

**IRON CROWS MC**

**BOOK 3**



**Learning**  
*Couple*

**LARAN MITHRAS**

# LEARNING COUPLE

By

Laran Mithras

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**For the word of God is living and active, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the division of soul and of spirit, of joints and of marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart. ~ Hebrews 4:12**



# CHAPTER 1

I screamed in terror. The horror of what I was looking at was an atrocity beyond imagination. I almost heaved.

Gunner thrust the implement in my face, causing me to recoil in immediate revulsion. He growled, "Afraid of the dirty work? Afraid to get your hands dirty with club business?" He swept his hand over the horror. "You think this is too much to bear?"

I looked at the toilet. It was so old and unclean, it looked like someone had coated the inside with mud.

He shook the toilet scrubber at me.

I flinched.

He shook his head. "Every toilet in the place, every single day."

I held my breath and took the scrubber. Out in the hall, the open closet held a myriad of cleaning products. I asked, "Who was the last person to clean this?"

He wheezed. "None in my memory. Time that changed."

"This is what prospects do?"

His eye twinkled. "And fetch things. Do chores. Show the club that the club means so much to you, you'll do it. That's how we prove ourselves."

I put my hand over my mouth. "Toilets?"

He sighed. "Jimmy, my boy, you play the hands life deals you. You adapt and mature. You'll do fine cleaning the toilets. I can already tell this was the right job for you."

I let out a groaning breath. "All right, fine."

"That's the spirit. Use what we have, request cleaning products if you have to; we don't expect you to lick them clean."

I gagged and he wheezed so loudly in laughter that I thought he'd double over.

He muttered as he went out of the room, "I had to shine everyone's boots every day. Fuck, what a job."

I shivered at the sight of the toilet.

I learned that day how to clean. Bleach and Comet together stunk, but did the job. That first toilet in the unused room at the end of the kitchen hall was horrid. I guessed most of it was old mildewed water, but it still wasn't

appetizing. My eggs curdled around in my stomach in disturbing ways. By the time I finished the first one, a half hour had passed. There were dozens of toilets in the building.

I began hustling, trying to find faster and more efficient ways of carrying the cleaners and working. Occasionally members of the club would poke their heads in.

Grannie chuckled at me. "You look like a waitress working forty tables."

I blew out a breath. "There has to be a faster way to move things. The trash bag, the cleaners, the bucket..."

"Use a rolling cart. There's some out in the shop."

"I can do that?"

She shrugged. "You can do whatever you need to clean those toilets. No one's stopping you."

I sighed and nodded. "Would save me having to run back and forth. As it is, I'll be late for my shift by the time I finish."

She gave me a displeased shake. "And don't be doing that."

I ran out past her. "Then I better get a move on." I ran out to the shop. Jonesy, the big Rottweiler, ran alongside me, growling. I gasped, "I'm okay, Jonesy."

In the shop, I saw five carts. Three were empty and against the wall. I grabbed one with hooks on the end and pushed it back to the clubhouse at a run.

~ ~ ~

I wasn't late to my shift, but I hadn't done a very good job on the last several toilets. It was a let-down taking off my prospect vest to go to work. At least I could wear it while cleaning toilets. Smoke had suggested getting several big bottles of Coca Cola and using them also. Supposedly the acid in them cleaned things right up. I was dubious.

Bouncing wasn't all too difficult at the Daily Dollar. Most days were spent leaning against the bar or near the front door or outside against the wall. As it was getting warmer, I spent more time outside. Celia handled the inside well until one day she didn't show up. Tequila showed up in her place.

I asked, "What happened to Celia?"

"You weren't paying attention this morning?"

I coughed. "I was cleaning toilets."

She laughed. "Right. Celia was moved up to the Triple. Your woman got the casino."

"Oh yeah? The Lucky 7?"

"It's our only one." Her look and tone were dry.

"What happened to Rhonda?" She was the old bartender there.

"Moved with her husband into the city. I think they assumed there would be more pay there. More opportunities."

"You don't sound convinced?"

"No casinos there, just bars and restaurants."

"Oh... right." I smiled. "My wife will be happy."

Tequila was a woman who had seen some sun if her wrinkles were any indication. She was chunky, but curvy, and carried herself as if no man had anything to say that could possibly interest her, because she had heard it all already. Her look almost said, "What dumb line are you going to try that I've already heard a thousand times?"

I didn't flirt with her, though. She was nice enough and wife to Big Pizza. From what Kristy had said, Tequila hadn't minded her husband being one who had raped her – that she was even nice to my wife after. Tequila was also the one I had walked in on with Gripper.

I didn't know about all the relationships in the clubhouse; I wasn't all that interested in knowing. And as Dealer said, if there was no drama, he didn't care. But whatever he dismissed about others, he felt the need to try distancing himself from Kristy. From the very first thrust when she and I were held captive, Dealer had become entranced by her pussy; he couldn't get enough.

It seemed like the longer he held out, the more savage were his takings of my wife when he finally gave in. Turning me on the more maddened with lust he was, I didn't care if he succeeded or not. But he thought he needed to try.

Kristy, for her part, was still my wife and still made love to me with all the passion of before, but now doubly so. It seemed like after Dealer and she fucked, she lusted for me even more.

It was that night of her promotion that she came into the trailer late, but not very late. She had a glow on her face and her hair was messed up.

I raised eyebrows at her. "What happened to you?"

She laughed breathily. "Uh, Dealer came by to congratulate me after closing. He bent me over a barstool."

I began getting aroused. "Oh yeah?"

"Slapped my ass and pulled my hair."

I grabbed at her and hauled her down onto the bed. She giggled. I gritted through tight teeth, "Get your clothes off."

"Oh my, but he was just in there. Like not even ten minutes ago."

I was yanking at her clothing.

"All right, all right." She removed them.

I climbed over her, roughly forcing her legs apart.

Her eyes were wide. "Are you sure you want to do it now? His stuff is still in there."

My dick bobbed as it throbbed. I groaned and forced my cock into her puffy pussy. It looked like it had been pounded good. She felt slick inside, very slick. I moaned, "Perfect." I slid my shaft back and forth, sliding easily in and out of her wet pussy.

She panted, excited, her eyes glowing bright. "Yeah? You like that?"

"Yes."

"You like fucking me with another man's cum in me?"

I groaned loud and fucked her harder. I pushed each thrust hard, moving her up the bed with solid hip slaps.

She groaned, lust transfiguring her beautiful face into a sexy one.

"That's it, do it hard. Add your cum to his."

I felt my legs tremble and I cried out. I pumped faster, jerking her so furiously on the bed that her hair and eyes blurred with the thrusts.

She gasped in between thrusts, "You... want me... to... fuck him... more... often?"

*Dirty woman!* Her words sabotaged my control and I growled a yell out of my throat as my cock swelled and blew inside her. Each convulsive squeeze sent a stream of my passion into her to mingle with Dealer's.

She hummed happily and welcomed me down onto her.

We embraced like that for a moment as my spasms died away. I kissed her for a moment, then broke the kiss.

She sighed with relaxation. "You two are a lot of fun. Viking, too, even though he's really rough."

A burst of an aftershock sent more cum out of my cock and into her depths. I chuckled. "What are you going to do if Dealer finally controls

himself?"

She pouted. "I don't want him to. He makes me feel special, wanting me like that. I want to give it to him."

"You might have to find someone else."

"Someone else? Like who?"

"Maybe be satisfied with Viking." I felt this was a good time. "Last week when you were with Dealer, the night I was given my prospect vest?"

She nodded.

"Well, Angela wasn't around and I used Donna instead."

"Used her?"

"You know what I mean. I took her in for some play, but things got a little heavier."

"What do you mean by heavier?" She didn't sound very enthused.

"I licked her to orgasm and she sucked me off."

A frown darkened her face. "Why her? She's not pretty like Angela."

"She might not be a fashion model, but she really liked watching you. And... her husband thinks she's stupid."

She went quiet about that, thinking.

I said, "She's more like us than Angela is."

She sniffed. "I'd rather you did things with Angela if you had to."

"Like I said, Angela's out at nights. Donna is around."

"Are you trying to replace me? Because she's bigger? Stronger? More of a biker?"

I laughed. "Nope. You're always my woman."

She pushed at my shoulder, hard. "I better be, Jim Butcher."

"Always, my love."



## CHAPTER 2

I had toilets down by the second week. Of course, finishing so fast only meant I had to do other things before my shift, or all day on my days off. But I didn't care – anything was better than cleaning toilets.

I was lounging with Kristy when Ghost came out. "Jimmy." He made a head motion. "Come on back." One of the end rooms was his office; he did not stay at the clubhouse. Filing cabinets were all along the back wall and boxes placed perfectly to block out the light. His room was dark, except for the desk lamp. His old metal desk looked at least as old as he was.

I went in expecting to have to polish his desk or something.

He indicated a chair.

I looked at it to see if it was dirty and needed cleaning. I took the shop rag I had out of my back pocket just for quick cleaning purposes and started wiping it.

He coughed and growled, "Sit."

*Oh.* I stuffed the rag back in my pocket and sat.

He pursed his lips at me, looking closely with his typical scowl. His thin nose and silver strands in his hair gave the impression he was older than he was. "You talked about a chop shop, once."

I nodded. "I was surprised you didn't have one."

"We don't deal in stolen cars, so..."

I nodded.

"Explain to me how you think it could work for us."

"Well, the club does things for charity."

"Couple times a year, sure."

"You look after Angela."

He grunted.

"You keep gangs off the streets and the drugs that follow."

He nodded.

"Sounds to me like you're crusaders. You're a club for a purpose."

He leaned forward towards me. "We're a club because of who we are. But yes, we have a mission; we don't want our town to turn to shit."

I raised a hand in admission. "Okay, so let's say you expand your charity a bit?"

He sat back, but still scowled with concentration.

"You advertise to buy any car, running or not, for two hundred dollars. Instead of taking money from the community, you're injecting it. So you take those cars, strip sellable parts out of them, and then chop it for scrap. Things like seats, steering wheels, even ashtrays from older cars sell well. Definitely rims and tires. Panels like hoods and trunks sell well. Siphon the gas out of the tanks for some freebie fuel."

He chuckled. I had never seen Ghost do anything other than scowl. But even his chuckle looked cruel.

I continued. "So you sell parts, scrap the rest and that will bring in outside money into Keystone. Plus, if it's a legitimate business, you won't have the police hunting you down for stolen cars. Parts can be sold online or even to auto repair shops. The older the car, the more you want to advertise that shit online – you'd have buyers from across the country."

He was stroking his chin, half his scowl a smile. "I like it." He scribbled on a Post-It note and attached it to his closest filing cabinet. "Thank you, Jimmy. You can go now."

I hoped he thought my idea was good. I had always wondered what a legitimate business might bring in as a chop shop.

He said, "Send your wife in; I think she's hanging around in the hall wondering what you're doing."

"Oh, sure." Out in the hall, I saw her waiting. "He said go in."

She pointed to herself with a questioning look.

"Yes, you."

Ghost called from his office, "Come in, Kristy."

I knew it wouldn't be good to stick around and listen to what should be a private conversation, but I lingered – just a little.

Ghost muttered, "You know bookkeeping, right?"

My Kristy's voice sounded frail. "Yes."

"Maybe you can tell me what you used to do and how I might improve the way I do things here."

"Oh. Sure. Do you have any ledgers? Or do you keep all your records on the computer?"

There was silence for a moment.

He said, "Neither, I sort of write things down on legal pads—"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes and it's worked so far."

"But how can you compare income flows on legal pads? You don't do any spreadsheets?"

I heard him shift in his chair.

He sullenly said, "No."

Kristy sounded careful, but cheerful. "Well, that's okay, Ghost. Let's see what kind of programs your computer has and maybe I can show you how a simple spreadsheet can make things a lot easier to see."

I walked away, leaving them to talk accounting. I was sure someone would be looking for me to go shovel Jonesy's poop or something.

~ ~ ~

I got away with relaxing for almost an hour before two guys stirred the hornet's nest.

Into the clubhouse walked Pulverizer and the vice president Slaughter from the Sons of Aggression. They were wearing their colors.

I had seen the Iron Crows move fast – blindingly fast – when Demon Rider had pulled a gun. The reaction this time seemed a lot more threatening for being so slow. The bikers in the club rose so slowly that you could feel tension radiating from them.

