I’ve got a better idea, kid.” Hotch grinned and swung the car around to head back east.
Morgan Doesn't Know

Morgan finished interviewing the employees of the store across the street. One woman remembered that Hotch had come in about the same time every morning and bought beer, sandwiches, water and Gatorade. She’d described him as handsome, polite, pleasant but stand-offish. She’d been planning on asking him on a date if he kept coming in, she continued and Morgan groaned inwardly. Hotch still had it apparently.

Back at the police station, he asked Stern for a list of the cars that had been stolen in the neighbourhood on the day that Kate Joyner’s corpse had been discovered.

“In that neighbourhood, there will be quite a few.”

“We can probably narrow it down to the morning. I don’t imagine they’ll have waited around for a long time. Hotch likes to be on the move after a kill. Reid might be slowing him down a little but I can’t see him hanging about.”

“You know you talk about them like they’re your friends?” Morgan just grimaced. Hotch was his friend. Was being the operative word. Still, all this just cut too close to home. Stern printed off a list. There were seven vehicles stolen before one in the afternoon that day. Morgan scanned the list and immediately dismissed any of the sedans. That just wasn’t Hotch’s style. That narrowed it down to an old Chevrolet truck, a newer Dodge truck, and an SUV.

“I would put my money on the SUV,” Morgan suggested handing the list back to Stern. “Get a BOLO out and you might be able to get them. However, I’d imagined they’re out of the state by now.”

“Where would they be heading?” Stern asked as he typed the request into his computer and sent it off to neighbouring police districts as well.

Morgan hesitated. He was unwilling to lose face in front of Detective Stern but the fact was that he had no idea. He needed more time to really process this new development. If Hotch wasn’t targeting blonde women anymore then what would he go for next? Would he still need the sexual release of killing or was he getting enough of that from Reid? Good Lord, he didn’t need those images. Where would they go now? Would they try to cross the border? Running away definitely wasn’t Hotch’s style but had Morgan really known Hotch at all? Detective Stern glared at him expectantly. Morgan swallowed dryly and then once again to swallow his pride.

“I’m sorry, Detective, I don’t know.”
Bathtime

Hotch pulled up in front of a hotel in Houston. This old Chevy truck was a surprisingly smooth ride thought it burned gas like crazy. Reid’s fever had come back and the young man was sleeping fitfully and shivering under the sleeping bag Hotch had draped over him. He walked up to the front desk and managed to get them a room for the night without too many difficulties after checking that they had the necessary facilities. Paying in cash really does open doors. He swung both their bags over his shoulders and shook Reid awake.

“Hey, kid, we’re at the hotel. Let’s get you up to the room.” Spencer clutched at his stomach but followed the older man through the lobby and into the elevator. Leaning heavily into Hotch’s embrace, they rode to the top floor and walked along to their room. Swiping the key card, Hotch ushered Reid in. The younger man looked around at the plush furnishings appreciatively.

“You didn’t have to do this Aaron,” he whispered.

“Hey, this is as much for me as for you. That place we had to stay at these past few days was pretty awful. Lie down. I’ll come get you in a few minutes.” Reid gave his lover an inquisitive look but followed Hotch’s directions when the older man gave him a hopeful one in return. He toed off his sneakers and socks before flopping onto the bed. He couldn’t help but grin as he ran their day through his mind. It had felt good killing with Aaron again and in a diner. He probably shouldn’t be feeling like this, the rational part of his brain that was no longer drug-addled prompted, but he didn’t really care. This was their thing. Some couples went to movies; some couples committed massacres. He heard water running and assumed Hotch was taking a shower. They could both really use a shower. Hearing the door open he sat up and couldn’t help the sharp intake of breath as Hotch casually strolled out of the bathroom naked with his clothes balled up. He threw them into the corner.

“I’m feeling over-dressed,” Reid mumbled and blushed. Hotch swallowed visibly when he saw the look of lust in Spencer’s eyes.

“I guess I should help you with that,” he offered and pulled the younger man into a standing position. Reid stripped off his T-shirt while Hotch unzipped his jeans and pulled them off with his underwear. His half hard cock twitched slightly as Aaron pulled him in close and kissed the soft skin behind his ear. “Come into the bathroom,” he groaned and pulled Reid in that direction.

Pushing the door open with his hip, he gestured to the full bath with a smile. “The warm water should help with the aching and also stop you shivering,” he smiled at Reid.

“Wow. I can’t remember the last time I had a bath. This is really nice, Daddy. Thank you,” he leaned in a pressed a soft, chaste kiss to Aaron’s lips before smiling shyly. “You want to join me?”

Aaron smiled but shook his head, “Kid, I’d love to but we’re both over 6ft tall. I don’t think that would really work. I’ll have a shower and then wait for you in the other room. Maybe, I can help you relax in some other ways?” He ran a finger down Reid’s toned stomach and watched as the young man unconsciously licked his lips. They shone in the dim lighting and it was all Hotch could do to stop himself from spinning Reid around and taking him against the wall. He’d gotten used to a very frequent sex life between his spree and his unexpected relationship with the young man. Five days of celibacy had been difficult. Slowly, he let out a ragged breath and stepped backwards.

Reid smiled wickedly at the burning heat in Hotch’s eyes and reached over his head,
stretching and giving the older man a good view of his taut muscles. “I don’t know, Daddy, maybe I’ll be too tired.”

The words barely registered in Hotch’s brain and he answered automatically without thinking, “That’s okay, baby. You’ve had a rough few days.”

Reid frowned. Seriously, he was going to give up that easily. No fun. “Really, Daddy, you don’t mind? You don’t want to be buried balls deep inside me? Thrusting into me with my legs curled around your hips? You’re going to just let me sleep?” He closed the gap between himself and Hotch and started pressing small kisses to the older man’s neck, while stroking softly down his sides.

“Yes,” Hotch groaned.

“Yes, to what Daddy?” Hotch frowned in confusion, there had been multiple questions? Reid giggled. “I’ll take my bath and then you can take me.” Hotch nodded and watched as the young man slid beneath the water with a deep sigh. “Wow, this does feel really good.”

Hotch perched on the edge of the bath and ran his finger up Spencer’s soapy thigh. “I’m going to grab a shower. Take all the time you need,” he murmured but made no move towards the cubicle. Spencer lay his head back with a smile as the caresses continued.

“You know, Daddy, you’ll have to actually move to shower? Unless you want to join me in here.”

Hotch visibly shook himself and smiled broadly at the young man. “As tempting as that is, I think it would just be uncomfortable. God, you don’t know what you do to me, kid. I can’t keep my hands off of you.”

“I’m not complaining,” Spencer murmured and allowed his eyes to slide closed.

“Okay, I’m showering. If you’re planning on falling asleep, don’t drown,” Hotch warned with a smirk. Still, he’d keep checking in on the young man just in case. It also wouldn’t help his fever if he ended up sitting in cold water. Receiving no reply, he slipped into the shower but kept watching his lover through the steamed up glass.

Once he was finished in the shower, he gently shook Reid awake. “Come on, kid. You can’t sleep here.” Reid just lifted his arms without lifting his eyelids so Hotch slipped his arms around the young man. He placed him on his feet and watched him sway from side to side before Hotch managed to get the thick towel around him. With his hands around his waist, he guided him to the bed and lay him on the crisp white sheets. God, they smelled so clean. Hotch had forgotten how good clean sheets could smell. He threw the towel in the general direction of the bathroom, flicked on the bedside light because Spencer didn’t like the dark, and slid into bed next to Spencer, who was already breathing deeply. Hotch curled up next to him and was pleased when Spencer flipped over and rested his head on Hotch’s chest with a sigh. So, he wasn’t getting any tonight. At least he got to hold Spencer. And there was always tomorrow morning.
Drinking Problem

Morgan poured himself another good sized drink from the sparsely stocked mini-bar and settled back onto the bed. He willed his eyes to close and let him sleep but Kate Joyner was lurking behind his eyelids and he couldn’t face her. He nearly jumped off the bed when his phone suddenly rang. Looking briefly at the caller I.D, he smiled. He knew who it would be anyway.

“Hey, Baby Girl, checking up on me?”

“You know I’m always checking you out, sugar. How was today?”

Morgan sighed heavily and took another sip of his drink. The ice cubes clinked together and he prayed that Garcia didn’t hear that. The last thing he needed was her being worried about him having a drinking problem. “It was disturbing. I don’t have any idea what Hotch will be doing now. If he has got over his obsession with Hayley then he may stop killing or they may develop a new M.O together.”

“I’m sorry to say it, but it’s the second one.”

“What do you know?” Morgan questioned sharply sitting up in bed and sloshing his drink over his hand.

“There was another massacre at a truck stop on Route 10, heading west. One woman and four men were shot. Another man had his throat sliced. There’s no security footage and I haven’t got a hit on the ballistics yet but those will take a while to process. I’m thinking it’s them.”

Morgan rubbed a hand over his face. “Send me the directions and can you get me the details of the cop in charge? I’ll head out there now.”

“Already done, sweetie. Check your mail. You might want to wait for a few hours. It’s three in the morning.” Morgan looked at his watch in surprise. Garcia was right. Shit. He’d been drinking since eight and hadn’t eaten anything since lunch. Had he eaten lunch? He was pretty sure he had. “Derek?” Garcia asked her voice riddled with concern.

“Yeah, momma?”

“Please try and get some sleep. Look after yourself and come home soon.”

“I will. I’ll call you tomorrow.” Morgan hung up before Garcia could continue her lecture. He wasn’t in the mood for her mother-henning. She was right though, he should sleep. With a grimace, he downed the rest of his glass and lay back on the bed. Another massacre. It was starting to seem so common place and if he was honest with himself, he was further away from catching Hotch than he ever had been. So they were heading west. New Mexico? Were they going to Las Vegas? Maybe Reid had unfinished business out there. He’d get Garcia to check. Tossing in the bed he tried to quiet his mind. Please God, let me sleep.
Catharsis

Hotch hadn’t meant to but his body was working on auto-pilot. There was a warm, willing body spooning against him and suddenly he was achingly hard. He nuzzled into Spencer’s neck and kissed down to the tip of his spine. The young boy moaned and arched but didn’t wake up. Hotch’s arm slid from his waist up to his nipples and tweaked them gently until Reid started whimpering and grinding back into Hotch’s erection. Sliding down to one jutting hipbone, Hotch thrust irregularly against Spencer’s ass without thought. Finally, his lover awoke and rolled onto his back smiling up at the older man.

“Hey, Daddy,” he grinned, “sorry I fell asleep on you.”

“Sorry, I woke you kid.” Hotch mumbled as he bent his head to press kisses to the corners of Reid’s mouth.

“No you’re not,” Reid chuckled and pulled Aaron fully onto him, enjoying the feeling of their erections grinding together.

“No. I’m not,” Hotch admitted with a grin. “Need you, kid.”

“All yours,” Spencer smiled and Hotch rolled to the edge of the bed to retrieve the lube from his bag as Spencer yawned and stretched out his limbs. “I really didn’t mean to fall asleep,” he murmured.

“I know, kid. You can make it up to me now. Face the end of the bed and roll onto your stomach.” Spencer obeyed and Aaron kissed a line down his back before sliding a lubed finger into his tight hole. “I missed you. Missed this,” he whispered in his ear as Spencer started to whimper and push back onto Hotch’s fingers. “Need you. Love you, Spencer.” Hotch quickly prepared his lover before slipping an arm around his waist and pulling him to his knees. There was a full length mirror along the wall at the end of the bed and Aaron stared into Spencer’s eyes as he slid into him from behind. He saw the slight furrowing of the brow as Spencer adjusted to the intrusion and then the audible gasp as Hotch thrust in deeper. Pulling him back flush to his chest he whispered into Spencer’s ear, “Look at us, baby. Look at you. I love this. I love you.”

