

We all like biker fiction, right? Well we are going to do a little something that has never been done before by us or anyone that I know of. We are going to run a book starting with chapter one in parts every month. In doing so I am hoping you all enjoy the story. If you want to buy the story earlier than it's conclusion here we are working on a way for you to purchase that. The author Sally Beauchamp sallyb7870@sbcglobal.net and I preacher@freeriderspress.us both look forward to your feedback. Enjoy the read.

Word of a Liar
by Sally Beauchamp
Chapter One-Part one

****Contains some profanity****

Chapter 1- Part 2

Ellen's confession arrested time. The night fell silent, all movement ceased, the humid air dampened their skin. They watched each other until Mason broke the paralyzing enchantment. "I'll get you home safely." His words barely audible, he turned toward his motorcycle.

Ellen leaned against the car perplexed. She shook her head to shake off the awkwardness of the moment.

"Have you ever ridden on the back of one of these before?" He stood alongside the bike.

"No. Frankly, I've always been a little afraid of them."

"There's no other way to get Mad Dog."

"I'll stay here, while you go and get your friend."

Mason walked back to her. "I'm not leaving you here alone. It's not safe."

"You've been very kind, but I don't even know you. How do I know where you'll take me?"

"Look Ellen, I know you're scared, but I'm not going to harm you."

"I'm sure that's what all the serial killers say to their victims." Ellen blinked back tears.

Mason sighed. "About five miles down this road there's over a hundred bikers who have been partying all day. If some of them get a little crazy and decide to take a scooter down this highway and see you sitting alone in your car, God knows what they'd do. And no lock is going to keep them out. If you're with me no one will bother you, I promise."

Ellen tasted blood, realizing her top teeth had cut into her lower lip. His eyes were so hypnotic. She didn't know why, but she believed him. If he wanted to harm her, what was stopping him? He didn't need to take her somewhere else to do it.

"Come on," he motioned, heading to the bike. Mason kicked up the stand then scissored the motorcycle. "Climb up. Put your feet on the pegs." He pointed. Ellen took a deep breath then swung her leg over the leather seat. A little high, the bike tipped slightly. Mason steadied it. Finally, she balanced herself and gripped the chrome bar on the back of the bike. "Sorry, I guess I don't make for a very good biker chick."

"You make a damn sweet biker chick." Mason smiled. "You on okay?"

"Yes."

"All right then. Let's go get Mad Dog. Put your arms around my waist and look over my shoulder when I get this hog started. When we come to a curve lean with me, but not too hard. Got that?"

Ellen nodded. "I think so."

Mason faced front and turned on the ignition. The bike's loud thunder shattered the silence. Carefully he guided the motorcycle off the gravel and onto the smooth asphalt. Within seconds the two were heading into the darkness. The sultry August air sheared Ellen's skin, blew her hair aimlessly about and whipped through her scant clothing. She now knew why people wore leather when riding a motorcycle.

Soaring, Ellen marveled at the weight of the air pressing against her. The throaty rumble of the bike drowned out all sound. Paradoxically the ride both soothed and exhilarated her. Cautiously she wrapped her arms around Mason's waist and tucked her head into his back. The hardness of his physique amplified his power. Please God, she prayed silently, don't let him hurt me.

Mason arched his back when Ellen wedged herself up against him. Her breasts pressed into the very spot where Spider had kicked him, and her fingers squeezed the tender muscles the aftermath of Mad Dog's punch.

He tried to keep his focus on the white plane of light illuminating the highway, but the warmth of Ellen's thighs hugging his distracted him. Yellow and white lines blurred. He pulled his bandana up over his nose as the air cut across his face. He pressed down harder on the throttle. Speed would help shake his feeling of déjà vu and quell the edginess this woman provoked. What if one of those crazy ass bikers had found her instead of me? He didn't want to think about the possible scenarios. Thank god I found her first.

Rounding a bend, Mason leaned, Ellen leaning with him. He eased off the throttle. The gravel road leading to the rally was fast approaching. He turned off the asphalt when he saw the large, red reflector Spider had placed at the junction. Dark, indistinct foliage besieged the rutted dirt road. The bike's headlights bobbed erratically, casting stark beams of light into the shadows. Two men carrying rifles suddenly stepped into the light. Ellen's grip tightened around Mason's waist. He flinched, clenching his teeth. He stopped the bike, letting it idle. The two men approached.

"Where the hell have you been," the shorter of the two ranted? "You said a short ride. Who the hell is this?" The man's ferocious eyes glared at Ellen. She stiffened, squeezing Mason tighter. Pain shot up through his belly.

"Her car broke down. I'm going to go get Mad Dog and see if he can fix it. When I get up to the rally, I'll have Spider send down a couple of guys to take your place. Sorry, but shit happens, you know?" Mason grinned. "Hey, hand me my rifle."

The taller man reached into the bushes and handed Mason an M16. He slung it around his shoulder; it hung ominously across his back. Mason glanced behind at Ellen and saw the panic in her eyes. "Don't worry; I won't let anything happen to you. Hold on to the bar on the back of the seat. It's not very far up this road, and we'll be at the party."

"Make sure you send replacements!" the shorter man shouted. "We're getting our asses chewed by mosquitoes down here!"

"Will do, man." The bike jerked into motion, and the two headed up the dark road.

Having gone about a half mile, an old foursquare farmhouse reared up out of the blackness. The white glow of the moon spotlighted the eastern side of the monstrous structure, casting murky shadows across its front exterior. Rounding the house, a large field came into view. Several bonfires illuminated rows of tents and people mingling in the carbon darkness. The smells of wood smoke, beer and the pungent aroma of marijuana wafted on the night's breeze. Mason drove over to a barn then killed the engine. He motioned for Ellen to get off, but she didn't move. Straddling the bike, he turned to face her. The poor woman looked even more petrified.

"Ellen," he said gently. "You have to get off first. It's easier that way." Ellen's dark eyes stared blankly back. He nodded his head reassuringly. The muscles in her neck moved. She took a deep breath then got off. She stumbled when her feet hit the ground, but steadied herself by grabbing hold of the seat. Mason kicked the stand down with the toe of his boot then took hold of her waist.

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