Slaughter saw me and gave me a surprised look, but he waved. Both men then seemed to draw in on themselves as they were surrounded.

Sonar came out of the hall from his office, his eyes searching as if he had heard something. Being the senior officer present, he displaced the chaplain in confronting them. He said, "I am Steve Gillens, vice president of the Iron Crows. What exactly are you doing here?" His voice had a dangerous edge.

Other members of the Iron Crows were circling around them.

Pulverizer spoke after swallowing. "Jim invited us. Said we should approach you and get to know you."

Slaughter nodded. "We're breaking up, basically."

Sonar shot a glance to me that conveyed little. He addressed them, "That's the problem with pop-ups; they haven't learned the right way to do things." He addressed Slaughter, as he was wearing a VP patch. "What's your name?"

"Slaughter."

"No, your real name."

"Oh, uh, Robert Stiles."

Sonar's voice was very quiet. "Listen, Robert Stiles, bikers do not just walk into another club's clubhouse wearing colors unless invited or looking for war."

Slaughter and Pulverizer swallowed visibly.

Sonar went on, "We don't have any problems greeting you as fellow riders, but definitely not while you're wearing colors you haven't earned. Walking in here like this basically slapped every single one of us in the face. If you're smart, you'll go back outside, remove those colors, and come back in again with respect."

Slaughter nodded nervously. "Sure, no problem."

The Iron Crows between them and the door parted silently and allowed them to exit.

Sonar turned to me. He shook his head. "Didn't you tell them protocol?"

I shrugged helplessly. "There wasn't time; it was a fast conversation. I didn't think they'd be ballsy enough—"

He pointed a finger at me. "Always be clear. Always expect to have to tell others – especially posers."

I nodded gravely. "Understood."

He blew out a breath. "Go clean my toilet again; I want the entire thing polished. Not just cleaned inside."

"No problem." I hustled.

I was rolling the cart past the common room and saw a few of the bikers chatting with Slaughter and Pulverizer over beers. They looked at ease. I shook my head as I hurried to the end and rolled the cart into his office and parked it outside his bathroom. *Just as I learn something, I discover there's more to learn.* I polished his toilet on the outside, wiping even the base free of dust. Whenever I did a very good job, I usually got a little more free time to kick back.



## CHAPTER 3

I was standing outside when Slicer from Sons of Aggression pulled up wearing his colors. With Leathers inside talking to Tequila, I didn't think there would be any problems.

He got off his Harley and nodded to me.

I said, "Here to beer? Or here to talk?"

"Both. Let me grab one." He went inside.

I stayed outside, knowing he wouldn't cause any trouble.

He came back out a moment later holding a bottle. "What's the deal with our guys getting harassed earlier? I thought you said we would be welcome."

I turned towards him so my shoulder was supporting me against the wall. Slicer was shorter than me with a full head of unruly light brown hair. I said, "You have to understand the Iron Crows think there's a huge difference between pop-ups and established motorcycle clubs."

He tossed his head to the side. "Explain it to me. I'm a biker."

I dipped my chin. "That's a start; so am I. Let's take the issue about the colors, first. Do you think the police would appreciate some nutjob throwing on a uniform and calling himself a cop? Or a marine appreciating some civilian throwing on a marine uniform and calling himself a marine? Does the uniform make the man? Or does the training?"

"Yeah, I see that, but it's just a motorcycle club."

I shook my head and finger, gently. "No, back up. A motorcycle club wears three patches: the name of the club in a top rocker; the colors of the club in the middle; and the bottom rocker displaying their region. These are earned by hard work. Let's say Sons of Aggression comes along with colors that only display two patches: their name and colors. Or one patch with both combined. That's a riding club."

"A riding club?"

"Sure, enthusiasts. Bikers who love to ride. We don't have anything against those. Nothing at all. Riding clubs might issue their colors for a price, or automatically when you join, like you guys did. But when you put on three patches in motorcycle club fashion, you basically slapped all of us

as if you had slapped a cop by putting on a cop's uniform. You didn't earn it. You didn't learn anything to put it on."

He gave me a wry look. "This is America; I can wear whatever the fuck I want. What's the big deal?"

"No one is saying you can't ride. Or dress like a biker. But when it comes to patches for motorcycle clubs—"

"Who's to say I can't wear three patches?"

I coughed. "Who's to say you can't wear a cop's uniform? A marine's uniform?"

"Those are professionals; the motorcycle clubs are just clubs."

"You're not getting my drift. A motorcycle club distinguishes itself by the configuration of the patches—"

"Who's to say I can't, as an American citizen, wear whatever patch configuration I want?"

I patted my hand in the air. "Think a minute. Would you put on Crips colors and go into Bloods territory?"

He laughed. "No, that would be stupid."

"It's the same thing, Slicer, the exact same thing. Colors are earned in the formation you're wearing them and all of the big motorcycle clubs across the United States see it that way. And not just the US, either, but all over the world. Put on a badge without earning it, and you'll find yourself in trouble. Put on three-patch colors without earning them and you'll get the same thing."

He sighed. "I didn't know it was such a big deal."

"It is – to those who earned it. Wear your colors around long enough and you risk great bodily harm."

He spread his arms. "Just for riding a bike?"

"No, for wearing what amounts to a uniform."

He made a face and took a drink. "But I'd have no problem wearing a two-patch?"

"Not that I've seen."

He didn't look very thrilled. "What do you suggest?"

I chuckled. "Isn't it obvious? Take off those unearned colors. Hang them in your closet or on the wall for memories. But don't wear them again. Then come hang around us."

"They said you were at the clubhouse."

"I got bumped to prospect two weeks ago."

"Prospect, huh?"

"Yep."

"What do you do?"

I snickered. "Everything they ask."

"What's so great about that?"

"It's sort of not and sort of is. It's how they gauge me as a potential brother. Do I do all without question? Fetch beers? Clean toilets?"

"Clean toilets?" He looked at me in outrage.

I shrugged.

He shook his head. "No way."

I grinned. "See, that's why they make you do oddball things as a prospect. They want to know if they can count on you. If you're willing to do oddball things, then they know they can."

He had stopped mid-sip of his beer. "Huh, that sort of makes sense, I guess."

I lowered my head, raised my eyebrows, and said, "It surely does."

"Is it worth all that?"

"For me? Very. For you? I don't know; that's why you become a prospect."

He laughed. "I thought you were just a bouncer?"

"I repaired and built computers before this." I twisted back to lean my shoulders against the wall. "Wasn't much in it and I was out of work."

"You? Computers?"

I shrugged. "It's not hard."

He drained off his beer then tossed it into the trash can on the curb. He shrugged out of his colors. "There, that make you feel better?"

I laughed quietly. "It does, actually. Because now the Iron Crows won't be trying to restrain themselves from beating you. I like you guys. Well, most of you."

He grunted. "I'm going to grab another beer."

I looked at his folded colors resting on the seat of his bike. *Best if that went into the trash.* But I knew what he did with them was his business.

He came back out, looking bemused. "That Iron Crow actually nodded at me."

"Because you showed him respect by taking off the unearned colors."

"Seems like we formed and didn't know what we were doing."

I nudged him with my elbow. "I knew you were a smart man, Slicer."

~ ~ ~

I was handed a black canvas pouch in the clubhouse by Ghost. "We're going to be running a raffle for the poker run event. You're going to sell tickets."

He was so direct that I can't say I had a ton of generated enthusiasm for it. "Tickets?"

"Half the proceeds go to the Children of Fallen Patriots charity. Helps pay for college to the children of those soldiers killed in the armed forces."

I felt like an ass for not being enthused. I swallowed and said, "That's a fine charity."

Ghost scowled. "Yes, it is. You work the area from B Street south."

Big Pizza leaned in between us. "You'll be the sweep for the poker run, too."

"Sweep?"

He grinned through his beard. "You'll bring up the tail and notify the checkpoints that you're the last. I'll fill you in on it later."

"Oh, sure." I said to Ghost, "You want me to start on this right now?"

"Up to you." His look conveyed little else but immediate expectation. "You know how these work?"

"I think so."

"They're a buck each. They can buy as many as they want. Get the buyer to put name, address, and phone number on the back. You keep that ticket and give them the other half. Bring the bag back to me at the end of each day."

I slung the pouch and gave him a nod. I left to go sell raffle tickets. The charity ride was a month away, but something in me wanted to sell as many tickets as possible. I had never sold raffle tickets before, only bought them. However, the charity yanked at my heart in ways I couldn't explain. I wanted to do right by those soldiers who left kids behind.



## CHAPTER 4

I entered the clubhouse after some late-morning selling a few days later.

Gunner was leaning on the bar talking to his wife, Grannie. He called to me, "How's it going out there, Seller?"

I went to the bar and waved for a beer. "Good, I guess."

He wheezed. "Ghost says you're out-selling Flats on the north side."

"Yeah, so I heard. Where's Kristy?"

He motioned with his head. "In Ghost's office. He says she's been helping with keeping finances organized."

I tipped the bottle to them both and wandered back to the hall. I'd drop the pouch with him and pick it up in the morning; my shift at the Daily would be starting in a couple of hours. His door was closed and I knocked.

He called out, "What is it?"

I went in, unslinging the pouch.

Kristy was with him, sitting on his lap with her arms around his neck. Her smile faltered a little.

I gave her a questioning look but said nothing.

Ghost seemed very embarrassed. He took the pouch and set it on his desk.

I nodded, grabbed the door and said, "Uh, you want this shut?"

He started to refuse. "Nah, that's okay—"

But Kristy nodded.

*She has something going with Ghost? Mean, scowling Ghost?*

She was watching me and gripped his neck tighter.

*All right, all right. Whatever.* I gave both an eyebrow. "Have fun, you two." I shut the door quietly and heard Kristy giggle. She murmured something, then gasped. I didn't know what they could be doing that was so fun with clothes on, but whatever. I went back out to the bar feeling a lusting ardor rising in me. *My Kristy has urges for Ghost? He's always so sour.*

I couldn't wait to talk to her later that night about it; get the whole story from her. Apparently, she had held things back from me. *Had she felt his cock yet? Held it in her hand? Had my naughty wife slid her pussy down his cock and fucked him?* I liked the idea of her sharing her pussy with Ghost

and it made me hard standing there near the bar thinking about it. I hoped she had. But why hadn't she told me?

I think I was relieved when I saw Donna come out of the hall from the kitchen. She was wearing her new Prospect vest and grinning like a mad woman. She had received it while I was bouncing the previous night. She stopped in front of me but leaned around to address Grannie. "All clean in there."

The old woman chuckled. "And likely a lot cleaner than that Miguel used to do it."

Gunner growled. "Don't even mention his real name." He made a spitting noise, though he didn't spit.

Donna tugged at her vest.

I chuckled. "You sure look happy."

"I am." She clutched my arm. "Feel like playing a little?"

"More than you can imagine."

We walked to the hall. She said, "My husband laughed at my vest."

"That sucks."

"For sure. Absofuckinglutely." She checked the end room we had used last time. She waved me in with a lopsided smile and shut the door after us.

I blew out a breath. "I walked in on Kristy sitting on Ghost's lap."

She leaned back, her hips thrust at me, and said, "Oh... you didn't know they were getting friendly?"

I scowled. "No." I removed my jeans and sat in the chair.

She removed hers and sat on the bed. We had been together once after the oral incident, but we had just played with ourselves in view of each other. She liked seeing me jack my cock and I liked watching her play with herself. We started doing that now.

She said, "I think I remember it starting up two days ago. Or that's when I noticed his door being shut and her in there."

I felt disappointed. "She didn't tell me. She always tells me when Viking or Dealer is with her." I watched her fingers play over her folds.

She pouted. "I'm too ugly to get all that attention."

"You're not ugly."

"Oh come on. My face is nothing to look at. Even Dragon looks better than me. Even Smoke and Tequila."

I couldn't argue with her; she was right. I said, "But you're still not ugly."

Her voice shrank a bit, defeated. "Thanks. That's more than I get from my husband."

I felt bad for her. It wasn't her fault she was plain. She certainly did have a sexy figure, though. Her hips were wide and her thighs looked heavenly. I suddenly wanted to feel them squeezing around my waist. I got up, stroking my shaft and went over to her.

She gave me a surprised eyebrow, thinking I was going to lick her again.