Spencer’s eyes shot open and he saw Aaron’s dark, burning eyes over his shoulder. He felt the heat of that gaze reflected back from the mirror. The angles of his body looked sharper in the half light from the small lamp but it was his brain that felt clearer than it had in years. He could feel everything. There was no drug-induced fog and God, Aaron felt amazing. He saw the slightly darker hand holding him as Hotch’s other arm snaked around to start stroking his aching length. “Come for me baby, come for me,” he whispered hotly into Reid’s ear and watched as Spencer’s breath caught and his thighs started shaking. Fascinated, he watched as Reid seemed to collapse in on himself and then suddenly his back arched and with a shout of ecstasy he came in hot streams. Hotch felt muscles clamp down on his dick and he pushed through until he filled Spencer with his own ejaculation. Exhausted they collapsed back down onto the bed. Hotch
slipped from Spencer and padded to the bathroom to wet a washcloth and wipe them both down.

“What time is it, Daddy?” Spencer murmured sleepily as Hotch cleaned him off and threw the towel onto the floor. He glanced at his watch.

“It’s three in the morning. Go back to sleep, kid,” he whispered and pulled Spencer against his chest again. He pushed the hair from Spencer’s face and watched his lover’s features slip into the peace of sleep. Hotch spared a thought for the people they had murdered yesterday and smiled as he thought of continuing the rampage with Spencer. There was something to be said for mindless violence, he thought, as he too joined Spencer in sleep. Something very cathartic about murder. He hadn’t understood that when he was in the BAU but he understood it now. Did Morgan?
Morgan pulled up next to the police tape outside the diner and flashed his badge at the nervous looking officer. He quickly scanned the area and saw three pools of blood on the dusty ground. Hotch and Reid sure didn’t mind making a mess. A young, female detective strode over towards him and he took off his sunglasses.

“Detective Morano?” he asked extending his hand.

“Agent Morgan. You believe you know who did this?”

“Yes ma’am, I do. It’s a pair of killers we have been hunting for a few months now. Would you fill me in?” The detective quickly flicked a glance over him and apparently decided she had nothing to lose. She motioned for him to follow and strode to the first blood pool, which was slightly removed from the entrance to the diner. “Christopher Farr died here. His mouth and throat were sliced open. He bled out in minutes.” She strode over to the two blood patches closer to the diner entrance. “Both Hank McPherson and Steve McPherson were shot here. They were brothers,” she clarified without emotion before continuing up the stairs into the trailer. She gestured to a blood splattered booth, “John Phelps was killed there with another gunshot and Shirley Melvin was shot behind the counter.” She pushed open a door into the kitchen and pulled open the door to a large walk in freezer. “The last victim remains to be identified. He was probably here illegally but he was also shot. There’s a gap on the blood splatter which suggests that several gallons of ice-cream were removed after he was shot.” She raised an eyebrow as Morgan massaged his temples.

“Yup, that sounds like our guys. They also stole ice-cream from a diner in near Nashville.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“I wish I was,” Morgan sighed. Six victims. Jesus fucking Christ. What the fuck was Hotch doing and what the hell set them off? “Thank you for showing me the scene, Detective. I have to get back to Quantico this evening but I’ll get our tech to send you all the relevant information we have on Aaron Hotchner and Spencer Reid. They will have moved on by now.”

“That’s it? You’ll send me the relevant information? Six people are dead, Agent.”

“Ma’am, a lot more than six people are dead and I’ll be honest with you, these men are in the wind and I have no fucking clue how to catch them.” Morgan’s head thumped as he stormed out of the boiling hot trailer. He felt like crying. He felt like punching his fist through a wall. He felt like pumping ten rounds into an innocent bystander. He felt like turning his gun on himself. He didn’t do any of those things. He jumped in his SUV and drove to the airport. He made his flight back to Quantico with minutes to spare and he felt helpless.
“She’d make such a pretty Hayley,” Hotch murmured under his breath as he stared at the blonde behind the bar.

“No, Daddy, you promised.” Reid pouted at him and Hotch leaned across the table biting hard on his full, moist lip and pulling the younger man forwards into a heated kiss.

“I’m just looking. Not going to touch. Now, come here,” he growled and Reid slid out of his seat and straddled Hotch, grinding down into him as he sucked on his tongue.

“You boys want to keep that up, you’ll have to move to one of Emily’s rooms,” Hotch opened his eyes and glared at the perky blonde over Reid’s shoulder. She didn’t even flinch, just cocked her hip and folded her arms across her chest.

“Fuck off, Hayley,” Hotch growled as Reid kissed his neck.

“The name’s JJ and this is my bar. I’m happy to get you boys settled into a room but I’d rather not be cleaning your cum off the table.”

Hotch reached into his back pocket and flicked open his blade, “I said, fuck off.”

“Uh-uh, I wouldn’t do that if I were you, Aaron Hotchner.” JJ grinned broadly as Hotch’s eyes narrowed and even Spencer turned to stare critically at her. “Don’t be so surprised. Your face is all over the news. Now, do you boys want a room or not?”

“What so you can call the hotline and they can catch me with my pants down?” Hotch sneered and Reid moaned, squirming in his lap.

“Pants down and balls deep inside me, Daddy.” Hotch gripped Reid’s hips hard enough to leave fresh bruises and tried to steady the young man in his lap.

“That’s not my game,” JJ stated evenly, though there was a slight smirk at Reid’s wanton moaning. “I promise you and Spencer that you’re both safe here. Emily and I don’t want any police interest in us either. That’s why we have a friend on the force in our pocket.” She gestured over towards a man at the bar who was already leaning too heavily on the wood. Hotch quirked an eyebrow as if to question whether that was the best the New Orleans Police Department had to offer. JJ shrugged, “Will LaMontagne. He used to be their brightest star but then he met me and I introduced him to the bottom of the bottle. Still, he’s a detective with a pedigree. They’ll let a lot slide.”

“Great. I still don’t understand your offer,” Hotch said bluntly. He really had no interest in a washed-up cop.

“Look, you like killing and fucking, right?” Spencer grinned broadly and nodded enthusiastically enough for both of them. Hotch just kept glaring. “Em and I like money and fucking. Some of the services we offer aren’t exactly legal and sometimes accidents happen.” JJ had the grace to lower her eyes in sadness as she said that, but only for a moment.

“Children?” Hotch asked slowly with a knife edge tone to the word.

“No.” JJ glared at him and gently pushed his blade further away from her stomach. “Give me a bit of credit. I’m not a monster.” Hotch barked out a laugh.
“I think I like you, Hayley,” he said warmly.

“JJ.”

“Whatever,” Hotch muttered dismissively as he started sucking on Reid’s neck thoughtfully. “So, you’re offering us this room?”

“Yup, for as long as you want. There’s a couple of jobs you could do while you’re here.”

“Like what?”

Reid looked up at JJ smiling. “You’re pretty, Miss JJ. Daddy, would slice you open like a tomato but he’s given that up.”

“Has he now?” JJ’s eyebrows shot up and she smiled again.

“Yes,” Hotch grumbled. “What are these jobs?” He was not willing to be an attack dog for hire.

“We’ve got a couple of customers who would be really into guys like you.” Hotch just raised an eyebrow unsure as to what she was referring. “They’re really into murderers.”

“You couldn’t guarantee they would keep their mouths shut about us being here.”

“They’re called hybristophiles,” Reid added helpfully while starting to undo Hotch’s belt. “It’s when sexual arousal and orgasm are responsive to or contingent on being with a partner known to have committed a crime. It comes from the Greek meaning to commit an outrage against someone and love of. It’s also known as Bonnie and Clyde Syndrome.” He leaned in close to Hotch’s ear, “maybe I’m one of them and that’s why you get me so hot, Daddy.”

JJ raised an eyebrow but shrugged, “Well, you can negotiate with Em. She’ll be back in a few hours. She’s with a special client. Let me take you upstairs. Any special requests?”

“Ice-cream sundaes?” Reid asked hopefully and jumped up grabbing Hotch’s hand.

JJ giggled. “Sure thing. You should meet Henry. I think he’d love you.”

Hotch followed them up a back staircase, despite his misgivings about the situation. He had a horrible feeling they were walking into a trap but he really needed Spencer right now. His fingers were itching to fuck this bitch raw and then slice her open. Only Spencer could calm those demons. “Who the hell is Henry?” He growled, feeling irrationally jealous.

JJ rolled her eyes at him. “He’s my three year old son. Jeez, are you always this uptight?”

Spencer snickered, “Yup, he is. Don’t worry, though, I’ll help him loosen up.” Hotch just rolled his eyes. They were led down a dark, wood panelled corridor which had several rooms branching off from it. Every door was closed but they could hear moans and screams emanating from several of them. Reid moved a little closer to Hotch and slipped his hand into the back pocket of his jeans, cupping the older man’s ass. “You wanna make me scream like that, Daddy?”

JJ gestured to an open door. “You boys can stay here as long as you like. First few nights for free but after that you’ll have to earn your keep. Talk it over with Em.” Hotch nodded briskly and Reid waved as he closed the door.

The room was luxuriously decorated with heavy drapes around a four-poster bed. The sheets were a
deep red silk and they caught in the calluses on Hotch’s fingers as he ran his hand over them. Reid was standing next to the bookshelf in the corner with his mouth open as gently stroked the spines. He was about to pull one off the shelf when Hotch wrapped his arms around him from behind and leaned on his shoulder. “Read later,” he growled, “I need you now.”

He pulled the young man in the direction of the en-suite but both of them stopped dead as they looked in at a huge Jacuzzi tub in addition to the rain shower in the corner. “What the fuck is all this doing above a fucking dive bar?” Hotch mumbled while Reid just giggled excitedly and started running the water while emptying most of a bottle of bubble bath into the tub. Both men stripped hurriedly like kids getting ready to go swimming but Reid got into the tub first with an audible groan of contentment. Hotch smirked at him but felt a stirring between his legs and Reid continued to moan his contentment, “Jeez, kid. You’re going to make me cum just from those noises you’re making.”

Splashing Hotch and laughing, he pulled the older man in for a deep kiss, “Daddy, you gotta try this it feels so good. And there’s definitely enough room for two.” Hotch clambered into the hot water and hissed as he felt his muscles start to relax. Kid was right; it felt amazing. He couldn’t actually remember the last time he took a bath. He was probably a little kid. Looking up he caught his reflection in the blown pupils of Spencer’s hazel eyes. He was smiling. He looked happy with bubbles up to his ears. Reid looked deliriously happy as he moved over to straddle Hotch and wrapped his arms around the older man’s neck. Both men groaned as their slick erections brushed together. Hotch slipped a hand under the water and wrapped his fingers around both of their cocks. The soapy water made every touch feel silky and Reid threw back his head and groaned, thrusting his hips upwards into Hotch’s fist.

“Need you,” Hotch mumbled into Reid’s neck as he bit and sucked at the boy’s pale skin. He slipped his other hand around to cradle Reid’s ass and slid a finger down the crack. He looked up and Reid nodded feverishly. Hotch’s gently pushed past the tight muscle and slowly fingered Reid under the water. When he added a second digit, Spencer whined and Hotch caught him in a slow kiss. He needed the slow burn of this. He needed it to be soft, sensual. He needed to be loved to forget the burning hate for his ex-wife that still bubbled under the surface no matter how much he felt that he had exorcised his demons. Reid’s tongue moved gently in his mouth, almost like he was fucking the older man and Hotch briefly wondered what that would feel like. He wondered if Reid wanted to do that to him. He wasn’t sure that he was really ready for that. It seemed like a big step. He thrust a third finger in and gently stretched the resisting muscles. He wanted this to feel as good as it could.

