

Teaser chapter for

Hellraiser

By Amo Jones

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HELLA

Rubbing my dick into dirt was never my intention, but the way a cunt would contract itself around my shaft always had me yearning, no matter who the owner was.

Girls went in categories for me automatically. When I'd see a girl, my mind knew in less than two seconds whether I'd be delivering to her or not. And that didn't go by how hot she was—although, of course that's always a bonus. It went on her dick-taking abilities. You could tell a lot by the way a girl would carry herself. A whore could wear pigtails with her ass planted on a church bench on Sundays and I'd still be able to read the level of kink she had.

My taste was unusual, yes, but sometimes pussy was pussy, and judging by the way my firm grip was wrapped around this junkie's throat, I'd say her abilities didn't matter to me right now. Jessica Bryant was a preppy, rich bitch junkie with daddy issues. She chose to fill the void her parents left her while jet-setting around the world with blow. She was choosing to repay me in sexual services, only she didn't know yet that I didn't accept getting my dick wet as payment. If anything, she'd owe me more money.

"Yes." Jessica's back snapped, her ass pressing against my pelvic bone in a circular motion. I gripped onto her sharp hip bones, squeezing tightly. "Fuck me until I come, Hella," she whispered in muffled tones, her face pressing into the pillow.

Bringing one of my hands to the front of her neck while my other came to the back, my grip tightened and her body stilled, her vein pulsing under my palm from her panicking. My cock hardened at her fear, feeding off of it like a dried out whore locked in a monastery. Bending down, I brought my lips to the back of her ear and growled, "Shut the fuck up. And one more thing," I added, bringing my hips back. "It's until I come."

My hips thrust forward, my cock colliding with a foreign wall deep inside her around the same time she let out a deathly scream. Wrapping her hair around my fist, I shoved her off me roughly, the cold air whipping around my shaft.

"The fuck?" I said, stepping back and looking down at my blood-smeared cock. I looked back at Jessica, who had to be a couple years older than my fifteen. "You a fucking virgin?"

She raised her hand up to her mouth, shaking her head, her platinum blonde locks falling over her shoulders. "No, Hella. That's never happened before. I'm so sorry, I'll get a towel."

Fucking liar.

I chuckled, pulling the pack of cigarettes out of my pocket before banging one out on the palm of my hand. I placed it into my mouth, sparking my Zippo and inhaling deeper as my eyes ran over her body, big tits, slim waist, and runty legs that were pulled up to her chest to cover her pussy. I smiled, placing the smoke back into my mouth and inhaling again. "Nah, Jess. No towel needed." Her body visibly relaxed, her eyes calming a smidge, but not enough so she could smile. She was scared of me, like most smart people. "You can come wrap that filthy mouth around my cock and suck me clean."

She paused, swiping her hair away from her face before crawling across the bed. I stepped up to the foot of the four-poster bed, my knees hitting the end. Her hands came up to my thighs, eyes widening in horror. Rolling my eyes, I gripped onto the back of her head and shoved her down over my cock, the warm cushion of her mouth welcoming me while her moans vibrated against my shaft.

After nutting in her mouth, I shoved her back onto the bed. She ran the back of her hand across her lip.

I pulled my jeans back on. "Drop the cash."

She hurried to her bedside drawer and pulled out her wallet, dropping down two-fifty large. "You wanna stay?"

I cocked my head back. "Did I fuck you brain dead? No."

"Where do you live?" she asked, reaching for her panties that were torn and lying on the carpet. "I'm just saying. No one is here but me and Renee, our maid. I won't mind."

After shoving my shirt and hoodie back on, I walked up to her, wrapping my hand around her chin, squeezing it and tilting her eyes to meet mine. "I don't need your fucking help."

She pulled her face out of my grip. "Fine, walk yourself out."

I laughed, putting a cigarette back into my mouth. "You know where to find me if you need more."

"Yeah," she called out just as I hit the door handle. "Under the Brooklyn Bridge."

The moonlight reflected off the still water of the East River, and I drew my legs up, resting them on my knees. The darkness of the night was blinding, with light only coming from the bridge and the burning bin that was sitting on the edge of the river bed. Tippy, one of the old homeless men who had been here longer than I had, lights it every night.

I've been under this bridge for two months now after living in and out of foster care my whole life—courtesy of my crack whore mother and nonexistent father. Being on the run was the only life I knew, and it contributed to the ice-cold blood that now ran through my veins. I wasn't sorry about that. Selling coke for wannabe gangsters who live in the Bronx probably wasn't the ideal lifestyle for a fifteen-year-old boy, but I adapted to my life a long time ago. I learned to fight when I needed to, and anybody who's anybody knew who I was around here. Tippy and I had it better than some homeless; we had the river, shelter from the bridge, and for the most part the cops left us alone. I looked older than fifteen; you could see the lifestyle I lived just by looking into my eyes. I was built bigger than other fifteen-year-old boys. I took every chance I got to lift anything heavy and maintain my size. Though I was big, size didn't mean shit if you didn't have the fight, but the fight inside me was more than heartless; it was unmercifully cold-blooded.