Instead, I pulled her up and hugged her, placing my lips to hers. Our mouths opened hungrily, play forgotten. My tongue moved with hers and I felt my blood pounding at my temples. My dick was hard between us and she gripped it with her hand, stroking. I pulled her tighter and she squeezed my cock. Her hand felt great.

I turned her with me and pushed her against the wall, pressing my body to hers and feeling her cushioned figure. She wasn't plump, but men would say she was a little thick. Right now it felt like the perfect leather glove for my body. I pushed my erection between her thighs and slid it forward. I could feel her heat and moisture on the topside of my cock as I pushed it past.

She moaned quietly and moved her hips, rubbing her pussy lips along my hardness.

I growled with heat and need. I lifted her up against the wall and pushed the head of my cock at her pussy. She gasped, tilting her hips, and hung on. I pushed, feeling the wetness all around the head of my dick. Then I was sliding in. I thrust my very stiff cock up into her soft moistness. I groaned out as it slid so easily, all the way in. She felt fantastic.

She panted against my neck and whimpered. "Oh fuck it's been too long."

I was dizzy with how good it felt. I rammed my hips upward, driving my cock in and out of her pussy. I fucked her deep, eager to feel her clamping on me and providing my cock with that all-over feel of wet massage.

She clawed at me. "Oh, yes!"

I fucked her until my thighs began to burn. Then I pulled her away from the wall and threw her down onto the bed. Flipping her over, I rammed my cock back into her from behind, pushing her face down onto the bed. I grabbed her wide, fleshy hips and began hammering her.

I wondered if my wife was doing this with Ghost right now. Donna's pussy eagerly took everything I gave her. She was calling out in a breathy and wordless stream of sounds that told me she was enjoying every inch and thrust I gave her. How long had she gone without? How long had her idiot husband ignored her? My hips slapped against her ass and her moans turned to breathy mumbles of gibberish. Her ponytail had flopped over her face. I hooked my hand around her hips and began rubbing at her clit as I fucked her.

She jerked hard and began trembling. "Oh... oh... fuck, yes. Do it!"

I fingered her faster and slowed my thrusting until I was just moving it languidly in and out of her. Her big pussy lips perfectly wrapped my cock and my shaft was wet with her juices. She was panting harshly, blowing out hard and gasping inwards. Her thighs began to tremble and then shake. Her mouth opened and she emitted a stifled, high pitched squeal. Her body shook and her pussy began clamping hard on my cock.

As she was cumming, I pulled out and tossed her over. Her face was flushed and red, the end of her ponytail plastered across her face. I climbed on and shoved my cock back into her pussy. I planted a kiss on her mouth and we moved like that for a moment. She was completely out of breath when I stopped kissing her. I shifted upwards, tilting her hips with me. I got her knees up and wedged under my arms so my cock was more pointing down into her up-turned hips. I began driving down into her with strokes harder than I can remember giving Kristy.

With Kristy, I made love. With Donna, I felt this required something more brutal and less intimate. I pounded down into her pussy, grunting like a savage. The swell of tension in me started at my feet and twisted violently in my hips. I panted and pumped faster, fucking her with anger. Anger at her husband. He would be at work somewhere right now, thinking his wife was ugly. But I was giving her what she needed: a good hard and deep fucking.

Her mouth was open, trying to take in air. No, she wasn't pretty. But neither was she ugly. However, this face she was making wasn't her best. Still, I felt sympathetic to her. We were much the same and if her pussy needed cock, I would give it to her.

My growls turned to groans and I shivered with imminent release. I reached under, grabbing her butt and pulled while pushing my cock deep. I felt the orgasm ripple up my legs and build into a convulsive, explosive

burst deep in her pussy. I grunted, trying to get deeper as I shot several squirts of cum inside this plain, neglected wife. Her pussy took it all.



## CHAPTER 5

A typical bouncing day had me noticing something atypical. Locals would come and go, some sitting at the bar, some sitting alone watching the TV and drinking. Lonely men, married or not, came in to flirt with Celia, and now Tequila. Where Celia had been embarrassed to be fielding flirting while married to Ralph the attorney, Tequila listened to them all with complete disinterest.

Apparently uninterested in all other men, she was close to her husband, Big Pizza. However, she had a soft spot for Gripper. Or a wet spot. I had seen her blowing the enforcer in one of the empty rooms of the clubhouse. Had she done more with him?

It was the last day of my weekly shift, a Tuesday. Already looking forward to running around the clubhouse tomorrow on little errands, I was anxious for the night to be done. I was expecting Kristy to spill the beans to me tonight about Ghost. Having seen her sitting in his lap, I was sure she'd have to say something now.

Someone who wasn't a local came in carrying a map. He ordered a beer from Tequila and sat as close to the corner as he could. Now, normally I don't give a shit where anyone sits. The man looked like someone traveling, or touring. Why he would choose a little bar like the Daily Dollar was beyond me. The Triple Shot was nicer and prettier. The Lucky 7 even nicer than that.

I glanced over at our two bikers currently drinking at the bar, Wallet and Firehose. The latter didn't come in all too often to the bars or clubhouse; I saw him maybe once a week. He was one of several members who didn't live in the clubhouse, but came in once a week to play pool and drink.

Both Wallet and Firehose glanced at the man and went back to their chatting.

Dismissed as easily as that, I wondered if my oh-fuck radar was malfunctioning. Something just didn't seem right. I was turning away when I caught a flash out of the corner of my eye. It was in the mirror of the bar that I saw his arm below the table. He brought it back up and set his beer bottle on the table. I turned and went past him back to the restrooms. Glancing down, I saw that his bottle was half empty.

I washed my hands for something to do and came back out.

Traveling man had his map out, doodling trails along roadways.

I passed him without looking. *Private investigator?* I went outside but stayed near the doorway so I could see Wallet and Firehose. The car outside he had pulled up in was not a rental. I took a pic of his license plate then leaned into the bar. The man had the posture of just looking down to doodle. I took a pic while he was pretending to be busy. I attached the two pics and forwarded them to Sonar.

*Jim Butcher: Have a plate and pic for you. Might be under surveillance*

I dismissed the matter from my mind, except to occasionally look at the guy. His beer didn't change, though he pretended to swig it back. I don't think he was fooling Tequila, either. Her one raised eyebrow and tired look told me she had noticed it. I shrugged at her and she sort of wiggled her head as if to say, "Who cares?"

Maybe he was looking for us. Maybe not. Private detectives could also be building a profile on a cheating husband or wife. Or for a divorce. Who knew? Looking for leads on missing people, maybe. Ace? The child molester? Miguel? Nothing we had to show was going to put much in the man's files, if that's what he was doing.

~ ~ ~

I entered the trailer and heard voices. I was tired; I didn't want to do anything but crawl in bed and hug my wife to sleep.

Dealer was sitting in our small den talking with Kristy. He looked up at me as I shut the door behind me.

I grunted.

He nodded to me. "I was just telling Kristy that we need to end the little relationship thing we had going on."

"Oh?"

Kristy was pouting, eyes glassy with unshed tears.

He scratched at his gray beard stubble. "It won't be good for the club if it continues. I foresee a lot of insinuations coming from it from the younger members that you're buying your way in with your wife."

"But that's not true."

"Yes, we know that, but others will get ideas, no matter what we say. We need to cut this off." He was sitting in the recliner.

I dropped down onto the couch with a sigh. "Do you not want her around the clubhouse—"

He interrupted me. "No, no, we don't need to be that drastic. And she's been close to some of the others. That's fine, too. But as president, I have to be above all that."

Kristy was shaking her head. "But we've had fun..."

Dealer looked disappointed. "I know it. Without a doubt."

I muttered, "If it has to stop, then it has to stop. For the good of the club."

The president said nothing, just looked at me with appreciation.

My wife pleaded, "But why?"

Dealer said, "Women belonging to members mixing with the president can look bad. It looks worse when the woman's husband is a prospect. We don't want a reputation or even a rumor that you fucked your husband's way into the club." He shook his head. "That kind of word gets around and it sticks, no matter how much you deny it."

She said, "Then you can come here and we can—"

He shook his head emphatically. "Word of that gets around, too. Not good."

We were all quiet for a minute or so.

Kristy wiped at her eyes. "Can we do it one last time?" Her mouth worked to say more, but she appeared lost in the myriad of things running through her mind.

He scrubbed his hand back over his buzzed head. "I can't say it doesn't appeal..." His breathing quickened.

I felt his attraction to her. I could sense his cock hardening over thoughts of making love to my wife. My own cock began thickening, despite my weariness. I said, "One more? It would mean a lot to her if you're cutting her off."

His eyes were bright and he blew out a breath. "Yeah, all right. All right." He stood. "Let's do it."

I followed them into the bedroom.

His hands shook as he stripped out of his clothes. His breathing was rapid and excited. It all made my cock throb with desire.

I stripped out of my clothes and laid on the edge of the bed. I began stroking myself, spreading that pleasurable tension up and down my shaft.

He was kissing her and then lowered her to the bed. His cock stood straight out, thick and throbbing. All for my wife. He climbed between her legs slowly, but I could see him shaking with desperation to sink his shaft into her. He looked down, and grabbed his cock to position it at her opening.

My wife was looking up at him, her thighs spread wide. She wanted him in her again, I could see it. I could feel it.

He moved forward and settled on her, sliding his cock slowly into her pussy. He let out a deep sigh as their bodies met. My wife's mouth was open and her arms trembled as they hugged his shoulders. They kissed as he began moving his butt. Their thigh muscles worked as their hips tilted against each other.

I couldn't see anything, but I knew he was deep in her.

With his butt clenching and moving faster between her thin thighs, he broke the kiss. She moaned happily, but also with an amount of desperation. Her hands roamed over his muscular back and her eyes were locked on his.

I stroked to their two moving bodies, seeing nothing but a naked man on my naked wife. They might have just been embracing without penetration for all I knew. But I knew that what I was seeing was an immense turn-on. I stroked at the same speed as his thrusting and loved it.



## CHAPTER 6

I lay next to her in the darkness, playing with the cum leaking out of her pussy. She was sniffing, trying not to weep. I felt bad and removed my fingers. *Why should I get any pleasure out of this when she isn't?* I stroked her hair. "Why the tears?"

She sniffled. "I've been so alone all my life. Then I find you and things are great. I felt whole."

"Me, too."

"And then we were abducted. It was terrifying at first. The way things happened. They even tore my wedding dress."

My mouth firmed; I had wanted to kill them all. At first.

"But then I saw things in them. I saw their doubts about us – in all of them. Suddenly all that terror radiating from them becomes shame. They knew they had screwed up."

I listened to her breathe for a moment. I knew what she had left unsaid: they had become nice.

"They treated us so well after that. It was like coming home to family. When we were let go, I didn't want to go."

"Neither did I, though I didn't feel it until we got home."

"Did you know they had us followed? That was a big test: would we go home or go to the police?"

I jerked back away from her. "No, I didn't know." I felt as if I had proved something.

"We came back; we took jobs. They've all made us feel welcome. It's so different than going to work and having your coworkers say good morning. It was so lifeless before – so meaningless. And then Dealer made me feel special. His... fascination with me reinforced their regret at having mistook us. I really felt like I was valuable as a person."

"You still are."

"But now he's rejecting me."

I squeezed her shoulder. "He doesn't hate you; it's a struggle for him. He's doing it for the club."

"What difference does it make?"

"We still have their friendship. Their welcome."

"I had something special with him; I won't have that anymore."

I was slightly disturbed she was taking it so badly. I blew out a low breath. "I understand. But you still have the others. Viking really likes you and so does Big Pizza. And I'm sure the others do, too."

"You didn't mind Viking and me...?"

I laughed. "No, of course not. It's not like he hasn't already been with you. Maybe he can give you what Dealer doesn't." I shrugged, not knowing what to say to divert her attention away from being morose.

She didn't respond.

I didn't feel like this was a good time to bring up Ghost and neither did I think it was time to mention Donna. Kristy was feeling let down by Dealer, even though we both knew he would still treat her with the kind of attention we both valued, if not in a sexual way. "Everyone there likes us. Let's just accept all they can give."

~ ~ ~

I was eating breakfast with Kristy at the Keystone Café in honor of her thirty-sixth birthday. Days had passed since Dealer's final visit to her and she seemed to be recovering nicely. If not as jovial and peppy as before the break-off, she was at least smiling.

