

Word of A Liar Part 3 of Chapter 6

by Sally Beauchamp

"They were perfect," she sighed, then picked them up and tossed them into the fire. Mad Dog snapped the stick in two, dropped it into the flames and then took a long drink from the whiskey bottle.

Feeling uneasy, Mason rose and stood behind Desi, absently rubbing her shoulders. He watched Ellen and Mad Dog, trying to imagine what it must be like to suddenly lose someone you shared so much with. He wondered whether they would ever completely recover.

Shrugging off her melancholy, Ellen looked up at Mason. Like heat seeking missiles, his brilliant eyes took her by surprise, exploding dormant desire. Her whole body tingled with the aftershock. The firelight dancing in his hair; his sensual mouth, partly hidden by his beard, slipped into a sexy grin. Breathless, she closed her eyes, imagining his warm breath on her neck, the taste of his mouth, his tongue probing, her body responding.... She opened her eyes. He stared, making her feel exposed. Ellen pulled the blanket around her.

"You know, the two of you make quite a good looking couple," she commented, attempting to divert Mason's attention. "That lap dance was amazing, Desi. I mean, it made me hot. I can only imagine what it did for you Mason."

Mad Dog laughed, wrapping his arm around Ellen's shoulder. They looked at one another and smiled. Relieved by Mad Dog's recovery, Ellen took the bottle from his hand. She took a swig, trying to prove her stamina, but then choked. Mad Dog patted her back. "You've had enough, Mrs. Abrams. I'm cutting you off."

"But didn't you think, Mad Dog, Desi was amazing up there on that stage?"

"Yes, I did. But I'm not going to make much of it. Rambo is likely to shoot my balls off if I do."

Mad Dog smirked. Mason flipped him off.

Giggling, Ellen flopped her head on Mad Dog's shoulder. She needed to get her mind off of Mason. Ellen turned to Spider.

"I have a question for you, Spider. Why does everyone call you that? When I think of a spider, I think of someone with black hair, like Mason. But you have red hair; so how come it's not Red or Rusty or something?"

Light-headed, Ellen rolled her head to the side.

"Oh, no! Now you've done it!" Mad Dog hooted, making Ellen jump.

Mason shook his head. "Don't ever ask Spider that question because he's going to show you the answer."

Ellen looked at him. Confused by their reaction, she turned to Dee Dee for an answer, but Dee stared at the ground. Ellen thought she saw a trace of a smile.

"I'm going to bed. I've seen this before." Desi said humorlessly and quickly got up.

"Are you coming, Rambo?"

"In a minute. I want to finish my drink."

Desi kissed him and then left the small circle without a word. Mason sat back down, seemingly undisturbed by Desi's sudden retreat.

Spider sat with his elbows on his knees, holding a beer in one hand. His eyes looked down into the grass. "Do you really want to know why they call me Spider?"

He looked up at Ellen with laughing eyes.

"Yes. I want to know why they call you Spider."

"Okay, little lady, you are about to find out."

Spider stood up and handed his beer to Dee. Frowning, she shook her head. Spider walked up to Ellen. His hand went to his belt buckle. He pulled back the leather strap, and then unzipped his pants. Ellen squirmed. Her pulse quickened. Before she could stop him, Spider jerked down his boxers, exposing his cock. She slapped a hand over her mouth. Horrified, her eyes widened. There it was! A black spider tattooed on the head of his penis!

He stroked himself, moving closer. "You want to touch it?"

Ellen gasped. Heat crept up her neck and face. She blinked and glanced over at Mad Dog and then Mason. They're eyes laughed at her. She took a deep breath and then looked up into Spider's bemused face.

"I hope you had a woman tattoo artist do that, or my image of bikers will never be the same." Ellen grinned.

Mason whapped his knee as laughter thundered from his chest. Mad Dog spit his whiskey into the fire, and Spider hung his head, shaking it from side to side.

"I've been bested by a woman," he moaned affably, zipping the spider back into his jeans.

Dee came to his rescue, taking his hand. "Come on, ole man. I'll pet the spider."

"You two are back on security at seven. Don't forget." Spider wrapped his arm around Dee as he looked at his watch. "It's three now."

"Good night, Mad Dog. Good night, Ellen." Dee Dee said as she went to Mason, inspecting his wound. "I gave Desi the first aid kit in case your cheek starts bleeding again."

"Thanks, Dee." Dee Dee leaned in closer.

"Be careful, Rambo," she whispered into Mason's ear. "Ellen isn't one of us."

Dee Dee went to Spider, took his hand, and they walked over to their tent.

"Things are pretty quiet around here now." Mad Dog turned, surveying the rows of tents. Some people still partied, but the majority had gone to bed. "We probably should get some shut eye, Rambo."

Mason nodded. "What about her? Where's she going to sleep?"

Mad Dog stood up and stretched. "So, Ellen, how about you spend the night at my place? I promise I don't have any spiders in my tent."

"I don't know. You might not have any spiders, but there might be something a lot bigger in there."

Mad Dog chuckled. "You are funny, Mrs. Abrams. You're real funny for a half-English teacher/half-principal."

Mad Dog offered Ellen his hand, pulling her up from the chair.

"Do you know how long it has been since I've spent the night with a man?"

"I have no idea." Mad Dog smiled.

"A long time.... A very long time." Ellen hesitated. "Maybe this isn't such a good idea. Heaven only knows what I'm capable of."

"Oh, baby, I can't wait to find out." Mad Dog led her through the circle of chairs. He winked at Mason. "I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"F*ck you, Mad Dog!" Mason growled.

"Good night, Mason." Ellen smiled, pausing in front of him. "And thank you for coming to my rescue tonight."

Their eyes connected. A strong, mysterious current shot through Mason. Ellen had to have felt it, he thought. His eyes searched her face for the smallest trace, but Ellen turned away to follow Mad Dog.

Mason's eyes followed after them until they ducked into Mad Dog's tent. He stood up. Kicking a discarded beer can into the fire, Mason watched it burn black. When Mason looked up, he saw Muck Eye approaching. A woman hung her arm around Muck Eye's shoulders. They staggered into the campsite.

"Rambo, where is everybody?" Muck Eye asked, surveying the empty lawn chairs.

"They've all turned in for the night. Where the hell is Jack?" Mason asked.

"He's down by the river," Muck Eye replied. "I'm headed over to our tent. I just came by to tell you, Jack was watching when you took care of that guy with the knife. It made a big impression on him. Jack could definitely use someone like you. I think you'll be hearing from him in the morning."

Muck Eye patted Mason on the shoulder.

"Way to go, man. I'll see in you in the mornin'." Muck Eye said, smiling. He and the woman ambled through the quiet campsites and then disappeared from view. Mason drank the last of his whiskey. It had been a very long day, but the prospect of being hired by Jack had made it all worthwhile. A lot of doors would soon be opening for Mason Hackett, aka Rambo.



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