

Britten

Thorne



# Old Man's Ride

Dust Bowl Devils MC

# Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Old Man's Ride](#)

[Contact](#)

[Additional Content](#)

# **Old Man's Ride**

## **Dust Bowl Devils MC**

Copyright 2014 Britten Thorne

Amazon Edition

All Rights Reserved

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead, places, events, or locales, is purely coincidental.

Warning: contains adult content



I could smell a confrontation coming from miles away. It was a survival skill I'd had to learn growing up amongst a gang of bastards and outlaws. Sure, they called themselves a "club" instead of a gang, but I knew better.

I knew I was in for some sort of argument the minute Bill walked through the front doors. He was the president of the Dust Bowl Devils, and the owner of the diner where I worked. I'd continued wiping down the counter while he glared at me, thinking about who-knew-what. *More bullshit about "club dues." As if I want to be in any club with him.*

He said nothing, though. He simply grabbed my mother from where she waited for food by the kitchen window

and dragged her towards the back rooms. “Cover my tables!” she called as they disappeared through the swinging doors.

*Great.* At least it wasn't busy. My own section of the tiny roadside diner only had two people seated in a booth and one at the counter, and my mother's only had two more occupied booths. Still, it was the principal of the thing. It was bad enough that Mom would enthusiastically fuck any biker that crooked a finger, but did she have to do it on the clock? *At least I can't hear them when they're in the back room,* I thought with a shudder, remembering the last time Bill had visited us in our apartment.

My mother and I had been watching television together - some silly reality show about some rich family far away in New York City - when Bill had burst through the front door like a fireman evacuating a building.

“Veronica!” he’d roared. My mother jumped to her feet.

“Bill!” she exclaimed. “How’d you get the key?”

He didn’t even bother answering. He simply grabbed her wrist, dragged her into the bedroom. Mom didn’t argue at all - in fact, she flashed me a grin before he slammed the door. I supposed Bill was handsome enough. He had a full head of black hair that he probably dyed. He kept himself clean-shaven, showing

off a strong, square jaw. And he was in good shape, with chiseled, muscular arms, despite the beginnings of a beer belly. If I was being honest, I could admit he was attractive, when he wasn't looking smugly satisfied with himself. Unfortunately, he almost always wore that face.

I couldn't tell if they were fucking for fighting. Loud crashes came from the bedroom - probably knocking over her jewelry box as he slammed her against her dresser. Only her wails of pleasure stopped me from calling for help; they entwined with his own grunts as they slammed into another piece of furniture, rutting like animals.

My own thighs trembled at the



memory. The sounds had seemed to go on for ages, and I could just imagine what was going on in the bedroom. I sat there imagining what it would feel like, to be fucked like that. I'd had a couple boyfriends when I was a teenager. The boys were nicer back then, but they were just boys. Now I was nineteen - the boys had gotten meaner as they'd gotten older, and I'd gotten choosier. Much choosier.

It was probably why Bill had glared at me when he arrived at the diner. I was in for *that* conversation again. I shook my head and focused on my job while they undoubtedly left a tornado of a mess in the back. *I'm not cleaning up back there. Not again.* Our customers didn't need much, though - not enough to keep

me busy and distracted. Sodas, waters, coffees, pastries - the usual late night fare. The lone man at the counter was probably a trucker. The couple in my booth were just having a post-drunk snack. Nothing remarkable at all. *Thanks goodness.* Unremarkable was good. When more than one member of club showed up, things could get rowdy.

It seemed like a lot of long and quiet hours passed before Bill and my mother reappeared from the back room, though it was probably more like thirty minutes. Mom ducked into the bathroom next to the kitchen door. Despite their trounce amongst the dry goods, she still looked lovely. She had me young, so she was still fairly young herself. We were near

mirror images, with softly curly light brown hair and bright hazel eyes, though her face was round, warm and soft, where mine was more severe. Maybe because I frowned too much. I didn't inherit her massive, glorious tits, either. Mine were much more modest in size. It took a little padding and luck if I wanted to create a little cleavage. *At least they won't sag when I get old.*

Bill took a seat at the counter.

"Coffee?" I asked, and he nodded.

My nerves tingled as I turned away and poured a mug. I could smell the confrontation on the air, and I knew I wasn't going to like it.

"It's time to talk again," Bill said.

I didn't turn; I played dumb. "About

what?”

“Your membership. Or more specifically, lack of.”

“I don’t want to join your club, Bill.” I finally faced him, hot mug of coffee in a shaky hand. “I’ve told you that. I’m only sticking around for my mom.”

He shook his head. “Doesn’t matter. We’ve been over this. You’re receiving benefits from being in the club’s circle, correct?”

“What? No! I’m working a job and I’m paying rent. What the hell are you talking about?”

He spoke slowly, as if I’d been hit on the head. “Your proximity to us keeps you safe. I own this place - your job could go to someone else. Someone

more grateful. You know your options, Lily. You're nineteen, now, which means I've given you a year longer than I give most of the girls." I knew my options, all right. Get married or get on my back. My self-righteous side just wouldn't let me. The fact that I *did* want to let him or one of his rough and dirty friends fuck me only made me more furious.

I thought again of that night he'd come to our apartment, when I'd listened to him screw my mother in the next room. I had a finger in my mouth and a hand down my pants the whole time. Every time he said "Yeah, baby," or grunted in pleasure, I sucked my finger harder. Every time my mother wailed or yelped,

I imagined his big meaty hands on my pussy, and I'd rubbed my clit until I was slick and hot and throbbing. I'd come hard, panting like a train.

Then, angry at myself, I'd hurled my glass at their door.

They didn't slow for a second.

I didn't want to be turned on by him, or by any biker at all. Not when they told me what I had to do. I certainly hadn't inherited that stubborn streak my mother.

"If I keep saying no? What are you gonna do? This isn't the wild west, you can't run me out of town."

"Oh?" Bill raised an eyebrow. "Well, I suppose I could fire you, firstly. When anyone else calls here asking for a reference? I'll tell them you're a liar and

you never worked here at all. Your landlord? He wears the colors.” He snorted. “Hell, half the cops in town are on our payroll. So tell me how difficult it would be to ‘run you out of town.’”

I wanted to take the coffee mug and smash it across the smug look on his face.

“So, I say again.” He stood and towered over me, crowding me despite the counter between us. “Get married, or get on your back. Gunner is willing to take you on if you choose the former.”

I snorted. “He’s willing to take me on. How romantic.”

Bill smirked. “Much as I’d like to see him slap that sass out of you, I’m hoping you pick option number two.” His eyes

settled on my chest. “It’s why I’ve been patient for as long as I have.”

I felt like my eyes would pop from my skull. “But you’re with my mother!”

He grimaced. “I’m not “with” her, we’re just fucking” His eyes traveled up and down my body, and I shivered.

Whatever he thought of me, he kept the comments to himself. “You gonna give me that coffee?”

“You’re lucky I don’t throw it at you,” I said, slamming it down. The hot liquid splashed over my hand, and I cursed.

Quick as a flash, he grabbed my wrist and yanked me into the counter, knocking the wind out of me. Deliberately glaring into my eyes, he sucked the coffee from



my fingers, one at a time. The quick, little flicks of his tongue sent tingles between my legs. I held my breath. He wasn't hurting me, but I may as well have been shackled. "You'd have a good time, honey," he said, "Don't make me give you the boot out of here."

He was back in his seat, happily sipping his coffee and tapping on his phone and totally ignoring me when I remembered to breathe again.

---

The harrowing evening didn't end there. "Gunner" showed up just as I was closing up shop. His real name was Sam Green. He was tall, lean, and handsome,

but goddamn if he wasn't bossy. I could never marry him. If I told him that Mars was inhabited, he'd believe it. I'd kill him for his stupidity if he didn't kill me for my "sass" first.

"Lily," he called through the locked doors.

I flipped him the bird. "Lily!" my mother exclaimed, rushing to let him in, "Don't do that! What's wrong with you?"

I rolled my eyes. Sam repeated her question as he walked in without so much as a "thanks" to my mom. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" He stepped up to me, invading my space as he glared down with his icy blue eyes.

My heart stuttered, then raced. He

smelled like leather and motor oil. I stood with my mop between us, trying to create a little more room between our bodies. “I was just joking, Sam,” I said. “Real fucking funny. Did you talk to Bill?”

“Yes.”

“And?” I didn’t want to talk. I wanted to run my hands all over those bulging biceps. *Curse you, wretched body. He’s too dumb and he’s way too rude. You can’t have him!*

“And as much as your proposal swept me off my feet, I’m afraid I must decline.”

He glared at his shoes, then looked back up at me with fire in his eyes.

“Dammit, Lily. Fine. Get kicked the fuck

out of town. I only offered because *some* of the guys for *some* insane reason respect you.”

“And you thought by marrying me, you’d collect some of that for yourself.”

He grabbed my shoulders. “They do fucking respect me, you bitch.” His fingers dug into my flesh, bruising it.

I grit my teeth. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

“What the fuck’s your problem? I’m not good enough for you?”

*Wow, he got something right.*

“Please let me go, Sam.”

He spat. The wad of saliva hit me on my cheek, hot as a brand. I squeezed my eyes shut, but he grabbed my chin and shouted, “Look at me!”

“Gunner, please!” my mom called.  
“Let her go. She’s a good girl. She’s just got a big mouth. Don’t hurt her.”

Instead, he kissed me. His lips crashed into mine, crushing them, as his fingers dug into my jaw, holding my head where he wanted it. His tongue thrust inside my mouth, and with it, a hot and fast whirlwind of fear and desire stormed through my body. My knees shook, and I leaned on my mop to steady myself. *What the fuck, Lily. You don’t even like him.* I don’t know what it was that turned me on like that - the humiliation, the domination - but I couldn’t deny my reaction. I wanted this. Just not with him. *Not with any of them.*

I whined and tried to twist my face

away. He finally released me with an angry grunt. “You had your chance, Lily,” he said, backing towards the door. “Don’t say no one tried to help you.”

He turned and left. I watched his colors disappear through the doors and out into the night - the Dust Bowl Devils patch, the club’s design with the cloud around the horned devilish skull, the scythe behind it.

“You didn’t have to be so rude,” Mom said. She wiped her eyes. “He’s usually a good guy. That could have been a nice setup for you.”

I laughed, incredulous. “You think I should be with him? After seeing that, you still think I should marry that guy?”

“Yes. Well, maybe not. But you

shouldn't have provoked him like that.”

“You shouldn't have gotten us mixed up with these guys in the first place!”

She wiped her eyes again. “Maybe you *should* just go,” she said. “If this life is so unbearable for you. So *beneath* you.”

“Mom...”

“No. I know you're only sticking around for my sake. I don't need it. I'm fine.” She took off her apron and headed back to the kitchen. “I'll be fine. I have some money saved up. You should take it and go.”

I held my tongue. I couldn't tell if she was serious or not; she'd told me to leave before, then begged me not to the next day. I knew she'd be okay. For all

her fucking around and her dumb floozy act, she was a smart and tough woman. I don't know why she hid it. But she could take care of herself.

She was wrong that I was only staying for her sake, though. The other problem was, I simply didn't know what else to do. She was my only family; my father had disappeared. We two were all we had.

---

I expected the fireworks immediately. It took a long time for me to fall asleep - I was just waiting for Bill to burst through the door and bodily haul me out of town. I was on edge at work all



morning, just waiting for him or for Sam to burst in and cause another scene.

It was a busy Saturday morning, and I was just delivering eggs and sausage to an impatient trucker at the counter when my mother grabbed my elbow.

“You have to do one of my tables for me,” she hissed.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s Nomad. I can’t. I just can’t.”

“What? Why?” Nomad - or Wilhelm Green - was the old president of the Dust Bowl Devils. He’d been voted out when the club decided to go in a different direction, but was still highly respected. I only remembered him from when I was very young - he tended to travel a lot, recruiting a little, visiting

different chapters of the club in other states, even starting up a few new ones.

“I’m embarrassed,” Mom said, blushing. “I threw myself at him once. Back when you were in middle school. He turned me down and I never got over it.”

“Mom, that’s ridiculous. Besides, wasn’t he married?”

“No, not at that point. She was dead already.”

I shook my head at her. “So maybe he was in mourning. Take care of your table, Mom, seriously.”

“I’ll owe you one. I’ll give you one of my shifts. Or I’ll take one of yours. Whatever you want.”

I sighed. “Take the counter,” I said,

“Which table is he?”

“Eight. Thanks, honey!”