She said, "So what does a sweep do?"

"I ride with the last group of players. I'll be playing, too."

"Can I play?"

"Of course; you'll be riding with me anyway."

She smiled, happy for the chance to go on a distance ride on my Harley. "Sounds like fun."

"I'm the last player, and tell those at the checkpoints it's time to close up."

She nodded. "Oh. Then what?"

"They all meet at the starting and ending point, in this case, a Bandido casino called Jeannie's Jackpot."

"Bandidos?"

"In the city. We'll start and end there."

"Why not here?"

I grinned. "More participants in the city. We'll be riding out after breakfast on Sunday."

"The Bandidos won't go to war with us?"

I chuckled. "No, not at all. They sanctioned the Iron Crows. They're on good terms."

"Oh."

"How have the pop-ups been to you?" I was referring to those from the former Sons of Aggression motorcycle club.

"Slicer is really nice. The others are okay."

We paused while Kimmie the waitress set down our breakfast plates. The clatter of plates and cups and the low murmuring of the café's patrons were like a blanket of warmth. It went well with the aroma of coffee. I told Kimmie, "Thanks."

She was an ugly waitress, but slim in her lemon-yellow restaurant uniform and apron – the type of dress no one would ever wear if they had a choice. However, she was very nice and enthusiastically efficient. "Let me top off your coffees..." She poured and then turned and left us.

Kristy continued where she had left off. "I think the guys are nervous about being unpatched."

"I bet I would be, too. You think you're a motorcycle club and the next thing you know is that others don't agree. They were posers."

"I don't think Massacre is going to fit in."

I shook my head. "Me, neither. He's a lot like Ace was. Very sure of himself, but in a bad way. Almost as if he and Ace were the ones that used the club. Had the plans for prostitutes and drugs when the other members didn't want it."

"Slaughter sure wasn't onboard with that."

I laughed quietly. "And he was their VP."

She sipped her coffee and regarded me over the brim of her cup. I saw a happiness there, despite the Dealer thing. Her warm glow radiated all the love of before.

*But what are you hiding about Ghost? Anything? Or are the rumors wrong?*

~ ~ ~

Sure, I'd say that my breakfast with Kristy was definitely nicer than cleaning toilets. Despite the distaste of the duty, I made sure the job was done as efficiently as Kimmie had served us at the café.

I always started in the kitchen wing of the old brothel and worked my way to the club's offices in the other wing at the end. By the time I got to

Ghost's office, his door was shut. I frowned and knocked.

There was a murmur from inside. Then, "Come in."

I opened the door and pushed my cart in.

Ghost scowled at me. He always scowled at me: the man scowled at everyone. Kristy was next to him, sitting in a chair pulled close. Her blouse was unbuttoned and she was in the process of buttoning it up.

I raised an eyebrow. *Oh, tit-action, huh? Is that all there is?* I pushed past them to the bathroom and attacked his toilet with as much efficiency as the others.

Kristy cleared her throat. "So...did you play around with the spreadsheet program yesterday?"

Ghost grunted.

I heard clicks of his mouse. I didn't care if he covered for taking an interest in my wife. Kristy seemed to thrive on the attention and what did I care if the biker scowled all the time? I just found it odd that it was Ghost being so friendly with her. Even more so than Viking.

It was Friday, and my schedule had been shifted around to allow others to learn in my place. A friend of Smiley's was going to bounce at the Daily under the tutelage of Twenty. I had tonight off, and tomorrow as well. Everyone had much of Sunday off for the big ride.

I was in for a surprise this night.



## CHAPTER 7

I was in a great mood. The members of the Iron Crows bossed me around, but in a good way. Other than cleaning toilets, I fetched things: beers; napkins; plates. I polished helmets. I collected darts from the dartboard by the pool table. I even shoveled up Jonesy-droppings in the dirt patch out back. These were things for which I harbored no hate, as they proved to them I was part of the team.

I was certainly allowed to relax near the end of the day. Scotch in hand, I settled on Pulverizer for conversation. I said, "I saw you signed for the poker run."

He grinned, bright-eyed, and nodded. "Wouldn't miss it."

I felt he was one of the four or five Sons of Posers that would be a good fit for the Iron Crows. Wasn't up to me, though. "Big Pizza said you'd be riding at the back, right?"

He made a face. "Yeah, why though? Is it because of Ace's—"

I shook my head, holding up my drink. "I have to ride in back, too. It's because we're newer to riding as part of a club. Less responsive to mass movements of close-riding motorcycles."

"Hmm."

"You wouldn't want to pick up a nickname like Bump."

He chuckled. "For running into the guy in front of me?"

I laughed and nodded. "Apparently, it's a very shameful nickname." I was standing, leaning.

He frowned at my leg. "Was that the leg that took the knife?"

I realized I was favoring it and shifted to balance equally. "Yeah."

"I've seen your limp."

Maybe only one thing could have been more disappointing to hear: not meeting up to Iron Crow's standards. I lowered my gaze. I had always walked perfectly. Went through Kenpo instruction and learned most of the katas. I didn't realize all I took for granted until something got injured and my use of it suffered. I couldn't imagine losing a hand. How would I ride? "I guess it's just a little stiff."

Dealer was nearby and let out a guffaw.

I glanced over at him, not sure if he was laughing at my leg or not.

His eyes twinkled at me and he winked.

Pulverizer said, "It's not like something you can stretch out?"

I had tried that. "It's a tightness, as if things healed without their usual limber. I've tried stretching, but it just twinges as if the muscle is tearing or something."

"Ouch." He drank some of his beer and said right after his swallow, "Well, you look like you get around easily enough. Could have been worse, huh?"

I grunted.

He was looking at my vest. "So how long are you going to be a prospect?"

"I don't know; until I prove myself – if I ever do."

"You seem like a good guy."

I shook my head and lowered my voice. "I think it's more than that. There's millions of good guys out there. And women, too. I think it's more a matter of fit. How well do I – or anyone else – fit?"

He lowered his voice with me. "And these guys fight the gangs? Keep them out of town?"

I nodded.

"Do you think they'll go after the Surenos?"

"I can't comment on that. Primarily because I don't know." His former president of the pop-up had gone missing. A strip of blue Pendleton was found outside his garage. The sheriff had suspected the Surenos and chalked it down to gang violence. I wasn't sure what to think; Ace had gone missing just one day after I had told the Iron Crows where the man lived. Coincidence? I thought not, but wasn't sure.

I had seen Miguel Hernandez flirting with suspicious types at the motel – climbing in and out of a white van. I had watched him pull a gun on Dealer. I had watched him die faster than he could aim and pull the trigger. Seen him die in seconds, the body carried out in a rug. What had happened to the body? These are things I wasn't likely to be privy to as a prospect.

I had other things on my mind, anyway: my functions as a prospect; and even more importantly, my wife's stress over her relationship to the club and its president. I looked for her and found her. I froze in the act of drinking, then recovered and swallowed the rest of my Scotch. She was sitting on Gripper's knee. Tequila was on his other knee. He had a big smile

on his face and his log-sized arms around both. Leathers and Big Pizza were standing by, talking with them.

I kept an eye on them, occasionally casting glances back to them as I talked to Pulverizer about the poker run.

I got distracted talking about the Raffle. When I found them, they weren't sitting anymore. Tequila was leading Gripper, my wife, and the two other bikers down the hall towards the kitchen.

I wiggled my empty glass at Pulverizer. "Going to refresh my drink and check something out. Get back to ya later."

"Sure thing, man." His smile was easy and reassuring.

I felt bad leaving him like that, but he could find anyone to talk to. After getting a refill of Scotch, I saw him already talking to Viking and Dragon. I made my way down the hall to the closed door I had seen Tequila and Gripper use before. I entered the room and they all glanced my way. Just as quickly, they went back to various states of undressing.

Kristy looked at me with uncertainty before continuing to strip. Big Pizza came over to me and said, "Exciting way to end the night. You looking forward to the ride?" He was the Captain – the one who organized rides.

I nodded. "Very much so."

Big Pizza was always a very congenial sort. His smile was no less at this moment. "Think I'll get me a fresh drink, too, while this gets going." He nudged me with his elbow and winked. He didn't seem bothered his wife was naked and kissing Gripper on the bed. He left the room and shut the door behind him.

Leathers was behind my wife, running his hands up her body from behind. His hardening cock was nestled down between her butt cheeks. Kristy's hands followed his and she looked over at me a few times with a searching look in her eyes.

I sipped my Scotch. *Is this what you want? Is this going to make you feel better about Dealer?*

Big Pizza came back in holding a beer. He stood next to me and watched.

Tequila was sucking Gripper's erection, her eyes occasionally flickering to her husband. Leathers was kissing my wife's neck and she had her arms stretched up and behind to grip his head. Tequila was holding Gripper's dick, waving it. She said, "Hey, your turn."

The bouncer chuckled.

Kristy moved to the bed and knelt down on it, lowering her mouth over Gripper's thick dick.

My heart started beating faster and I swallowed with nothing in my mouth. Seeing the woman you love slide her lips down another man's cock is a treasure I would never want to forget. I felt myself hardening.

Big Pizza said, "Your wife sure looks good."

I said, "So does yours."

He grunted. "She says you never flirt."

"Of course not; she looks like she'd chew my head off and spit it out."

He laughed heartily. "Maybe with most..."

I felt there was suggestion there, but I didn't ask. I simply looked over at his wife. She was smiling at me, still holding Gripper's cock as my wife sucked it. I was immediately struck by the intimacy of the entire situation and smiled back at her with gratitude. My wife missed the exchange; she was very slowly sucking his shaft up and down.

I got very, very hard.



## CHAPTER 8

The surprise came when Leathers, busy stroking away at his cock and eyeballing my wife's butt, moved up behind her. He grabbed her hips with one hand and stuffed his dick into her pussy with the other.

He groaned in surprise. "Whoa, fuck that feels good." His hips moved back and forth and his cock slid in and out of my wife's exposed pussy. For her part, she moaned around Gripper's cock and wriggled her butt.

Tequila said, "Let me have some, hun."

Kristy pulled her mouth off his dick and up to his face. They kissed deep as Tequila took over sucking Gripper's shaft. Leathers shoved his cock into my wife slowly so she could kiss Gripper.

Big Pizza nudged me. "Hot, huh?"

I stammered, "Y-yeah."

He was nodding. "Tequila is very playful, but your wife is younger and tighter. She figured if she was going to get as much as before, she'd have to involve her."

I asked, "You don't mind her doing this?"

The captain chuckled. "Fuck no?"

I shrugged. "I didn't know many people did this..."

He shrugged in return. "Maybe, maybe not. Some of us here in the club do. Some don't. I've never seen Smoke do anything like this." Smoke was the vice-president's girlfriend. He said, "Angela can be playful when she's around, but we all use condoms with her."

I watched Leathers pull on my wife's hips, his cock pressed deep. He started huffing and jerking, blowing his load deep in her pussy.

Big Pizza quietly laughed and whispered, "That's unusual for him. He usually lasts a lot longer."

Leathers pulled out and Gripper pulled my wife over him. He twisted her to face outward. Tequila had a hold of his dick and guided it towards my wife's pussy. Sperm ran down from her, dripping onto Gripper's cock and Tequila's hand.

Kristy looked at me again with those searching eyes. I saw her gaze drop down to my jeans and then she closed her eyes. She settled onto the cock beneath her.

Gripper had my wife around the waist. He tilted his hips up and drove his shaft straight up into her pussy.

I think Kristy and I moaned at the same time.

Tequila used her hand to stroke her fingers over Kristy's clit and Gripper's shaft. She kissed him as he fucked my wife.

Leathers was lying back in a chair, lazily stroking his cock while he watched. He saw me looking and he grinned. "She sure is a hot number. Thanks, Jimmy."

I could only nod; I didn't trust my voice to sound anything but strangled with lust.

Kristy's moaning became louder. Her eyes were closed and her body visibly trembling. She did little riding of her own; Gripper was doing all the work, his thick dick pushing up into her pussy over and over. She gritted her teeth, turning her moans to groans. Then she coughed loud, convulsing on Gripper's cock. My wife came on him, her hips moving in tight jerks.

