

EATING CROW
Sons of Anarchy Stories
by Susan Fanetti/laughingwarrior

A/N: I've collected a few Crow Eaters as minor characters (some with major impact) in my stories. I developed a backstory for one or two, and that got me thinking about how a woman ends up living that life. And that got me to an idea for this, conceived as a series of one-shots, each focusing on a different Crow Eater.

I'll **warn** you right up front: Though I hope that some will be light and funny, most of these won't be fluff. I don't think it should come as a surprise that a lot of these women have had tough lives. I don't see every Crow Eater as a tragic figure, but some are. Some enjoy their lives and are happy where they are. Others are just grasping opportunists. There will be violence, sexual and otherwise, and there will definitely be rough sex and some kink (Tig's around, after all). For those stories that get especially rough or include real kink, I'll add an extra warning as appropriate, but I'll ask you now: if you don't want to go to the dark side, please find something else to read.

We'll start with Krystle. She appeared in Phoenix, though you didn't learn her name. And yes—she has a rough day. Consider yourself warned.

Disclaimer: I own no part of Sons of Anarchy. The OCs are my creations.

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KRYSTLE

Krystle canted the rearview mirror down and adjusted her cleavage, making sure the red lace of her push-up demi-bra was visible over the neckline of her black tank top. Tony had been a sadistic dick, but he'd paid for good tits. Best day she'd had since she left Texas was the day she watched him go down for murder two. 20 to life. She was free. But she hadn't had anywhere to go.

She'd ended up in Charming the way she'd ended up doing anything the past couple of years. Without a plan. When Tony had gone inside, she packed up and started driving, her shit in the trunk, no idea where she was headed except away. She'd stopped to get a sandwich. There was a help wanted sign. Now she lived and worked in Charming.

She checked her lipstick and hair, then got out of her piece of shit Dodge Neon and headed into the clubhouse. It was the middle of the week, but she'd figured out that showing up then usually meant that the guys were less drunk, and there was less competition from other girls. Sometimes there wasn't anybody at all around, of course, but it was worth the gamble. Things just seemed to be easier during the week. On Friday, you never knew what you were going to find yourself in the middle of.

She went from the sunlight of the afternoon into the gloom of the clubhouse. She looked around and only saw Bobby, sitting at the bar, reading the paper and drinking tequila. Bummer. Oh well, he was sweet. And there weren't any other women around right now. That was something, anyway. She went up to the bar.

"Hey, Bobby."

He turned, his glasses perched on the end of his nose. He wasn't any taller than she was, at least when she was wearing these strappy platform things, and he had probably 40 years on her—and, what, more than 100 pounds?—but he was nice, and he was the VP.

"Hey, sweetness. What's a shiny, golden thing like you doing in a dark hole like this today?" He patted the barstool next to him, and Krystle sat, giving her long, honey-blond hair a little toss. She hoped her roots weren't too awful; she couldn't afford to do anything about them until payday.

She wondered if he knew her name. Probably not.

She'd been coming to the Sons clubhouse for about a month, after Phil had invited her to a Friday party. He'd been eating at the deli where she worked for longer than she'd been working there. She'd started chatting one day while she was building his three, foot-long meatball sandwiches, just to kill the time and be customer-friendly, and they'd ended up talking until her manager yelled at her. Since then, they'd become friends, maybe. A little.

She knew he was crushing on her, but she wasn't into him *at all*. He was huge and fat, a lot dopey, and not even a little cute. But he was nice, and he wore a kutte. Krystle had only been in Charming for a few months, but she knew about MCs, and she'd heard about the Sons. She'd been intrigued. Another bad boy was probably about the stupidest thing she could be interested in, but she had a weakness. She wanted a strong guy to take care of her. She liked a guy who didn't take shit off anyone. And these guys seemed different, somehow. Not anything like Tony.

Her month at the clubhouse had taught her that she was mostly right about that. They were nothing like Tony. None of them was sadistic just for the sake of it. But they were rough, some more than others. The other girls had told her some scary stories about Tig and his predilections, but so far he hadn't noticed her. Twice, she'd gotten pretty hurt, but those were guys from other charters.

That was the worst part, really. Being fair game for any patch that wanted her. She could refuse, but that would be the end of her welcome to the clubhouse. It made her a whore. She knew it. An *unpaid* whore. But this was a safe place where she was welcome. And if she could figure out a way to be what one of these guys really wanted, maybe she could be an old lady.

She turned a bright smile on Bobby.

“Just thought I’d see if anyone fun was around today. And now I see there is.” She lifted the hand she’d just manicured herself to his shoulder and gave the leather over it a little caress.

He laughed and gave her a wink. “You’re learnin’ fast, girl.” He put his rough hand on her bare thigh, hiking up her skirt a bit. Okay, so it looked like it would be Bobby tonight. That wasn’t so bad.