I muttered to myself as I approached the table, annoyed that I’d caved, irritated that I was so annoyed over something so dumb. “What can I get you?” I asked, staring down at my order slip.

A gruff, low voice answered.

“Coffee, black. Steak and eggs special. You’re Veronica’s daughter.”

I finally looked up. My breath caught - a pair of light green eyes locked on mine. Wilhelm Green was supposed to be too old to take a young girl’s breath away like that. But he was definitely not just “some old guy.” His hair was white, but fully covered his head. His bared

arms were thickly muscled; softer with age than a younger man's, but still big, still tough. No one would mistake him for weak. His face was hard, deeply lined, but didn't sag. He was truly the picture of a tough old brawler, and his age only made him look distinguished and wise.

As his brows furrowed, he also looked like someone who would tolerate no shit. None at all. "You gonna answer that, girly?"

"Yes. Sorry. I'm Veronica's daughter. Lily."

"Shame," he said. "I told her to get the hell out of this town. Raising a young daughter with these brutes is a shit thing to do."

“Oh. Well. We’re all right.”

“Sure. My order?”

“Yes, be right up!” Heart pounding in my ears, I scampered off to deliver the ticket to the kitchen. *Why am I reacting like this? He’s just another biker.* He’d even been wearing the colors, I’d realized, though I’d only seen the front of his jacket. *Get it together.* It must have been nerves - I was still waiting for the shoe to drop after the incident with Sam the night before.

And boy did it drop. The breakfast rush was over, and the diner nearly empty when Bill finally showed his face. He didn’t disappear into the back with my mother this time. He grabbed me by the wrist instead and tried to drag me

behind him towards the back door.

“No,” I said, pulling back. It was like trying to stop a bull. “No! Bill, cut it out!”

He stopped and turned on me. “You turned down Sam’s proposal. And you haven’t left. So that leaves one option for you, sweetheart.”

“I’m not going to fuck you, Bill, Jesus.” I rubbed my arm where he’d grabbed me. *More bruises. Lovely.*

“Then you’ve gotta go. To start, you’re fired. Do you want to do the rest of this the easy way or the hard way? The easy way means no one gets evicted. Your mom gets to keep the apartment.”

I looked between him and my mother, wiping down one of the tables. She

refused to meet my eye. *So be it.* “Fine,” I sighed, “I’ll just go.” I threw my apron to the ground. “I don’t know where I’ll go, but I’ll pack my things and be on a bus by tonight.” I couldn’t believe my mother still wasn’t saying anything. She wanted to be on Bill’s good side, I knew - she secretly hoped he’d make her his old lady someday. I knew that wasn’t going to happen, but that was her thinking. I couldn’t fault her. She’d been in this life for too long to make a big change and move away. She’d be just as lost as I felt.

Understanding didn’t mean it didn’t hurt, though. I squeezed my eyes against the rising tears as I rushed for the door. *Don’t cry in front of them. Just make it*

*outside.*

“You can hitch a ride with me.” I looked up at the sound of that gruff voice. I hadn’t realized Wilhelm was listening. Hell, I’d almost assumed that he’d left already. He barely glanced at me as I stopped near the door.

“Where to?” I asked.

“LA.” *It’s a big city. There’s always work in big cities.*

“I’d appreciate it,” I said.

Bill chuckled from the counter. “She won’t appreciate it enough to repay you, though.”

“It was an offer, Bill, not a sale,” Wilhelm said, sitting back in his seat. “Go on home, Lily. Get your things. I’ll pick you up in a couple hours.”



I nodded and raced outside, my tears dry and my feet lighter. I was filled with a different kind of anxiety, though - butterflies. *I'm riding across the desert with Wilhelm Green.* I barely knew him. The thought shouldn't excite me. But my situation suddenly felt a little less terrible.

---

I stopped at the bank on my way home. My meager savings would be enough to cover my costs on the trip, so I wouldn't owe Wilhelm for more than the ride.

I must have been in shock - I packed a backpack as if I was going on vacation,

quick and efficient. I wouldn't be able to carry much more than that anyway if we were taking his bike. Then I shot off emails to the few girls I considered sort-of friends. They'd think I was crazy. Maybe I was.

I should have been more worried about the end of the road. I should have felt worse about leaving my mom. Instead, all I could think about was hanging onto Wilhelm as we went speeding through the desert. My arms tight around his strong chest. My legs parted and aligned with his. The rumbling vibrations of his motorcycle.

When the bell rang, I grabbed my helmet and ran out without looking over my shoulder. Without saying goodbye. I

still felt like this wasn't real, like I would be back in a few days after everyone had calmed down. It was the only way I could handle thinking about it. Otherwise, I might relent and let Bill - or Sam - have me.

But I was too stubborn for that.

My heart jumped when I saw him waiting astride his motorcycle. It was big, painted black and purple as was the style of the club, but he was a far more impressive sight than his bike. Cool, calm, wearing a black helmet and big black sunglasses and an unreadable expression.

"Packed light?" he asked. I showed him my purse and my backpack, and he nodded. "Hop on."

Just like that, I was leaving my whole life behind. My home, my only family. I felt a strange pull as I climbed onto the seat behind him, like I should stop, stay home. Like I wasn't meant to leave.

But it had to be. They pushed me out, gave me no choice. I sighed as I settled down and clipped my helmet's chin strap. Wilhelm said nothing. He revved his engine, and once my arms were locked around his waist, we took off.

Home's pull evaporated as we crossed into unfamiliar territory. Nondescript stretches of desert whizzed by, every mile the same as the last. We didn't turn from the highway until the sun began to set, and didn't find civilization until it was nearly dark.

He parked us in front of a tiny burger joint. The only other building nearby was the gas station, though we could see the town further up the road.

I slid from the back of the bike and nearly fell over. He grabbed my elbow before I could land on my ass.

"Careful. You aren't used to riding for long, you're bound to be pretty stiff."

"You don't say." I bent my knees one at a time, working some circulation back into my legs.

"No need to be sarcastic, honey."

My first instinct was to respond with more sarcasm, to let him know that I didn't respond to "honey" or "sugar" or anything like it. But something stopped me. The term of endearment that would

normally set my teeth on edge instead filled me with warmth and put me at ease. Maybe it was the way he said it. I kept my sarcasm to myself and instead mumbled, "Sorry. Stressful day."

"Hungry?"

"Yeah."

He didn't release my elbow. Maybe he thought I was still going to fall over. I hated to admit it, but I enjoyed the contact, possessive as his grip was. I'd never been so far from home, so far from my mom, and those facts were just starting to settle in and churn my stomach. His touch kept me grounded.

We settled across from each other in a booth. The layout of the place was similar to the diner back home. Or

maybe I just couldn't get home off my mind and saw it in everything.

Wilhelm lit a cigarette. "Want one?"

"I don't smoke."

"Good girl." He took his sunglasses off and hooked them on the front of his shirt. "I heard about your little talk with Sam."

*Oh, fuck.* Wilhelm Green. Sam Green. I'd nearly forgotten that Sam was his son. I could feel the color drain from my face. *What the hell must he think?* I tried to play it cool. "You did?"

He nodded. And that was all. He showed no sign of wanting to continue the conversation, but I was curious. "What did he say?"

"Doesn't matter. Sam's a liar."

I didn't know what to make of that.  
“Then why bring it up?”

He took a long drag on his cigarette, those light green eyes studying my face until I squirmed. *He'd be even more handsome if he wasn't so cranky.*

Finally, he said, “I know you think you're a real tough girl. You don't take shit from anyone, right?” I nodded.

“Well, you're wrong. So far all I've seen from you is petulance. You're going to have to get a whole lot tougher if you're gonna make a go of it alone.”

I gaped. His cocksure tone sent a shiver down my spine, though I boiled with indignation. “Are you serious?” He smirked. *Is he just baiting me?* I looked around and tried to keep my voice down.



“My only options were to be a fuckhole for your son, or for the entire damn club. I’m not a piece of meat, dammit.”

“You could have earned your place like a man.”

“What?” Was that an option? *No. That was never an option.* The men had to fight. They had to spill blood. Sometimes, they had to kill. I was no weakling, but no one would mistake me for a fighter. I was a slim nineteen-year-old girl, not muscular, not even tall. And for all my bluster and bravado, I hated violence. The thought of being in a fight, of hurting somebody, made me nauseous.

Our food arrived while I turned that thought over in my head. I ate my burger like I was starving, despite my racing

mind. It had been a very long day, and even the butterflies in my stomach needed to eat to continue on.

When the waitress delivered the check, I tried to pay my part. He pushed my money away. “You’re gonna need that at the end of the road.”

“I’m not a charity case,” I said, glaring.

He glared right back, cool as a cucumber. I wondered if it was even possible to push his buttons at all. “And I’m not so destitute that I can’t afford a few meals for a pretty young thing. So indulge an old man. I’m paying.”

I blushed. *He thinks I’m pretty.* “Don’t let that go to your head,” he said, noticing my reaction, “From what I’ve

gathered, you think highly enough of yourself already.”

“Bastard.”

He huffed. “I don’t tolerate that sort of lip from anyone. I’m telling you that right now. I’ll let you off the hook because it’s been a rough day for you, but that’s your last warning.”

*Or what?* I wanted to ask. I wanted to keep provoking him, pull more of a reaction from him than a huff and a short speech, more than those cold, calculating looks. But I bit my tongue. Again. *I’ve been doing a lot of that.*

“We’ll be staying in this town for a day or two,” he said as he stood. I followed him back outside. “I’ve got some business to attend to. You’ll wait

in the motel unless I take you out, understand? You don't go anywhere alone."

"What?!" That was just too much. He may have been doing me a favor, but I wasn't his prisoner.

He raised an eyebrow at me. "How about you ask like someone that has some manners?"

I knew I was being deliberately shitty. I couldn't help it. I was stressed and far from home, and his calm about the whole situation was making me angry. "Care to tell me what the fuck please, sir?"

We'd reached his bike. He paused to kick the stand up, intending to walk it to the gas station just in the next lot. He didn't look at me as he spoke. "Oh,

honey. You're going to pay for that."

I followed him to the gas pumps, a few steps behind. What did he mean by "pay"? I should have taken off right then. Fact was, I wasn't his prisoner and I wasn't his family, and if I wanted to run screaming, no one would take his side. Hell, he might not even try to follow me. I could make my own way to LA, or to anyplace else. But something stopped me. That hint of promise in his threat. Something smoldered beneath the surface when he'd said it, and that something lit a flame in my belly and in my pants. I glared at his back, at his colors - those damn patches that stated loud and clear what motorcycle club he was in. He filled his gas tank just as

calmly as ever, showing no sign that he was angry or upset with me. I watched his movements - deliberate. Patient. He was like an old oak tree, or a boulder. There were few storms in this world that could knock him over. I doubted anything I could throw at him would move him at all.

I waited outside while he paid, watching him walk to the store and back. Long strides, but no rush. He swung a leg over the bike and nodded towards me, indicating that it was time to go. *I could hitchhike. I could find a bus. I could ask for a job in the burger joint and never leave this block.* I climbed on behind him and clasped my trembling hands around his waist.

---

He made me wait outside while he reserved our room at the single-story motel on the edge of town. *One room.*

I thought I'd hyperventilate as I followed him to the door. The closer we got, the more vulnerable I felt. We'd be isolated inside. I'd been alone with him in the desert, but that was on the open road. This was just a tiny room. It felt lonelier than the vast expanses of dust and cacti.

I followed him inside anyway. It went against my better judgment, my sense of self-righteousness, my anger. I shivered. Whatever was happening, I wanted it.

He didn't let me speculate for long. As soon as the door was shut, he grabbed my wrist and dragged me to the bed. "What the hell are you doing?" I squealed as he tore my backpack away. He manhandled me expertly, spinning me around to free the pack, his grip firm but not painful. Strong, though; pulling away would be futile.

"You were warned," he said. "You're going to learn to keep a tighter reign on that mouth of yours." Spinning again, I hardly realized what was happening before he was seated on the edge of the bed, and I was bent over his knees, one arm twisted behind my back. Fear coursed through me, but at the same time, excitement. Anticipation. The dangerous



old biker had me at his mercy. And part of me didn't mind at all.

His hand came down on my ass. I should have expected it, prone across his legs as I was. Still, I yelped in surprise. *Did that seriously just happen?* My eyes watered as the delayed stinging sensation hit me. And my pussy heated. That was even more unexpected than the blow. I held my breath.

“You’re going to accept your punishment?” he asked. He sounded a little surprised, but no one was more surprised than me. I nodded.