Watching her cum on another man's cock brought back the excitement of seeing it before, reminding me how hot it was to watch. I tried to shift my stance to ease the pressure on my dick.

Tequila murmured, "My turn, girl. I think you're ready, now."

Big Pizza nudged me. "We're up, Jimmy. Come give me a hand."

I wasn't sure what he meant by we or hand, but I moved forward with him. He stripped. I was amazed. I thought Dealer had a big dick. Big Pizza was sort of a hefty guy, but his nickname might as well have referred to his cock. Fat and long, I wondered if he was going to be able to use it on Kristy at all. She certainly wasn't going to get her mouth over that thing.

Apparently, Big Pizza was more concerned with me. He said, "Stroke me. Get me ready."

"Huh? Me? I'm not gay."

He leaned back and laughed. "Has nothing to do with gay, son. Has everything to do with you participating. Those who like to watch tend to really appreciate being involved. It's not gay to get me ready to fuck her. You could even suck on it, if you want to. Nothing gay about it."

I coughed. "You'd suck me if I wanted to..." I pointed at Tequila.

He looked at me as if I'd slapped him. "Fuck yeah, what's the matter with you?"

I was surprised. "Oh. It's just I've never done anything gay—"

His hand stopped me. "It's not gay. I suppose it might be if you did all that so you could take it up the ass."

Tequila was settling her pussy onto Gripper's cock. She giggled.

Kristy was staring at me and Big Pizza – and his large, fat cock.

Big Pizza said, "Do you take it up the ass, Jimmy?" His question almost sounded as serious as something from a job interview.

"No! I mean, never. No, I don't do that."

He chuckled. "Then you aren't gay. Now, get your jeans off. Then reach in there and get your fingers wet with all those juices." He pointed at my wife's pussy.

I had no problem with that. Feeling other men's cum in her was exciting. She was sitting on the foot of the bed and laid back to allow me. She wore a quizzical smile without any of the uncertainty of before. I had stripped my jeans off, freeing my aching cock. I inserted the fingers of my right hand and moved them around inside my wife's sloppy pussy.

Big Pizza grunted. "Good, now stroke that onto me."

Something deep inside jumped in excitement, knowing that I was lubing this man up to help him get that thing into my wife. With a hand trembling in excitement, I wrapped my fingers around his semi-hard shaft. I let out an explosive breath and squeezed a little, feeling the mushy sponginess of his hardening cock. I immediately began stroking, feeling the hot skin slide beneath my fingers.

In seconds, he was hard.

I moved my fingers around the soft helmet and down the stiff shaft. His girth filled my hand with heat and hard desire. I stroked faster, realizing how fun getting him ready was.

He stopped me. "Good enough, I think. Now, do you want it up your ass?"

I coughed, reddening. "Fuck no."

He laughed. "See? You aren't gay. Get on the bed next to her. Up by her head."

Tequila climbed off Gripper. She had been facing him. She settled back down onto him facing out so she could watch what was going on at the foot of the bed.

Gripper shifted, moving his feet towards the side of the bed a bit so I could sit next to Kristy's head.

She said to me, "That looked hot. I didn't know you liked stroking cock other than your own."

My eyes were wide. "Uh, me neither."

Big Pizza moved over her and pressed his huge helmet against her pussy. "I think you're ready." He leaned, pressing. Kristy gasped, her body shaking with tension. But within a second or two, I watched his shaft slide in, disappearing into her body. I could only see the top of her parted lips, but his cock was definitely inside her. He let out a long breath. "Still as tight as ever. Jimmy, reach between us and get some of that cum leaking out of her."

I did so, feeling his heat and hard shaft pointing straight into my wife's wet pussy. Cum had leaked out as he had pushed in. I wet my fingers with it.

He nodded. "Now lube up your cock."

Wondering what he was going to have me do with it, I gladly spread it around my shaft.

He nodded again, panting. "Good, good." His hand came up as he leaned on the other. He gripped my shaft and squeezed. Feeling another man's rough fingers wrapped around my cock made it twitch. He twisted his hand around, lubing up my shaft and his fingers. It felt as if every nerve of lust and tension throughout my body was being pulled by his fingers. He grunted. "You've lost a lot of weight..."

I had. But I didn't dwell on that as he immediately followed his comment by shoving hard into my wife. He pushed and heaved as if he were using his hips to shove a dishwasher uphill. At the same time, he pulled on my cock. Each heave was simultaneously delivered with a pull on my shaft. I groaned loudly in surprise.

Tequila laughed and so did Leathers.

Gripper was busy gasping and grunting. I guessed he was cumming. His balls were ballooned out and jerking, his shaft not even visible. Yep, he was shooting a load up Tequila's pussy. For a brief second, I felt jealous. Big Pizza had suggested I might be doing that with her and she wanted it. But my distraction couldn't last. His heaving his fat shaft into my wife while pulling on my straining erection drew my attention as surely as a gunshot.

I leaned back, quivering as he pulled on my lust and need - shaking as I watched his cock slide forward forcefully into my wife's pussy. The dual

sensation and sight was so very energizing. I realized I could do this every day and never grow tired of it.

Kristy's face was screwed up in concentration, her body rocking back and forth with mighty movements. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy as her pussy took a pounding.

Instantly surprised and stunned by the move, I accepted Tequila's mouth over mine. Her tongue lashed in, finding mine and moving around it. *Ack, she sucked Gripper!* But I didn't pull away. *I guess it's not gay..* I kissed her back, my body trembling harder. My arms were supporting me behind as I leaned back. They began to ache and shake, threatening collapse. My feet erupted in spasms. I groaned suddenly and felt my orgasm rush up my thighs and hips. My cock expanded in Big Pizza's grip as his wife tongue-fucked my mouth.

I exploded, cum squirting hard from my dick.

Tequila pulled away, watching with a big smile on her face. "Mmm, nice. Like the last time. Very impressive." She had been the one to jerk my dick while I was chained down and forced to watch Dealer fuck my new bride.

I panted. Big Pizza released my dick. Tequila took over, gently gripping it and squeezing. She whispered, "How come you never flirt with me? Am I too old?"

I gasped, "No, I just thought you didn't want it. Someone flirting with you."

"Just because of what you see at the bar?" She sat back, looking perplexed. "The guys you don't want are all over you. The guys you do want aren't. Doesn't that figure?"

Kristy was listening to us, watching, but her eyes were so glazed over I couldn't tell if she was really aware or not.

Big Pizza sped his motions, not ramming as hard – almost as if, instead of pushing, he was just fanning his cock into her. He grunted, his face crinkling up with effort. Then he began panting in sharp gasps as he trembled over her.

Tequila said, "That's my big boy. Fill that pussy."

My cock gave a mighty twitch in her hand, sending another short stream out, but not very far.

She leaned over and kissed me again, giving my shrinking cock a gentle squeeze. She pulled away with a sultry smile. "You should try flirting

sometime."

Her husband blew out a breath. "Yeah, try it; it won't kill you."

Kristy added in, "You might like it."

I laughed. *Why is everyone trying to get me to flirt with Tequila?*

Gripper was pulling on his clothes. "She likes it."

Leathers was relaxing, watching, his beer bottle swinging idly from his hand.

Tequila said, "I won't say anything to Donna if that matters."

Kristy frowned.

*Oh fuck.*

Big Pizza pulled out of my wife and stood there, his large pole hanging down and covered with her juices and his sperm. He pointed to the blanket on the bed. "Prospect, get that blanket into the laundry." He winked.

However, Kristy's response was not encouraging.



## CHAPTER 9

I rode home with Kristy hugging me on the Harley. The comforting rumble did little to settle my thoughts. While learning some new things, I found my wife's reaction promising something other than a warm welcome.

In the trailer, she asked, "What did Tequila mean? Are you still doing things with Donna?"

I blew out a breath. I figured she wasn't going to understand now if she hadn't understood before. Donna was a prospect like me. But she was also more like us than Tequila. Ostracized by her own husband and called names for wanting to be a biker, Donna was going through the same kind of social solitude that had brought Kristy and me into the Iron Crows.

I didn't answer her question. Why should I? She hadn't said anything about Ghost. I said instead, "What's going on with you and Ghost?"

"What do you mean?"

I coughed, throwing out my hands. "Do you think I'm blind? Sitting on his lap, arms around his neck, shirt undone. Giggles and gasps behind closed doors—"

"He's just a friend." She was pouting.

"And so is Donna."

There was heat in her voice. "Why her? She's ugly. Why not Tequila? Tequila's nice."

"And so is Donna."

"Why do you keep talking about her?"

I gave her both raised eyebrows. "Stop asking about her and I will."

She crossed her arms and scowled. "I don't want you doing anything with Donna. If you have to do something, do it with Tequila."

"And what about Ghost? How come you've told me nothing?"

Her answer was to spin around and stomp to the bedroom.

I went after her. "No answer, huh? You tell me the strict rules but you get to do whatever you want?"

She was crying. "You wanted me to fit in."

Anger building, I shouted, "I wanted us to fit in. Us!"

"I feel like I'm worth something to them—"

That kind of argument hit home with me, too. But... "Does that mean you have to pull trains for whoever wants some pussy?"

Her face turned red, but not with anger. "How do I be nice? Bake them cookies?"

"That might be better than dropping naked for every guy in there."

She launched at me, pounding both fists together on my chest. "You like it. Why the sudden anger now?"

She was right, of course. Brutally, totally right. I sighed, wondering what I was bothered about.

Her voice was strangled, "What do you want, Jimmy Butcher?"

Unfortunately, that was not the best way to address me; she knew I hated being called Jimmy. I couldn't answer her; my temper was flaming. I couldn't - wouldn't - hit her, either. I spun and went into the bathroom, slamming the door behind me.

~ ~ ~

I rode at the back of the pack with Donna and the other hang arounds. Behind me were Slicer, Pulverizer, Slaughter, and Meatgrinder. Behind them came the vans and trucks. Some were for bikes that might break down. Some carried food, drinks, and others carried the event gear and prizes.

With nothing resolved from our argument, this ride back down into the city almost felt like a regression of fortune. Returning to the loneliness, the destitution, and the hopelessness of city-life – or what it had been for us. Kristy, gripping me on the Harley, radiated distance.

What might have been a very comforting growl and vibration of dozens of Harleys instead became the grind of doom. At least, that's how my thoughts were playing out. But even my morose maanderings eventually gave way to pleasure at the ride.

Tight up front, Big Pizza and Dealer rode together. Behind trailed almost twenty Iron Crows. Us prospects and hang arounds brought up the rear, except at the back where Sonar and Smiley acted as trailing road captains. When we switched lanes, the signal was passed back and Sonar and Smiley changed first. Then the front of the line changed, followed on down the line by the rest of us. I could feel the sinuous link between us all and wondered if I could ever school myself to react as fast as those up front did.

Though I felt elated at the ride and had overcome my reservations about where Kristy and I were headed as a couple, I felt a filth descend on me as we took the offramp into the city. I was back, but it was not home.

~ ~ ~

I pulled up and backed the Harley into a spot next to Firehose on the left and Donna on the right. The lot was across from a decent-looking sports bar I had never seen while living here.

Bandidos were everywhere, talking, laughing, watching. Despite being told we were welcomed, I felt a little tense. Some of these guys dealt in drugs? Most of them looked like us. I remembered my instructions on meeting etiquette and kept my mouth shut.

Kristy disappeared with the other ladies on her own mission of whatever. I stayed close to Twenty like I was told. Donna went with an Iron Crow named Jacks and so did the hang arounds.

The bar across the street was the initial starting point of the poker run. There was an area at the end of the run where we were all to gather: the Veterans of Foreign Wars post. I hadn't seen it yet, but it apparently held what we needed: a nice conference hall, a large parking lot and grounds on which we would be holding our event.

I followed Twenty as he joined Dealer, Sonar and Gripper. Big Pizza blazed a way into the bar with several Iron Crows following. I stayed in the background as Dealer met with several Bandidos well away from the others.

I had expected shifty-looking guys with that prison look, but was met by hard-eyed men in patched vests. They looked comfortable in them and four of the five wore smiles.

The one with the president patch shook hands with Dealer. "Dealer, how ya doin, man?" His gravelly voice, gray beard brushed to perfection, and his long ponytail spoke of a man who had definitely been around. His name patch said Sixgun.

Dealer gripped his hand and shook.

