

Encounter: The Bountyman
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The Bountyman

Of all the bordellos in the Seven Systems, he had to swagger into mine.

I admit to stealing the line from the latest blockbuster remake of some Terran classic, but it was true enough; out here on the Margin, theft is a way of life.

The ubiquitous grit storm was blowing up outside the Saucy Sandworm, when the swing doors were batted open, and the bounty hunter, big and dangerous in polyalloy armor, dragged in his prisoner.

My piano player froze mid tune, the card players in the corner stopped betting, and Molly fell off Councilman Jarrod's lap, exposing a tumescent and throbbing cock, shiny slick with her copious juices.

The prisoner, hands bound in front, and with an electric noose around his neck, strode proudly behind the hunter. There was a collective gasp as my patrons recognized him. His face had been on wanted posters for as long as most could remember. The Butcher of Husin was public enemy number one, and had been for twenty years.

The Bountyman came to a halt before the bar, and lifted the scorched helmet off his head. He was a handsome devil.

"Good evening, ma'am. I wonder if I may avail myself of your subspace communication facility." His voice put his age around the early thirties, but his expression was that of a man twice that age. His pale gray eyes had seen a lot in his time. "I'm able to pay."

I shifted my gaze to his prisoner who simply stared back. "Is he safe?"

He jiggled the handle of the electronic noose. "Safe enough."

Jarrold had buttoned up his trousers by this time, and had wandered over. "We had word from over the Peaks of a cloud fight and some ships crashed. That be you, I bet. You've had a long walk."

The Bountyman turned, his hand simultaneously dropping to the blaster sitting on his hip.

“Councilman Jarrod,” he said, thrusting out his hand. “I’m the local authority here.”

The Bountyman returned the handshake, making Jarrod’s eyes water. “Do you have a jail?”

“Um, no.”

The Bountyman turned his attention back to me. “Ma’am. Do you know of a secure room I can stow my prize?”

“I have a cellar, below ground, if that helps.”

“Only one entrance?”

“Only one.”

“Excellent. I’m able to pay for the inconvenience.”

I reached below the bar and produced the key. “Molly, show the Bountyman down to the cellar.”

In a swish of skirts my coquettish cousin swooped on the key. “Follow me, sir,” she said while batting her eyelids most outrageously.

“That’ll do, Molly,” I said. “Bountyman’s here on business, not pleasure.”

He tilted his head to me, his gaze dropping to my cleavage. “Much obliged, ma’am.”

I took a deep breath to calm the fluttering of my heart, and watched him tow his smirking prisoner through the back room that led to the cellar door.

“Well, well,” said Councilman Jarrod. “The Butcher, caught at last.”

I didn’t feel like talking. I poured him a drink. “On the house, everyone,” I called, lining up the glasses, hoping that my largesse would keep everyone occupied.

Molly returned a few minutes later, her cheeks pink with excitement. This was the first real man she’d ever seen. Something more than the mere mortals who every night emptied their sacks into her willing pussy. This was a warrior, a

Bountyman, and her young heart was captured, as countless others had been throughout history.

"Molly, fix a meal for the Bountyman. Best of everything, mind you, and a big serving."

She scurried off to the kitchen. The Bountyman returned ten minutes later, wearing a somewhat more relaxed expression. "My ship's radio was disabled in the crash. May I use your subspace communicator?"

"Follow me."

I listened while he made his report to Galapog and arranged pickup. His voice contained no hint of hubris at his accomplishment.

"You'll be famous for this," I said.

His brow furrowed. "It's just a job."

"He's an animal. Why didn't you kill him?"

"It wasn't called for. Killing takes something from a man. I've lost too much over the years. I don't need to lose anymore than I have to, and besides, taking the head as evidence is a tad messy."

"The trial will go on for years," I said. "He'll be the center of attention, a living martyr for his cause, and he'll get three square meals a day, and a soft bed at night."

"Not my call." His eyes wandered over my body.

I knew the view pleased him. I was a decade older, but I could still draw the hardness out of a man.

"You own this place?"

I nodded, and sat on the edge of the desk beside him. "Came here with Molly. She's my only family."

"It must be difficult, being so far from everything."

"Getting started was hard, but now, not so much. The miners like the food, and Molly, of course."

I swung my leg back and forth, and his eyes followed my ankle. "It must be hard for you. Always on the move."

He shrugged. "It can get lonesome." He cleared his throat. "I better get back down there. I'd hate for him to cause a disturbance."

"I'll bring your meal."

He tilted his head, his gaze moved from my eyes to my mouth, and back to my eyes. "Much obliged."

He wanted me, but clearly duty was more important. He'd stay with his prisoner till he handed him over. He was worth fifty thousand credits, after all.

I carried the tray of food down to the cellar, and the Bountyman answered at my first knock. The prisoner was naked, his hands locked to the ceiling by a magnetic clamp, and the cuffs around his feet were bolted to the floor. He wasn't going anywhere.

The Bountyman was resourceful, and had made himself a bunk out of barrels and planks. He didn't intend leaving his prisoner alone for one minute more than necessary. He'd removed his armor, and was in shorts and singlet which showed his warrior's frame to perfection. His outstanding musculature caused a stirring between my thighs.

He spoon fed his prisoner while I fetched blankets and a pillow. I sat with him while he ate his own meal - real steak, and mashed potatoes.

"Very filling," he said, putting aside the knife and fork. "Thank you ma'am."

"Call me Eva."

We held each other's gaze for a long moment. I went to the door, locked it and dimmed the light. He did not speak while I undressed him, or when I took his cock into my mouth. He did, however, take control, casually lifting me up as if my weight was nothing, and flipping me around to bury his face between my thighs. His tongue was skillful, and enthusiastic, and he had me writhing in unexpected pleasure in no time at all.

Inside my mouth his cock began to swell, and recognizing the signs, he effortlessly lowered me onto his lap. I'd opened my legs so that his thick shaft could enter me without unnecessary fumbling. Only then, with his hands cupping my breasts, kneading the nipples between thumb and forefinger, did he abandon himself to me.

I rode him hard, grinding down on his cock, taking it in until I could take no more. I hadn't fucked for pleasure in years, a decade almost, and this was as close as I could get. I rode him to give him pleasure, to reward him for his recent travails. He cried out in orgasm, washing my cunt with his warrior seed, and with his release came sleep.

I sat on the edge of the bunk, and stared into the darkness. "Want some more?" the prisoner said huskily, his voice mocking, but low so as not to wake the Bountyman.

I grabbed him by the balls. The erect shaft bounced against my arm. "Got you excited, did we?"

He licked his lips in anticipation. He didn't see it coming, but I like to think he saw something in my eye, perhaps a glint of light refracted through a tear.

The Bountyman opened his eyes when the prisoner squealed. His expressionless gaze took in the still twitching body hanging from the ceiling, the widening pool of blood beneath the feet, and the knife in my hand. "I'm sorry," I said, amazed how empty my voice was, devoid of substance. Like the Bountyman I'd lost so much there was hardly anything left. "He killed my family on Husin, and he didn't even recognize me."

The Bountyman's gaze didn't waver. "The warrant said Dead or Alive. It's all the same to me." He reached out into the darkness. "I won't tell if you don't."

He smothered me in kisses, and our lovemaking was the hardest and sweetest I've ever known. Revenge, though best served cold, is best celebrated hot.

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