Throwing my hood over my head, I reached into my pocket to fish out my cigarettes just as Tippy came walking toward me with his trench coat on that reeked of sewer and stale, cheap whiskey. His unruly beard ran long down his chest, and his grey hair tied to the back of his head.

"Didn't I say you should start washing your clothes, old man? There's detergent under my sleeping bag. There's no need to smell like that."

"Shut up, boy," he laughed, taking a seat beside me as we both watched the still water. "You don't have to live out here. You're young. Are you going to take my advice and get your shit sorted?" Tippy asked, running his hand over his beard. Tippy was well-known in this area. He'd been homeless all his life, I think. He never told me his entire story of why or how he came to be on the streets. He took to me right away. Tippy takes to no one, so that's saying something. He's a vicious old man, but he's been nothing but kind to me since I've been here. Or maybe that's the street in him. The streets change you. You can't be a good person when you're out here; good will get you killed.

I shook my head, lighting up my cigarette. "I just have to live under the radar until I'm eighteen, then I'll get my shit together and get a house. In the meantime, I need to save money."

His eyes narrowed from over his aged skin. "Boy, let me tell you about how I came about. I had a family once—" He reached for his old leather wallet, pausing slightly.

"—Shhh," I cut him off, bringing my finger to my mouth.

He raised his eyebrow. "What is it?"

I waited for a few seconds to pass. "Never mind, keep going," I said, flicking the ash off my cigarette.

He threw his wallet onto my lap. The ember hadn't even landed on the sand when a bright spotlight beamed right into my eyes, blinding me.

I threw my hand up to cover my eyes from the assault. "What the fuck?"

Rough hands gripped around my upper arms at the same time a sack was shoved over my face. All I could smell was hay and horseshit. "Let me go!" I roared, attempting to pull out of both grips that were wrapped around me tightly. My feet were being lifted off the ground when I started to twist and turn. "Tippy!" I shook my head roughly until the sack fell off my head.

"Fuck!" The man to my left grunted.

I spun my head around to where Tippy and I were just talking only to find his lifeless body lying on the sand with a gash across his neck. His eyes were empty, peering straight at me.

I shoved his wallet into my pocket before roaring, "Tippy!" I swung my head back around to an elbow coming straight for my face.

The empty color of nothingness took over, my eyes fluttering open and closed. Blurry silhouettes walked in front of a bright spotlight that sat in the middle of the river. I hung my head between my shoulders, dropping my weight when the East River covered my legs and feet with the splashing of its

water. My vision would come back in blurry spots, my eyes falling on the water under my feet before I was being propped up onto a speedboat. They dropped me into the boat, my eyes still refusing to open with the last thing I hear being, "Kurr will be mad how sloppy that takeover was." My eyes shut out, the pounding of my head playing like a deep lullaby, or a warning of what was about to come.

"Agent 112," someone growled into my ear, "that's who you go by now," before everything completely shut out.

MELISSA

18 Years old

Blood. The metallic tang slid down my throat with my head pounding and my body aching along with it. Every single part of my being was aching with pain. My eyelids began to gain density with each passing minute. My sister's annoying voice came softly into my ear, "You should always pray, Lissa, even if you don't believe." I'd laugh at her and call her a crazy churchgoer. Who was into church at our age anyway? We're in college; she should be at parties and getting drunk, except that's exactly how this chapter in my life started. The darkness began to welcome me, the calmness already overwhelming. I'd feel no pain soon. Being awake became a struggle as my lids shut and the last two months began to play back like a horror movie.

Two months earlier

The deep-sounding bass shook the frat house of Gamma Kappa as I sipped on the bitter, cheap beer. Clutching my red cup, my eyes darted around the room to see what all the fuss was about. What was the big deal about these parties? I was a freshman attending UMD. It was a rich, preppy college, but my mom managed to get me in, thanks to her scraping up money since we moved to Detroit from Westbeach, California. My mom didn't have an honorable job, but she took care of me and my sister. We were all she had, and although her making money came from doing lord-knows-what with rich, high-flying men from high-flying places, I lived with it.