His hand came down again with a muted *smack* against my jeans. I whined as the sting washed over me, but I held

still.

“You’ll keep that sass to yourself for as long as you’re traveling with me.”

“I will.” My voice sounded high to my own ears. Different.

Another hard smack made me cry out and jump. And then another. The only sound in the tiny room were his smacks and my cries and labored breathing. My ass felt like it was on fire. He really wasn’t holding back - and if he was, that was even scarier. I could almost sense bruises forming with each blow, feel my ass growing redder as my panties grew wetter. The pain and the growing need were too much - I couldn’t control myself. I moved my hips against him, seeking contact, pressure, anything at all

to relieve that hot ache between my legs.

“Jesus,” he breathed. Another blow landed, and this time his hand remained on the stinging globe of my ass, squeezing, kneading. It hurt, and it felt so good at the same time. I moaned.

“I’ll be good,” I panted, “I’m sorry.” That didn’t sound like me at all. It felt like something had been unleashed inside of me, one blow at a time. Something I’d been fighting, but I didn’t want to fight anymore.

“You damn well better be good,” he growled. He released my arm. “Stand up. Back to me.”

*What now?* I obeyed automatically, wiping tears from my eyes. “Pull your pants below your ass and put your hands

on the dresser.” He wanted to inspect his handiwork. I did as he asked, feeling terribly exposed. I could feel goosebumps raising all over my skin as I bared my reddened ass to him. Palms on the dresser, I reminded myself to breathe and squeezed my eyes shut. *Just how much does he want to see?* If I shifted, he’d see the pink skin of my sex. Hell, he could probably already see the wet spot on my panties, smell my arousal on the air. *I could smell it.*

The rough pads of his fingers traced around the fiery skin of my ass. Gentle as he was, it felt like sandpaper on the raw skin. I gasped and moaned as he brushed across one globe, then the other. I could hear his breathing hitch.

“Goddamn” he breathed. His fingers dipped lower still, just grazing my wetness. I squirmed against his touch, desperate for more. He pushed my pants lower. “Look at you. You’re loving this.” His other hand came down on my ass again, and I cried out. He didn’t strike as hard against my bare skin, but I was already bruised and sensitive. My cry was cut off as his fingers plunged deep inside my eager channel.

I couldn’t believe he was doing this. I especially couldn’t believe my reaction. I moaned and wailed as he reigned another round of open-palmed slaps upon my ass, and as he pumped one and then two fingers inside. I rocked against him with each thrust; my inner walls

squeezed his fingers as I tensed with each blow.

“You like this?” he asked, “You think you deserve this?”

“Yes,” I gasped, “I deserve to be punished. Ahh...” I was rocked against the cheap motel furniture as he finger fucked me. “Punishment” wasn’t supposed to feel so incredible. Would he be mad if I came? I was close, but I was afraid of his reaction.

“Damn right you do.” The slaps stopped. His fingers rooted painfully deep inside, pushing me higher up against the dresser, with my face against the wall. He leaned close to my ear and growled, “You need this. You need to be *fucked*.”

“Oh, please, Wilhelm!”

His fingers withdrew and surged back inside with vicious force. I cried out.

“It’s Nomad. Or it’s Mr. Green. Say it.”

“Please, Mr. Green.”

“I will. Eventually. I’ll fuck you long, and slow, and as hard as you need.” His fingers curled inside me, and with deliberately slow motions, he stroked my g-spot. “But not yet.” His other hand snaked around the front of my thigh.

“Now, come for me. I have work to do.” He stroked my clit with a calloused thumb.

Just like that, his gruff words and rough treatment made me come. I wailed as my pussy convulsed around his fingers, as waves of pleasure and pain

sent my head spinning to heights I didn't know were possible. My whole world tilted.

His fingers still worked inside of me, drawing my orgasm out longer as I squeezed him tight with each pulse. When I finally returned to earth, he withdrew his fingers and stepped away. I regretted his abrupt absence. I wanted to remain as we were, where I could feel the heat radiating from his body, feel his breath against my neck.

But he stepped back. I turned, tugging my pants up. The air in the room changed. The electric spark was replaced by something colder. He turned away from me. "Try to get some sleep. I'll be back before sunup." He slipped



inside the bathroom and slammed the door. *Did he just sound... sad?*

Despite my exhaustion, I knew my troubled thoughts would keep me awake all night. What the hell had just happened? What did this mean?

I wiped my eyes. Wilhelm - Mr. Green - definitely didn't seem interested in talking about it just then. I'd bite my tongue. I'd at least wait until he did what he had to do and returned in the morning.

I kicked off my shoes and jeans, slid my bra off, and crawled into bed. The sound of the shower running lulled me to sleep. I never even heard him leave. I must have been more tired than I realized. That or the storm of new emotions raging in my chest wore me

right out. Maybe I could process them better once I was rested.

---

When I woke up later, I woke with a start. I had no sense of where I was, or when it was. Something had pulled me out of a deep sleep.

That something was a hand on my back.

"What..."

"Shh. Just me."

"Who?"

"Nomad."

The day rushed back to me. I tried to sit up, but he pressed me back down.  
"Sun's not up yet. Go back to sleep."

Then why wake me? Just to check on me? My cheeks heated at the memory of what we'd done. My ass was still raw, and it stung when I moved, but I wasn't really hurt or injured.

"I'm okay," I said.

"Good." He stroked my hair, and I sighed contentedly. I didn't think the old man could be so gentle. "You're a good girl. I shouldn't have hit you so hard. Or done... Well. I apologize. I'm old enough to be your father and then some."

What did his age have to do with it? "I'm fine," I said, rolling onto my side so I could see him. "It's fine." He avoided my eyes. *Shit, why the hell does he feel bad?* It didn't seem like him.

I noticed then the bruise on his jaw. I

jumped up, surprised at my own alarmed reaction. *Why should I give a damn what happens to him? He's just my ride.* "What happened?" I asked, touching the discolored skin. It hurt to sit, so I knelt next to him on the bed.

"It's nothing."

There wasn't any blood, so whatever fight he'd been in couldn't have been that serious.

"Come on," I said, "I'm unbearably nosy. I'll bug you all the way to the coast."

He snorted. "I don't doubt it." He finally looked at me. His green eyes had dark circles beneath them. I decided to quit pushing the issue. For now.

Instead, I focused on another issue -

the fact that he was looking at me as if he wanted to say something. Or *do* something.

I touched his jaw again. "Does it hurt?"

"No." His eyes flickered, just a brief movement before turning away. *He was looking at my lips.*

I leaned closer, breathing in the smell of him - the leather of his jacket, cigarettes and beer. He'd probably been at a bar. Doing what? He didn't seem drunk.

The air between us was charged with something, though. I was drawn to him sure as a magnet. My gaze settled on the bulge in his pants. *Does fighting make him hard? Or is that because of me?*

*Because of earlier?*

He eyed me sideways. "I'm not like Bill," he said, "I don't charge for favors."

"But you're still sitting on my bed," I whispered.

His green eyes were dark when he faced me again. Whatever conflict he was having inside his head came to an end. He pulled me closer, guiding my leg so I was kneeling around him, straddling his thighs. Then he pulled me in for a kiss.

It was unlike any kiss in all my life. He took his time, like a man with nowhere else to be. He tilted my head the way that he wanted me; his lips were firm, but soft against mine. He ran his

tongue along my bottom lip slowly, tasting every inch of it. Normally guys raced to get their tongue down my throat, but not Mr. Green.

I could feel his erection against my belly and longed to touch it, but there were no illusions about who was running this show. I buried my fingers in his white hair instead. Despite its color, it was still thick and full in my hands.

Heat was rapidly blossoming and growing in my womb. When my lips parted with a tiny gasp, he finally slid his tongue inside.

He was lighting me on fire again; this time with gentle strokes of his tongue against mine instead of an open palm. My body moved against his, pressing my

groin against him. In our position, though, I couldn't get much contact.

Wilhelm growled against my ravished mouth. He cupped my tits, squeezing hard, and I gasped. My lips were swollen when he finally broke the kiss to tear my shirt over my head. Then his mouth was on my breast, sucking my pink and hardened nipple. The wet, hot sensation on the sensitive bud had me tingling all over. I made some sort of sound - some desperate little yelp - and he flashed a crooked grin up at me.

“I’m going to make you beg, little girl,” he said, low and dangerous. I knew he would. I was on the verge of begging already. His mouth found my other nipple and delivered a rougher



treatment, sucking hard, biting. I yelped and squirmed and writhed in his lap. How did he figure out that I liked this so quickly? How had he found the right mix of pain and pleasure right away? Experience with age? Or something else?

My mind couldn't dwell on it. I was swept away by the heat and the yearning ache he was creating in my body. It was like my pussy was howling soundlessly. It wanted the attention that my nipples were getting.

He flipped me over onto the bed and settled above me, his mouth never leaving my tits, his pelvis resting between my legs as if he belonged there. My ass was sore, but the pain was muted

by the roaring need inside me. I could feel the ridge of his hard cock through the denim of his jeans and the thin cotton of my panties, and it was driving me seriously crazy. “Oh, God, Mr. Green...”

He nipped my breast hard enough to make me yelp. “You don’t beg until I tell you.”

I had to physically bite my lip to keep the words at bay. I’d never felt anything so desperate and intense. Me, Lily, who would rather be kicked out of my home than fuck a biker, wanted Nomad to fuck me hard and fast. *Wilhelm*, I reminded myself, *Mr. Green*.

Whatever his name was, he was kissing his way down my torso. He made

quick work of my soaked panties, tearing them down and letting them drop to the floor. I watched his eyes as he drank in the sight of my glistening sex. He traced the wet, pink skin with a light touch. Goosebumps rose on my arms. I wanted to beg so badly.

“You’re beautiful,” he said. His eyes met mine briefly as I said it. I felt like I was glowing.

“Thank you,” I whispered. I don’t know if he heard me - my words were cut off as his mouth found my pussy and his tongue swept up through my velvet folds. I draped my legs over his shoulders, urging him closer. My fingers dug into the sheets; I tensed as he licked me from top to bottom and back again,

his tongue scaldingly hot. He was methodical, lashing every inch of my pussy with abrasive wet swipes while deliberately avoiding my most sensitive places. A moan slid from my lips and didn't seem to end.

When his tongue found my clit, my hips bucked. The touch sent a sharp bolt of pleasure through me, like an electric shock. His finger slipped inside my hot and creamy channel. I arched towards him with another yelp, silently begging for more.

With a note of warning, he said, "Don't come."

*Oh, God.* That was going to be impossible. I was on the edge already, my body a roiling storm just on the verge

of breaking. “I’m close,” I whined. He slowed his finger’s movements inside me and withdrew his mouth’s attention. I moved with him still, panting, but getting a grip on my racing heart.

Just when I thought I’d regained composure, he added a second finger. I moaned as my inner walls stretched for him; he moved them in and out of me at an infuriatingly slow pace, no matter how I bucked my hips. He watched my face, his own eyes dark, cheeks flushed. *He’s loving this.* He was playing me like a fiddle, controlling me like a conductor. “Don’t come,” he said again, then lowered his face and sucked on my clit. His finger pumped faster, harder. I tried to think of other things, to picture

calm lakes, dry deserts, blue skies and fluffy clouds, but the images dissolved and all that existed was his assault on my pussy; the deep, hard surges of his fingers, the wet lash of his tongue on my sensitive button. My climax was building again, at a pace I never thought possible. I'd never be able to stop it.

"I'm close, I'm close, Oh, God," I chanted, squeezing my eyes shut. "I can't, I'm so close-" He backed off again, slowing and sitting back. The loss was actually painful. Being on the knife edge of an orgasm, only to have it taken away was pure torture.

Just what was he doing? What did he want? Despite all his talk about not being like Bill, the Dust Bowl Devils

were a bargaining people. Nothing was free. *But what could I give him?*

*Surrender.* I'd been following his orders, but just barely. I knew I still wore worry on my face. I was the very picture of tension and stress most of the time, and even now I knew my shoulders were tight, my thighs were stiff, my fists clenched. *He wants me to surrender to him. To submit to this.*

I wanted to. I really did. It was just so hard, after spending so much of my life fighting for some modicum of control. *And look where it got me.* So I took a deep breath, and let go. Home was far away; my problems were far away. Right now, I belonged to Nomad. Nothing else was important. Here, now,

there was nothing to worry about. Nomad would take care of me; he would give me what I needed.