Once Spencer was thrusting back onto him, he removed his fingers and, with one hand on his penis, he guided himself into Reid’s tight, warm hole. He groaned and fought the urge to thrust in hard and fast. He needed to lose himself in this feeling not just come quickly. With both hands on Reid’s slim hips and gently lifted him until he achieved the angle that made Spencer produce a hoarse shout and his eyes roll backwards slightly.

Water was sloshing over the sides of the bath as he thrust upwards into the younger man who ground down to meet every action. Both men were moaning at the added feeling of the water moving around them.

“Please, Daddy, please, gotta cum, so close, please...” Hotch loved it when Reid started begging, mumbling incoherently, blissed out on pleasure that no drug could give him. He reached between them and started gently stroking Spencer’s aching cock while he took one of his dark nipples in his mouth. The touch was just enough to keep Spencer on the edge but not push him over. The younger man whined and tried to thrust up into Hotch’s loose fist.

“God, you feel so good Spencer. You make me feel so good. Want to keep fucking you forever.”
“Please. Daddy. Please. Wanna cum. Wanna cum so bad.”

“Keep fucking you like this forever.”

Reid’s eyes focused on Hotch’s dark ones which were almost entirely pupil and he leaned forward so their foreheads were touching.

“Aaron,” he moaned and Hotch felt all his control fly away when Reid voiced his first name like that. He gripped Reid with one hand and started firmly thrusting up into him while his left hand worked the younger man’s dick. He was grunting while Reid’s whole body started quivering until he threw his head back and screamed his release. Every muscle tightened around Hotch’s cock and he jerked unevenly as he achieved his own orgasm. Reid collapsed forwards onto Aaron and wrapped himself around the older man. Lying together, they barely moved as the water cooled around them until Hotch felt Reid shivering slightly.

He pulled Reid off him and his limp penis slipped out of the younger man who simply sighed and allowed Hotch to lift him from the tub. He stood but seemed to waver slightly like he was already asleep on his feet. Hotch wrapped a towel around him and kissed him gently before draining the tub and looking down at the good inch of water on the floor with a shrug. He quickly dried himself off and pulled Reid towards the bed despite his dripping hair. Folding back the thick sheets he slid under them and invited Spencer to join him with a smile. Reid dropped the towel and curled himself around Aaron.

“Love you, Daddy.”

“Love you too, kid.”
Hotch woke up as soon as the door opened but Reid just mumbled something and held him closer. It was hot and muggy in the room and both men had kicked the sheets off so that they were lying naked and entangled. He watched as a dark haired woman in tight, black leather pants and a red silk button up shirt entered the room. She crossed her arms and looked straight into his eyes, seemingly unperturbed by his nakedness.

“Good. You’re awake. I’m Emily.”

“What do you want?” Hotch growled and gripped Reid’s shoulder possessively.

“To discuss terms. You’ve met JJ. She seems to quite like both of you, especially him,” he gestured to Reid who seemed to suddenly realise that he was the centre of attention and slowly opened his eyes.

“Who’s that, Daddy?” he whispered loudly at Hotch as he blearily focused on the female shape at the end of the bed.

“Emily.”

“I’m tired.”

“Go back to sleep,” Hotch kissed the top of Reid’s head and gently extracted himself from the young man’s grasp so that he could stand. He looked around for his clothes and remembered that they were all in the bathroom and soaking wet. Emily marched over to a closet that he hadn’t noticed and pulled out a thigh length black silk dressing gown. Hotch eyed it with some distaste but slipped it on anyhow before following Emily to sit either side of a small table near the curtained window. Both of them regarded each other coldly for a few moments then Hotch allowed his eyes to flicker quickly over the woman in front of him, taking in as much as he could. Driven. From a matriarchal home from the set of her shoulders. Proud but insecure since her nails were bitten ragged. Older than she looks but keeps in shape. Dislikes men generally.

“Finished profiling me yet, Agent Hotchner?” she drawled at him looking amused.

“I suppose so. Let’s talk. And call me Hotch.”

“I gather from JJ that she filled you in as to our clientele.”

“Not really. What is this place? It’s a bit luxurious compared to downstairs.”

Emily smiled, “JJ runs downstairs but up here is my domain. She likes to keep things, how does she put it? ‘Down-home’. I like the finer things in life. Together we run a very successful dive bar and an even more successful speciality brothel.”

“And you want me to sleep with women for money?”

“Would you object to sleeping with men?”

Hotch grimaced. “I’m not gay.”

“You’re just gay for Spencer Reid.” Hotch glared at her but didn’t answer. She laughed lightly. “It’s ok. Sexuality is a fluid thing. In answer to your question, yes. There is one particular
“How can you guarantee she won’t turn me in?”

“I make sure I know everything about my clients and I make sure that they know that I do. Most of them feel it is preferable to fulfil their needs with me and keep their mouths shut. If not, things tend to go badly for them. I have friends in high places, shall we say.”

Hotch didn’t reply. He hated politics but it seemed to infiltrate every sphere of society from the Bureau to a brothel. Again, they regarded each other in silence.

“I don’t know if Spencer will agree to it. He’s very possessive.”

“He’s possessive? You aren’t?”

“I didn’t say that but we aren’t talking about him sleeping with someone else.”

“Oh, but we are. I have a client for each of you. I know someone who would love a little twink like that.”

Hotch felt his blood boil and he clenched his fists, “Spencer is not a twink. He’s the most intelligent man I have ever met. He already had two PhDs and was on his way to a third. He reads faster than most people can think and he remembers every single word.”

Emily seemed unperturbed by his outburst. She just cocked her head to the side slightly and looked into space. “Lila,” she murmured. “So he’s a geek?” She asked as she looked again at Hotch who just glared. “Yup, got a client who would love that too.”

“So you want to pimp both of us out?”

“Yes, that is what a madam generally does.”

“I’ll have to talk to Spencer.”

“Of course. I’ll leave you two alone. Come have dinner with JJ and me at eight. You don’t need to give us an answer but it would be good to get to know you better. I’ll have your bags brought up from your car to the room.” Hotch nodded his agreement and watched Emily sashay out the door.

He looked over to the bed and caught Spencer’s wide, worried eyes. “You heard all of that?” Spencer nodded and Hotch slipped into bed allowing the younger man to lay his head on his chest while his long fingers played with the tie of the robe.

“Uh-huh.”

“Don’t like the sound of it?” Hotch really wasn’t sure how he felt about it either but if this really was a safe place for them and he could spend time in this beautiful room with Spencer then he was willing to consider it. However, if Spencer wasn’t happy then they would leave straight away.

“I’m not sure, Daddy. It wouldn’t be the first time I’ve sold myself,” the young man shrugged and pushed his hair behind his ear. Hotch started running his fingers through the silky locks and loosening the snags. “I just don’t want to share you.”

“I don’t want to share you either, Spencer,” Hotch spoke quietly. He always seemed to whisper the kid’s name like he still wasn’t sure about using it. He wasn’t sure. He had no idea what
they were to one another. They said that they loved each other and that was true but what did that really mean? Was he just a father figure for a fucked up kid with daddy issues? You know how you feel, a small voice said at the back of his head, you love this boy more than you ever loved Hayley. You’re just scared to admit that you might be bi-sexual because that doesn’t fit the persona that you set up for yourself to overcome your own abused past. Fucking hell, he was profiling himself.

“It’s nice here, though,” Spencer’s fingers slid under the robe and toyed with Hotch’s nipple, “and I like JJ. Don’t know about this Henry person. I don’t really get on with kids.”

“Emily actually seems nice. There’s something about her,” Hotch muttered this more to himself but he received a sharp look from Spencer that made him smile at his possessive... whatever he was. “Not like that. She doesn’t fuck around with words. I respect that.”

“Hmm... so are we considering this?”

“I guess we’ll talk with them over dinner. See if we want to live here. Figure out exactly what this would mean and then we can decide.”

“We’ve got time until dinner, right, Daddy?” Spencer’s hand travelled down the firm planes of Hotch’s stomach and loosened the belt of the dressing gown so that it fell open.

“Lots of time,” Hotch groaned as Spencer kissed his way towards his gradually hardening member. He growled under his breath and fistied Reid’s hair as the young man took Hotch’s half hard cock in his mouth and licked him to a full erection.
Hotch and Reid pulled clean clothes from their bags and dressed quickly. Hotch had a strange longing for the armour of his suit and tie before this meeting but he hadn’t packed anything like that when he went on the run. Reid ran his fingers through his hair several times and frowned at himself in the huge ornate mirror on the wall. Standing behind him, Hotch murmured his approval and Reid just snorted his disagreement.

“You clearly aren’t seeing what I’m seeing,” Aaron whispered and stared into Reid’s reflected eyes.

“And what are you seeing exactly?” Reid asked shakily.

“A gorgeous, intelligent, individual, and simply remarkable man who has survived against all the odds.”

“And who is also a, possibly insane, serial killer,” Reid finished for him blushing furiously.

“Hey, that just adds to the attraction for me,” Hotch chuckled but then he looked at his own reflection and suddenly felt nervous. “I’m too old for you, you know?”

“No you’re not. You’re perfect for me. I like who I like and I love you.”

“What are we, Spencer?” Hotch couldn’t even meet Reid’s mirror eyes as he asked the question that had been weighing so heavily on his mind.

“What do you mean?” The younger man moved and sat on the edge of the bed and contemplated his ragged sneakers.

“Well, are we a... couple? Or is this just about sex? I don’t know why we do what we do.” Hotch hated how unsure he sounded. He never sounded unsure. Everything that he had done in his life, he had done with the utmost confidence in himself. Whether that was moving to the FBI and rising through the ranks or veering off the rails and embarking on a cross-country killing spree. He never doubted and he never second-guessed himself. At least not until he met Spencer Reid. Now everything seemed to throw him a little off balance as if he never had sure-footing at all.

“What do you want us to be, Daddy?” Reid was now tugging at the threads in his holey jeans and pushing his hair back behind his ear.

“I want everything. I want everything that I can get from you. I’ve never loved anyone like I do you. I know we can’t have much of a future in our line of work but I want to spend every moment of my life with you. If you don’t want that, then I would rather know now. I want you to be my life partner for however long we manage to survive.”

Reid didn’t answer. Instead he threw himself into Hotch’s arms and kissed him furiously, practically climbing up the older man with his long limbs in a desperate attempt to get as close to him as possible. Eventually they broke apart, breathing heavily.

“Love you, Daddy,” Reid muttered with his face buried in the older man’s neck.

“Aaron, please, I like it when you call me Aaron.”

“Aaron,” Spencer sighed.
They stood together in that embrace for a long time until shakily Spencer looked up and deep into Hotch’s dark eyes. “So what does this mean for what Emily and JJ want from us?”

“That depends on you. I’ll go along with whatever you want, Spencer.”

“Um... I like it here in this room. Let’s see what they say at dinner. I guess as long as we know that I belong to you and...”

“And I belong to you,” Aaron prompted with a small smile to which Spencer responded eagerly.

“I guess if we know that then whatever we do here doesn’t really matter and if we really are safe from being caught then this might be a good place to lay low for a while. It would be nice to have a place to call home. I’ve been on the road for years and it gets tiring.” Hotch traced the dark rings under Reid’s eyes and nodded his agreement. Pulling the young man in for a gentle kiss, he smiled easily and then they headed down to the bar.