Sixgun's sergeant at arms was named Ditch and he was glaring at me.

Dealer said, "Doing good."

The Bandidos as one swiveled their eyes to me. Muscles tensed.

I swallowed.

Dealer said, "He's all right. He's the one who picked our snitch."

Sixgun's eyes glittered as he looked me up and down, still tense. After a few seconds of silence, he looked back to Dealer. "I know what you're doing. Slick move, but dangerous."

"We'll see."

"The man is a contract hire." He shook his head. "I swear to shit between the DEA, the FBI, the ATF, and the CIA they'd all go to war with themselves with their conflicting missions. The DEA, FBI, and ATF remove the competition and the CIA has a clean playground to move drugs." He spat.

Dealer nodded. "We know it."

The Bandidos chapter president glanced once more at me and then dismissed me. He said, "It's the same contract outfit that tried several months ago with that ridiculous wedding chapel up your way. I guess they really want your little airport to move drugs into the city. Too many eyes at our airport."

I felt cold and hot at the same time. My black Suburban and my only suit – black – had raised all the wrong flags, and my wife and I had been abducted in broad daylight. But it had all led to this. *Funny how life works out.*

Sixgun said, "Clean it out, again." He dipped fingers into his vest pocket and withdrew a tiny slip of paper. He extended his hand and Dealer took it. "Standard pay."

"We'll get it done."

The Bandidos president hitched his jeans up and grinned. "We have a poker run, don't we?"

All of them turned and headed across the street. I followed, trying to decipher everything I had heard. The anti-drug agencies were trying to clean out the drugs, but another arm of the government wanted to deal them. Drugs for cash. Cash for operations. *Apparently nothing is illegal for the CIA?*

The bar was packed.

Bikers and citizens held punchcards, and some of the bearded Bandidos and a few Iron Crows held several, all waving them around and laughing. Vests and patches were everywhere, though I did see a prospect I didn't recognize. So a Bandidos prospect was here.

I approached the younger-looking one. We caught each other's eye and I said, "So what were you before becoming a prospect?"

"A rice jockey."

I chuckled. "I was just a citizen."

He gave me an eyebrow. "You're Iron Crows?"

"Yep."

"Ah, I understand we have some Hells Angels participating. I wasn't sure."

"They're here, too?"

The man shrugged. "Bikers like the rest of us out for a fun ride. There's a couple Soldiers for Jesus here, too."

I nodded. I had wanted to ask about drugs, but realized anything I said might make its way back to any of the other clubs. I changed my mind and asked, "Still got your crotch rocket?"

He laughed heartily. "Fuck no. Though I thought it was a sweet ride. Then a couple of the Bandidos started talking to me. Convinced me I should ride with them. Eventually, I figured out my Kawasaki was a bit of a joke. One of them would even throw some rice under my bike and tell me it was leaking."

I laughed. "That's a riot."

"They were nice as all hell and I started hanging around. Sold my rice rocket and got a Harley."

"I drove a Suburban." I rolled my eyes.

The man leaned his head towards me. "I'm sorry."

"I said I drove a Suburban."

He snickered. "Yeah, I heard you the first time."

We both laughed.

Big Pizza waved me down. "Over here, Jimmy."

I gave an upward nod to the other prospect and headed over to the captain. *How I hate that name...*



## CHAPTER 10

I was given the rundown and a map, like everyone else. But I was to be with the last group out. My job was to tell each station that we were the last so they could pack up and move on to the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post for the rest of the event. I sat at the bar and drank a water while bikers and civilians got their cards punched after the card flips. Outside, groups of ten were being signaled to go. The route was around the outskirts of the city, so almost all of the in-town traffic was averted.

There were probably three groups left to go and nearing the end of the 10:30 deadline when a jeans-wearing redhead approached me. She leaned up against me, freckles obvious on her pretty face and beamed at me with the palest blue eyes I had ever seen. She licked her lips and said, "So what club are you here with?"

I wasn't patched, but I was wearing my prospect vest. I also had been warned about women at events and that I was to be extra careful. I said, "The Iron Crows."

Her smile widened and she squeezed my arm against her abundant breasts.

I looked down; she was showing enough cleavage in her tank top to rival the Grand Canyon.

She purred, "They have it good where they're at?"

"I suppose." I stopped looking at her breasts.

"Sometimes it's so hard for a girl to find a place to get lit. You know where I can...?"

I pursed my lips and shook my head. "We don't do that."

She pulled my arm into her cleavage and got her lips close to my ear. "Maybe just a little on the side? For me?" She was beautiful, really. There were chills up and down my arms and back and it felt like my insides were melting.

I drew in a shaky breath. "Sorry, I don't know."

Her tongue reached out and licked my ear. Her whisper suggested a lot more. "Are you sure? Maybe like you do a little on your own? A girl gets real desperate..."

I sighed. "I don't do or push any of that. Neither does the club. I think you'll have to try somewhere else."

She pulled away a little, pouting, and wriggled her boobs slowly back and forth. She looked at me from under her eyelashes for a second. Then she straightened and gave me a smile. "Okay." She didn't sound disappointed.

I checked my cards just to make sure they were still there, though I failed to see how she could have taken them without me seeing or feeling. They were still in my shirt pocket beneath my vest. Each of the five had cost me twenty dollars. Maybe a hundred was no big loss, but I still felt a small burst of panic before checking.

We had a cousin of Smiley's flipping the deck and punching cards. He looked tired.

I said, "We're it." I put down my cards.

He flipped and shuffled, punching my cards one by one. I got my cards back. When he was done, he scooped everything into a carry-satchel. "I guess I'm done."

"See you at the Post." I went outside and across the street where the last few bikers and civilians were already leaving. I had felt depressed coming back into town, but now felt different in the light of the sun. Maybe I didn't want to live here, but I was about to ride to the next stop for some more card punching. I looked forward to the ride.

Climbing onto my Harley, I affixed my helmet and thumbed the ignition. The zipper sound vibrated and the Harley rumbled to life. I relaxed for a moment and returned the wave of the Bandido who had been watching the parking lot. He was a portly man going bald with a long-ass beard. I pulled to a stop next to him at the driveway and nodded. "You don't get to play?"

He gave me a lopsided grin. "Done over thirty poker runs over the years. But I'll be in some of the games at the Post." He winked. He had other ways to donate.

I lifted a hand in parting and pulled out onto the street. The air began tickling my beard and rushing past my ears. I felt like I could ride until I died. I found the tail end of the last group a few minutes later on the frontage road. I kept back and just enjoyed the wind.

~ ~ ~

The end of the run was the event at the Post, and there were bikes everywhere. I parked at the end of a long line on a side street. There was a patrol car sitting strategically to watch the comings and goings. I hooked my helmet over my handlebar and sat for a moment. My eyes drifted along the street on the other side. Besides the police car, several vehicles parked in the shade: a plumbing van; a Jeep; a couple of rust buckets. Nothing suspicious.

I got off and stretched, feeling the wear of a couple hours of riding. I patted my vest to make sure my cards were still in place.

"You there!" An authoritative voice sounded behind me.

I turned.

The cop was approaching me, hand on his gun.

Surprised, I said, "Yes, sir?"

His eyes were watching my hands. "You got a permit to carry concealed?"

I must have flashed my holster when I stretched. "Yes, I do."

"Where is it located?"

"Right front pocket."

"May I see it please? Just keep it slow."

"Of course." I reached in and pulled out my small stack of necessary carries: credit card; driver's license; and the concealed carry permit. I took it and handed it to him.

He appeared to relax as he accepted it. "Sorry, had to check. Don't see too many bikers bothering with permits, you know?" His attitude suggested he expected I was a criminal. He handed back the permit.

I bit back an angry flash. "I'm legal."

"Keep it that way. You have a nice day, now." He turned and walked back to his car, but his head was turned – watching me out of the corner of his eye.

I sighed in exasperation. *I wasn't doing anything.* I turned back towards the Post.

~ ~ ~

People were all over the place inside. I spotted Kristy dishing up hot dogs and roast beef behind the counter. People with plates were walking around or sitting. The noise level was incredible.

Big Pizza clapped me on the back and leaned towards my ear. His voice was loud, but necessary to be heard. "Handle it okay? Was there a problem?"

I was frowning and he had seen it. "The stops? Yeah. No, no problem. Just the cop outside."

His eyebrows drew down. "He get on your shit about something?"

"No, not really. He must have seen my gun, so he asked if I had a permit."

He made a silent nod of assent and understanding. "You do, right?"

I laughed. "Yeah."

He shrugged. "He can sit on his nightstick, then." He guffawed and clapped my back again.

I shook my head. "He was acting like I wouldn't have one. Suggested bikers don't bother with permits."

Big Pizza grew serious. "Some of us don't. But not all of us. Cops treat us all the same; we're immediate felons on the run or some shit like that."

I blew out a breath.

He said, "Go get something to eat before it's all gone." He gave me a push.

Gunner intercepted me near the counter. "Problem, Jimmy?"

I related the incident and waved his response off. "Nothing beyond that, really."

He took that unlit cigar out of his mouth and twirled it. "Cops have a tough job. And some of us bikers do break the law, but not all of us. Some cops have a chip on their shoulder when they see colors. But keep your ass straight and you won't have to worry none."

Kristy was listening, holding my plate out for me. Her eyes looked back and forth between us.

I said, "Don't worry about me, Gunner; I'm clean."

He didn't say anything, but his eye was sharp with something unsaid. He squeezed my shoulder and finally said, "Atta boy." He left me with an air of reluctance I could not decipher.

Kristy said, "Bad day?"

I looked at the woman I loved. I felt a well of emotions inside: concern; love; anger; hurt. She didn't want to seem to let me in on what was going on with Ghost and I resented it. I grunted and nodded, even though most of my

day had been good. Seeing her sort of threw a blanket over everything.  
*Unresolved issues.*

She looked confused, but I didn't think standing here in the noise and holding a plate was a good time to spend hours hashing everything over again. I turned away. Pausing for a moment, I spotted a waving hand that belonged to Donna. Feeling icy daggers in my back, I went over to the only woman I felt would understand me at this point.



## CHAPTER 11

The games in the yard were fun. There was a horseshoe contest using toilet seats. There was a dart throw for prizes. A timed beer-drinking contest. A wet t-shirt contest. Merchandise was sold: hats; t-shirts; backpacks; and coffee mugs – all imprinted with the event.

Amidst the crowd of people cramming the small parking lot turned into an event grounds, I spotted a redhead sitting on the lap of a Bandidos patched biker. She winked at me. I knew then I had been correct: she had been sent to test me out. Heaving a sigh of satisfaction, I winked back at her and got a knowing smile in return.

Kristy found me. "Why did you sit with Donna?"

"Because Tequila wasn't around for a quick fuck."

She glared at me.

I wasn't in the mood to get into this. *Why do women always want to start something when people are around?*

She stomped off.

I stomped the other way.

~ ~ ~

I bought a coffee mug and ballcap. I also bought two t-shirts: one for me and one for Kristy. I laughed to myself, *I bet she'd blow a gasket if I gave it to Donna. Fuck.* But I had no intention of doing that; Donna could buy her own stuff.

People were all around. Drinking, talking, laughing, arm-wrestling, taking pictures... It was one of those taking pictures that caught my eye. My fist clenched on the paper bag.

A voice very carefully said in my ear, "Turn away Jimmy. This way. Walk with me."

I turned to find Sonar in my face. He motioned with his arm. "This way, our backs to him."

I walked with him. "That's the contract guy—"

"We know."

"He's taking pictures of everyone."

"We know."

"You're going to allow him—"

"Jimmy. Stop. He's taking pictures to build hit profiles."

"Hit profiles?"

"A kill list."

I stopped walking. "Are you serious?"

He gave a curt nod. "His company hires out as contract work to the CIA for dirty jobs they don't want to do – or don't have the resources to do in place. CMC has been rumored to have performed dozens of hit contracts in the states – and the total might reach over a hundred. All gang-related or motorcycle club hits. Wherever the CIA wants to create a drug stream."

I was frustrated and stopped. "Why here? Why are our own people pushing drugs on us? Why isn't the CIA pushing them in North Korea or some other country that hates us?"

He turned to face me, his eyes not glancing towards the contract agent. "Because this is where the money is, Jimmy. Maybe in a decade it'll dry up and we'll see the CIA shift focus to China. But right now, America is their biggest slush fund for extra funding of their black ops. Dope buyers here fund regime change overseas. To the CIA, it's business."