He noticed the change right away. "That's it, honey." He licked me again, slow and sensual. He eased my internal ache, pumping his thick fingers deep, stroking my g-spot, that deep place of heightened sensitivity. Sparks shot through my body, sharp and hot bolts of euphoria sizzling my veins. I teetered on the edge of the explosion, but it held itself at bay, because he hadn't given the order.

"Very good," he murmured, "Good girl. Come for me now, honey."

It was like a dam breaking. One more kiss planted gently on my throbbing clit,



and I came harder; harder than I ever had. My pussy clenched around his fingers as I drowned beneath the pulsing waves of pleasure, flooding through me fast and strong with every beat of my heart. I cried out a sound completely foreign to my ears. Surrender. Release. Relief.

I wanted more. I wanted his cock inside me.

He had the same idea, though not exactly what I had in mind. "Sit up." I propped myself up against the headboard with the lumpy hotel pillows. He crawled up the bed, over my body, and knelt with his knees to either side of my hips.

I reached out to unzip his pants,

thoughtlessly, my mind still in a sexual haze after my intense orgasm. He swatted my hands away. "Only what I say." I nodded, but I didn't look up at him. I was mesmerized by the huge bulge in his jeans. The old man was *packing*. "Close your eyes." I obeyed with a sigh of disappointment. I wanted to see him - to see *it*. "Keep your lips closed."

I listened to the sound of his zipper opening. My body quivered with anticipation. I could feel the heat radiating from his body, but couldn't see him with my eyes shut so tight. I imagined him pulling his cock out - pictured it's length and girth in my mind, its color, its textures. My mouth watered for him.

He pressed his cock to my lips and rubbed the spongy head back and forth. He painted my lips with his precum; the scent alone was enough to drive me crazy. I wanted to open my mouth, let him slip slowly inside, to taste him, to return the pleasure he'd given me. But I waited.

“Good girl,” he said again, his voice husky with lust. His praise made me smile. I wanted nothing more than to please him in that moment.

He pushed against my lips with a touch more pressure. “Open a little.” I let my lips part. He slid the tip of his cock between them. Without thinking, I slid my tongue against his slit, eager to taste him, to please him. But it didn't

please him at all. He grabbed a handful of my hair in a painful, tight fist and pulled my head back, away from his erection. "I didn't tell you to do that."

"I'm sorry!" I whined; whether from the pain or from the loss of his cock, I didn't know. Both. "I'm sorry. Please. Let me try again."

His grip relaxed, but he still kept my hair in his hand. "Again. My orders. Open your mouth." I did, and he slid his cock inside. I breathed through my nose and kept myself still. It was an effort. He moved his cock against the roof of my mouth, against my tongue, aiming it himself with a fist around the base. My eyes still closed, I couldn't see his full length but I suspected he'd never get the

whole thing inside my mouth.

Echoing my thoughts, he said, “You’re going to pay for that. You’re going to take my whole dick.”

I hummed an affirmation, unable to form words at the moment. He stretched my mouth wider slowly, pushing in and out just a bit at a time. I nearly gagged as he approached the back of my throat. His cock was so hot and hard in my mouth, his scent so masculine, so seductive, I had to fight back an urge to lick and to suck, to give him what I was sure he needed.

He’d let me know when I was allowed.

If my mouth wasn’t full, I would have beamed when the head touched the back

of my throat and his pubic hair tickled my nose. I'd done it. I was barely even breathing, but I'd done it.

He grunted with satisfaction. Staying in control, he gripped my head with both hands and fucked my mouth, pulling me back and forth as saliva dripped from the corners of my lips. He moved my head faster, then slower, muttering "good girl," and smoothing my hair. He held my head still and thrust into the back of my throat, choking me. My heart raced as he did it, but he stopped after only a few thrusts and returned to more gentle motions, moving my head, using my mouth like a sex toy. His erotic little grunts of pleasure filled the air in concert with my own needy whimpers. I

knew he was close; I could feel his cock throbbing with his heartbeat whenever he paused our motions.

“Okay, baby,” he said, his grip tight again in my hair. “Make me come.” I held my breath as I vacuumed him, my tongue flicking and swirling, eager to satisfy him. He pulled and pushed me with a steady rhythm, up and down his shaft. I teased the velvety head and slit, rolled my tongue along every ridge and vein with eager desperation. I wanted his hot seed in my throat; I needed to taste him. His hands convulsed in my hair as he groaned with pleasure.

*Almost.*

His thrust became shorter, faster, more urgent, and I concentrated on

squeezing the head of his cock. He muttered a curse, then, holding me still, he rooted and came at the back of my throat. I swallowed with each jet of hot, salty fluid as his cock twitched and pulsed against my tongue.

“Very good, baby,” he said as he backed away. He was breathing heavily. My chest swelled with pride. *I did good*. I barely recognized myself. This wasn’t who I was; I was stubborn, defiant Lily. I didn’t let anyone boss me around. I abandoned my entire life because my options were less than satisfactory. What had I become? *Who am I now?*

“Hey, girly,” Nomad said, gently tilting my chin so I was looking up at him. I opened my eyes. He was even



more attractive to me, now - so rough-looking, with that bruise, so wise with the lines marking his years. "I can read the concern all over your face."

"I was just thinking-"

His fingers squeezed tighter. "Don't. You don't think in here. You can go back to fretting all you like when we're back out there, but when you're with me, like this... no worrying."

My concerns melted away. Just like that. *How does he do it?* "Okay."

"Okay?"

"Whatever you say, Nomad. When we're like this, it's whatever you say."

"Good." He released my chin and tucked his cock away. I whined as it disappeared back inside his pants, and

he chuckled. “You thought I was going to fuck you?”

“I... Maybe.”

“I said before, not until you beg. And I didn’t say you could beg yet.”

The knock on the door rang through the room like punctuation to his sentence. My heart jumped at the sound. My first thought was *who found us?* but I quickly realized it was more of a question of *who found him?* No one would be looking for me.

I pushed that thought away.

“Get dressed,” he said, climbing off the bed. He opened the door before I even found my panties.

“Anchor,” he said, “What’s happening? I told you to just call.”

“They’re moving her tonight,” a man replied. “We have to go, now.” I retrieved clean underwear from my backpack and pulled them and my jeans on as I listened in.

“Right now? Fuck. Okay.” The stranger waited in the doorway while Nomad retrieved his boots. Finally dressed, I stepped out where I could see the guy - Anchor. He wore the club colors on his jacket; he was short, stocky, and somewhat balding. I’d bet he knew Nomad from their own generation of the club. *Nomad aged much better, though.*

He eyed me with alarm. “There is a girl here.”

“Well, she ain’t a ghost,” Nomad

replied.

“I thought they were mistaken. She isn’t safe here. They’re pissed about what you did to their bar and they’re sending someone to wait for you to leave.”

“This just keeps getting better and better, doesn’t it.” Nomad shook his head. He pulled a gun from one of the drawers, and my eyes went wide. I hadn’t even realized he’d brought one in the room. It was generally safe to assume any of the Devils were armed, but it was still disconcerting when a weapon showed up seemingly out of thin air.

“Alright, honey, you’re gonna have to come with us. I’ll look for a safe place

to stash you once we're in the area. I think I'll want to keep you in sight, though."

I was no stranger to fights and rivalries and violence, but this was a bit much, and definitely more than I bargained for when I started this trip. "I should have taken the bus."

---

We didn't ride further into town as I'd expected, but back onto the highway and off the next exit. The strip club sat at the end of a long gravel road, lit up with white and red lights. The billboard read "XXX Eagle's Starlets" Another MC owned joint. This didn't belong to the

Dust Bowl Devils, though, it belonged to one of their rivals, the Northern Eagles. *Oh, God.* Whatever this was about, it would probably end in violence.

Nomad parked the bike and I off in the woods before we even reached the parking lot. “Just stay here,” he said, “And be silent.”

“What’s going on?”

He hesitated. He actually seemed to want to tell me. That alone was a surprise - normally I just expected to be kept in the dark. “Do you remember Whitney?” he asked.

I nodded. She was older than me - I remember being a freshman in high school and seeing her around, jealous of her popularity and beauty. She’d been

put in the same position as me, and had taken the same option - she left. That was four or five years ago, now. It was a much bigger scandal at the time, since her father was a full member of the club. I didn't matter as much.

“We're here to bring her home.”

“Oh.” I looked behind him at the billboard again. Even if she'd been given the boot, the club wouldn't be happy with her working for their rivals.

“So, be careful.” He hopped on the back of Anchor's bike, and they sped into the parking lot, spitting gravel and revving the engine and just making as much noise as they could.

The fact that he'd left me with his bike said a lot. *He trusts me.* Whatever

strange relationship was blooming between us, whether it would be short-lived, or if it was over already, he'd decided he trusted me. That was a lot, coming from a former MC president.

The parking lot wasn't full, but there were cars parked in maybe half the spaces. Anchor and Nomad rode in a doughnut circle in the middle of the space. Finally, his engine cut off, and I heard voices. I couldn't see the front door, couldn't see who they were talking to. I wanted to sneak closer but I was afraid to leave the bike. If Nomad came back to find me alone and the bike missing, he'd likely wring my neck.

A woman screamed. *Shit*. I knew from past experience, a woman



screaming didn't necessarily mean the fight would end badly or even that there'd be a fight at all. But it wasn't a good sign, either. I rested my hand on the key. *He left the key!* Maybe he didn't trust me - maybe he'd simply lost his mind.

*I wish I could hear what they're saying.* I definitely heard raised voices, now. *Trouble.*

*BANG.* I jumped. *That was a fucking gun.* I moved quickly. This wouldn't be my first gunfight. It was another lesson from my youth - violently tamp down your panic. I turned the key, clipped my helmet back on, revved the engine, kicked up the stand, and burst through the branches in front of me. I should have

been more worried about the guns, but all I was thinking was "Don't scratch the bike."

If there were more shots, I couldn't hear them. A big man with a long black beard stood just a few feet from the front door. A woman crouched at his feet. *Whitney*. He fired his gun into the parking lot, at the cars.

A second man, this one bald, stood off to the side behind another row of cars firing as well. I couldn't see Anchor or Nomad anywhere. *Ducking behind the cars. Unharmed, I hope.*

My heart was racing. I could hear the blood rushing in my head, feel my lungs taking big, shaky gulps of air, but I bottled up those feelings and thought

quickly and clearly. I didn't want to risk Whitney's safety, so I turned towards the bald guy and accelerated. As he turned and aimed at me, I wondered in passing if my helmet was bulletproof.

I jerked the steering right, then left, making an erratic path towards him. *Unpredictable moving targets are harder to hit.* At the last moment of my approach, when I could see the whites of his eyes, he tried to dive out of my way.

He was too slow. The front tire clipped his ass mid-dive and sent him sprawling. The gun flew from his hands and slid beneath the cars.

I wasted no time. I jumped from the bike and tried to ease its fall, but, it fell. *Nomad will have a fit.*

Removing my helmet as I ran, I reached the bald guy before he could scramble to his feet, dazed as he was by the fall.

I swung and slammed my helmet against the back of his head. He fell forward again with a howl. "Fucking bitch!"

Then, Nomad was towering above him, a gun in each hand. The man clamped his mouth shut and showed his palms as he sat up.

"That's right," Nomad said, "Fight's over. She got you." He extended one of the guns toward me. I shook my head, but I took it when he glared. "She's keeping your gun. You're lucky we don't burn this place down."

I was buzzing all over with adrenaline, but again kept a tight reign on myself. Now was not the time to whoop and holler with our victory, or to grab and kiss Nomad, who looked darkly sexy when he was so angry.

"Where's Whitney?" I asked. I held the weapon away from me, like a dead rat.

"Tuck that away," he growled. I shoved it into the back of my pants the way the other guys did. "I told you to stay where you were."

"Did I save your ass, or did I save your ass?" He scowled. "Is she okay?"

He practically knocked me aside as he strode towards his bike. "See for yourself."

I found her standing above the prone

figure of the bearded man. Anchor was on his knees, binding the guy's hands.

"We're not killing anybody!" he insisted.

I never got to find out if she was arguing for or against killing the guy. She spotted me and cried out "Lily!" Then crushed me in a big hug. "What on earth are you doing out here? Did you seriously ride down that guy?"

I laughed. "I did. Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I thought I was done for, but they shot John here in the knee." She sighed. "Guess I'm heading home. I never got very far."

I mumbled, "I haven't yet, either."