JJ was behind the bar while Emily leaned over towards the petit blonde with a huge grin on her face. There was a little boy balanced on her hip. Blonde and smiling he reminded Hotch of Jack. It hurt so badly to think that he would never see his son again. He felt a long fingered hand squeeze his and he looked over at a worried Spencer Reid. He smiled and allowed himself to lean slightly on the younger man before he straightened up again and walked over to the bar with his shoulders squared and his head held high.

“Ah, you two have managed to drag yourselves out of bed and you’re even dressed,” Emily teased. Hotch just narrowed his eyes but Spencer blushed. JJ laughed lightly and reached over to ruffle the young man’s hair.

“Don’t be mean, Em,” she gently reprimanded.

“Yeah, Emmy, don’t be mean,” Henry mimicked and waggled his finger at the dark haired woman who smiled broadly.

“I’m sorry, Henry,” she apologised. “This is Aaron and Spencer. They might be staying with us for a while.” Henry held his hand out to both men and Hotch shook it solemnly but with a smile while Spencer just waved awkwardly. Henry continued to hold his hand out and the young man started to look slightly panicked.

“You know how many germs are spread by shaking hands? We’d be better to kiss.”

“Eww! No kissing!” Henry squealed. “You’re weird.” Spencer gave Aaron a panicked look but he was laughing lightly with the two women. Henry cocked his head to one side and considered the young genius in front of him. “I like you, Spence.” He returned to the sippy cup of apple juice in his hands.

“Spence?” Reid mouthed at Hotch who smiled.

“We’ll all eat together in the bar. We can’t exactly take you two out to a nice restaurant. You’ll probably be recognised. I don’t know how you haven’t been caught yet.”

“Luck and taking out the witnesses,” Hotch drawled. Emily nodded sagely and motioned to a booth at the back of the bar that was already laid for four with a booster chair at the end.

As they were walking over to the table, Hotch grabbed Reid’s hand and whispered in his ear, “I’ve picked you up from the floor of one of the most disgusting bathrooms in the country and
you’re afraid of shaking hands with a three year old?”

“What can I say? You’ve got me clean and I’ve reverted to being a germaphobe.” Hotch just smiled broadly and squeezed in next to Reid across from JJ who was settling Henry into his high chair and giving him a dinosaur colouring sheet while they waited for dinner.

“What you got there, buddy?” Hotch asked the young boy.

“Dinoswar,” Henry held the scribbled over page up for inspection.

“It’s a triceratops. They lived during the late Maastrichtian stage of the Late Cretaceous Period, around 68 to 66 million years ago in what is now North America. The term *Triceratops*, which literally means "three-horned face", is derived from the Greek...” Spencer rambled and everyone at the table stared at him including Henry who seemed enamoured with the young man’s voice, which petered off as he realised that he was being stared at.

“He’s so lifelike,” Emily joked and prodded at the young man’s cheek which became impossibly redder. JJ swatted at her while Hotch just laughed softly until Reid shot him a dark look.

“You’re amazing,” he murmured softly and kissed the young man gently on the cheek.

“Eww! Kissing!” Henry shouted with a smile. JJ promptly covered the little boy in kisses as he squirmled and squealed with laughter. Their food arrived and Hotch inhaled the aroma of New Orleans cuisine. It was surprisingly easy to keep the conversation going over dinner, almost as if they all knew each other for years. When Henry asked to be let out his high-chair, he surprised everyone by demanding to sit on Reid’s lap and asking the terrified young man to tell him stories about all the dinosaurs in his colouring book. JJ and Emily were both smiling at the little boy with maternal expressions and Hotch was staring at his young lover with a fierceness that clearly exposed his feelings. God, he wished that Reid was sitting there holding Jack.

Emily reached across the table and laid her hand on top of his. “You’re a father.” It wasn’t a question.

“My son Jack is five.”

“Why did you leave him?”

“What kind of life can I offer him?” Hotch gestured at himself and took in all his violent tendencies. “He’ll grow up thinking of me as the bogey man who killed his mother.”

“Why did you?” JJ asked quietly.

“She was having an affair.” Hotch didn’t elaborate. He didn’t expect them to understand but they both nodded.

“Trust is an important thing,” Emily added sagely, “once it’s broken there can be no going back.”

“Can we trust you?” Hotch asked and glared at both women.

“Yes,” they answered with one voice and he believed them. Spencer looked up from the colouring book and paused in his explanation of pterodactyls’ feeding habits to smile at everyone before Henry tugged on his hair to get him to continue.

JJ grinned as dessert was served, “Ice-cream sundaes, just like you asked for, Spence.”
Both Spencer and Henry’s eyes were as wide as saucers as the concoctions were placed in front of them and by the end both of them were covered in chocolate sauce courtesy of Henry’s unpractised use of the long spoon and Spencer’s frantic gesticulations as he talked about the history of the ice-cream sundae. Emily, JJ and Hotch enjoyed steaming espresso and watching how Henry tried to mimic Spencer’s gestures.

“Ok,” JJ finally sighed and plucked her son up from the table. “You need a bath, young man.”

“So do you, kid,” Hotch smirked at Reid who blushed.

“Hotch, Reid, have you thought anymore about the offer?” Emily’s tone was suddenly all business. The men exchanged a weighted glance and Spencer nodded his consent for Aaron to speak for both of them.

“We’re interested. We’ll talk more tonight and give you our final answer in the morning.” Emily nodded with approval and started clearing the table with the help of the member of the kitchen staff who had been serving them.

Reid pulled his shirt off and started running the shower as soon as they were back in their room. Hotch sat on the bed and watched the young man strip. He was feeling relaxed and contented. It had been nice having a family dinner and he liked both JJ and Emily. In a sense, he was reminded of how he used to feel with his team at the BAU. Spencer would also benefit from having a secure familial environment. The question was if it as worth the price that they would have to pay. JJ didn’t seem to mind that Emily entertained clients. Maybe JJ did too. Surely, they would be able to give them tips on how to continue a relationship beyond that. There was no doubt in his mind that the two women were together. You can’t hide that kind of thing from a profiler and the women hadn’t seemed to be trying too hard. They just didn’t advertise it.

He heard the water running and stripped off to join Spencer. Slipping in behind the young man, he filled his palms with soap and ran them all over his chest, tugging at his nipples and enjoying the sharp gasps that action produced. Reid leaned back into him and allowed Hotch to kiss and bite his neck.

“That was nice,” Reid mumbled with his head under the water.

“I can do it again,” Hotch smiled and nipped at Reid’s smooth skin.

“No, well that was nice too, but I meant the dinner,” Reid flushed and turned to look into Hotch’s eyes.

“It was. They seem like nice people,” Hotch agreed and started washing himself. “Henry seems like a good kid and he really likes you.”

“That is really weird. Kids never like me,” Reid frowned and rinsed the shampoo from his hair. “I like him, though. He’s not a wrinkly little baby so it’s better.” He shrugged as Hotch grinned.

“So what are we thinking?”

“I guess it would be nice to stay here for a while. How bad can it be if we have to sleep with a couple of women? We’ll get through it.”

“I guess so,” Hotch mumbled. He still wasn’t convinced. “So, we’re agreeing?”

“Uh-huh,” Reid nodded but he also didn’t seem exactly sure. “I love you.”
“Love you too, kid. Come to bed.”

“I want to read for a while.”

“Sure, but read in bed. I want you with me.”

“Always.”

Hotch sat up and watched Reid’s eyes flick over the page reading at a seemingly inhuman pace until his own eyelids started to droop. “I’ll talk to Emily in the morning,” he mumbled and heard Reid’s grunt of agreement before he allowed himself to drift off to sleep.
“Good morning,” JJ smiled and offered the two men a glass of orange juice each as they came down the stairs. The bar was empty and smelled of stale beer. “Come have a seat. There’s cereal and you’re welcome to use the kitchen if you want to cook.”

“Coffee,” Reid mumbled and Hotch agreed. Since he’d got off the drugs he was back to having major caffeine cravings and was supplementing his energy drinks with pitchers of coffee.

“In the kitchen. Help yourselves,” JJ smiled and returned to emptying the dishwasher behind the bar.

“Spence!” Henry shouted as they walked through the door to the kitchen and the young genius winced but waved in the boy’s general direction before making his way over to the percolator. Hotch walked over to the boy and ruffled his hair.

“How you doing, buddy? What you got for breakfast?”

“Coco Pops!” Henry gestured with a milky spoon and his breakfast cereal flew across the room.

“Ooh! I want some,” Spencer seemed to have perked up from just the aroma of the caffeine as he poured himself and Hotch steaming cups. He spooned half the canister of sugar into his own and brought the cups over to the table. Hotch smiled and allowed his fingers to linger as he took his mug. Spencer filled a bowl with the sugary cereal while Hotch made himself some toast. Emily wandered through the door rubbing her eyes sleepily and wearing a red silk dressing gown. She looked at the cereal on the wall next to the door and sighed before making a bee-line for the coffee machine.

“Morning Emmy!” Henry was certainly exuberant in the morning. Emily beamed over at him and swooped in to give him a kiss. “Love you,” Henry happily cooed.

“Love you too!” Emily replied and sat down next to the boy.

“Love you three!”

“Love you four!”

“Love you to the power ten,” Spencer supplied in an effort to quell the gradually increasing volume in the room.

“What’s that mean Spence?” Henry looked at him confused but at least he was quiet.

“It means a lot,” Reid mumbled and didn’t look up from the newspaper as he flicked through the broadsheet. JJ walked in the door wiping her hands on her jeans.

“Love you to the power ten, Mommy,” Henry squealed with a broad smile. Hotch and Emily laughed softly as JJ looked confused.

“Thanks, Henry. Love you too but we have got to get you to kindergarten so up,” she lifted the boy out of his seat and hurried him out the room despite his protests.

The silence was blissful and the three adults sipped their coffee peacefully. Spencer was
“We’ll take you up on your offer,” he said quietly. She nodded. “However, if we are unhappy we will leave.”

“If it comes to that, you can settle up with JJ. Her terms will be generous. I’ll make the necessary contacts.”

“You’ll give us more information about these women?”

“Certainly, I don’t know when they’ll be able to fly in. They’re both out-of-towners. Beth Clemmons and Lila Archer. Beth is from DC. Maybe you’ll even recognise her, Hotch. She’s on the triathlon scene too.” Hotch didn’t ask how she knew he did triathlons. Emily had already stated that it was her business to know everything about everybody. “Lila is from LA. She’s an actress.”

Spencer just frowned and folded the paper which he had read from cover to cover. There was no mention of either him or Hotch but they’d been very good over the few days they had been in New Orleans. Aaron had explained to him about forensic countermeasures and had made sure that they stayed away from security cameras. They’d both bought new guns and Aaron had wiped down their truck as much as possible before dumping it. It was sweet, Reid realised, the older man no longer wanted to be caught. He wanted to have time with Spencer. If having time together meant that they would have to play by the rules of Emily’s Brothel then he would have to go with that. They both would.

Hotch nodded briefly but Emily waited patiently. She could tell that there was more he wanted to say. He finished his toast and coffee, rinsing his mug and plate before returning to the table. Reid was making his way through a book he had brought down from their room and Emily was watching him with awe.

“This may be too personal but are you and JJ involved?” Hotch wasn’t quite sure how to phrase the question.

“We are.” Emily smiled at his tact.

“And she doesn’t object to you entertaining clients?”