Inwardly, she sighed, though. Chibs was the one she really wanted. Sure, he had an old lady back in Ireland, but that couldn’t really be serious. They were thousands of miles apart, and she’d heard that the woman had only been to Charming once in years. Krystle thought that was a shitty way to treat a good man. He was alone here, and he was really nice to be with. He deserved to have somebody with him. He was kind. He was gentle and attentive in the sack, and had a nice cock. He treated her like more than a hole. The three times he’d pushed up on her, he’d spent a long time talking with her. He wanted to hear what she had to say. He knew her name, too.

When she first realized that, she got her hopes up, but then he didn’t pay her any special attention, and she noticed that he knew all the girls’ names and talked to whichever one he pulled aside. That was his thing—he liked to talk first. Which was pretty funny, considering how hard he was to understand. His accent was thick, and it only got thicker with whiskey.

Still, Chibs was her goal. In this month, she’d fucked—or, more accurately, been fucked by—Phil, Rat, Bobby, a couple of Nomads (including a huge, scary mountain of a man who’d actually been fairly nice), guys from Fresno, Indian Hills, and Tacoma. Chibs was the one she wanted. She just had to figure out how to stand out from the others. And then give him a good reason to forget about whatever he had in Ireland.

While she was chatting with Bobby, who seemed disinclined to get anything started yet, Chibs walked in from the garage. He was pulling on his kutte as he approached the bar.

He nodded at Bobby and smiled at Krystle. She felt a little thrill when he put his hand on her back. “Krystle! Ain’t you a sight for me eyes. How are ye, lass? Buy you a drink?”

She smiled and waved the glass of tequila Bobby had poured her. “I’m great, Chibs. Good to see you.”

Bobby pulled back a little. She turned to him, and he winked at her and opened his paper back up. He really was a nice guy.

Chibs scoffed, “Ach. That swill? Finish that off, and I’ll pour ye something more fittin’ a lovely lass.” He went behind the bar for his Jameson.

She spent the next hour or so sandwiched between Bobby and Chibs, otherwise alone in the clubhouse. They talked to her. They joked with her, and she joked right back. She was having a great time, feeling relaxed and even hopeful. She hadn't felt like that very often since her dad had thrown her out of the house when she was 17. Two years ago. Seemed a lifetime.

She came back from a quick trip to the bathroom at some point and saw that Happy had come in. He was sitting alone across the room, sucking on a bottle of Jack Daniels. She didn't know much about Happy. All she'd ever seen of him was what she was seeing now—sitting alone with a bottle. He had an old lady and some kind of awful shit going down, so mostly what she knew about him was that he was scowly and morose. Gorgeous, but scowly. He scared her a little.

But Happy was not her concern. She sat back down at the bar. Chibs continued to ply her with Jameson and flirt with her. He touched her leg, her arm, her back. He played with her hair.

She felt good. She was getting pretty drunk, though. Her hopes were high for the evening, and she decided it was time to subtly start pacing herself with the booze.

“If you'll excuse me, gents, I need to use the ladies' again.” She leaned over and gave Chibs a kiss on the cheek. “Don't go anywhere, handsome.” He gave her an affectionate swat on the ass, ending with a lingering squeeze, his fingers in her cleft. Yeah. Gonna be a good night.

She went into the bathroom and squatted in front of the toilet. Her finger down her throat, she forced up the booze. This was a trick the other girls had taught her. It wouldn't do to stop drinking what the guys gave you, but it also wouldn't do to get pass-out, puking drunk. These guys had superhuman tolerance and expected the women to keep up.

Her stomach empty, she stood and fished around in her purse for the little toothbrush and toothpaste she kept with her. She brushed and fixed her makeup and hair. She resettled her boobs for maximum cleavage and made sure her skirt was straight. She was feeling really good. Tonight, she was going to make Chibs want her to stay.

Happy was behind the bar, grabbing another bottle. They just about ran into each other as he came around. Feeling fine, she looked up into his grim black eyes and smiled. “Hi, Happy.” She winked. She didn't know why, except that she was feeling light.

He got an absolutely terrifying look on his face, his eyes going black. He slammed the bottle onto the bar and grabbed her arm hard. At first, she thought he was going to hit her. Her stomach turned into a hard knot.

But Bobby was coming to her rescue. He turned around on the stool and said, “Hap, whatcha doin'?”

Happy turned a venomous look on him and said, “Mind your own, brother.”

And then Krystle was being dragged across the room. She turned to look at Bobby and Chibs, and the empty barstool where so recently she’d been sitting, having a good time, feeling safe. She saw them look at each other. Bobby turned back to his paper. Chibs looked back at her for the slimmest second, and then he, too turned his back. He wasn’t even pissed that Happy was poaching his fuck? What the hell?

She shook off the disappointment. Okay. She knew what she was supposed to do. But fuck, he wasn’t taking her back to the apartment, or even into the weight room. They were just in a corner of the barroom, in full view of Bobby and Chibs, should they decide to turn around and take in a show.

He grabbed her hair in one large fist and yanked her, hard, downward, forcing her to her knees. Her heart was pounding. He was going to be rough, and right out here? