

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" by Sally Beauchamp

Chapter Two

"Put the fucking gun down, Mad Dog!" A tall thin man advanced from the darkness, smacking the gun barrel to the ground. "What's going on? And Rambo, where the fuck have you been? Who the hell is this?" He aimed an angry finger in Ellen's direction.

Her knees wobbled. Mason gripped her tighter. She swallowed, but her throat felt as if she had been sucking on gravel. Her stomach lurched in panic. Dear God, I'm going to be sick. She covered her mouth, pitched forward, gagging. Mason patted her on the back. Bending to her ear, he whispered, "It's okay, Ellen. It's Spider and he won't hurt you." He rose. "You assholes happy now? You've scared the livin' shit out of her!"

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Ellen Abrams. Her car broke down out on the highway. I brought her here, so Mad Dog could look at the car and hopefully get it going."

The tall man walked over to Ellen and squatted. "Look at me!" His cold, menacing voice made every muscle in Ellen's body tense with fear. Slowly, she raised her eyes. His hair was pulled back into a long braid and a black do-rag covered the top of his head. Spider wore the same denim vest as Mason and Mad Dog, but he had a red patch sewn over the left breast pocket with the word, President embroidered across it. Leathery skin stretched over his lean facial features and a handle bar mustache covered his upper lip. "You puke on my boots, there's going to be hell to pay." His eyes drilled her. "Now, stand the fuck up!" His words struck Ellen like a sharp slap to the face. She slipped her hand into her jacket pocket and curled her fingers around the can of pepper spray. She took a deep breath, exhaled, then nodded.

Spider stood, folding his tattooed arms across his chest. Mason pulled Ellen upward. No one spoke. The men waited for Spider to make the next move. Apprehensive tears pricked the corners of Ellen's eyes. Coarse laughter filtered through the darkness. Tension held the night in a choke hold.

"Mad Dog, fix this woman's car. I want her, the hell out of here." Spider stepped closer. Ellen smelled alcohol. "Rambo, you fuck up one more time; you're out of the Sons of Thunder. But, before you go..." he squeezed Mason's neck like he considered snapping it. "It'll be the boot line. Are we clear?"

Mason's face contorted with rage, but oddly he didn't fight back.

"Yeah, we're clear." His voice raw with anger.

Spider dropped his hands to his side. "Good. Now get rid of her." He turned and began to walk away.

"Spider, Monk and Rocko wanted me to send replacements. What should I tell them when I get down there?"

Ellen couldn't believe Mason had the nerve to detain this man any longer.

"I'll send Diamond Back and Blade down," he replied, continuing on his way. "Now get out of here, before I really lose my temper."

Mad Dog looked up at Ellen from under the hood. Motorcycle head lights illuminated the engine. "Well, looks like Rambo was right. Your alternator belt broke. There's no way to fix it until Monday." Mad Dog dropped the hood and wiped his hands on a small cloth. "Here's what I'll do. I know a guy with a wrecker; I'll give him a call tomorrow and then he can take you home and drop the car at my garage. I'll fix it first thing Monday morning, and you'll be back on the road again." He smiled.

"How are you going to call anyone? There's no cell reception out here." Ellen sighed.

"That big farmhouse we passed, that's Spider's old man's. It's his farm we're partying on. He has a land line."

"You mean there's a working phone here?" Relief swept over Ellen. "Just call another towing company."

Mason stepped out of the shadows. "He's not calling anyone. It's late and we can't chance the heat showing up."

Mad Dog stuffed the cloth into his back jean pocket. "Rambo's right, we can't call tonight."

"What?" Ellen's throat tightened. "I'm not asking to call the police."

Mason stood at her side. "Spider's old man won't want any outsiders anywhere near the farm tonight. Do you have any idea how much trouble he could be in if some cops showed up and busted the rally? Not a good idea."

"If I could just talk to him and explain things, surely he'd allow me to use his phone. After all, his son doesn't want me here. You heard Spider, if I go back, you risk getting him mad at you again. Maybe Spider could convince his father it would be okay?"

"No!" Mason shook his head.

"No?" Ellen repeated. "But why?" Panic edged down her back. Sweat beaded her

hairline. It suddenly occurred to her that no matter what argument she presented, they were not going to allow her to use the phone. It made no sense to keep her here, so what did they intend to do? Every book and movie she remembered of raped and murdered women streamed across her consciousness. Stupid! Stupid woman! How am I going to get out of here? She had to get back into the car.

Gripping the pepper spray, still hidden in her pocket, Ellen slowly backed up to the driver's door. Consumed with fear, she struggled to keep her voice calm. "All right then, I guess I'll stay in the car until morning." Ellen rolled her shoulders back. With her free hand, she groped for the door handle. "Thanks for your help." Her thumb rested on the release button.

"You're not staying out here all alone." Mason came threateningly close.

"I'll keep the car locked. What could happen?" She pressed her thumb down.

"Rambo's right lady, you can't stay out here all by yourself. What kind of men do you think we are?"

Suddenly, a low growl rolled up from the obscure tree line. Immediately, Mason jerked Ellen behind him. The moonlight cut long shadows across the hardwoods and exposed the misty vapor of night, crawling in the ravine. A mosquito landed on Ellen's arm. Instead of flicking it off, she watched it prepare to bite her, too afraid to move. Another growl... louder... closer... Mad Dog withdrew a pistol, concealed inside his denim vest. With both hands, he aimed it at the trees.

"Can you see anything?" Mason asked.

"I think it was a coyote, but I'll go check it out, just to be sure." Warily, he walked down the gully towards the parameter of the forest.

"Be careful, it might be a wolf." Mad Dog disappeared in the darkness. Mason faced Ellen. "You're coming back with us where you'll be safe."

It was only the two of them. Her chances of getting into the car had improved, but Mason was practically on top of her. "Really, I'll be fine, right here. After all, I am an adult, and I do think I know what I can and cannot handle." She sounded much braver than she felt.

"Look Ellen, you don't have to worry about going back to the rally. I promise no one is going to mess with you. You'll be with a crowd of people where guys like Mad Dog and me walk around, making sure no one does anything stupid. If those drunken bikers find out you're here, all alone, and decide to have a little fun with you, then what? No one would be around to stop it. Staying here is not an option." Mason shook his head. "You're coming with us even if we have to bungee cord you to the back of one of those motorcycles."

Mason's arrogance transformed Ellen's fear into fury. "Who do you think you are? How dare you threaten me."

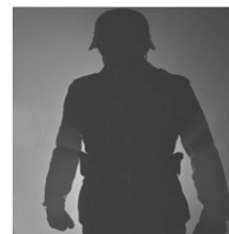
"Oh, it's no threat." Mason's eyes widened. "It's a fact."

"Why you egotistical..." She whipped the pepper spray from her pocket. In mid strike Mason captured her wrist, squeezing until the vial tumbled to the gravel then he booted it into the long grass, growing along the road.

Ellen, frantic now, twisted and yanked on her wrist, trying to wrench her arm free.

"Leave me alone! You don't understand!" With her free hand, she pummeled Mason's back. He seized her other wrist, forced her arms over her head and bolted her to the car. She kicked wildly at his legs, trying to knock him off balance, but he straddled her.

Continued on page 10



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