“My clients have nothing to do with our relationship. I keep my work separate from my personal life.”

“How?” Spencer looked up from his book with hurt in his eyes. Even the thought of Hotch sleeping with someone else caused him pain.

Emily reached over and after a small nod of permission from Reid she grabbed his hand. “Think of it like a job. That’s all it is. It’s like going to the office and filling out a spreadsheet or catching a bad guy if you’re a FBI agent like your very sexy man on the other side of the table. You don’t bring it home with you.”

“That doesn’t usually go so well in practice,” Hotch growled. His work had always been a bone of contention with Hayley. “The work always interferes in one way or another.”

“Improve on your compartmentalisation or this won’t work out.” Emily shrugged it off. It worked for her. They’d have to find their own way.

“Does JJ have clients?”

“No. She has a thing with Will LaMontagne. He’s Henry’s father but for all extents and
purposes he is nothing more than a sperm donor. However, part of our agreement with him is that he gets to see JJ when he wants to.” Emily had a harder compartmentalising that fact. Will LaMontagne was a drunken deadbeat. Hotch saw the look of disgust flicker across her face but he didn’t comment. Spencer retreated with him to their room without taking his nose out of his book and he was practically finished it by the time they reached their door.
Morgan sat staring at the copies of the files that Detective Morano had sent over as per his request. He’d made sure that Garcia sent her all the necessary information on Hotch and his Pretty Boy. Morgan rubbed a hand over his face. Jesus, he was making up nicknames for a serial killer he had never met and not even stupid ones like the media came up with. What were they calling Hotch again? The Agent of Death or something ridiculous like that. Now that they had got wind of the pair they were calling them the new Bonnie and Clyde but so far they hadn’t got a cutesy nickname.

Morgan flicked through the photographs. There was something about Christopher Farr that had set them off. The cuts suggested that the killer was left-handed so it was definitely Hotch. His victim had changed but apparently he still liked to use his knife. Strange for the man who was so obsessed with guns that he carried two. Maybe, it was his own way of distancing himself from the man he was in the Bureau. Still, he had shot the man in the freezer with his Glock and the trucker in the corner. Reid had taken out the other three. No one had suffered as much as Farr. He had to have been the trigger. He was also removed from the other bodies and presumably the first to die. It was hard to time it exactly as they had all been killed in the space of a few minutes. An overweight trucker was about as far from the pretty blondes that Hotch had previously been partial to as one could get. What the hell did you do Farr? Morgan questioned the photograph of the corpse.

Perhaps the trigger was the same as what led to the massacre in the bar? It stood to reason and it had to be something that pissed off both Hotch and Reid equally. What would be a stressor for both of them? What would a trucker and some small town drinkers have in common? A lot, probably, Morgan reasoned. Then it sunk in. Jesus, they probably made some kind of homophobic slur. Shit, they’re killing homophobes and everyone in the vicinity. He had to tell someone. But who could he tell? He wasn’t meant to be working this case and both Rossi and Gideon had already counselled him to give it up. If he was still here, Hotch would understand his determination. Morgan felt a deep sadness well up in him again. He missed his boss. He missed his friend. Fucking hell, why did he have to do this?

Morgan picked up his phone and dialled Garcia. She wouldn’t be able to help but she’d listen and right now he just needed to talk to someone.
Finding a Home

It had been a week. Not an unpleasant week but already Hotch was getting bored and he could see that Reid’s fingers were getting twitchy. Emily and JJ had made them promise not to kill anyone in New Orleans for the duration of their stay. At first, it was blissful. They had sex several times a day on the bed, the sofa, the floor, the bath, the shower. Everything was clean and luxurious. There was good food and Spencer had even gained a few pounds. Emily had a small home gym and had happily agreed to let Hotch use it. She said it would be good for business if he kept in shape. He’d grimaced but it felt good to be working out again. Emily had even suggested that they spar together soon.

Spencer was quickly reading his way through every book in the building and JJ had suggested that he go to the library with Henry to get some more books soon. Sometimes in the evenings, Hotch and Spencer would stroll through the streets. Emily made Hotch wear a baseball cap and she’d tried to get Spencer to wear a straw cowboy hat but he had practically screamed in protest so they’d settled on him tying his hair back and wearing sunglasses. Again Reid had protested that he looked like an idiot wearing sunglasses at night but apparently it wasn’t that unusual in the bar district.

Henry would run up to their door when he got home from kindergarten. Thank God, JJ had taught him to knock and wait for an answer before running into the room or he would have caught his new uncles in some very compromising positions over the first couple of days but they’d come to know what time he got home and even Spencer looked forward to seeing the little boy. He’d launch himself through the open door and into Hotch’s arms. The older man would throw him into the air and spin him around like an aeroplane as he giggled away. He’d tell them all about his day and what he’d learned while Spencer would break in with further information about the origins of the alphabet and the physics behind windmills. Henry loved hearing Spencer recite books from memory and would crawl into his lap and demand a certain story while colouring.

Sometimes Hotch would swear his heart was breaking as he thought of Jack and the fact that it should be his son curled up in his boyfriend’s lap but he didn’t begrudge Henry one moment of happiness. God knows his biological father didn’t give a shit about him.

JJ would call up the stairs around six and Hotch would pluck Henry from Reid’s lap and take him to wash up for dinner. The five of them would eat together and talk as if they had been friends for years. Spencer was allowed to ramble until Emily kicked him under the table. Hotch told stories about old FBI cases and JJ would tell funny tales about her bar patrons. Emily never talked about her work but it seemed like she had travelled extensively and would talk about Paris, Berlin, London and Milan. Hotch wondered what her parents had done that had led to such a nomadic lifestyle, possibly politics. Emily had the good breeding of a politician’s daughter.

Spencer was as happy as he had ever been. He finally had a family. Sure, they were all fucked up in their own way but it was a family. And weren’t all families a little bit screwed up? Sure, most of them didn’t have a possible triple digit kill count between them (he was sure that both JJ and Emily had killed at least a couple of people in their time). They all doted on Henry and tried to appear as normal for him as possible. And wasn’t that what family was about: hiding the crazy for the kids?

Still, this was a long time for both Aaron and him to go without shooting or slicing someone up. Killing was addictive and Spencer Reid was an addict. He longed to spin the barrel of his gun and empty it into some random passer-by’s chest. He could see the urges in Hotch’s eyes too
and it was confining to have to bend to Emily’s rules. It was worth it for the room, the safety, and the family but he wasn’t sure when the price would become too high and they’d both freak out and go on a rampage.

Still, he couldn’t imagine Aaron ever really losing control. He was always so contained. Except in bed. Then Spencer got to see the real Aaron Hotchner, and he was beautiful.
The following Wednesday, Emily cornered Hotch and Reid after dinner. “I’ve made arrangements with both Lila and Beth. You’ll be having your first dates with them on Friday night.”

“It’s not a date,” Hotch growled and pulled Spencer into his arms, almost using him as a shield from Emily’s words.

“Meeting, date, whatever,” Emily waved off his aggression. “Beth will be coming here. You’ll meet with her in the Celestial Room.”

“The what room?” Hotch asked with his eyebrows shooting up to his hairline.

“You’ll be her god for the night, Hotch,” Emily smirked and turned her attention to Spencer who was playing with Hotch’s watch and looking increasingly homicidal. “You will be going to Lila’s hotel. I thought it might be good to separate the dates and it means that Lila doesn’t have to somehow get here incognito. I will bring you your outfits on Friday.”

“You’re dressing us up?” Spencer spluttered and looked over his shoulder at Hotch in horror.

“Don’t worry. There won’t be any spandex or latex, Reid. You’ll like what you have to wear, trust me.” Both men looked distinctly unwilling to do that and they practically fled to their room. JJ emerged from behind the bar and stood on tiptoe to press a small kiss to Emily’s lips with a smile.

“That went well,” she smirked at her raven haired lover.

“As well as can be expected. I just hope they don’t kill our clients. That is always messy.”

“They’ll be fine, Emmy. At least they have each other. It’s important.” Emily bent and pressed her way into JJ’s mouth with a deep moan of agreement.

Up in the room, Hotch stripped off and lay back on the bed and watched Spencer pace and wring his hands for a few minutes before he managed to speak up.

“I want to try something,” Hotch said nervously and Reid looked up sharply at that tone. Hotch didn’t get nervous. “Look if we’re going to do this then I want you to know that I’m yours entirely. That no matter what I belong to you.” Hotch paused and Reid just looked at him quizzically, waiting for him to get to his point. “I want you to fuck me, Spencer.”

“You want me to what?” Spencer looked surprised.

“I’m always top. I want you to be this time. I want to know how it feels and I want you to know that I’m yours.”

“We don’t have to do this, Daddy. Hell, our relationship is based on you being top.”

“I want to. Please, Spencer.”

“Alright. But you should know that...umm...I’ve never actually done this. So, I hope it’ll be good.”

“It’s always good with you, baby.” He pulled Spencer in for a deep kiss while tangling his fingers in the soft hair. Their tongues danced but Hotch allowed Spencer’s to chase his back into his mouth and
to map every inch. Reid pulled back breathlessly and started trailing kisses down Hotch’s neck and chest. He nipped and licked at every hot spot he had discovered and lathed one of Hotch’s dark nipples with his tongue as he teased the other one into a hard peak with his delicate fingers. Hotch felt like his whole body was shaking and vibrating on the edge with just this attention. He was nervous and every touch made his skin hum.

Spencer continued to trail down Hotch’s stomach and then bit softly into the soft flesh of his inner thigh before soothing the skin with gentle licks and sucking. “You’re going to have to relax and trust me,” he murmured, the words ghosting over Hotch’s groin.

“I trust you.”

Spencer engulfed the head of Hotch’s penis between his soft lips and hummed gently while he tongued the slit. Aaron desperately wanted to buck up into that damp, warm mouth but he fisted the sheets and fought the urge. He felt Reid reaching down and cupping his balls, rolling them gently until one finger slowly teased further back and traced the circle of his ass.

“Roll onto your stomach,” Reid commanded, his voice thick with lust.

“I want to see you,” Hotch said refusing to move.

“Then put a pillow under your hips. I’m going to try something to help you relax.” Hotch manoeuvred the pillow while Reid stripped himself and grabbed the lube slicking up a finger. Reaching down he traced Aaron’s opening gently while licking up the thick vein under his penis. Hotch tried not to clench but he couldn’t help it. Reid moved down and mouthed at his balls before suddenly Hotch felt a hot, wetness beside the circling finger.

“Fuck, are you using your tongue?” Reid hummed an affirmation. Hotch groaned, “Fucking hell Spencer,” he moaned as the flexible muscle breached him. Spencer kept up his gentle ministrations and slipped his finger in beside his tongue, gently stretching the older man who was writhing on the bed. He barely registered the slight burning when Reid added a second finger and then crooked them gently, hitting a spot that drew a ragged gasp from Hotch. He looked down at Reid who was smiling up at him and fingering him languidly, making sure to keep pressure on that sweet spot.

“Shit. Spencer. Fuck. More.” Reid smiled, added more lube and pushed a third finger in gently. There was a definite burn now but it was combined with such sweet pleasure. Hotch couldn’t believe that he had been planning on going his whole life and never experiencing this. He groaned and pushed down onto Reid’s hand. “More. Now. Please. Fuck me. Please. Spencer.” The fingers withdrew and Hotch found himself still slightly anxious as Reid slipped up his cock and pressed against his ass. The young man leaned over him and licked his way into Hotch’s mouth as he pushed in gently, stopping when just his head was engulfed and allowing Aaron to adjust. He felt stretched but it felt good and he wanted more. “More,” he moaned into Reid’s mouth and the young man gasped as he forced his full length in.