I began bobbing my head in the corner, pushing my glasses back up my nose as they fell down. I wasn't entirely impressed with this party. I had seen better back home in Westbeach thrown by underage tweens. I could already see my roommate, Billie's face. I wouldn't say we were friends; she was about as nerdy as I was, if not more. We didn't know how to be friends and I was cool with that. I was much better at being a loner anyway—less drama. I told her that I was going to come to this party tonight and try to live the experience at least once before midterms began. She insisted it was a bad idea to hang around people with a lower IQ than me. I shook my head, dismissing her judgment, but now I'm thinking she may have been right. All that I saw was a bunch of jocks in one corner, a bunch of sluts in the other, and somewhere in between there were the people who came to party hard, dancing and drinking in the middle of the living room. I must say, I was a little disappointed.

I pushed off the wall and walked towards the kitchen, ready to toss my empty cup and make my way back to my dorm when Eddy Woolbrock banged into me—or rather, I banged into him. "Sorry," I said, not looking up to meet his eyes because truthfully, I didn't exist to these people.

"No problem. Your drink looks empty?" he questioned, and my shocked eyes drew up to his face. Blond spikey hair, scruff on his jaw, calm gentle eyes that made the ladies go crazy.

Swallowing, I nodded before clearing my throat. "Yeah, yes. I was just about to—"

"—get another?" he interrupted my answer.

I smiled. "Sure, okay."

He took hold of my elbow and led me toward the kitchen where three other guys were standing, slouched. They all straightened up and smiled at me. I had seen these boys around campus a few times. They were well known and popular, unlike me. They came from homes that not only had both parents, but money too, whereas I came from a struggling single mother who had to sell herself on occasion just so we could make rent each week. Although she got good money and we weren't struggling anymore, it was still sad and I hated it. She put all her money on me going through college because I was the smart one, so I lived for the day where I could take care of her and she didn't have to do what she did anymore.

Eddy handed me another red cup. He raised his in the air. "Cheers."

I forced a smile, lifting my cup to his. "Cheers."

I'm not sure how long after that drink I found myself stumbling up the stairs, in search of a bed to lay my head down on. Big arms caught me just as my foot slipped on a step leading up to the bedrooms. "Whoa, you alright?" Eddy surveyed me.

"Yeah," I answered, my eyebrows drawing together in confusion. I raised my hand to my head, the pounding of the music and my heart beating together in unison only adding to my panic. "I don't understand," I whispered to Eddy, who directed me up the stairs. Blurry couples making out against the wall passed me with scattered little groups of guys laughing and talking along the long dim hallway.

"Confused about what?" he asked, his grip tightening around my arm.

"I didn't drink much and my legs are beginning to feel numb."

He pushed open one of the bedroom doors, guiding me into the darkness before the door clicked shut, breaking the silence.

I swallowed. "Why's it so dark in here?"

"Shhhh," he murmured from behind me, the stale smell of beer prominent on his breath that fell over my shoulder.

My legs began to wobble before they gave away and I dropped to the floor. With my tired eyes now struggling to stay open, I started to murmur softly, not recognizing where I was or what was happening. Hands wrapped around my shoulder blades, bringing me to my feet and backing my body up against the foot of the bed. Strong hands shoved me back until I fell flat against the mattress.

"No," I wept. "Please, what's going on?"

Every movement sent tremors throughout my body. With my hair sprawled out everywhere, the bed dipped beside me and a low laugh echoed around the room.

"Cheers, geek," a foreign voice snickered from the other side of the room before the darkness that surrounded me was gone with the flick of a switch. My panic began to intensify as my lids started to close. I looked around to see the other three men there, all leaning against walls, drinking their drinks and smirking at me. Eddy crawled over my body, his hand gripping around my upper thigh, dragging me down toward him.

"No!" I attempted to shake my head vigorously, only it came out slow. Numbness continued to wash through me, my heart rate picking up erratically before the dark pits of sleep pulled me in and my eyes shut.

My body had failed me, and for that, my mind will pay.

My eyelashes fluttered open, my head still ponderous. A heavy body weighed down over me, molding my body into the mattress. The bed moved faster and faster from my weight shifting, my head smashing against the headboard with each thrust. The overpowering numbing sensation tingled throughout my body. "No," I mumbled, my eyes cracking open a little. It wasn't Eddy on top of me this time. Before I

could protest, they shut again, overpowered by sleepiness and sedation. No! I think to myself. Stay awake, you need to stay—st—stay—wake. My thoughts shut off again. This happened multiple times. Four times, to be exact. Every time I would come into semiconsciousness, it would only last a few seconds before I realized it was one of the other boys on top of me. My heart hurt and my legs were pained. I broke into two that night, the old me and the new me.

The next morning, my lids peeled open to find I was in the same bed. Memories from last night came flashing through my brain and my throat hitched. My hand flew up to cover my whimpers. My mousy blonde hair was matted down on top of my head, my skin sticky with leftover sweat and residue. When I lifted the sheet, I was greeted by the evidence of what had happened. Four men stole my virginity that night. My attempts at “living in the fast lane” backfired in my face and I’ll now have to live the rest of my life with the flashbacks in the back of my brain. Dropping my hand onto the bed, tears fell silently down my cheek, rolling over my chest. My head dropped, my eyes defeated, and my heart beat with anger.

I hated men.

Hate them.

I will never let another man get to me.

Two months later

The door to the drugstore dinged as I walked through with my hoodie covering my face and sunglasses shading my eyes. When I got home that morning, I went back to my dorm and thought about what my options were. I sat in the scorching hot shower and closed my eyes as the steam licked over my skin gently. Beads of condensation curled on my hands and I scrubbed my skin viciously, thinking that would wipe away what had happened. I thought about going to the police, but truth was, these boys’ parents probably had enough pull in this town to end anyone in a courthouse. That would mean I would have to wear the shame of people knowing about what happened, being called a liar and a slut. That’s what would’ve happened. Those boys had beautiful girlfriends and dated cheerleaders. Why would anyone believe they’d raped a girl like me? Then what would happen with my mother? She wouldn’t be able to afford to take them through court—and she would want to, God knows she would. If she found out what happened, she would take everyone down with her. It would kill her, and I couldn’t do that. The best thing I could do was put my head down and ignore them. Getting on with my schoolwork sounds difficult, but our campus was large and it’d only be for a couple more years. That was, of course, until I found out I had missed my period, which brings me back to the now.

I quickly snatched the first test I could see off the shelf and walked towards the counter.

“Miss?” The man said behind the desk. “You’re going to need to take off the hoodie and the glasses.”

“Why?” My body tensed.

“Because it’s the rules. We’re a drugstore. We have cameras for a reason, but right now, you look like you’re going to hold up my store,” he said softly with a gentle smile.

“Right,” I said, bringing my hand up to the rim of my hoodie around the same time the doorbell dinged again. I dropped it down to cover the back of my neck and removed my glasses. He smiled, nodding at me in thanks.

I felt him before I saw him. My whole body tensed. My heart hammered against my chest as shame washed over me. He walked to the counter and I kept my head down, watching as his hand reached out and grasped the little box on the counter. The clerk looked between who I’m assuming was Eddy and me nervously before putting his hand out. “Can I take that, please?”

Eddy handed it to him slowly, keeping quiet before spinning around and walking back out the door without so much as a word.

I exhaled the breath I didn't know I was holding. The clerk handed it back to me in a paper bag. I nodded and ran out of the store, deciding not to stop there, continuing to run all the way back to the dorms. I pushed open our dorm door, shoved off my hoodie, and threw it onto the bed. Billie was laying on the bed with her headphones on in her punk alternative attire.

"Hey." She removed the buds from her ears.

"Hi. I just need to go to the bathroom, I'll be back." I smiled at her, taking the hoodie back out of the room and down to the communal bathrooms.

I sat on the closed toilet bowl, tapping the white stick in my hand to a silent beat. The water from the dripping tap dropped every two seconds like it always had. I wondered why the maintenance man hadn't gotten that fixed yet; isn't that their job? And surely that would be affecting the water bill.

Looking down to my watch, I noticed the right amount of minutes had passed, so I took a deep breath before flipping the test over and exhaling slowly.

"Fuck."

Later that evening, I was on my nightly run when I pulled my ear buds out of my ears and leaned over, resting my palms onto my knees and catching my breath. My hair was pulled up to a high ponytail and my eyes were free from my glasses, now that I had purchased contact lenses.

The full moon lit up the campus lighter than any other night, but for some reason, an eerie chill ran up my spine before spreading out to my fingers. I sat up straight, assessing the area, and noticed that there actually wasn't anyone out tonight. The campus was dead. Wrapping my ear buds up, I began walking back to my dorm.

I was rounding the building of the library, my head looking over my shoulder when I came crashing into a big chest. Hands wrapped around my throat instantly, pushing my back until it was colliding with the brick wall. The sting in my back was nothing compared to the tight grip that was around my throat, cutting off my breathing. Eyes that I had mistaken to be gentle were now peering into me in disgust from behind a ski mask.

"Was it positive?" he growled as Shane, Mathew, and Julian followed closely behind him, all with hoods thrown over their heads and ski masks also covering their faces.

Panic began to rise in my throat. I shook my head. "No, it was negative."

"Bullshit," Julian spat, eyeing me up and down in disgust.

"I swear!" I lied, looking up at Eddy.

Eddy laughed, peering over his shoulder before bringing his eyes back to me. "Better make sure." His arm drew back before coming fist first into my gut. All the air left my body as I curled over, clutching my stomach.

"Please!" I pleaded with them. "Leave me alone! I didn't press charges, I kept my mouth shut!"

