

We are running a book starting with the May 2014 in parts every month. If you want to read the story's conclusion earlier than it's conclusion here we are working on a way for you to do that. The author Sally Beauchamp sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net and I preacher@freeriderspress.us both look forward to your feedback. Enjoy the read.

*** Does include some profanity

Word of a Liar

Chapter 3 Part 1

by Sally Beauchamp

Arriving at the farm, they parked their motorcycles in the barn. Ellen stood at the entrance. Stars pricked holes in the smooth, black satin sky. Not far away the farmhouse loomed like forbidden fruit. The thought of making a break for it crossed her mind, but Ellen dismissed it. She knew she wouldn't get very far before they caught her. No, better to bide her time and wait for a better opportunity. Lonely, she thought of JD and sighed, rubbing her arms to keep from shivering. The hot night offered no comfort.

"We've got to find you a pair of jeans. Shorts are no good for riding a motorcycle and you look half frozen to death." Mad Dog commented, as the men approached.

"First we've got to put something on that burn." Mason shone his flashlight on her ankle. It was beginning to blister.

Ellen eyed the rifles slung over their shoulders, the personification of their hold over her and dismissed their concern as a feeble attempt to keep her from fleeing. She jutted out her chin in defiance. "Had I been allowed to stay in my car, I wouldn't have burned myself and I wouldn't be cold."

"You're a fighter aren't you Ellen?" Mason grinned. "Come on; let's get you to Dee's tent. She'll fix you up."

They walked in single file down a narrow rutted path. Mason leading, Mad Dog taking up the rear and Ellen sandwiched in between. The glow of flashlights flicked erratically across the bottom of Ellen's legs. She studied the wide plane of Mason's shoulders, recalling the strength that lurked beneath his Sons of Thunder vest. The leer of the flaming skull snaked a chill down her spine. They passed through the grave of a long forgotten paddock. Tall damp grass flanked them. The dry brittle bones of wooden posts marked an elusive fence line. Incongruous music and laughter combined with the natural hum of nature's nocturnal singing.

The path widened into a crude road where truck tires had uprooted the grass and left long scars of hard packed earth. Rows of tents and strings of lights came into view. At nearly every campsite, the chrome bodies of motorcycles shimmered in the moonlight. Toward the far end of the field, party goers surrounded a flatbed truck, serving as a stage. A band played. Guitars screeched and drums pounded a rhythmic beat into the surrounding pines, subjugating the pastoral calm. Hoots and hollers rose upward. An undercurrent of decadence permeated the carnival atmosphere.

As they moved among the tents, the men positioned themselves on either side of Ellen. The smells of cooking and wood smoke intermingled with beer, tobacco and marijuana. Men wearing various biker club insignias, grunted greetings to Mad Dog and Mason, holding bottles of beer or cigarettes to their lips. Bearded long-haired men, topless women, tattooed and pierced bodies, lewd stares, and vulgar speech, all resurrected Ellen's terror. They passed couples groping one another in the shadows of trees or openly before the heat and flames of campfires. At one point, two women wearing only strings of colorful beads to cover their breasts, stopped to talk with Mad Dog and Mason. They eyed Ellen suspiciously. She couldn't help but gawk at the tiny silver dog bones, piercing each of their nipples. She looked up at Mad Dog and Mason. Their nonchalant expression made her wonder if conversing with half-naked women was common.

Continuing on, they came upon a crowd huddled around a young man and a middle-aged woman. Seated at a make shift table, they were playing a card game. "Looks like Apostle and Scarlet. Better check this out." Mad Dog motioned to Mason.

Standing on the parameter, Ellen watched the man with tattooed fingers deal two cards to the woman, then to himself. He wore the Sons of Thunder vest. The woman, who Ellen assumed to be Scarlet, appeared to be quite inebriated. Scarlet surveyed her hand, tapped her cards and then said, "Hit me."

Apostle turned over the king of hearts. The spectators fell silent and all eyes fell on Scarlet. Grinning mischievously, she tossed her cards onto the plywood table. The crowd burst into laughter. Men hooted. Ellen watched in horror as Scarlet pulled her black tube top over her head.

"This is definitely not good." Mason pulled his rifle around to his chest.

"What's wrong?" Panic rose up in Ellen's throat. She moved closer to Mason. "Scarlet is married, but not to him."

Mad Dog frowned. "Squinch is going to be loaded for bear when he hears about this."

"Who's Squinch?" The name almost made Ellen laugh.

"Her old man," the two replied in unison.

The next hand of Black Jack Scarlet won, but instead of Apostle taking off a piece of clothing, he paid Scarlet a ten dollar bill. Her heart beat racing, Ellen watched Mason survey the assembly. His heel nervously tapped the ground. A "whoop" resounded around them. Scarlet, completely naked now, jumped up on top of the plywood plank and curtisied to her audience. Apostle scooped up her ten-dollar bills. Rolling them into a tight wad, he waved it in front of her. Cupping her breasts together, she leaned forward. He attempted to stuff the money into her cleavage, but she lost her balance, falling on him. Everyone cheered.

The couple wrestled on the ground, too intoxicated to stand. Apostle grabbed Scarlet and kissed her hard on the mouth. The mob began to chant, "Go Apostle! Go Apostle!" Ellen stood dumbfounded.

Mad Dog turned to Mason. "Time for security."

Mason agreed. "Ellen, stay right here. Don't move a muscle." Before she had time to protest, the men were shoving through the crowd. "Show's over boys and girls," Mason announced. "Everyone can go home now." He laid his rifle across his chest. His eyes threatened the throng, while Mad Dog pulled Scarlet to standing. Unsteady, he sat her down and then retrieved her clothes. Apostle staggered to his feet. He looked like he might go after Mad Dog, but Mad Dog grabbed him, twisting his fingers in the man's shaggy brown hair.

"What the fuck are you doing, messin' with Squinch's old lady?" He snarled, jerking Apostle's head from side to side. "You'd better hope he doesn't find out about this, or you might not live to see tomorrow. Now get the fuck out of here!" Still gripping his hair, Mad Dog spun Apostle around with such force Ellen thought he might break the man's neck.

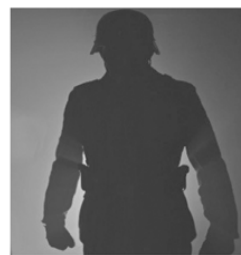
"Move!" Mad Dog barked and then kicked Apostle's backside so hard he fell face down. Groaning, Apostle stumbled to his feet and then staggered away.

The crowd began to disperse. Her nerves on high alert, Ellen trembled. She rubbed the tops of her thighs, to calm down. A slap to her buttocks whirled her around. A short stocky man with tight curly hair ogled her. The strong scent of alcohol made her wince. "Where'd you come from?" The man took a long drink from his whiskey bottle. "Back off!" Mason growled. He hugged Ellen close. The drunk squinted and swayed. "Who are you?" He pointed the bottle, splashing whiskey on the front of Ellen's jacket. Mad Dog joined them. "Do as Rambo says and find some other woman to party with tonight. This one's taken."

Teetering, the drunk blinked. "Sure you wouldn't like a foursome?" He directed the question to Ellen.

Mad Dog shoved the drunk aside and they continued on their way. Numbed by cold or fear or both, Ellen moved in a trance. A foursome? And that man and woman rolling on the ground... the chanting. Would they have had sex, right there in the open, if Mad Dog and Mason hadn't stopped them? She wanted to run-- run as fast as she could to the farmhouse... or the car... anywhere but here. What is going to happen to me? These people are savages. Mason squeezed her into his side. The gestured reassured her of his protection.

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