Nomad wheeled his bike over, grimacing the whole way. *Oh, no, I've*

*hurt the bike.*

"Is it okay?" I asked timidly. He glared. His green eyes were cold. They held none of the passion we'd shared anymore, none of the affection I'd come to crave. An icy feeling washed over me. The fear I hadn't felt when I'd rushed into action came flooding back now, and I shivered and rubbed my arms. *He's really angry.*

I may have saved the day, but I'd destroyed whatever had grown between us.

---

The sun was rising when I rode to the motel on the back of Anchor's bike.

Whitney rode with Nomad. He made me wait outside while he gathered our things from the room - it wouldn't be wise to stay in town any longer.

I shifted in uncomfortably on the seat. My ass still stung something fierce. It felt like such a long time ago now, it seemed like it should have healed, but in reality it had been less than a day since he'd bent me over his knee. Less than a day to totally fall for him, surrender to him, and then fuck it up completely.

It was a long drive back home. It had seemed so much shorter when I'd ridden out with Nomad - we left my apartment in the late afternoon and stopped just after sundown. We couldn't have been in the road for more than four or five hours,



and the time flew by. But I was full of excitement then - fear, yes, but I was embarking on a new journey, freeing myself from my old life, and riding with a handsome older man who maybe, just maybe, might think I was pretty.

Now, I was filled with dread.

*I'll pack a few more of my things and catch a bus instead.* There was no way Nomad would want me to ride with him now. Not after I'd driven and damaged his bike. It was an act of blasphemy. Men got stabbed for less.

When we were finally home, we went straight to Bill's house. He lived on a quiet street, not at all like the busy commercial district where my mom's apartment was. I stashed my gun in

Anchor's pack before following them up the driveway. I didn't want it. In fact, I hoped I'd never see it again.

Bill ushered us all inside as if he'd been expecting us.

"You two, go sit in the kitchen," he said to Whitney and I. Then they disappeared into his office and shut the door.

"Shit," I said with a sigh. We leaned against the kitchen counter, still stretching our legs after the long ride.

"What's wrong?" Whitney asked.

"I think I'm in trouble."

She made a face. "You saved our asses. I didn't see what happened after you hit that guy, but it distracted John long enough for Anchor to put a bullet in

his leg and take his gun. And I'll tell them that."

"What happened to you?" I asked, "I thought you had plans to head to San Diego, last I heard."

She snorted with derision. "Northern Eagle territory was as far as I got. I met a guy who I thought was nice." She looked at her feet. "He wasn't. It took a long time to convince my parents I was actually in trouble. They thought I was being dramatic because I couldn't make it on my own. Once they realized I was serious, though..." She shrugged.

"They sent Anchor and Nomad."

"Yeah. My dad wanted to go, but he hurt his back kind of recently." She sniffled. "I just hope they're happy to see

me, and they're not in a rush to kick me back out."

"Of course they'll be happy."

She wiped her eyes. "What the heck were you doing out there?"

"Bill ran me out of town. I hitched a ride with Nomad." I chuckled. "Guess I didn't get very far, either. I'm gonna just catch a bus going wherever, if they don't kill me first."

"Well, they'll have to go through me."

We raided their refrigerator. If they couldn't be bothered to have the manners to offer us a drink, then we weren't going to sit around and wait politely.

We were sitting at the table sipping coffee when they finally emerged. Their faces were grim.

"Your family is coming to pick you up," Bill told Whitney, "Go wait outside."

She looked at me with concern. "Lily really saved our butts out there, Bill, she didn't -"

"I know," he cut her off. "She's not in trouble. Go."

I didn't trust Bill enough to feel relief yet, but I nodded at Whitney.

"All right," she said, offering me a small smile. "Thanks again."

They didn't speak until they heard her close the front door. They remained standing, towering over me, too close to allow me to get up unless I backed my chair away.

"It's up to Nomad what to do with you

for the crime of driving and damaging his bike," Bill said.

I looked to him, but his green eyes gave away nothing.

"Secondly," Bill went on, "We have something for you." He pushed something at me - black, leather - it was a jacket. On the front pocket was a patch that said, simply, "Prospect." "You spilled blood on behalf of the club. By our laws, we have to give you a chance at full membership." He bent closer - close enough for me to smell his aftershave and the beer on his breath. "In conclusion, you get to stay." They both stepped back. "Now. Put it on."

My knees were shaking so hard, I don't even know how I stood. I was

floored. I expected punishment, I expected to be kicked back out of town... this has never crossed my mind. The familiar leather smell filled my nose as I slipped the jacket on.

I felt stronger. I felt tough. Invincible. I met Nomad's eyes again. I could fix things.

Bill nodded his approval. "All right. She's all yours." He clapped a hand on Nomad's shoulder, then showed us out the door.

I stopped him before he climbed on his bike. "What are you gonna do to me?" I asked.

"I'm dropping you off at home," he said, "Get on."

"No. You know what I mean. About

the... crime."

Life returned to his eyes as he looked me up and down. Heat and fire crackled in their green depths. A cruel grin spread across his face. "I'm going to let you beg."

---

When he said it, I assumed he meant just that night. I didn't realize he intended on dragging my torment out.

But I was willing to do whatever it took though to win back his favor.

When we reached my apartment, I didn't know what he intended. He didn't say anything, but simply followed me in. Mom was out - probably at work, or



having post-work drinks. *Maybe it's time to start thinking about getting my own apartment.*

"Can I get you anything? I asked softly. "Water? A beer?"

He regarded me for a moment, standing with his back against the front door. I suddenly felt awkward beneath his considering gaze. His eyes traced over my dirty top, my dusty jeans. His assessment made me feel naked. I wished I'd had time to shower before being alone with him.

"Well? What?" I asked.

"Turn around." I recognized that tone. My breathing hitched, and a warm glow grew at my core. I turned and watched him over my shoulder. His eyes settled

on my thighs, then my ass. He licked his lips.

"Take off your clothes." If there's a sentence that causes more instant arousal than that, I don't know it. Especially uttered in his gruff and husky voice. I pulled my jeans down first, tugging them below my ass slowly before kicking them away. Then came my new Prospect jacket, with its rich leather smell, and my shirt, all dropped at my feet.

Goosebumps rose along my arms, and my nipples hardened beneath my bra. *What is he going to do with me now?*

He stepped around and stood in front of me. His eyes were dark with heat and lust as he looked me up and down.

"Underwear, too."

I wanted to shake my head. I felt so exposed already. In this daylight, he'd be able to see every intimate detail of my body. It wasn't as if he hadn't already, but somehow the dim light in a strange hotel was a little different. It wasn't home - it was a little less real.

"Come on," he insisted. So I did. With trembling hands, I unclasped my bra. The material teased my sensitive nipples as it fell away. Then finally my panties, now damp with the evidence of what he was doing to me.

"Perfect." He walked a circle around me. "Beautiful." Standing before me again, he said, "Play with your breasts." I opened my mouth to speak, but he raised an eyebrow before any words

could form.

I cupped the soft mounds of flesh and squeezed and lifted them, like I was offering them to him. He nodded, indicating that I should continue. I pinched my nipples and gasped at the twin jolts. I circled them with my thumbs, soothing the sting; I tugged them, squeezed them, rubbed my hands all over feeling wild and sexy. Soon, his breathing matched mine; hard and fast.

“Run your hands down your body,” he said, “Nice and slow.” I let my hands roam, brushing their way across my stomach. I traced the curves of my waist, rubbed my palms over my thighs. He watched as if hypnotized. I pressed my fingers harder, indenting my flesh as I

passed up and down my body again.

“Good,” he said softly, “Very good. Now. Stand with your legs wider. Touch your pussy.”

I placed my feet further apart. With a wicked little grin, feeling powerful despite taking his orders, my fingers trailed across my thigh, through my soft patch of hair, and I brushed the pink folds of my sex. I gasped at the gentle contact - it stoked the fire within me. I hoped his hands would replace mine soon. I could imagine them, *feel* them, as I anticipated his touch.

“Nice,” he said. He began to circle me again. “Just like that. Real light.” He stood close behind me - I could smell his sweat, his smoky leather jacket, the

dust from the road. I could feel the heat radiating off his body. “Now, this is important. You can’t come until I say, understand?”

“Yes,” I breathed. My fingers were coated with my juices as I kept stroking. I avoided my most sensitive places, but that didn’t stop the rising tide of arousal.

“Repeat it back to me.”

“I can’t come until you say.”

“Good.” His fingers brushed the back of my neck - not touching, just close enough to graze the tiny, delicate hairs there. He breathed against my ear, his breath hot, his lips just barely touching. Delicious shivers of anticipation roiled through my body.

My back cooled as he stepped away. I

expected him to circle me again, but instead, the door slammed.

I whipped around. He was gone. *Son of a bitch.*

---

That was just the first time he left me hanging. Luckily, my desperation to be clean and my exhaustion eventually took my brain back over, and I got myself back together.

I was expected to run all sorts of errands for the club - anything, for any member ranked higher than me. I could refuse a request, of course - if I was at work, or if it was something I couldn't or wouldn't do - but it could effect that

member's vote later, when I was up for full membership.

That there was the problem with becoming a full member as a woman. Some of the guys would withhold their votes for sexual favors. But once a favor like that was granted, they often decided they couldn't respect her anymore and would refuse her membership anyway. It was why there were no female members now, and hadn't been for as long as I'd known the club.

One of my first assignments was a pickup - one of the members was being released from a prison a few miles away. Bill loaned me an old pickup truck from the automotive shop owned by another member and sent me on my



way. His only instruction was to wait in the parking lot and wear my new jacket. Easy enough.

Nomad pushed his way into the driver's seat, making me slide over to the passenger side. It was three days after he'd left me hanging in my living room, and I hadn't seen him since then.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "I thought I was going alone."

"You are." He slipped on his big black sunglasses. "I just need a ride to the clubhouse first." The clubhouse. I hadn't been invited inside of yet. I doubted that today would be the day. Somehow, I knew he had something else on his mind.

Sure enough, he pulled onto a quiet

stretch of road heading east - not exactly the most direct route.

He was unusually silent. I got the impression that he was waiting for me to speak first. My stubborn side wanted to lock my jaw shut. But this was Nomad.

"I haven't seen much of you around," I said. "Have you been traveling?"

"No time for small talk today, girly. Unzip my pants."

The old bastard *was* waiting for me to break the silence, and just so we could continue his game. Again, a war took place inside my head. I wanted to please him, but dammit, I deserved at least a little respect; I wore the jacket, though not the full club colors yet.

It didn't matter what my head thought,

though, because my fingers were already undoing his jeans and pulling his magnificent cock free. Further instructions weren't needed - I lovingly stroked it until it grew fully hard in my palm, like a hot steel rod wrapped in silk. I reveled in the feel of his soft skin before leaning over and planting my lips around it.

I took him as fully into my mouth as I could and sucked hard - no teasing, no soft touches. Road head wasn't about playing nice, it was about getting off fast. I squeezed my hand inside his pants to massage his sack, rolling his heavy balls in my palm as I drooled over his cock.

The masculine taste of his sweat and

flesh had me hungering for more immediately. With a deep moan, I massaged the underside of his shaft with the flat of my tongue. He squirmed in his seat. *Good.*

I bobbed my head and wrapped my other hand around the base of his cock, stroking with my movements. With both hands on him, it was difficult to balance myself as twisted around in the seat as I was, but I intended this to be done fast. I stroked and sucked as I tried to ignore the yearning I felt inside, loving the feeling of having him fill my mouth, but wishing he would fill me somewhere else.

"That's good. Real good." His breathing hitched, and his ass lifted just

a fraction off the seat. He was getting close.

I backed off for just a moment. "Give it to me, old man," I said, "Come in my mouth." My words made him groan. With a last heard suck, he exploded against the back of my throat. I swallowed fast as jet after jet of hot cum coated my tongue. The taste drove me a little wild - my panties were soaked, and it took all my self control not to start touching myself the minute I sat back in my seat. I tucked his now softening cock away and zipped his pants back up. All the while, he never turned his attention from the road. He still didn't look happy, or even vaguely pleased.

"I'm sorry about your bike," I said

softly, looking out the passenger side window. "I didn't know what else to do."

He grunted. "You should have stayed put, like you were told."

"It's not like I broke it," I mumbled, "It just needs a little paint."

He slammed on the brakes. My hands shot out and grabbed the dashboard before I could lurch from my seat, and the wind was knocked out of me when I bounced back. "What the fuck?"

"Idiot girl," he snarled. Finally he turned to me. I shrank away - he was *pissed*. "You think this is about the bike? It's just a fucking bike. I was worried about *you*. *Your* safety. They had *guns*. I don't care how brave you think you are

or how "badass" Bill thinks your move was. It was fucking stupid."