Julian walked up to me, the back of his hand flying in the air until it collided against my cheek, knocking me to the cold, hard concrete and leaving a deep throbbing in its wake. "Tell them what?" he said, bending down, wrapping his fist around my ponytail and pulling me up forcefully. "You wanted it, pleading for my dick. So I figured, I may as well fuck your ass too, and I did."

Bile was rising up my throat, threatening to surface while tears pricked the corner of my eyes. My cheek stung and my stomach ached. I wrapped my arms around it protectively and they all laughed.

Eddy walked towards me, backing me up against the wall. I begged him, "Please, please leave me alone."

"Can't do that, geek. Just start praying you make it out of this alive." His fist went flying into my face at the same time a foot pushed into my stomach again, this time setting off a crippling pain that spread out all the way around to my lower back. A damp puddle formed in my underwear and I dropped to the concrete, bringing my knees up to my chest with my arms covering my head, all while they continued their assault on me. This was the night I realized two things:

1) Geek Melissa was over. I would never be a doormat ever again.

And

2) If you can't beat 'em, you join 'em. From now on, I swore to myself that I would never let my feelings get the better of me. They were switched off.

PART ONE



Hella

"Hold up!" I raise my hand as Beast, my best friend and president of The Devil's Own motorcycle club, was about to drop the gavel. "I get it, I really do. But fuck, man, this isn't our war." I met Beast when I was fifteen. The men who took me were a part of a government undercover operation named "The Army". Its cult-like tendencies were extreme. Beast had been there all his life, unlike me. I still remember the first time I met him.

Armed men were leading me down worn stairs, the creaking from the old floorboards heavy under my steps. I don't know how long I had been out or how many days had passed, and questions were getting the better of me. The sack was back over my head as they continued to drag me down the steep stairs. "Where the fuck am I? What the fuck is going on?" I spat, the arms that were on each side of me tightening.

"You'll know soon," a low voice mumbled beside me.

"Fuck that! That's not good enough!"

The sound of clinking keys sounded before a heavy metal door slid open. My head turned from side to side as the cuffs that were locked around my wrist suddenly became free. A hand pushed me in before the door slid closed behind me again. I brought my hands up to the bottom of the sack, ripping it off and attempting to bring my eyes into focus. I was in a gloomy metal room that was about the size of a mid-sized living room. My head moved from side to side, trying to focus on what the fuck was going on when I saw someone sitting in the corner, the light coming from the stairs showing his shoes where the rest of him was hidden in the shadows. "Ah, are you supposed to be trying to hide? Because I can see you," I said, feeling uneasy and well aware of how I was caged in here with a complete stranger. The foot moved, the man rising to his feet. When his body came toward me, I swallowed roughly. He must have only been a couple years older than me, if that. "Jesus, what do you bench?" I asked, sizing him up. I could probably still take him.

He nudged his head, bringing his hand out to me. "Beast."

"Your name's Beast? Kinda name is that?" I asked, taking his hand in mine before retreating it. "My street name is Hella, real name is Brax."

"Hella?" he threw back with a chuckle. "The fuck kinda name is that? What do you mean 'street name'?" he threw back.

"My name so people didn't know who I was..." I add, watching his blank stare. Jesus, this fucker had no idea. "I was homeless, living under a bridge, in and out of foster care all my life. When I started dealing, I needed a name to give people that wasn't my real name." Nothing. His bleak eyes were just staring into me as if I was speaking a different language. "How fucking long have you been in here for anyway?"

"Turn around," he said, brushing me off and twisting his finger in the air.

My eyes narrowed. "Why?"

His arms grasped around my shoulders before he spun my body around, pulling the back of my collar down. "That's not your name now. In here, you're Agent 112."

"What? Agent? What the hell is this place?" I spun back around, running my fingers over the back of my neck where three numbers had swelled into my skin.

"Putting it short? They'll train you to become you, only more detached, more lethal."

"Why? And why me?"

"To kill. And you were blacklisted, a lost boy, they'll have their reasons."

"What do the numbers mean?" I ask, bringing my hand up to the back of my neck.

Beast shoves his hands into his pockets. "They're in threes. If your number begins with one, that means you were a recruit, blacklisted. If your number begins with a two, you were bought in by your family affiliations. If your number is three, you were born into it. There have been whispers that there is an agent 000. Don't know if it's true, but they call him the executioner. Never seen him with my own eyes."

"Holy shit," I whisper, shaking my head. "What's your number start with?" I asked, my eyes running to his neck.

"Three, and I'm the only one as of today."

Since then, we became brothers, and I knew in a second that I would lay down my life for him.

"Hella!" Beast beamed from his position, pulling me out of my memory. "You were saying?"

Beast leaned back into his chair while running his hand over his chin. "Does our history mean nothing to you? The history between Zane and his crew?"

"Not really, don't give a fuck about them, Beast. This is our club. We must watch ours first."