“Fuck, Daddy, this feels really good,” he groaned as the muscles massaged and pulled at his cock, urging him to push in more and more. Slowly he withdrew and watched Hotch’s face carefully. He re-angled and pushed forward again and this time he saw Aaron’s eyes fly open and heard the desperate groan. Keeping that angle, he thrust over and over while tonguing the sleek sweat that was coating Hotch’s neck and chest. The older man was incoherently moaning a string of expletives and Spencer’s name over and over. He hooked his leg up around Reid’s waist and pulled him in further.

“Faster. Spencer. Fuck. Faster. More. Please.” Reid allowed his pace to pick up and he gripped at Hotch’s hips with one hand while the other curled around his partner’s cock. He tugged him frantically in counterpoint to his thrusts and desperately tried to hold off his own release. “So close,
so, ah god, gonna cum,” Hotch groaned and ejaculated over Reid’s fist. The muscles tightened further in his ass but Reid pushed through with ragged movements until he felt himself explode in Hotch’s tight channel and he came with a scream of ecstasy.

Bonelessly, Reid fell on top of the man beneath him who made no attempt to move. They lay together until their breathing evened out and their sweat started to cool.

“Was that okay for you?” Reid asked as he bit his lower lip slightly.

Hotch grinned broadly, “Yeah, that was okay, kid.” Reid swatted at him but grinned back. “That was pretty amazing actually. Sleep?”

“I’ll get something to clean us up,” Reid rolled off the bed and headed for the bathroom where he wet a wash cloth with warm water. He wiped down his stomach and penis before returning to the bedroom. Smiling, he looked down at Hotch who was already sleeping peacefully, splayed across the whole bed. He wiped him down carefully, noticing the slight trickle of blood, and pulled the covers up before heading over to the bookcase and pulling out a book at random. His finger skimmed quickly down the page and he flicked through the thick tome in less than an hour. It felt wonderful to be able to concentrate fully again. He’d been alternately lethargic or jittery when he was on his bizarre cocktail of drugs but now he could sit and make his way through a stack of books again.

He only wished that he could go back to university and finish his PhD but that was never going to happen. Still, he felt like maybe there could be some version of a future for him and Aaron. They just had to figure out the details but he’d leave that to the older man. He looked like a man who always had a plan whereas Reid just went with the flow.
Friday Night; Date Night

Friday came around far too quickly. Hotch was called to Emily and JJ’s room to dress and by the time he was finished, Spencer had already been taken to the hotel. Hotch knew that was done on purpose but he was irrationally nervous about Spencer being out of his sight.

He opened a door to a room that was laid out similarly to the one that he shared with Spencer apart from the dominant colours were white and gold. Looking up, he saw that there was a mural of cherubs painted on the ceiling and he grimaced. A dark haired woman about his age was sitting at the table looking out the window at the wall of the apartment block next door. He cleared his throat and she turned with a broad smile. He felt stifled in the suit that Emily had brought him this morning. It was expensive and perfectly tailored for him but he’d grown used to jeans and a T-shirt over the past half year. His tie felt like a noose around his neck and he was pretty sure that the woman in front of him was the hangman.

“Aaron Hotchner,” he extended his hand towards her. The etiquette in this situation was completely outside his realm of experience. She just widened her smile and her eyes sparkled with amusement. However, she rose and grasped his hand.

“Beth Clemmons,” she murmured and led him to sit across her at the table. She pulled the muslin drapes shut. “Not really much of a view, is it?” Her tone was conversational but her eyes were raking every inch of Hotch. He felt disturbingly like a piece of meat on the butcher’s block. Glaring at her, he raised one eyebrow. Small talk never was his thing. “I’d like to get to know you better,” Beth was still smiling. She seemed very nice and he wondered where she’d got her kink for murderers.

“You don’t know my story?” He asked disbelievingly.

“Oh, of course, but I want to hear it from you.” Beth’s fingers traced a little pattern across the back of his hand which lay on the table in between them. He tried, but he couldn’t disguise his slight flinch. He really wasn’t into this at all. She just smiled.

“Born in Virginia, one younger brother, worked as a prosecution lawyer until I joined the FBI. I rose through the ranks in SWAT before joining the BAU under Jason Gideon. When he chose to step aside, I became the unit chief. I have one son and almost six months ago I murdered my wife.” He delivered this in a deadpan tone without much interest but Beth’s eyes flared as he mentioned killing his wife.

“Did you have a happy childhood?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I’d rather not discuss it.”

“Oh, but I’m paying you to discuss it.”

“I thought you were paying me for sex.” Hotch really didn’t want to talk about his past. It was in the past and he didn’t like to think about how he had become just like Perotta. He’d told that man that there was another option but was there?

Her light laugh fluttered across to him and grated across his nerves. “We’ll get to that later. Talk to me about your parents.”
“My mother was an alcoholic who never noticed that my father beat me. Sean was adored by both of them.”

“You poor man,” Beth simpered and Hotch felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

“I got over it.” Hotch maintained his glare but Beth’s smile never faltered. It was beginning to freak him out a little. This woman was definitely mentally disturbed.

“So why did you murder your wife?”

“Because I wanted to,” Hotch was beginning to get quite irritated with this woman’s questioning.

“Oh, come on, Aaron. Is it because of your childhood trauma?” He knew that she was goading him but by God it worked.

“No, of course not. I am not my father. I would never hurt my son. She cheated on me and she got pregnant by him. I killed her to punish her for being unfaithful.”

“You also killed a woman you worked with.”

“Elle Greenaway. Shame really. I do regret that. She was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.” He shrugged and Beth motioned for him to continue. “She came to check on why I hadn’t shown up for work and she found me sitting in the bedroom covered in Hayley’s blood. I shot her in the stomach. I thought that the ambulance might get there in time but apparently not,” Hotch shrugged and looked at his hands. Jesus, he really didn’t like this woman but he was doing this for a safe place with Spencer. Focus on Spencer. A safe place with Spencer.

“How many have you killed?”

“I don’t keep score.”

“Maybe not but I’m sure you know.”

“Fourteen. Seven of them were Hayleys.”

“Hayleys?”

“Blonde women who I killed in the same way as Hayley.”

“Good. You’re finally opening up. This is good progress.”

“Are you planning on reforming me or something?” Hotch asked with a sneer. Now he saw what her game was. She was one of those crazies who thought that a serial killer could be rehabilitated by the love of a good woman.

Perhaps.” Beth looked again at the drapes but the zeal in her eyes betrayed her purpose. When she turned to him again the religious fervour had been replaced by burning lust. “Shall we move onto the next stage in this meeting?”

Hotch shrugged his shoulders. He definitely wasn’t feeling aroused at the moment, in fact, he wasn’t sure he’d be able to perform and that had never been a problem for him. Beth took his hand gently and pulled him to stand in front of her. Her hands were freezing cold against his neck as she pulled him forward into a chaste kiss.

“There, we’ve got that over with. You’re not nervous are you?” Hotch shook his head. Nauseous, maybe, but not nervous. “Shall I pour us a drink? Loosen you up a bit.”
“Yes, please.” God, a drink would really help this horrible situation. “Scotch, neat.” She smiled as if she already knew and stepped over to the small bar that was set up in the corner. She poured his Scotch and opened a bottle of wine for herself. If he was being a gentleman, he would have offered to pour for her but he really didn’t give a shit. He took off his jacket and carefully folded it on the back of his chair. As he opened his cuffs, she appeared at his side. When she passed him the glass, she let her fingers linger gently on his and smiled coquettishly. God, if she’d just stop smiling for one minute maybe he could think about having sex with her but she didn’t. He downed his glass and slammed it onto the table before reaching for his tie. He pulled at the knot until she reached up and started loosening it gently while pressing small kisses against his jaw. Fighting the urge to push her away he reached up to slip the thin straps of her black dress from her shoulders.

Her hands carefully undid each button of his shirt. As she pushed it open, he heard her murmur of approval. He leaned down to kiss along her neck with his eyes closed. If he couldn’t see her then maybe it wasn’t happening. However, his senses were overwhelmed by her strong perfume and he was sure he was going to gag so he moved to press against her lips. Sliding his arms around her waist, he reached up and unzipped her dress, which fell to the floor with a gentle rustle. He realised that she was completely naked and still nothing was even stirring. She hadn’t noticed that yet, if the slight moans she was making as she kissed his neck were anything to go by. Her hands slid down to his belt and she quickly opened his slacks which slid down his thighs. When her hands brushed the front of his boxers she suddenly stopped and he could feel himself colouring.

“I’m sorry,” he murmured and stepped backwards embarrassed. However, when he looked up he saw that she was still smiling and he felt like bashing her teeth in with his bare fists.

“It’s okay. I understand that it’s quite common with men who enjoy stabbing.”

“I’m not impotent,” Hotch raged. “For fuck’s sake I rape women. With my cock.” He was practically spitting the words at her. He added to himself that he had no problem having sex with his boyfriend either. She was the problem not him.

“I know, honey. Don’t worry. It’s not a big deal. I’ll bring you a little something next time so that you’ll be all ready to perform.” He just stared at her. She was really going to drug him to have sex with him. Jesus. This whole situation was so fucked up. She smiled broadly again and stood on tiptoe to press a kiss to his forehead. He just stood there holding his trousers up with his clenched fists. “You can go now.” She waved her hand slightly as a dismissal. He gathered up his clothes and fled from the room to his and Spencer’s further down the corridor without even stopping to do up his fly.

Hotch sat in their room drinking Scotch as he waited for Reid to return from Lila’s hotel. He’d replaced his tie and suit jacket a couple of hours ago feeling like he needed a little of his shield just now. Jesus, suits were uncomfortable but a small part of his mind reminded him that he looked damn good in a suit and Spencer might like it. Time seemed to be passing like molasses and he kept glancing at his watch impatiently. Finally, Reid wandered through the door. Hotch hadn’t seen what Emily had brought for the young genius to wear but it took his breath away. Shit, he thought, who knew I had a kink for professors? Reid ran his fingers through his damp hair and Hotch realised that all his clothes were wet. The wool sweater vest exuded the dank aroma of sheep and he watched open-mouthed as Reid stripped it off and threw it into the corner of the room. Underneath was a tightly fitted lilac button up shirt with a skinny navy blue tie. The only article of clothing that remained of Spencer’s was his battered converse sneakers. The tight, charcoal grey slacks clung to his ass as he turned around to close the door with a slam.

“You look sexy,” Hotch growled and was pleased to feel his body responding. At least she hadn’t broken him. Reid looked over at him distractedly.
“She kissed me, Daddy,” Reid made a face and stuck out his tongue.

“That’s kind of expected, Spencer,” Hotch grumbled. Reid didn’t seem too disturbed by his experience whereas Hotch was having some major confidence issues. “What else?” He didn’t want to know but he had to know.

“She pranced around in a bikini and then pulled me into the swimming pool and kissed me. That’s it really.”

“She didn’t try to have sex with you?”

“I don’t think so.” Reid cocked his head to the side and ran through the evening’s events. “She drank out of my bottle of Coke. Was that meant to be suggestive? She just seemed to want someone to talk to.”

“God, you got off easy, kid.”

“Was it really bad, Daddy? I like what you’re wearing. You look all official” Reid curled himself into Hotch’s lap and gently started to remove the dark red tie and unbutton his shirt. He tried not to show it but he was taking a great deal of comfort in the fact that Aaron seemed miserable.