Spitting more curses, he swung his door open and climbed out.

"Wait!" I crawled over into the driver's seat. "Don't go. I'm sorry!" It had never occurred to me that the source of his anger was anything aside from the damage to his bike. He was a biker, after all. The fact that he was so upset over the fact that I could have been hurt, though... "Please. Stay."

He glared, and for a moment I thought he would get back in the truck. Instead, he pulled a gun from the back of his pants. I instinctively cringed away. He pushed it into my hands. *Oh. This gun. Mine.* "Anchor found it. I don't want to

see you unarmed again, understand?"

I nodded, holding the weapon in shaky hands. I hated the thing. But I knew most of the guys carried. And I knew that now, wearing the jacket, I could attract unwanted attention.

I didn't have to like it, though.

"Go on," he said, nodding towards the road. "I'm walking from here."

And that was it. I sat frozen as he aimed his feet back the way we came and strode away, shoulders stiff with stress and anger.

---

Nomad tortured me for days, but not nearly as much as I tortured myself. I



knew he wanted me. I knew he was attracted to me. But I'd had no clue that he cared; not like that. I couldn't wrap my mind around it.

He teased me at work at the diner; Bill hadn't found a replacement for me. I'd only been gone for a day, after all, and he was happy enough to give me back my shifts. I sat Nomad at the corner booth in the back. He had me stand with my hips against the table while he reached beneath and stroked me over my panties, his hand up the skirt I'd worn that day. I was only just barely out of the other customer's views back there, but he didn't care. Why would he? He was wearing his leather jacket. He stroked until I was panting with need. My knees

shook so badly, I had to grip the side of the table. He rubbed and circled until the thin cotton material was soaked through.

“Please,” I whined, rocking my hips as subtly as I could. “Please.”

“Please what?” He pushed the soaked cotton aside and stroked my bare sex. I bit back a gasp. I released the table and gripped his arm, feeling its strength. Trying to move him would be like trying to move a tree trunk. My pussy pulsed with heat. “Do you want to come?”

“Fuck yes.”

He chuckled. “Not yet.” Then he withdrew. He licked his finger clean with a leer, his eyes locked on mine. “Now,” he said, “I believe I ordered a coffee?”

I wanted to murder him.

He tormented me anywhere he found me. At the clubhouse bar, he followed me into the bathroom and licked my pussy until I was ready to scream. Just licked, slowly, lightly, never varying, never letting me move. His tongue never touched my clit, never probed inside my waiting hole; just grazed through my folds until I was a hot and begging mess, until there were tears in my eyes. And he just strolled out whistling some tune.

Meanwhile, I also continued running errands for the club. They all saw me as a joke, and I didn't blame them. They were hardened men, tough guys, and criminals. I was a nineteen year old girl afraid to leave my home town. If they

stopped short of being cruel, it was thanks to Nomad's influence.

Until, at least, he took off for a few days. Sam - Gunner - his son - finally showed his face at the diner during my shift. I'd been waiting for this confrontation. I hadn't counted on Nomad being away when it happened, though.

It was just before closing. My mother had already gone home, and I was waiting for the last two patrons to leave when he appeared. He burst in while I was wiping down tables.

"Lily. Where's your jacket?"

"Nice to see you, too, Gunner."

"Using my road name, now?" I shrugged. "Well? Where is it?"

"Why?"

"So I can fucking burn it and end this bullshit." He sneered at me like I was a roach, or a rat - something weak and disgusting that he'd like to crush with his boot.

"Only Bill can do that. Take it up with him." I moved on to another table, further away from him. He reeked of booze and cigarettes, and his eyes were wild. I didn't trust him not to get violent.

He stood silently, swaying on his feet. *Definitely drunk. Very drunk.* "Hey. Prospect. I have an errand for you."

I could just imagine. "I'm on the clock here."

He ignored what I'd said and unbuckled his belt. "Time to suck my cock, sugar. Now."

I stared. “You’re seriously taking your dick out in the middle of the diner.”

He sloppily grinned and pulled it out. *Jesus*. In that regard, he did take after his father - it was intimidating, to say the least. And my traitor pussy pulsed and swelled at the sight. *Nomad’s going to have to stop leaving me hanging so horny before I do something really stupid.*

I heard my last two patrons’ chairs scrape the floor. Even if they were just trying to flee, their presence should have been enough to discourage Gunner. But he wasn’t known for his brains. “You two can have a turn when I’m done.”

Then he stepped towards me. I should have reacted faster. Nomad would wring

my neck if he knew I was armed but let a man get close enough to grab me anyway. Gunner planted both hands on my shoulders and tried to push me to the ground. I very nearly lost my footing - he was hilariously stronger than me. There was no contest. I tried to twist away, to slide out of his grip, but it was useless. Next thing I knew, my knees slammed against the tiles and his dick was bobbing in my face.

“What the fuck, dude?!” Finally, one of the truckers was speaking up. I took the distraction as a chance to scrambled backwards and put some space between us.

“Gunner.” He looked back down at me, and I flipped up the back of my shirt,

revealing the handle of my gun at my hip. “Get the fuck out of this diner. Right now.”

“Bitch.” He pulled back his jacket, revealing his own pistol. “You really want to go there?”

Was this a standoff or a quickdraw? I was screwed either way. *On the other hand, he's pretty drunk.*

When he got down on the floor and tried to crawl on top of me, I decided it was time to make a move. I was in trouble either way - and it was either deal with his dick, or deal with his gun. *I think I'd rather get shot.* So while he knelt crookedly above me and fumbled to free his balls from his pants as well, I launched myself at him. He howled as



my knee made contact with his groin. His pants were already loosened, and he was off-balance. I knew the blow was coming. I watched him reach back as if in slow motion. But I grabbed his gun before he could make contact with my face.

It all felt so slow. My hand was tight around the handle when the back of his hand crashed against my face. The force of it blew me aside; I may have even bounced when I hit the ground. But the gun was tight in my grip.

Time sped back up when the pain hit. My eyes teared up immediately, blurring my vision. It *hurt*. I tasted blood. Blinking hard to clear my eyes, I aimed his gun at him. “Don’t fucking move.”

My mouth sounded like it was full of cotton.

He froze. “You fucking bitch,” he spat. But he froze, and he showed me his palms. *Defeat, motherfucker.*

“I’m keeping this,” I said, waving the weapon. “Get the fuck out of here.”

“You’re really gonna get it now.”

I laughed. Despite the pain and the adrenaline, I burst out laughing. “Really? No, please, Gunner. Go tell Bill. Go tell him how I disarmed you after you drunkenly waved your dick at me in his diner. Go.” He didn’t move. “Go!”

Finally, wearily, he pushed himself to his feet. But he still hesitated. “What the hell are you waiting for, Gunner? Do you *want* me to shoot you?” I stood as well.

It was an effort to hide my dizziness.

*Jesus, he hits hard.*

“Are you fucking my dad?”

My jaw dropped. “Is that was this is about?”

“You are, aren’t you.” He sneered.

“You picked that old bastard over me.”

I sighed. “No, Gunner. I picked *exile* over you. Get. Out.” Finally he walked out, like a dog with its tail between its legs. I didn’t know how to take that - if he’d finally leave me alone, or if this meant that he’d come after me sober and more vicious next time.

Maybe I didn’t want to be a part of the club. I could still catch a bus.

“Are you okay, miss?”

The truckers were on their feet, their

eyes wide. “Way to give a lady a hand, you two,” I said dryly.

They exchanged a look. I guess I wasn’t being entirely fair - Gunner and I were both armed. They probably weren’t. Still, that was enough for one night.

“Go on. Both of you get out, too. Diner’s closed.”

They left cash on their tables and left, wincing as they glimpsed at my face as they passed. But they wisely kept their mouths shut.

I couldn’t worry about my face, though. I couldn’t worry about Gunner returning, bringing more guns, bringing friends. The only thing I was afraid of was how Nomad was going to respond

when he heard about this.

---

Nomad returned the next day. Mom was out, spending the evening with Bill at the clubhouse bar. I'd spent part of the day there, fetching drinks and beers from the bartenders at the front and delivering them to Bill and the rest of the club in the back room like a good Prospect should. When they asked about the ugly bruise on my cheekbone and the big black eye, I just told them it was a bar fight with a bear. They laughed but they didn't push the issue. Bikers and biker bitches and prospects and old ladies got into physical altercations all the time. It

was nothing remarkable. But when Gunner showed up, I made an excuse and fled. I was going to have to deal with him eventually, I knew. *But not so soon. Not just yet.*

I peeked through the peephole when I heard a knock on the door. My stomach twisted when I saw Nomad there. My heart raced - did he know what happened? Would he be mad at me? Or was he just dropping by to leave me hanging again?

There was no hiding my face. And I couldn't lie. With butterflies in my gut, I opened the door.

His eyes went wide. "You're going to be the death of me."

"I'm sorry." I looked at the ground.

“Oh, honey.” He tilted my chin up, forcing me to look at him. His face was clear of all that anger I’d come to expect. “*I’m* sorry. I raised that shithead. And I left you here knowing what a shit he is.”

I shook my head. “I took care of it. You can’t watch out for me all the time.” I cracked a smile, though it hurt my sore face. “Besides, I wouldn’t be much of a biker if I couldn’t take a few bruises and scars.”

“You don’t really want to be a biker.” He turned my face and examined the mark. “Not if it means this.”

“I want to stay near my mother.” I took a deep breath. “I want to stay near you.” His eyes flickered at me, but he

didn't reply. "And now that I've got a taste for driving a motorcycle, well..." I giggled.

"Oh, God." He chuckled. "Don't do something like that again. My old heart can't take it." He released my chin.

"Well, it looks worse than it is."

"I know. We've all seen ugly bruises before."

"Are you serious about this?" he asked, pointing towards the coat hooks next to the door, where my Prospect jacket hung. "I have influence. I can help make this happen. But not if you're just doing it for your mom. Or for me. *You* have to want it."

"I don't know," I said honestly.

"Well. Think about it." He peeled his



own jacket off and hung it next to mine. “Now. Take your clothes off.”

My thighs quivered with his gruff words, but I hesitated. “If you leave me hanging any longer I’m going to lose my mind, Nomad.”

His brows furrowed. “Take off your clothes.” *I guess he’s not in the mood to argue.* Mentally preparing myself to spend the rest of the night abandoned and uncomfortably horny, I stripped in front of him. I had too much built up frustration to have any fun with it. I tore them off and flung them aside, socks and underwear and all, frowning the whole time. I wanted to leap on him and tear his clothes off, too, but settled for clasping my hands behind me.

He shook his head as he unlaced his boots. “That,” he said, “was the most unsexy undressing I’ve ever witnessed. And I’ve been alive a long time. I’m impressed.”

I was already throbbing between my legs. It didn’t seem to matter what he said - anything would have gotten me going in that moment. “Sorry,” I said.

“What’s wrong?” He kicked his boots away. I just shrugged. “No. Answer me honestly.”

“I’m frustrated.” I blushed.

“Why’s that?” He pulled off his belt with a *whoosh*, then dropped it next to his boots. Next came his dark blue shirt - I licked my lips as I watched him unbutton his way down.

“You keep leaving me hanging. I’m doing what you said, I haven’t... you know.”

He chuckled. The shirt slid from his shoulders, leaving him in just his jeans and white undershirt. I could see the hard lines of his muscles beneath the white cotton and longed to touch him. “So?”

He wanted me to say it. I blushed; I was still shy about this sort of talk. He seemed to like keeping me off-balance. “I need to come,” I said softly. “Please.”

He smirked. “Beg for it.”

“Please let me come,” I said, looking at my feet. “I’ll do whatever you want. Anything. Let me prove how bad I need it.” I dropped to my knees and crawled

to him. My mind buzzed with doubts - *is this what he wants? Am I just making things worse?* - but I had to try. I reached him and unzipped his jeans. He wore nothing beneath them - his cock stood free and already hard as I worked his pants open. *I'll bet he was planning on this before he came over.* "Please, let me show you."

"Go on." I couldn't wait long enough to pull his pants further down. I inhaled deeply, taking in the masculine scents, the smell of just *him* that had become so familiar. His body stiffened as I took the head of his cock between my parted lips. My tongue swirled around the top of his shaft.