I blew out a breath and grated, "It's not... right."

His eyes glittered, but he stayed quiet.

I threw up my hands. "Are we going to just let him take out officers—"

He was laughing, but it wasn't jovial. His black ponytail and beard, his glittering eyes, and his smile that didn't reach upwards chilled me. "No, we're not. We were going to wait until we were back at the clubhouse, but I'll tell you right now. You're going to be in on this contract."

"The Bandidos contract?"

He nodded. "They want him removed as much as we do, because the agent is treading on their territory."

I firmed my mouth. "So the Bandidos do deal drugs."

Sonar shrugged. "I can tell you that Sixgun doesn't put up with that shit and he's their president. Who can say about members down the line? Sometimes there's rotten apples in the bunch. They're people, just like us. Remember Miguel?"

I nodded.

"We find those apples, we remove them. Or strip them of their colors. Sixgun approves of what we're doing here because we guard their backdoor. The Keystone airstrip would be perfect to muscle in drugs to the city."

"There's already drugs here."

"I know it. The Bandidos know it. The running fight with the Surenos won't end soon, either. Open warfare is discouraged, even if for the right reasons. But the Bandidos can keep the dealers from their territory in the city."

"Sounds like a losing battle."

Sonar poked me in the chest with a strong finger. "Only when good men do nothing."

*Am I a good man?*

He turned his head away. "We'll call you into Dealer's office when things get planned."

~ ~ ~

I rode home at the end of a long and fun day with Kristy at my back. She was giving me the silent treatment. *What the fuck is up with you, woman? Is Dealer's rejection of you that catastrophic? Shit.*

Her posture and grip did not change, though, so if I had thought my wife was psychic, well, she wasn't.

We pulled up to the clubhouse to unload and unwind. Kristy was off and ignoring me, eager to get inside.

I lined up behind some Iron Crows to help unload the vans and trucks.

The ladies apparently had done enough work that they were in the clubhouse getting drinks and relaxing. That was fine by me, some of the boxes were heavy.

"Kitchen, Jimmy." Flats indicated my box.

*Fuck I hate that name.* "Sure thing." I pushed into the clubhouse and carried my burden to the back and down the left hall.

Gunner was in the kitchen. "Pop the top and dump it in the sink if it's cooking utensils."

I opened the box. "Yep, utensils." I upended the box over the bin of the metal sink. They went in with a clatter.

Gunner pointed. "Run the hot water in the sink. Lift that bar there." He wiggled his finger.

I grabbed a bar on a box and lifted. The metal box slid up. "What's this?"

He wheezed. "A dishwasher. It's old, but it kicks ass. Just pile all that in there as high as you can. Then shut it. It's automatic."

I stabbed several fingers but didn't break skin. "Ack... Ow... Eh..."

Gunner wheezed. "Do it long enough and you can pick out what to grab without stabbing yourself. You should see Grannie go at it. I swear the old broad is faster than a rattlesnake."

I looked around, panicked. "I hate snakes."

His laughter turned harsher. "I do too. Nasty things. I always run 'em over if I see one on the road."

I shivered and pulled the metal box down. Water whooshed on inside and I heard jet sprays blasting the walls of it.

Gunner waved me off. "Get out of here. I'll see to putting those away. See if there's more to unload, though I doubt it."

"All right."

There wasn't. Trucks and vans were parking and bikers were wandering around. I went back inside.

Grannie was at the bar. "You wash my utensils?"

"Yeah, Gunner told me how."

She appeared satisfied. "Drink?"

"Sure. Scotch."

She gave me a dry look. "Now how did I know that?"

"You ever get any other type of Scotch in here?"

She cackled. "Johnny Walker not good enough for you?" She poured a tumbler.

"Actually it is; I was just wondering."

"Not unless you stock it yourself. Anything better than Johnny Walker gets a bit pricey."

I lifted my glass in salute. "Thanks." I turned to the pool table; Donna liked to hang out there. At the moment, she was nowhere to be seen. I did see Kristy, though, leaning over and whispering to Tequila. I glanced towards the front door.

Tequila must have gotten up when I did because she was at my side a few seconds later. She gripped my arm. "Hey, mister."

"Hmm?" I looked at her. Out of my peripheral vision I saw Kristy following Ghost down the right hall towards his office. *Oh, am I being occupied? And for what? What is it she can't tell me?*

Tequila gave me a sexy eyebrow. "I've been horny all day for you."

I chuckled. "Me?"

She whispered, reaching down and rubbing my jeans. "How about you let me give this a massage?"

I was a little distracted by being perturbed about Kristy. But my body reacted. Feeling it hardening, I sighed. "Sure, why not?"

Her smile brightened and I could see that if she was running interference, at least she wanted to and would enjoy doing it.

I followed her shapely form into the bedroom she liked. I briefly wondered what whores used to call this room home. Or work.

She shut the door and attacked my belt and jeans. "You used to be on the heavy side, Jimmy."

I had. Two hundred and forty-one pounds had given me a gut. It was gone now with only the slightest swell remaining. I had lost almost forty pounds. "Yeah, wasn't eating right."

"Oh? You go vegan or something?"

I laughed. "Fuck no. I just stopped eating processed foods. And dinner."

"Don't you go hungry?"

I shook my head in dismissal as my cock hit the air. "Maybe occasionally. I just drink more Scotch." With that, I swigged down the rest of my drink. I had downed it pretty fast and already felt a happy swimming in my head.

She gripped my rod and squeezed as she leaned up to put her mouth to mine. After a lengthy kiss, she broke off and panted. "I sure like how you kiss."

I laughed. "I sure like how you stroke."

She giggled. "Did you really think I didn't want you flirting with me?"

I nodded vigorously. "It was all over your face."

"Not for you."

"Looked like it to me."

She pouted. "I always smiled at you."

"I thought you were being nice."

She blew out a breath of frustration. "What's a woman gotta do to get noticed?"

"So... What's going on with Kristy and Ghost?"

She stopped stroking. "Oh, shoot."

"Yes, I saw."

"But I really did want to do this."

"That's fine. I might throw you on the bed and fuck your brains out after you tell me."

She started to giggle, but stopped. She licked her lips a couple of times. "Jimmy, I think she just has to get something out of her system, is all."

"She won't tell me."

She opened her mouth as if to answer, but just shook her head. "I... really don't think you have anything to worry about; she adores you."

"And do you tell Big Pizza about your attraction to me?"

"Of course."

I gave her a sardonic look.

She pursed her lips and just looked at me.

I pushed her away, towards the bed. "Get your jeans off."

Her eyebrows did a little dance and she undid her jeans.

I stroked myself, watching her. *She wants it? I'll give it to her.*

She started to lay back on the bed.

I shoved her down and grabbed her pussy. I inserted fingers and rubbed my thumb over her clit.

Her eyes and mouth flew open in surprise, and she let out a gasp. Her heavy mascara called to me in a way different from Donna. There was something so feminine about the heavy application that said, "Take me."

I worked my fingers in and out and over her clit, getting her good and ready. She might have been a little chunky, but her curves were all feminine and made my dick twitch.

She closed her eyes, her mouth open, and her pulse pounding visibly in her neck.

I couldn't hold back any more. I climbed over her, trembling with raw need. I took hold of my cock and rubbed the helmet down over her clit.

She groaned and arched her hips up at me.

"You want to get fucked?" I didn't let her answer. I rammed it in, driving every inch I had into her open pussy.

She cried out in surprise and wrapped her arms and legs around me.

"Oh, fuck yes..."

I wasn't stopping. She felt soft and wet inside, burning with heat and need – just like mine. I hammered her down into the bed and watched her boobs move in large swirls beneath her shirt. "Get your shirt off." I didn't stop my abuse of her pussy, but I did let her get her arms free to remove her top.

Her large breasts came into view and I used one hand to maul one while I tried to beat her pussy into submission with my dick. Her nipple was hard under my skin and I pinched at it.

She groaned and began thrusting back against me just as hard as I was giving it to her. Even though I was on top, I began to wonder who was fucking who.

I increased my efforts until the sound of our skin slapping together and our fierce grunts filled the room. It was the rawest fuck I had ever given – or participated in, because she was giving under me as good as she was getting. Her black hair was plastered to her forehead and she looked up at me with slutty eyes. I loved it.

But then she closed them, her teeth showing in a grimace of pleasure and effort. Her breath whistled through her teeth and she said with effort, "Yes, do it. Harder."

*Harder? What the fuck?* I was amazed she was taking it as hard as she was. *All right, whatever.* I growled with effort, as if I was lifting my bike off the ground. I forced my cock into her so hard I was sure the outside of her pussy was going to be bruised.

Her eyes rolled up in her head and her mouth began opening and closing. Her pants became moans and then she began shivering. She groaned, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh fuck... yes!" She lurched up at me and clawed, her neck bent so the top of her head was against my chest. She convulsed and heaved, bucking against me with such force that I went still for fear of falling out. Her pussy clamped and squeezed on me with a strength I had never felt before from a woman.

She groaned low and tremulously, "Oh... fuck yes..." She flopped down.

I began moving again, a little slower and easier, but deep and hard enough to move her.

She smiled up at me, shaking her head. "Wow, I needed that."

"Liked it, huh?"

"Better than I imagined." She pulled on me. "Give it to me."

Her words, her mascara, her raw mature sexiness latched onto me and yanked. I heaved forward, deep and pressed my cock as far as it would go. The act was one of tension and my cock swelled inside her. Her sighs of contentment as I pressed it so deep was enough. Without moving, my orgasm burst from my dick into her depths.

She appeared surprised, then smiled with satisfaction. "That's it; fucking empty yourself in me." Her hips moved, milking. She groaned happily, then shook herself, laughing. "Um, I sure hope you're willing to do this more than once."

I chuckled. "Kristy said I should use you instead of Donna."

Her smile widened. "She told me. But you don't have to give up Donna if you don't want to. As long as I can have some of this."

"Your husband won't be mad?"

She laughed. "Uh, no. He thought Gripper goes too easy on me."

That made me bust up.

There was a knock at the door.

I pulled out and stood. "Yeah?"

Dragon leaned in, her face not even registering my cock was standing out and dripping. "Dealer's office, now."



## CHAPTER 12

I didn't know if I was in trouble or what. The officers waited in Dealer's office. Other than the president, Sonar the vice president was there, Twenty the sergeant at arms, Big Pizza the captain, Gunner the chaplain and also Gripper the enforcer. Smiley the secretary came in after me and shut the door. The only officer not present was Ghost.

*I wonder what Ghost is into?* I made a face thinking about it.

Dealer was the only one sitting. I remained just inside the door, waiting. He said, "Events are about to go into motion." He fingered the slip of paper Sixgun had given. "I've already briefed the others. But you, Jimmy, are going to make yourself available at a moment's notice. We have here the address where this contract agent is staying. How do you propose we remove him without making it look like a hit by the Bandidos?"

His look told me he already had a plan. He was wanting to see if I had anything intelligent to say. Instantly, I thought of a good way. "Make it look like the Surenos. Leave a strip torn off a blue Pendleton."

His smile bloomed without any sunlight in it and he chuckled silently.

Sonar and Twenty were nodding approvingly, and sharing looks.

Dealer leaned back. "What do you know of Ace's disappearance?"

"Nothing, other than it was probably the Surenos. Makes sense they should keep taking the blame."

"Smart. We figured the same thing. If any entity should face being cracked down on by the government, we want to make sure it's the bad guys." He cleared his throat. "Even if we were responsible for Ace's disappearance."

I felt a cold wash of chills run down my back.

Dealer was still looking at me, fixing me with his stare. He said, "Twenty, do it."

The sergeant's fingers snatched up the slip of paper. He nodded to Gripper and both left.

Dealer steepled his fingers and regarded me. The others wore suspicious looks. "You know I thought you were a government agent once."

I felt my eyes widen. I put a hand to my chest. "I'm no government agent. Everything I do, I do for the club."

They all stared at me.

I opted to remain silent. These were officers; I was just a prospect.

Dealer finally said, "On call. Understand? Keep your phone on. Be ready to come the second I call."

"I will."

He made a motion with his head. "Get out."