“She wants to reform me.” Hotch stated blankly and Reid snorted in disgust. “Quizzed me about my childhood and why I killed Hayley. Then she wanted to sleep with me but I couldn’t get it up.” He winced and hid his head in his hands. Reid gently pried them apart and kissed each palm. He was smiling broadly now. “She’s going to bring Viagra next time.” Reid made a sympathetic, choked sound. Neither of them wanted there to be a next time. The idea of being drugged scared Hotch and he knew Spencer would understand.

“Well, you don’t have any problems getting it up with me, Daddy.” Reid ground himself down into Hotch’s lap to prove his point and he felt the older man’s penis digging into his ass. “Want me to help you forget all about that nasty lady?”

“God, yes.” Hotch groaned.
“Okay, everyone,” Garcia beamed at the team gathered around the round table. They were finally starting to feel like a family again and the pain of losing Elle and Hotch was lessening for everyone, except maybe Morgan. Her poor Brownie Bear took everything to heart. “You’re off to New Orleans so you better bring me back some beignets. There is a rapist who seems to be picking up women outside of libraries of all places. He killed his last victim, Lauren Bryant, which is why the police have called us in. He wears a Halloween mask so none of the women have been able to give the police a sketch but he is a big guy, at least six foot five, so he should stand out in a crowd.”

“He wears a condom,” Rossi read, “spermicide was found on each victim. He’s careful. They haven’t found any fingerprints either.”

Morgan was staring blankly at the picture of Lauren Bryant splayed in an alleyway with her dress thrust up around her waist and her underwear hooked on the heel of her shoe. God, she was only nineteen years old. Still, in the back of his mind Hotch was lingering. Rape cases always made him think of Hotch. Hell, stabbings made him think of him. Shootings made him think of Spencer Reid, which made him think of Hotch. He rubbed his hand across his eyes. He was so tired.

“Ok, wheels up in thirty,” he mumbled once he realised that everyone was looking expectantly in his direction. Maybe he’d be able to sleep on the plane.

The team assembled around the table and started discussing possible profiles. Morgan delegated tasks for their arrival. He would go to the station with Rossi and Seaver to set up while Gideon and Blake would go to the last library and get a feel for the place. It wasn’t a long flight but Morgan still retreated to his corner, slipped his headphones on, and tried to get some much needed rest.

Gideon couldn’t quite believe it when he walked into the library from which the girls had been abducted. It was the Foot Path Killer all over again. There was Spencer Reid standing right in front of him. The FBI had been searching for this man for half a year and there he was totally at ease flicking through a book in the philosophy section. There was no way he as actually reading it at that pace, was there? The young man looked much better than he had on the grainy CCTV footage from the garage outside Jackson. Apparently, Aaron was good for someone. He had gained some weight and from the calmness of his demeanour it appeared that he had even got off drugs. Gideon quickly weighed his options. He should call Morgan but he wasn’t going to. He wanted to be the one to bring Aaron Hotchner in and prove to all the naysayers that he still had it. The question was whether he should follow Reid back to wherever Aaron might be or if he should bring the young man in now.

Spencer felt eyes on him and he looked up slowly. There was an older man with receding hair staring at him from near the counter. He looked like someone’s father or grandfather but then Spencer saw the gun on his hip and swallowed heavily. He glanced from side to side like a trapped animal and realised that the only exit he could reach was behind the man near the desk. Gideon quickly realised that his choice had been made for him and raised his gun just as Blake walked in the door.

“Spencer Reid. This is the FBI. Drop to your knees.” Spencer placed the book carefully back in its place and lowered himself down to the floor warily. The humidity in New Orleans played havoc with his old knee injury. “Hands behind your head and down on the floor.” Reid obeyed. He didn’t have a choice but he sent up a silent prayer to Aaron to come and save him. He had promised that he would. Gideon quickly frisked the young man and handed his revolver to Blake who still seemed to
be in a state of shock. “We’ve been looking for you for a long time, Spencer. Now you’re coming with me and we’re going to have a long talk about your friend Aaron Hotchner.”
Saturday evening, Hotch woke up alone in that horrible white room. It had been as bad as he had imagined it would be. Emily had brought him a small blue pill nearly an hour before his meeting with Beth and, by the time he had reached that ridiculously decorated room, his dick had been pressing painfully against his slacks. The sex itself was mediocre at best but once she had slid off him and redressed he had headed straight for the scotch and attempted to drink away the tears that threatened to fall. He had drunk too much after Beth had made her exit and he wanted comfort from his young lover but when he returned to their room he found it empty. Spencer had said he would go out to the library while Hotch had to be with Beth. He knew it was happening but he didn’t want to be in the same building. Aaron had objected but Spencer had been adamant that he would be okay and that he would be back in a couple of hours.

“Where’s Spencer?” Hotch growled as he stumbled down the stairs. His head was pounding and he felt like a small animal had died in his mouth. He ran his tongue across his dry lips and tried to swallow away the metallic taste in his mouth. Jesus, it was only nine in the evening. Things were not going well at all today. This had all been such a bad idea. His tie was suffocating and his shirt was sticking to his back with sweat. Passing out in a suit was uncomfortable. In fact, suits were uncomfortable. How the hell had he worn this thing every day for so many years? Not to mention the fact that he was still feeling uncomfortably and artificially turned on. He needed to work this off on Spencer now or he’d end up doing something stupid.

“Well, Sleeping Beauty, your prince has not returned yet,” Emily drawled while Hotch just glared.

“He should be back by now. He should’ve been back hours ago.”

“Don’t worry, Hotch. I’m sure he’s fine.” JJ’s attempts to placate the man just made him angrier. He flicked on the television and threw himself onto a bar stool which creaked warningly.

“Scotch, double.” The glass appeared next to his hand just as the news report started.

“Breaking news: the FBI has arrested one of the two men responsible for a spree of killing in the Southern States. Dr. Spencer Reid was apprehended this evening by a member of the FBI’s elite BAU unit...” The reporter droned on but Hotch couldn’t hear it over the buzzing in his ears. There was a picture of Spencer on the screen from his university days. His smile was broad and easy and the dark rings under his eyes were far less pronounced. He looked like the guy you’d go to if you were struggling with your homework not a killer. Emily and JJ just stared. JJ’s hands had flown up to her mouth and frozen there without the scream ever making its way past her lips. Suddenly, the TV screen was smashed by a flying glass of Scotch.

“I want him back!” Hotch roared and stumbled purposefully towards the door.

“Hotch, you are in no fit state to go after him,” Emily began but he was already out the door.

“We should go after him, Em.”

“And do what? He’s angry and upset. You knew that this was going to happen, Jaje. You just didn’t want to admit it.”

“I liked them,” the blonde woman said softly, “and they were both so good with Henry.”
“I know, honey,” Emily kissed her gently and held her as she cried softly.

Hotch walked around the block and tried to clear his head. It was an incredibly stupid thing to be doing considering that the entire New Orleans police force and the BAU were probably looking for him right now. He needed to sober up desperately. Coffee. He needed coffee and a plan. He was good at this. He was a planner. Turning around, he fell back into JJ’s bar. The blonde woman ran up and embraced him as if he had been gone for half a year instead of half an hour.

“I need coffee,” he grumbled without returning her hug.

“I’ll get it,” Emily smiled at him and rushed off to the kitchen.

“Whatever you need, Hotch, we’re here for you. Spencer’s like family.”

“He’s my life,” Hotch’s voice broke and he felt like he was going to cry. Men don’t cry, his father reminded him sternly and the tears dried up before the fists could fall.

By his third cup of black coffee a plan had started to form. “JJ, I need you to phone your cop. I need to know which hotel the BAU agents are staying at. And I’ll need a fresh suit.”
Hotch shaved carefully and secured his tie in a Windsor knot before jumping into the black SUV, which Emily had acquired, and heading for the Holiday Inn on the edge of town. He didn’t bother to park, simply left his car in the side alley and marched up to the front desk. A young man with sallow pockmarked skin and greasy slick backed hair loitered uneasily behind the desk. He kept moving his hands from lap to the plastic counter as if he wasn’t quite sure what to do with them. He’s new here. Good. He’ll be easy to intimidate, Hotch thought, from the worried glance he gave as the door slammed back against the wall at Hotch’s entrance.

“Supervisory Special Agent Aaron Hotchner,” he barked as he slammed his credentials on the desk. “I need to know which room Special Agent Ashley Seaver is staying in.”

“Sure, um, one second,” the youth typed something into the computer with shaking fingers. “Room 417”

“Key card.” Hotch held out his hand. The young man hesitated and Hotch’s brow furrowed into warning lines. Luke, as his name badge proclaimed him to be called, quickly scanned a card and pressed it into Hotch’s hand.

“Thank you.” Hotch whirled away but he could feel the gasp of relief from the terrified young clerk. He hopped into the elevator and impatiently jabbed at the door close button. His rage was simmering just below the surface and making it extremely hard to maintain an aura of calm. He needed to keep her alive, just long enough to get Spencer back. What happened after that was up to his mood at the time. He slid the key card through the lock, gently and was pleased as the green light lit up. Stepping into the room, he saw two beds but only one was being slept in. At least the Bureau had sprung for individual hotel rooms this time. It made his job far easier. Pulling out his gun, he walked silently to the side of her bed, picked up her sidearm, and pressed the cold metal against her pale forehead. Her eyes shot open and tried to adjust to the sudden brightness as he flicked on the bedside light.

“Hello, Agent Seaver,” he purred and stripped the comforter off her. She was sleeping in flannel pyjama pants and an old football jersey. “We’re going to take a little walk. I suggest you put on some shoes.”

“Agent Hotchner?” she sounded very small and very afraid.

He chuckled, “you can call me Hotch. Now get moving.” Slowly she rose and he moved with her towards the door. She pushed her feet into a pair of sneakers and he slid his gun back into his belt before flicking open his favourite knife and holding it against her side. They moved towards the stairs, his arm flung around her like they were old friends. Stepping out through a back door into the alley, he motioned her to step towards the car. This was boring. He’d expected some resistance. He raised her gun and brought it crashing into the side of her head. She bounced gently off the car door as she fell like a marionette with cut strings. Quickly, he duct-taped her hands, feet and mouth then threw her into the boot. The GPS was already programmed to take him to a warehouse owned by a very naughty client of Emily’s who wouldn’t talk. Now he just needed to make a phone call and soon he’d see Spencer again.

He pulled out a mobile that JJ had given him from her stash of burner phones and dialled a familiar number.

“Hello,” the voice was slurred and groggy. Maybe he had been drinking. Celebrating.
Maybe he was just exhausted.

“Jason,” Hotch smiled. “It’s so good to talk to you again. It’s been too long.”

“Aaron,” all the weight of sleep or alcohol left the older man’s tone, replaced by surprise and a wary anger.

“I’m glad we’re still on first name terms. Now, to business. You have something of mine. I have something of yours. I am willing to trade. I’ll call you back in an hour to discuss terms.” He hung up and shoved the car down a gear before slowly pulling out of the alleyway.

Jason Gideon staring at his phone with a deepening sense of dread before dialling Morgan’s number.

“What?” the unit chief groaned into the phone.

“Hotch just called me. He says he’s got something of ours and wants to trade. I’m going to check on Seaver.”

“Why Seaver?” Morgan still wasn’t really awake.

“She fits his type.”

The team gathered in the foyer in varying states of alertness. Rossi was alternating between livid anger and blind panic. Seaver had become like a daughter to him and this cut him to the quick. Morgan was pacing like a caged animal. Blake was blankly staring at the wall. Gideon dialled Garcia.