"That's it," he murmured, his voice

thick. “Convince me you deserve to come.” I moaned, letting him know I was listening, that this was turning me on. I dragged the flat of my tongue down the underside of his shaft before taking his length further in. I bobbed slowly, savoring the feel of his hot, silky skin dragging along my lips. I worshiped his manhood with slow strokes of my tongue, with wet kisses up one side and down the other. He groaned when he tapped the back of my throat. I held my breath and swallowed around it. He groaned again. “That’s it, honey.” He sounded pleased; but he didn’t sound convinced.

I released him from my mouth with an audible pop. Stroking him with one

hand, I freed his balls from his pants with the other. Massaging the soft sack, I looked up at him - his green eyes were glazed with lust, barely focused on me at all. I licked the wrinkled skin experimentally, and he groaned again. Encouraged, I took one and then other other into my mouth. I licked and sucked them while I stroked him, moaning all the while.

“Fuck,” he muttered. He backed away, leaving my hand and mouth empty. Before I could protest, he grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me behind him to the couch, kicking his pants off on the way.

He sat and reached for my hand. “Straddle me,” he said, pulling me

closer. I climbed onto his lap and placed my legs on either side of his hips. The lips of my sex brushed his cock, sending a shudder straight up my spine.

He brushed my hair from my face. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes. Please, yes,” I breathed. I felt like I’d been waiting for this forever. During our time in the hotel, through all the teasing, all the times he’d left me unsatisfied, he still hadn’t fucked me. I’d been dreaming about it.

He squeezed my ass cheeks hard, making me gasp. “You’ll have to beg for it.” He touched my bottom lip, running the rough callous of his thumb across it, making me tremble. “Beg, or I’ll just finish in your mouth and go home.”

“Please, Nomad, let me come.” I kissed his thumb. “I need you to fuck me. I need you. Please.”

He squeezed my ass again. His fingers dug into the fleshy globes, making me gasp and squirm. “Keep begging.” Then his mouth was on my nipple. He sucked it, flicked it rapidly with his tongue, then pinched it with his teeth until I yelped.

“Ah! Please, Nomad, please fuck me. Fuck me hard. You said, remember, you said as long and slow and as hard as I need. I need it, Nomad, I need you.” I rocked against him. His cock was sandwiched between us. I lifted my pelvis, trying to get him between my legs, trying to shift our position so I



could feel him against my pussy, but he held me too tight, too firmly in place.

Finally, he spoke. "Okay, honey. Only 'cause you asked so nice." He released my ass and slid a hand between my legs. His fingers grazed my clit before sliding past. I gripped his shoulders as he slid two fingers inside my aching and needy channel. It felt so wonderful to finally be touched by him, my head spun.

"Goddamn, you're so wet," he breathed.

"For you," I said. With a grunt, he thrust his fingers deep. I exhaled sharply, squirming, arching like a bitch in heat.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked.

I could have laughed if I wasn't so desperate. "Yes, yes," I chanted, lifting my hips higher. He positioned his cock

at my creamy recess, rubbing the head back and forth.

“Go on.” With a long sigh of arousal and relief, I lowered myself onto his waiting shaft. My pussy lips and then my tight walls opened and expanded for him, taking the hot member inch after slow inch. I tensed and had to pause. I could have come right then.

He tilted my chin so I was looking into his eyes. “Don’t come yet. Not until I say.”

I nodded. “I remember.” I lowered myself the rest of the way down his shaft and sighed with the sweet relief of finally, *finally* having him inside me. He was big - I was stretched painfully by his girth, despite how wet I was. I

whimpered at the sensation, though it rapidly faded as I rocked my hips against him; my nipples danced against the soft cotton of his undershirt; goosebumps rippled across my body. The pain was insignificant beneath the exquisite feel of his huge, throbbing member inside me.

He leaned back, putting a little air between our bodies. "Ride me," he said. He casually rested his elbows on the backrest of the couch. He could have just as easily been relaxing and watching television instead of having me impaled on his lap. "Make yourself come."

I locked my eyes with him as I stroked my clit. My gaze didn't last long - my eyes fluttered as I undulated my

hips; grinding against him, with his cock throbbing so hot and so hard inside me, with my fingers dancing across my sensitive button, I brought myself over the edge in mere moments. I threw my head back and cried out as all my muscles clenched and quivered.

Delicious shivers of ecstasy spread outwards from my convulsing pussy. It gripped him tight; a throaty groan escaped through his clenched teeth.

And then my world spun. He lifted me before I'd recovered my bearings and placed me on my back, somehow remaining buried to the hilt.

“Beautiful,” he said. He looked down at me with something like awe.

“Unbelievable.” He kissed me, deeply,

possessively. Like he was branding my lips. Then he began to move. He rocked into me with slow, deep plunges, and my walls gripped him tight. “So tight. Fuck.” His rhythm increased, and he bared down harder. I dug my fingers into his back, urging him on, but he wasn’t having it. Wordlessly, he took both my wrists in one hand and pinned them over my head. He didn’t need to say anything; I knew what he wanted. He wanted to use my body for his pleasure. He wanted me to take it, to submit to it.

I wriggled below him. “Yes,” I breathed, “Take me, Nomad. Give it to me.” He grunted and doubled his efforts. *He wasn't kidding*, I thought, remembering how he’d swore he’d fuck

me hard. He entered me again and again with violent force. I writhed with a wild abandon, tilting my pelvis and locking my legs around his back, taking him deeper yet. I tried to yank my hands free, but he was immovable. I had no influence on his pace, his angle, anything at all. And I loved it.

I could feel a climax building once again. *Holy shit*. His free hand attacked my clit. He rubbed it in a slow circle as he pounded away. His eyes bore into me, watching what he was doing to me as he brought me closer and closer to the edge. “Who do you belong to?” he growled.

I swallowed. “You. I’m yours, Nomad. Please...”

“Please what?”

“Let me come again?”

He slapped my clit. I yelped - the pain was sharp and unexpected, and the thrill of it nearly made me orgasm right then. The only thing holding it back was the fact that he hadn't given me the word.

No words at all. He rubbed another slow circle around my clit, then struck again, though his thrusting never faltered. The smack made my whole body jerk.

“Please, Nomad,” I breathed. I knew he had to be close himself. His own breathing was irregular; sweat dripped from his brow.

“Come with me,” he growled, “Now!” He slapped my clit one more time, and I exploded. My throat caught

as it hit me. My inner walls clenched and released his furiously pounding shaft, over and over, pulling him over the edge with me. He roared and panted with his pleasure as his hot seed filled me deep inside. He held me tight against him, his body jerking as his cock pulsed, emptying.

We collapsed on the couch in a heap, me on my back and he on his side, resting against the backrest. It was several long moments before either of us caught our breaths enough to speak again.

“That settles it,” he said, “I’m taking you home with me.”

I smiled. “Really?”

He nodded. “Then I don’t need to



wait around for your mom to leave before I can fuck you. It makes me feel old.”

I laughed. “I was thinking about getting my own place.”

“I don’t want to stop you if that’s what you want. But I want to take you home.” He touched the bruise on my face with a grimace. “Maybe I can do a better job of keeping you from getting into trouble.”

I snorted. “That was *your* son. Fuck. What’s he going to think if I move in with you?”

“Gunner can get bent. I didn’t raise him to act like this.” He sighed. “His brothers aren’t like that. I don’t know where I went wrong with him.”

“Shh,” I said, smoothing his white hair. “My mother raised me to be meek and quiet. Some of us are just born one way and can’t be changed.”

He chuckled. “That’s almost wise for a young thing like you. No wonder you rejected Gunner. And for that matter, Bill and the rest of those guys. You’re too smart for them.”

“Hey,” I said, “That sort of talk will go straight to my head. You said yourself I’ve already got too much ego.” I laughed. “So cut it out.”

I could have laid there and bantered with him all evening. Or better yet, gone back to his place, fucked again, and bantered the rest of the evening. But my house phone rang. “The machine will get

it,” I said.

My mother’s voice sounded out of the answering machine from the kitchen, “Veronica and Lily aren’t home, please leave a message!” Then we heard Bill. “Nomad,” he barked, “You aren’t home and you ain’t picking up your cell. So I’m betting you’re there. Pick up. Now.”

Nomad launched off the couch, nearly toppling me in the process. He answered the phone in the kitchen. I could still hear Bill’s end as it played through the machine. “Nomad,” he said, “Eagles were spotted downtown. I need you to take a couple guys down there to scare them off.”

“Why me? You’ve got enough people around tonight, don’t you?”

“Because the Eagles are afraid of you, now,” he replied. “I want them to see your face in town. I’m sending Anchor out to the highway to patrol, too.”

Nomad sighed heavily. “All right. On my way.”

“See you there, old man.”

They hung up. I scrambled off the couch and grabbed our clothes. “How can I help?” I asked.

“Can’t. You haven’t been Prospect long enough for a job like this.” He dressed quickly, pulling on his jeans as he walked off to retrieve his boots.

“For real?” I asked. “You’re not just trying to protect me, are you?”

“For real. You can give me Gunner’s

gun, though.”

I retrieved it from a drawer in the kitchen, calling over my shoulder, “What about Whitney?”

“She doesn’t live downtown.” I didn’t realize he’d followed me; he suddenly embraced me from behind, pulling me tight against his chest and resting his chin on my head. “Pack a few things,” he murmured, “I’ll pick you up later or in the morning. Whenever we’re through.”

I sighed contentedly and relaxed into him. “Okay,” I said, holding his arm around me and smiling. That simple gesture made me feel warm and fuzzy inside. I wasn’t ready to start thinking far into the future about this, but I could

sink into the moment, enjoy being with him. *And move in with him?*

*Maybe.* He spun me around and assaulted my mouth with another intoxicating kiss. Though brief, it left me wanting to agree to anything at all. “See you soon.” He winked as he left.

I paused by the front door. My mind was in a fog; a post-orgasmic haze of fulfillment and elation. But something was nagging at me. Something we’d just talked about only a moment ago.

*What was it? Something about the Eagles...*

*Whitney.*

I grabbed my jacket. Then, hovering in the living room, trapped in a moment of indecision, I cursed at myself. *You*

*don't let fear get the better of you. Cut it out. Move.* I retrieved my gun.

---

I parked my mother's car a block away from Whitney's house and jogged the rest of the way, hand at the hilt of the gun tucked into my belt. Nomad was probably right - no one was here.

Whitney was fine. She was just some girl, anyway. While the Eagles would definitely seek revenge on the Dust Bowl Devils for the shootout at their strip club and for stealing her away, I couldn't imagine they'd care one way or the other what actually happened to *her*.

On the other hand, we could be

wrong.

My blood ran cold when I spotted the two bikes parked at the edge of her driveway. They were not the Devil's signature purple and black. They were pure black, and had beaks affixed to the centers of the handlebars. *Fuck, I knew it. Shit shit shit.* I pulled out my cell phone and typed "eagles at whitney house" with shaking fingers, then sent the text to every number I had - my mom, Bill, a couple of the other guys. Nomad. I knew most of them would never check it in time, but I only needed one to get through and get the army of them on the road.

*Now what?* I heard a scream inside the house. *Did they only just arrive? Is*



*her dad home?*

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I checked the message - it was from Mom. "Couldn't reach Bill," it read, "Gunner and co are on the way."

Great, just who I wanted to see. My problems with him weren't important, though - all that mattered was that help was coming. *But how to hold the Eagles here?*

I could disable their bikes. I cursed myself for bringing a gun when I could have used something sharp to puncture their tires silently instead. I'd have to figure something else out. Ducking low, I made my way over to the two motorcycles. I crouched next to the first one and peered at the ignition system.

Maybe I could yank a few wires? Which ones? *Oh, God. I know nothing.* Another scream from inside the house, and the front door swung open. Whitney was shoved out onto the stoop. *No time anyway.* I pulled my gun and, moving quickly, shot the front tire. The *bang!* was much louder than I expected. I was completely unprepared and nearly fell over. *I should have practiced using this fucking thing.* Moving quickly and ignoring the ringing in my head, I turned and fired at the second bike. I saw more than heard the *ping* as the bullet struck closer the handlebars than the tires. I fired once more and it hit home, slamming into the tire and causing it to begin to deflate. *Success!*

I heard shouting, and I wondered why they weren't firing. I peeked around the side of the motorcycle. Two unfamiliar bikers stood at the front of the house aiming their guns toward me. One of them held Whitney by her elbow.

*Northern Eagles. Why aren't they firing?*

The bikes. They didn't want to damage their bikes. The bigger guy barked, "Get the fuck out here! We can see you, motherfucker!"

"Drop your gun, shithead!" the blonde guy, the one holding Whitney, shouted at me.

I waved my gun above the bike's seat. "You drop yours, asshole!"