His eyebrows rose. "Are you fighting me on this?"

I glanced around the table at the brothers who were there and willing to lay their life down for this club. I shook my head. "Nah, prez, I gotchu."

And I do. I have his back no matter what, and that's not just because he's my president, but because we were brothers before this patch bonded us together, and maybe even before The Army bonded us together. He's my bro.

He slammed the gavel down and pushed off his chair. "Good, then it's final. We ride out tonight."

Slouching back in my chair, I put a cigarette into my mouth and Frost throws me his Zippo. "I'm with you on this one. Doesn't seem right."

I watched as everyone cleared out of the boardroom. Our clubhouse was big, but the land it was on was even bigger. The day I got patched in was when Beast had gone out on a run one night after finding out who his biological dad was. His dad brought me back here to Las Vegas and admired my loyalty toward Beast. I think he knew how deep my loyalty ran, and also that Beast would be taking the gavel one day, so he put me as Sgt. Of Arms automatically over boys who had been rolling with him for years. At first, I thought it was fucked up that he would do that. That was, until I saw in his eyes how much he loved Beast. Since that day, I never second-guessed his decision. After he died, Beast assigned me as

Vice President, his right-hand man. It came as less of a shock, since all the brothers knew he would. Becoming a member of an MC came almost naturally to us. For Beast, it was all he had ever known to be part of a group, whereas for me, I was used to being on my own, yet I craved a brotherhood.

“Westbeach, huh,” I said, flicking my ash.

Frost laughed, running his hand over his chin. “Yeah, Westbeach.”



Melissa

The bonfire that's sitting outside of the Sinful Souls clubhouse is in full blaze and my drinks couldn't go down fast enough. My best friend Phoebe flops down onto the stump next to me, her drink clutched in her hand. "You okay?" she questions softly.

I nod with a smile. "Yeah, much better now."

"How's the bakery going?"

"It's finally picking up momentum now that Sally's shut down across the street."

My boutique bakery "Eat Me" is situated in the heart of Westbeach, right across the beach. Since college, I've been trying to find my place where I belong in the world. I had plans in college. I was supposed to be a doctor. It's why my mom poured so much money into my college fund; she relied on me. Mother dearest is still in Saugatuck, Michigan, but fortunately, she's no longer tending to the horny men of the country. She's now the wife of a rich high-flyer from NYC. Bob is great. He treats her well and loves me and my sister like we're his own. My sister Millie is now a sister in the local Catholic church in Ann Arbor, Michigan. I haven't visited her in years and don't plan to. Her judgments keep me away and I haven't seen or heard from Eddy since I left college to help my mom when she was first diagnosed with stage two ovarian cancer. Thinking about what happened all those years ago resurfaces too many memories and old feelings, so I tend to keep them locked in a box inside my head, silently hoping that that box remains locked and no one discovers the key. So that brings me to why I'm a bakery owner and not some hot shot doctor, but I wouldn't change it for the world. Being able to help my mom when she needed it meant more to me than my dreams or my demons.

"So," Phoebe begins, taking a sip of her drink. "These parties never get old, huh?"

I laugh, bringing my hazy eyes back to my best friend. I met her in high school before moving to Detroit during much easier times in my life. Frat parties were drag strip races and Phoebe was—still is—the best woman driver in the state. We separated while I was at college, but I always knew I'd be coming back to Westbeach. My mom? Not so much. Since my dad disappeared, she had never been able to face this town again. No matter how much of a drunk my dad was, she still loved him. That's why I told myself I'd never fall in love young; you're too blinded by your hormones, and then before you know it, you're stuck at home with a couple of kids buying cases of beer for your husband every night. No thanks, not for me.

"Nope, not one bit. So much of our childhood is within these gates," I say to Phoebe behind a laugh. Phoebe was raised within the MC. Her father was a founding member and her brother is currently a member. She's Sinful Soul blood and the princess around here.

"Oh, I know. Until you left for college!" She attempts to evil-eye me.

"Hey! That was not my fault." I take another long pull of my vodka, the hot flames from the bonfire cascading off my skin and sending warm zips of electricity gushing through me.

"I know, I'm sorry. How is your mom anyway?"

"Meh, she's...mom," I chuckle, shaking my head. "She's much better, though. The cancer has been staying away."

"And Millie?"

I raise the rim of the bottle back to my mouth, swallowing the clear liquid and literally swallowing past the burning sensation it had set alight in my throat. "She's Millie, playing the good sister in the local *Catholic church*." I say the last bit with a posh accent.

"Fucking Millie," Phoebe and I mutter together and we both laugh.

Nette, Phoebe's other friend, takes a seat down beside us with her drink just as a loud roar of bikes vibrate through the music that was playing.

"Beast is here," Phoebe adds casually.