“Hotch, has Seaver,” he stated without preamble. “He will be calling back in the next ten minutes. Trace it.” He hung up before the tech analyst could ask any questions. Morgan’s phone buzzed and he answered it without having to check the caller ID.

“I know, Baby. Yes it’s bad. He came to the hotel and used his creds to get a key. Gideon already tore the clerk a new one. Yes, I’ll let you know. Love you too.” Gideon’s phone rang as Morgan was about to hang up. “Baby Girl, that might be him calling early. You got the trace running?” He nodded to Gideon who answered, squaring his shoulders.

“Got me on speaker, Jason?” Gideon sighed and pushed a button. Hotch wanted an audience. He always had some narcissistic tendencies.

“You are now.”

“Hello everyone.” No one replied. “Jason, got the trace running?” Hotch couldn’t hide the amusement in his voice.

“Yes, Aaron.” Gideon rubbed a hand over his eyes. How could they fight the guy who had helped write the majority of their handbooks?

“Good. We’ll see how good these burner phones really are. Garcia should be being bounced all over the city.” Gideon looked over at Morgan who shook his head. “Anyway, we don’t have all the time in the world. Poor Ashley is waiting for her knights in shining armour or something like that. I’ll cut the UnSub crap. I want Spencer. You want her. Let’s trade.”

“You know we can’t do that, Aaron. You know it doesn’t work that way.”
“True. However, I will tell you where to come. You can bring all the SWAT you want. All I ask is that you enter alone with Spencer and that we have a few minutes together. We will then surrender ourselves into your custody. Deal?”

“You should be discussing this with Morgan?”

“What can I say? I have a strange feeling of nostalgia for when you were the unit chief. I’ll call again in half an hour. I expect the arrangements to be made. I will give you an address at that time.” Again Hotch hung up.

“Anything?” Morgan asked exasperatedly. “Thanks anyway, Baby, I’ll call you when I know more.”

“Do it,” Rossi stated quietly and Blake nodded her agreement.

“It’s not that simple,” Morgan argued, “We can’t just hand over a man who is guilty of god knows how many murders.”

“What choice do we have?” Gideon asked quietly. “Aaron says he’ll surrender afterwards.”

“And you believe him?” Morgan stared incredulously.

“He always was a man of his word,” Gideon shrugged.

“He’s not the same man. You’ve been telling me that for months, Rossi.” Morgan looked around, seeking an ally.

“I know but we just have to hope. Let’s go get this ball rolling.” The team walked out of the lobby, leaving Morgan to trail after them uncertainly. Hotch was running this show. It was just as if he was the unit chief again and the team was following his orders.
“Spencer?” Gideon asked softly. The young man had cried himself to sleep and was curled up on his cot but he looked up sharply at Gideon’s voice. The older man had done all the questioning but he had difficulty drawing the young genius out of his shell on any matters other than academic ones. He had clammed up entirely when Aaron was mentioned. “Aaron has demanded to see you.”

“He’s here?” Spencer looked around as if he expected to see his lover standing behind Gideon.

“No. He’s taken one of my agents. He wants to trade. We’re going to drive to him.”

Spencer smiled broadly and stood up, smoothing his hair and glancing at his jumpsuit in disgust. Good Lord, Gideon thought, he looks like he’s about to go on a date.

Gideon pulled up to the warehouse to which Hotch had given him directions with Spencer sitting in the passenger seat anxiously drumming his fingers with as much motion as his cuffed hands would allow. He hadn’t said a word during the whole drive despite Gideon’s attempts to draw him into a conversation. Morgan was following with a SWAT contingent and Gideon saw them pull up in the rear-view mirror. He slipped on his vest and released Reid’s hands so that he could put one on as well. He looked at it suspiciously but complied. Gideon didn’t re-cuff his hands. He wasn’t sure why but he just didn’t. There was something about this young man that reminded him of Steven. He wished that he had called his son more. Maybe there was still time to fix it once this whole debacle was over.

He led Spencer by the elbow into the complex and followed the winding corridors according to Hotch’s detailed description. Finally, he reached a small room that was probably an office at one time. He pushed open the door and thrust Spencer through first, holding his gun to the young man’s back.

“Daddy!” Gideon winced at that exclamation but he saw Hotch smile in a way he hadn’t done in years. However, he was puzzled by the dark cloud that quickly gathered on Hotch’s brow and the small twitches his hand made. Did Hotch have some kind of dissociative identity disorder?

“Hey, kid. You really fucked up this time,” he growled at the young man and stepped to the side to reveal Seaver beaten and bruised but relatively whole. “I had to take me a Hayley to get you back.”

Aaron, we had a deal. I brought you Spencer and now we’ll trade. Slide your gun towards the far wall.” Hotch smiled coldly but did as he was told. Seaver frantically fought against her bonds. “It’s okay, Ashley. I’m going to get you out of here.”

“You always were a smug son of a bitch, Jason. I want a minute with Spencer. Then you can have us both. That was the deal.” He pulled the young agent to her feet and thrust her towards Gideon who released Reid. The young man ran at Hotch and pulled him into a passionate kiss. Hotch responded happily but suddenly raised his hand and struck his lover who fell to the floor.
“You think everything’s okay, kid. We’re both fucked now and it’s all your fault. You piece of shit. I should have let you die in an alley.” He punctuated his words with sharp kicks to Spencer’s stomach. Gideon watched transfixed. His mind was working frantically to figure out why Hotch would give himself up if he didn’t care about the kid at all. Seaver was pushing against him but he silenced her with a raised hand. Suddenly, he saw it. Reid had rolled onto his side with a baby Glock in his hands. He raised and before Gideon had a chance to react the lead was buried right between his eyebrows.

“Nice shot, kid. I wasn’t sure you’d get the plan.” Hotch pulled Reid to his feet and kissed him gently. “Did I hurt you Spencer?”

“No, Daddy, you kick like a nine year old girl.” Hotch smiled and ran his hands down Reid’s back to cup his ass and pull him closer. Seaver made a strangled noise from the floor where she had fallen on top of Gideon’s corpse. Reid walked over to her with the gun still in his hand and knelt down next to her. He pulled off the duct tape across her mouth and she shrieked in pain.

Reid glanced up at Hotch who was regarding him thoughtfully before asking the question he had to know the answer to, “Did he rape you?” Seaver felt the still warm metal of the barrel against press against her temple as she tried to shake her head so she whispered a soft denial. “Good Daddy,” Reid smiled around at the older man who nodded and went to collect his own gun. He had just picked it up when he heard the shot and saw the blonde woman bleeding out on the floor. Spencer joined him near the window and they glanced out at the gathering forces who were about to burst through the door. They only had a matter of minutes.

“I guess there really is no happy ending,” Hotch mumbled slowly as he pulled the young man next to him and looped an arm around his waist.

“No, but you kept all your promises.” Spencer smiled warmly. “This was a love story, Aaron You look good in a suit. Good enough to take me out the Ritz.”

Hotch chuckled softly. “I think we would have to rethink your attire. Orange really isn’t your colour.” Reid just nodded sagely. “We don’t have a lot of options, Spencer. How do you want to go out?”

“I don’t want to kill myself and I definitely don’t want to kill you,” Reid said softly and embraced the older man as he heard the SWAT team breach the door. “I also can’t go back to prison. Even those few hours were too much.” He pulled off the vest and laid it on the floor. Hotch bent down and slipped a letter underneath the vest. Reid smiled when he saw the name on the front and squeezed Hotch’s hand.

“Suicide-by-cop it is then,” Hotch tried to smile but he was struggling to hold back the tears that were already falling from Reid’s eyes. “God, I love you so much Spencer.”

“I love you too, Aaron. I wish we had years and years together. These past few weeks have been really nice. I’ll miss Henry. You know there are all these theories about parallel universes,” he paused as he heard footsteps in the hallway. “No time now. I just mean that maybe in an alternate universe we have years to spend together.”

“I hope so.” They linked hands and stood close together as Morgan kicked in the door. Raising their arms, they shot in unison as a hail of bullets riddled their bodies.
Epilogue

Morgan slit open the letter that had been found on the ground in Spencer Reid’s bulletproof vest. He had just returned from Gideon’s funeral and he was feeling tired with the whole FBI circus. Maybe now was the time to quit before he lost it like Hotch or became complacent like Gideon. Too many people had died and he included Hotch and Spencer Reid in that death toll. The letter was addressed to Jack Hotchner c/o Derek Morgan in Hotch’s neat script.

Derek,

I realise that I have no claims on you and that you most probably hate me and cannot comprehend what I have become. Perhaps you believe that I am incapable of love but I would argue that love has motivated my every action. I loved Hayley ferociously and she betrayed that. I love Spencer Reid more than I ever thought possible and, most importantly, I love my son. I’m not asking you to understand but I hope that, perhaps, you may be able to accept that I am not a monster despite the monstrous things that I have done.

I am going to die today. I know that. I also know that Jason Gideon will die, and probably Agent Seaver too, who is sitting next to me as I write this. I am sorry that it had to come to his. Spencer and I had more or less settled down together. However, I will do whatever is necessary to get him back. I promised him that I wouldn’t ever allow him to remain in prison and I will keep that promise along with another one that I made him. Either the autopsy or her own testimony will prove that I did not rape Agent Seaver. Perhaps, my ability to deny my pathology will one day become a topic of discussion at the Bureau. Let it be known that Spencer reformed me. We made a deal: he got clean and I stopped raping women.

I have enclosed a complete list of my victims and the dump sites. I am not sure if you have already found all of them. I have no remorse. Spencer once said that we were both men who had a great deal of potential but somewhere along the way everything got fucked up and now this is what we do because it’s the only thing that makes sense. I did what made sense but I hope that the families will get closure.

Finally, I have written a letter to Jack. I would appreciate it if you would make sure it gets to him once he is old enough. I leave it to your discretion as to when this will be. I know that he will have a good life with Jessica and I also know that he will never forgive me but I feel like I need to explain as best as I can. I give you permission to read the letter as I know you will anyway.

You’re a fine agent Derek and a far better unit chief than I was. Don’t let the pressure and the politics affect your principles.

Regards,

Aaron Hotchner

Derek folded the letter and turned to the second, unsealed envelope.

Dear Jack,

Hey Buddy. I’m not really sure when or if you will get this. A very clever man advised me to write you a letter to explain about what happened with your mom. I am not convinced that this
will help at all but I don’t have much time left and I won’t have another chance.

There was a time when your mother and I loved each other very much and you are a product of that love but we grew apart. I turned to my work and your mother turned to other men. When I found this out I reacted out of rage and spiralled out of control. I am sorry for depriving you of your mother’s love, Jack, but I reacted out of rage and instinct.

If I could change the past I would but I can’t. I found someone who made me happy and, if he had come into my life sooner, I think I could have handled your mother’s betrayal differently.

None of this changes the fact that I love you and I always will love you. Your mother loved you too and your Aunt Jessica will raise you as her own son. Please don’t hate me, Jack. I know that may be too much to ask but please don’t hate me.

I love you, Buddy.

Dad

Morgan refolded the letter and slipped it back into the envelope before letting it fall to the desk. He looked out the window of Hotch’s office, technically it was his office but it would always be Hotch’s, and watched the twilight gather and creep into the room. In the approaching darkness he attempted to collect his thoughts but nothing coherent would form. He stared at the blackening sky and felt that the darkness was really the only place where he could exist anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I would like to thank everyone who came on this crazy journey with me. Thank you for all your comments, kudos, and just for reading. I hope you have all enjoyed the story.

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