~ ~ ~

I didn't know what was going on. I didn't know if I was in some kind of trouble or what. Having all the officers stare at me had been unnerving. Did they believe I had been complicit in bringing the agent here? My initial report of his presence was some ruse to make myself look good? Why were they suspicious?

I fretted back at the trailer, pacing and wondering if I had given some kind of signal that I wasn't to be trusted.

Kristy was asleep. I had told her nothing and felt relieved when she had shouldered past me to go to bed. Let her stew in whatever jealous juices she had; I had other things to worry about. I tried to sit. I tried to lay down on the couch –but each attempt had me up. A gnawing worry permeated everything I did – everything I tried to do. I felt as if I wanted to crawl out of my skin.

The weariness of the day pulled at my eyes as if they were hooked to leaden weights. I finally collapsed on the recliner and just sat, staring dully at the black TV screen.

I must have dozed. No, I must have slept. The buzzing of my phone jolted me into a state of total incoherence. I fumbled for it. I had a message from Dealer.

*Randall McCloskey: go now to Rt4 out of town. Make a left on Doolans Creek. Follow until you see vehicles parked on the left. No bike no colors*

I tapped my response.

*Jim Butcher: on my way*

I frowned. *Why not my Harley?* I grabbed up my keys from the kitchen counter. I opened the door to the trailer and heard a muffled question from the bedroom. Kristy would have to wait.

I got into the Suburban, feeling the familiarity of the seat, and also the new, crushing presence of walls all around me. *I'm caged. Is this a fitting end? Am I driving to my doom?*

I followed the simple directions, knowing Route 4 started off of Hill Street. I turned onto Route 4 and drove up the winding road into the upper mountains. I wasn't sure about Doolan's Creek, but I watched for it.

My headlights swept the trees through the turns, illuminating the bare branches of some of the pines like skeletal fingers and bones. Darkness was all around as no homes or even cabins crowded this stretch of road. I passed some lurid green signs along the way, but none of them were Doolan's Creek.

Then I saw it in passing. Non-reflective like the others, this street sign was old. A deep green and dull, I passed it. I stomped on the brakes and came to a stop. I checked the rearview mirror. No one was behind me and the blackness behind said no one was coming.

I put the Suburban into reverse and let off the brake. Sliding smoothly back, the big SUV moved back down the slope. The dim street sign passed me on the left. I braked and stopped. With a hand I didn't realize was clammy, I shifted back to drive and turned the wheel. My foot trembled as I hovered over the gas. I pressed down and roared up the side street through the trees.

The road wound back and forth, climbing through switchbacks. I felt as if any minute, Saint Peter would greet me at the Gates of Heaven. But only darkness greeted me. My headlights swept back and forth until the road straightened out.

I began to wonder if I had missed something when I saw the first flash of red. Then another. Vehicles appeared out of the gloom on the left: a van, a truck, an SUV. I slowed, then passed. I pulled over to the left ahead of the last vehicle.

I was one step out of the Suburban when a form appeared out of the darkness. A quiet voice said, "Jimmy?"

"Yeah."

"Follow me."

It was so dark, I could barely see anything. There were no streetlights out of town and the blackness of the forest around me was like several black blankets. The lack of sound was almost deafening and I felt myself straining to hear anything beyond the footsteps of the man ahead of me.

I asked, "Where are we going?"

There was no answer.

Boots on pine needles, gravel and even dirt provided me assistance to the almost black form leading me somewhere. My eyes almost seemed useless, no matter how hard I tried to widen them for light.

Eventually, minutes later, or seconds, I saw a dim light ahead. I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me, suggesting light where there was none, just for comfort, but the light clarified into a window with yellow curtains. We were approaching a cabin.

Wood shapes appeared in the blackness. All around us, the woods were silent. I could hear every puff of my breath and the solitude of being so far away from the regular noise of civilization. There was no background hum of electricity through power lines. No distant traffic noise. No dogs barking. No distant banging of doors whether they be of cars or houses. No muted sounds of television or music.

All of it was absent. I felt as if sound were being drawn out of me to fill the yawning void all around me and yet it hungered for more.

The man in front of me turned out to be Gripper. He opened a dark door to a sudden spill of light.

Senses of normalcy rushed back in on me as I eagerly moved into the light and away from the darkness. The cabin was larger than it appeared. Dusty cabinets lined one wall and nothing else of furniture was on the floor except two lonely items packed with presence: a wooden table with a lamp on it; a sheet of plastic on the ground on which sat a chair. A gagged man was tied to it.

Around him stood Twenty, Dealer, Sonar, and Gunner. Behind me was Gripper.

Dealer's face moved in shadow as the lamp flame moved slightly and cast lurid shadows. "You made it here fast. Good."

I took a step forward.

The man in the chair was the agent I had fingered at the Daily – the masquerading tourist. He was wild-eyed, staring at me with recognition. His mouth was fully gagged.

Dealer moved around in front of him. He had papers in his hand. He moved over to the table with the lamp and tilted the papers. A soft amber glow reflected there, almost blinding me. He said, "Thomas Green, employed by CMC Corporation. Responsible for thirty-nine confirmed kills. Four others unconfirmed." He shook the papers at me. "Courtesy of Sheriff Jefferson's connections."

The man in the chair – Thomas – grew more panicked. His eyes shone in terror. He looked primarily at Dealer, though he spared me a few pleading looks.

Sonar added, "Several gang members, but also several brothers from other clubs."

I waited, unsure what to say or do. *Am I included in all of this?*

Dealer approached me, coming close with his face. "So, Jimmy. How far are you willing to go to safeguard Keystone? How far are you willing to go to keep the CIA from bringing drugs in and destroying lives?"

I had no answer. But I felt the expectation. I felt the anger from those in the room who were Iron Crows. Faces stared at me, five deadly serious bikers and one frightened man tied to a chair.

What did I do to come to this? I was a loner. I kept to myself. I had no friends. I had no trouble; I was clean. No drugs, no thefts, no joyrides, no vandalism. I found a woman I loved and we married. And Dealer raped her.

I looked at all of the faces in turn. Gripper looking dour and ready for immediate action as befitted his enforcer patch. Twenty looking mean and ready to kill. Sonar looking the least angry of them all, but still regarding me impassively, as if I were a bug waiting to be squashed. Gunner eyeballing me from the side of his face while he chewed on his unlit cigar. And then Dealer, fierce and intent, something wild in his eyes bespeaking something normal citizens should never see.

None of them said things I had come to expect as usual. It was as if they were judging me by my silence.

Dealer said, "The man is to die. You are to do it."

The immensity of my situation crashed into me like a freight train doing a hundred miles an hour. "Me?"

"The man has set a course to eliminate certain of us to facilitate the CIA's entry into Keystone and then further down into the city. All for money."

I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

Dealer was in my face, his grizzled gray stubble a badge of integrity I couldn't deny. "If he completes his contract, many of us might be dead. After that, drugs will flow. People will die. A meth'd up addict might kill Angela. Might murder your wife for five bucks. Children will die, hooked on the poison fed into the community."

I knew it to be true – every agonizing detail. Drugs gave nothing but promise of pain.

Sonar said. "We can't allow that." He held up a folder. "Here are his targets and his plans to remove those who would resist new drugs into Keystone and beyond. Not just us, but Sheriff Jefferson, Deputy Davies, and several Bandidos. Included are plans to work with the Surenos." He dropped the folder onto the table.

Dealer was still in my face. "Will you allow that? Jimmy?"

I knew what he wanted then, in all the horror of a normal person confronting the jarring reality of the violent: he wanted me to kill Thomas.

Visions of my childhood, so simple, skittered through my mind. What had happened to my second grade teacher who had taken pity on me as a loner? What was her name? Mrs. Livingston? What had happened to the crush I had in sixth grade? What was the name of the girl who had been oblivious? Cheryl Watson? What was the name of the male driving agent who had ridden with me on my first driving test? I wasn't sure I had ever known. I just remember feeling good that I had passed.

Pitiful memories assaulted me.

I gritted my teeth. *What would Kristy do? What would she expect me to do?* I felt a jittering in my legs as nerves overtook me.

Dealer pulled back a little, giving me a clear view of Thomas Green.

I felt certain I would never forget his name. His eyes were glassy, bright, and his head shaking in little fearful negations.

Did the man have a family? Children? Any loved ones at all?

But he would bring death to innocents. He would pave the way for real criminals to take over. *Would resisting him make me a criminal? Any of us? Are we criminals to fight crime, even if by unlawful means?* I reached behind me and pulled my Beretta Nano. The smooth gun in my hand felt strange being held for a purpose I had hoped to never face. But I had never thought I would pull my gun in deliberate focus of taking someone's life who was not threatening my own. For a moment, the gun felt wrong in my hand. The entire situation, wrong.

*Could I shoot everyone and free the good guy? Free the agent and be congratulated by President Obama and be a hero on TV?* But that felt very wrong. Thomas Green had a plan to kill innocents. To kill those who would safeguard the public interest. *Whose side am I on?*

Gunner's grizzled face thrust towards me as his hand held down my gun arm. "Not with that. Put it away."

I complied, feeling relieved. Maybe I wasn't supposed to kill him after all.

He gripped my arm when it was done holstering my Beretta. A cold, steel weapon was slapped down into my hand: a revolver. "Use that. No ejected shell casings running around unaccounted for." His eyes held doubt. He took two steps backward to my side.

I knew he was covering me. I knew he was fast. I hefted the revolver. It felt full. I opened the cylinder and saw all the shiny brass rims and silver primers of a fully loaded cylinder.

I looked up at Thomas Green. He was shaking his head frantically. He began mumbling something behind the gag. I tried to make it out, to no avail. I realized I was standing there, open revolver in my hand.

The Iron Crows were watching.

*I could shoot them all and free the agent. I could be a hero. No one defies the government. No one fights against the CIA. I would be lauded as the man who saved the government from failure.*

I felt my heart beating, but it was measured and steady, if hard.

The bikers were quiet.

*If I go the government route, I consign innocents to die. Lives will be shattered. Unless I murder. I breathed in and out, staring at the gun. What would Jesus do? Really? Would the Almighty approve of me killing? Or approve of me saving lives?*

I thought of Kristy sleeping back home and became choked up. I thought of children exposed not just to child molesters the government purposely settled across from the school, but also endangered by drugs pushed on them from CIA sources.

My lip curled.

Gunner's leather belt creaked as he flexed.

I snapped the revolver shut and raised it in one smooth motion.

Eyes were all over me, crawling like searching worms.

With a reflexive pull of the trigger, I shot Thomas Green through his forehead.



## EPILOGUE

My arm went limp, the gun dropping down to my side with my hand.

Twenty breathed, "Fuckin' A."

Dealer was all action. "Twenty, Gripper, get him up and to Morningside. Teeth out, fingers off and grind them. Burn his hair off."

Gunner gently took the revolver from my hand. "You did great, son." His soft words felt like a salve on a wound that might never heal.

I was busy staring at the blood that had shot forward and back from the bullet wound.

Dealer came into my face. "Jimmy. Jimmy. Jimmy! Are you with us?"

I brought my gun hand up to my face. I felt so very out of it. I mumbled something.

Dealer shook me. "You have one more job to do. Follow Twenty and Gripper in the van. You're going to help get rid of the body."

"Get rid?"

"There are two graves freshly dug at Morningside."

"Graves?" I felt that I sounded stupid; I was stunned.

"Best way to dispose of bodies. You're going to help dig. Tomorrow, a coffin will be placed over the body and it's done."

"All right." It sounded better than standing here in the cabin of death.

~ ~ ~

I helped dig a shallow trench at the bottom of a freshly dug grave at the cemetery. Thomas Green's plastic-wrapped body was laid to rest in the trench. We covered over the body and packed down the earth on top. The excess was added to the pile under the AstroTurf top.

I asked as we finished up, "Doesn't anyone watch the grounds?"

Twenty panted, exhausted from the exertion, "Sure, Billy Nickles. But he's drunk and passed out by this time."

I wanted to ask and felt little stopping me. "How many... bodies... are buried here?"

Twenty grinned that crazy-eyed smile of his. "This makes eleven."

A numbness like death settled over me.

**Thank you for reading Learning Couple, I sincerely hope you enjoyed it. All reviews are so very greatly appreciated.**

**If you liked this story, be sure to check out my other books! Laran Mithras can be found on GoodReads.**