Both of their guns lowered at the

sound of my voice. “A girl?” the blonde asked the taller guy, “A fucking *girl*?”

“Let my friend go!” I yelled. I just had to stall them long enough for Gunner to arrive. That was all.

“I didn’t sign up to shoot no girl,” the blonde guy said to his friend.

“We’re coming down to talk!” the tall guy called. He left the porch and walked towards the bikes, his blonde friend dragging a struggling Whitney behind him.

“Don’t come any closer!” I fired into the air. “I will fuck up your bikes beyond belief!”

The tall guy pointed his gun at Whitney. “And I’ll shoot your friend, bitch! Now drop your weapon and get

out here!”

*Stall stall stall.* I could just about hear engines in the background over the ringing in my ears - that meant that the two guys could definitely hear them coming. They knew they were on limited time. *I just have to convince them not to shoot us.* I rubbed my eyes with my fists, hard. I loosened the reigns on my fear; my breathing came more rapidly. I even worked up a few tears as I stood.

“Please don’t shoot her,” I said. I held my hands up, allowing the gun to dangle from one. With my voice high-pitched, squeaky, I begged, “Please don’t hurt her. I’m sorry. Take me with you, too, just don’t hurt my friend.” I sniffled.

“Lower your gun, man,” the blonde said, placing himself between the tall man and Whitney.

The tall guy looked around. listening to the approaching motorcycles and trying to pinpoint their direction.

“We’ve got to go,” he said. He pointed at me. “Drop the weapon.” I took my time. I bent and placed it on the ground, shaking as badly as I could manage, whimpering, putting on a real show. I stumbled as I stood, choking out little sobs. He grabbed me by my collar.

“Prospect?” he asked with an eyebrow raised. He shook his head. “I knew the Devils had low standards, but Jesus.” He released me with a shove. “On the bike.” *Fuckers don’t know I shot the*

*tires. What the hell did they think I was doing?* He retrieved my gun as he climbed onto the seat in front of me. Whitney shot me a panicked look, but I kept my face screwed up and tearful.

The motorcycle roared to life; they revved their engines and turned their bikes around in the street. I heard the blonde man curse behind us as we circled. “Bitch shot the tires!” he called.

“Fuck!” The tall guy switched off the bike, right there in the middle of the road. He was sunk and he knew it.

“Got you, motherfuckers.” I couldn’t resist the dig. It was a truly stupid thing to say, but I hated the scumbags and I couldn’t keep my mouth shut.

“Let’s run!” the blonde called. He’d

already shoved Whitney to the asphalt and had parked his bike on the side of the road, as if the thing still had a chance of escaping unscathed. The Devils would burn it once they had their hands on the thing.

“And leave our bikes? And the girl? Are you fucking stupid?”

The blonde shrugged. “I’ll be fucking alive!” He took off running. The tall man cursed. He turned and grabbed me around the throat. “I ought to kill you right now,” he snarled.

“No!” Whitney screamed, “Let her go!”

“You don’t have time,” I hissed. I could hear the motorcycles rounding a corner somewhere behind me; the look



on the Eagle's face told me that he could see them. He hurled me the ground with a roar.

I hit hard. My head bounced once before I settled, and my vision swam. Three motorcycle went screaming past, presumably chasing after the two Eagles, and one pulled to a stop. I coughed and tried to push myself up, but a wave of dizziness stopped me.

“Prospect.” *Gunner. Great.* A pair of hands closed on my upper arms and pulled me so I was sitting upright. He crouched in front of me. “Hey.” I could hear shouting up the street. No guns, though. Maybe the guys had surrendered.

“You got them?” I asked, looking at the ground. “Where’s Whitney?”

“Hey!” He slapped me. My hand shot up to my cheek, and my eyes locked on his.

“What the fuck?”

I thought he was going to hit me again as he reached back, and I shrank away. Instead, he brought up a flashlight and shined it in my eyes. “Sorry,” he said, “Need to make sure you’re still with us.”

I rubbed my cheek. “I’m fine. I *was* fine.”

“Lily! Girl, you are unbelievable! I nearly pissed myself when I heard you behind those bikes!”

I looked up. Whitney stood above us in a bathrobe. Aside from some scrapes on her knees, she looked just fine.

“You’re okay?” I asked.

“Yeah. You showed up just in a time. You’re a madwoman, Lily, I swear to God.”

Gunner waved her away. “Okay, Whitney, back off. She hit her head.”

“She gonna be okay?”

“I’m fine.” I stood. Or, I tried to stand. I wobbled on the way up, and Gunner grabbed my elbow. Between the ringing in my ears and the blow to the head, I felt horribly off-balance. Almost drunk, but without the fun and pleasant buzz.

Gunner sighed heavily. “You did good, Prospect,” he said. He sounded like he hated to admit it, but he was admitting it.

“Thanks,” I said. I looked up the road.

The two Eagles had been subdued and were sitting on the curb. "I want my gun back!" I shouted up the street, and immediately regretted it as it exacerbated the pounding in my head. "Fuck."

"Okay, girly. Sit back down. You can go home when you can stand." He helped me take a seat on the curb. "Dad will be here soon." Again, he sighed, unhappy with the situation but coming to accept it.

"Thanks, Gunner," I said. I wasn't going to forget what he'd done to my face. No way. But I'd still need his vote. *If this doesn't drag the vote out of him, nothing will.*

I realized it, then. I wanted to be a

member. I wanted to be a Devil. I could take the good with the bad, because the good meant doing things like this - keeping people like Whitney safe. I was entangled in this life whether I liked it or not. At least I could do something positive with it.

I heard the second group of motorcycles approach, watched the men hop off and remove their helmets. Bill, his VP, and Nomad. I nearly teared up when I saw him rushing towards me, his face drawn, pale with concern. The adrenaline was leaving my body, leaving me vulnerable. He dropped to his knees and I collapsed against his chest with a heavy sigh.

“She saved the day again, Bill!” I

heard Whitney call from the lawn. “She may as well be my guardian angel at this point.”

Bill only grunted as he approached Nomad and I. Then, seeing how we embraced, he grunted again. “Prospect.”

Nomad released me and I sat back and looked up. “Bill.”

“That was a stupid move, kid.”

“Would you say that if I was a man, Bill?”

He snorted. “If you were a man, they probably would have just shot you.” He shook his head. “You’ve got a few years of work as a Prospect ahead of you, but you’ve secured a load of votes tonight. I thought this would be a big joke. Hell, I thought it was funny. But now...” he

gestured at my jacket. “Do you really want this?”

I looked from him to Nomad and back again. “I do.”

“All right.” He shoved his hands in his pockets. “I’m not in love with the idea, but you’ll be the first lady Devil in thirty years. Nomad and I will see to it.” Nomad squeezed my hand. “Take her home, old man. And do us a favor? Try not to make her your official old lady before she’s a full member?”

Nomad chuckled. Further down the street, there was a huge *whoosh*. The two Eagle’s motorcycles went up in flames. The Devils cheered around the flaming vehicles. Even from our distance, the flames were hot on my

face. I shielded my eyes as I watched.

“I’ll expect you both at the clubhouse for breakfast,” Bill said as he walked away to join the other men, “We’ll need to make sure everyone’s got their stories straight.”

“And I’ll want my gun back,” I said.

He aimed a sarcastic little salute at me before turning away.

A wave of exhaustion rolled over me. I buried my hands in Nomad’s white hair and pulled him close. “Take me home?”

“Of course, honey. I can’t let you sleep, though, I’m sorry. Not after you hit your head.”

I watched the reflection of the flames dancing in his eyes. I kissed him, softly, feeling the heat of the fire echoing in my



chest. His eyes were still closed when I sat back. “I’m sure you’ll have no trouble keeping me awake.”

**Thanks for reading!**

If you liked this story, continue turning the pages to check out another that you may enjoy as well...

\* \* \*

Find all of Britten's books:

**[Official Site](#)**

## Bondage Beneath the Big Top

*Daisy is a dancer in Maxwell's Spectacular, a traveling carnival in the early 20th century. Arthur is the show's new strongman, and the most handsome one any of the other performers have ever seen. He's a quiet and mysterious man, but when Daisy feels a spark between them, she feels she has no choice but to explore it.*

*Will the dangers of traveling carnival life come between them? Will her outspoken nature push him away, or will the storm of his desires bring*

*her willingly to her knees?*

*Warning: This 14,500 word short contains explicit language and graphic adult content, including first time BDSM experiences, bondage, spanking, whipping, and various sex acts between two carnival performers.*

## **Excerpt:**

Daisy walked towards their show tent, intending to stretch and practice on the stage while it was free and empty, but her feet carried her beyond the main tent and out amongst the wagons.

She found Arthur's easily - the tall,

red one, that appeared to be sagging on its wheels. Determined to stop being a coward, set aside her silly feelings, and stop avoiding him, she marched up and knocked on the door.

“It’s open.” He didn’t need to raise his voice to be heard - it was booming enough on its own. She stepped inside and shut the door behind her.

Arthur had his own wagon because it would have been impossible to fit another bed inside. There wasn’t even room for a chair, though he had a small table the back, covered in books. His strongman costumes dangled from a curtain rod above it.

He was lying on his back on his bed, reading. The book looked oddly tiny in his huge hands. If she'd stumbled upon the scene at another time, she'd find it almost comical. Now, she straightened her back. He glanced up from the book, then back down.

Not good. He wasn't happy to see her. "I never properly thanked you for chasing that creep away the other night," she said.

"You didn't."

"Well, I'm thanking you, now."

He looked up, raised an eyebrow.  
“You weren’t so grateful then.”

“Well you were rude.” She put her hands on her hips. “Nobody talks to me that way, not ever.”

He closed his book and studied her for a moment, then rose to his feet. He stood directly in front of her, looming so she had to tilt her head back, even lean a little, just to see his face. She stood her ground, but felt the fight leaving her. Suddenly, she felt very small. “What I mean to say is, I... I...” she stammered.

“What you meant to say is, I was right.” He was so close she could smell him - sweat from practicing in the

morning, hay from being near the horses, a faint hint of cigar smoke. Her knees trembled. What was wrong with her?

“I wouldn’t say that,” she said, annoyed at herself for sounding less confident, “You made some good points, but-”

“I was right. You made a poor choice to flit out of that tent unescorted, and you brought your friend into danger with you.”

“When you put it like that-”

“You were bad.” He growled the last word, and it sent a thrill through her,



straight down between her legs. Again? she thought. How did he manage to have such an effect on her? Who was he, to call her “bad”? Yet in some strange way, it felt right.

“I was bad,” she whispered, eyes locked on his. He leaned forward, planting his palms to either side of her, against the wall and the door. She felt crowded, trapped. Helpless. The huge man was frightening, but not in a "run for your life" way. More like "what is he going to do to me, and please do it now."

“I don’t think you’ve learned your lesson.” The tone of his voice - part threatening, part teasing - made her heart

race. His face was so close. His green eyes bore into her, as if seeking something inside of her, something even she couldn't see.

“I can be good,” she said, squirming beneath the gaze, clamping her legs tight against the moisture gathering there.

He took a loose lock of her hair between two fingers, twirled it around. She imagined those hands elsewhere on her, how warm, how encompassing they would be, and her mouth went dry. She licked her lips, and he smirked.

“No,” he said, and released the hair. “I don't believe you. Girls like you only

learn from punishment.”

Punishment? What on earth was he talking about? Did it mean he would touch her? She abandoned all worries about what the other girls or Leonard or anyone else would think if they found out she'd come alone to Arthur's wagon. It made no difference if they found out what was happening, though she didn't know what it was herself. All she wanted was whatever Arthur wanted in that moment. And to have his hands on her.

“What did you have in mind?” It came out like a squeak. That sort of question suggested acquiescence. A small grin

touched just the corners of his mouth.

“Go to the back. Put your hands and elbows on the table.”

She obeyed without hesitation, though her mind race. Did this mean he was going to fuck her? It seemed pretty sudden. They hadn't even kissed just once. Despite her brain's objections, her body followed the instructions with alarming haste. She had to shove a few books aside, which in turn knocked more books off the table, but Arthur didn't comment. She positioned herself over the desk as he'd demanded, and waited in silence.

Crack! His hand came down on her

ass. She yelped in surprise. The impact shocked her more than it hurt, though her backside heated where he'd struck. A part of her wanted to turn and snarl at him, scream at him or hit him back, but something held her hands firmly on the table. Something bowed her head and raised her ass, ready for the next assault. He'd awakened something unknown, something a little scary deep inside her that she'd always buried, ignored.