I smile, tilting my head, the name piquing my interest. "Beast?" I ask. "I like the sound of that."

"Melissa, no. Put your lady bits away." I pout, taking another sip of my drink. Meadow walks towards us and takes a seat opposite me. She's another one of Phoebe's friends; nothing has changed since high school where that's concerned. Phoebe was the girl every guy loved and every girl envied but secretly wanted to be friends with. I had Phoebe's chin in my hand, whispering sweet nothings to her, when her eyes darted over my shoulder. "Hey," she calls, her eyes twinkling with recognition.

I look over my shoulder, my brain buzzing with the alcohol, and when my eyes clear into focus, my mouth damn near drops to the ground. Two big, burly bikers stand there watching us. The bigger one nudges his head. "Hey, Phoebes."

A loud gasp escapes Meadow. I whip my head around to her. "You okay?" I ask just as her head falls, hitting the picnic table, and her eyes roll to the back of her head.

Did she just faint? Holy shit.

Before I could get to my feet, Meadow comes back to consciousness, rubbing her forehead. When recognition of what happened comes back to her, her rubbing pauses, eyes going wide. Meadow gets up quickly, so Nettie and I begin to escort her inside the bar. Something had obviously freaked her out. Meadow is quiet, reserved, and holds many secrets deep inside. Phoebe has never told me much about Meadow's past, but she did say one day: *"Think of the worst possible thing you could ever think of, multiply that, and then you'll get Meadow's past."*

Pushing open the door, she shuffles out of our arms, placing her hand on her forehead. "It's okay, I'm alright. Shit. *Shit*," she whispers, her eyes darting around the room with her eyebrows drawn together.

"Are you okay? What was that about?" I ask, pulling out a stool for her at the bar.

"That was a *huge* throwback right there, in my face," Meadow answers, rubbing her temples. She takes a seat on the stool.

"*Huge* he is. My God, he's beautiful and large. So was the guy next to him... I wonder if he's that big every—"

“—Melissa!” Meadow snorts, reaching for a bottle of vodka from behind the bar. The sound of the front bar door slamming shut vibrates the glasses. I look to Meadow for silent approval. She nods her head. “I’ll be fine. I’ll see you guys in a bit.”

“Are you sure?” Nettie asks, her light turquoise hair falling over her shoulders.

Meadow nods again with a small smile. “Yeah, I’ll be fine.”

Nettie and I both walk back out of the bar, now with a fresh bottle of rum in my hand. I take a sip before offering Nettie some. She laughs, shaking her head. “No, thanks.”

“Oh, come on...” I tease.

“I’m at a biker party. There’s no way I’m getting shitfaced.”

“Hey, Judge Judy.” I tsk at her comment. “These bikers are a lot of things, but trust me when I say, you’re safe from rapists here.”

“Don’t be so quick to say that,” a low voice growls, walking past me. My eyes slant. He looks over his massive shoulder, smirking at me, displaying a dimple. I recognize him as the other guy who was standing beside Beast. He’s wearing a black and white NY flat baseball cap turned backwards, a white t-shirt underneath his cut that reads “The Devil’s Own” on the top and then “Nevada” curved on the bottom, and he’s deliciously wrapped up in big tight muscles and tattoos that should be on the cover of Skin Deep magazine. He walks back to the table where there are a few other guys from his crew sitting and laughing. His eyes find mine as he brings the rim of his bottle of whiskey to his lips, a smile curving around it.

“I want one,” I declare, dropping back onto the table where Phoebe is sitting all while keeping my eyes locked on the table of bikers.

“One what?” she asks, turning her head to follow my line of sight. She laughs, shaking her head. “Nope, definitely not, Melissa.”

“You don’t even know who I was referring to!” I semi-slur, taking another drink.

“I don’t have to!” she declares. “It won’t be Hannibal. You don’t do beards. It won’t be Ripper, since he looks too boyish for you—though I can assure you, there’s nothing *boyish* about him. There’s a reason he’s called Ripper, and it has a lot to do with his namesake, organ removal and all. Frost isn’t your type. You like men with at least a bit of hair, and Nyx is a little too friendly for you; you’d friend-zone him faster than I could count to three, so that leaves Hella.” She picks up her drink, taking a long pull and watching me closely. My mouth falls open before I snap it shut. She laughs, pointing to me. “Your face! I wish I had my phone.”

“We’ve been friends too long.”

A few hours later, I push off the table. The trees that were scattered around the property start spinning, and I hold down a laugh before making my way toward the garage where all the bikes go when they’re broken. I’m rounding the corner when I walk into a back of muscle.

“Shit, sorry,” I slur. He turns, zipping up his jeans. “Were you just taking a piss?”

He laughs before turning around to face me. Fuck all men who wear MC cuts and are covered in tattoos. This man was the delicious package that I should stay away from because, no doubt, it has a bomb wrapped up inside it. From a distance, he was hot, but up close, he looks lethal.

“Yeah, so?” he slurs, flipping his cap backwards again and taking a long pull of his whiskey. “What’s your name?” He nudges his head at me with a smirk.

I cock a brow. “Melissa. Should I ask what yours is?” Tattoos cover every inch of his body that I could see, his eyes are deviously dark, and he rocks a crooked grin that can bring the devil himself to his knees.

He walks toward me, the orange hues coming off the bonfire casting light over his chiseled jaw and plump lips. I take a step backwards until my back hits the hard concrete wall. Tilting my head, I bring my eyes to meet his. Strong arms come up to either side of my head, caging me in. I swallow loudly, pulling my bottom lip in between my teeth. His mere presence causes a thin sheet of sweat to bead on my skin.

"Well, considering you're going to be screaming it in a few seconds? Yeah, I'd say you should ask mine."

My chest lifts and falls, the alcohol surging through my blood stream, heating me from the inside out.

"Cocky much?" I whisper, peering up at him with my shoulders squared.

He chuckles, both of his legs slipping in between mine. I open my legs wider, the bulge he's sporting pressing into my stomach.

His mouth grazes over mine. "You have no idea." His lips cover mine in a second before his tongue invades my mouth with dominance and self-assuredness. I bring my arms up to his neck, pulling his face down toward mine, a light moan escaping.

"Wait, wait, wait!" I throw my hands up, my eyes glossing over. My brain attempts to pull together a sober line of thought, but fails miserably. His eyes search mine, watching me closely. The corner of his lip tips up and I can't help but wonder if this is a challenge.

"Oh fuck it." I wrap my hand around the back of his neck, pulling his lips back down to mine.

His strong fingers grip around the back of my thighs, lifting me off the ground, and I wrap them around his waist. He flicks the top of my strapless dress, pulling it down, as my tits fall out everywhere. The cold night zips over my nipples briefly before his warm mouth covers one at a time. His pierced tongue glides over each, his teeth clamping down roughly as he pulls away. He catches my nipple in between his teeth, his eyes looking up to mine before he drags it out of his mouth, a hiss escaping him at the same time. Hooking his fingers under my panties, he sweeps between my folds and I moan, throwing my head back against the concrete wall just as he lowers me to my feet. My eyebrows draw together in confusion before he drops to his knees in front of me, hitching my leg over his shoulder and swiping my panties to the side.

"What—?" I whisper, about to ask what in god's name he's doing when his tongue dives inside of me, and I moan louder. A loud slap sounds around the place at the same time a stinging sensation begins on my right ass cheek.

"Shut the fuck up." His growl vibrates against my clit before the tip of his tongue glides down my folds. A cold glass bottle presses against my pelvic bone and my eyes fly open. The lip of the bottle presses against my clit before alcohol pours over my folds, his tongue following the trail of the icy hot burn. I'm not entirely sure how I would handle it if he tries shoving that bottle inside me, but I would guess it would go something like... *my foot in his face*. My hips begin to rock against his mouth, the music dying out into the darkness. Just as his tongue presses against my clit and his finger slips inside me, explosions set off deep in my core with little colorful dots releasing behind my shut lids.

"Holy fuck!" I pant as he drops my leg to the ground, rising in front of me. He wraps his glistening lips around the rim of the bottle with a grin and takes another swig before unclipping his belt buckle and dropping his jeans to the ground. "Bend over."

"What?" I look down to my heels and do the math. I guess if I was on my tippy-toes I could reach.

He walks up to me, gripping my panties in his hand and tearing them off. "Did I stutter?"

I raise my eyebrows. Turning around, I place my hands on the cold brick wall. A dash of wind zips past my back, setting off a stinging sensation over the cuts I had gained from the friction of the brick

on my back. His hand grips around the back of my neck, bending me over before his thick shaft glides over my ass and my eyes roll to the back of my head, my hair falling to one side. His fingers glide to the front of me, his thumb pushing against my clit as he presses inside me, and when he pulls out slowly, my walls contract around his shaft, clenching around him. My hands wrap around my ankles and I turn my head over my shoulder, smirking at him as he continues to pound into me relentlessly.

Pulling up his jeans, he does up his belt buckle and I take a sip of my drink, wiping the excess vodka off my lips. "My name's Melissa."

He snatches his bottle back off the table muttering, "Don't care," before walking back around the corner to the party.

Running my fingertips through my hair, I pull it all up into a ponytail before making my way back to Phoebe and the girls. I didn't expect a friendly exchange, but I wasn't expecting an asshole one either. Is that one of the requirements to patching into a motorcycle club? You must be an asshole? "Fuck it." I brushed off my shoulders and walked back out to the party.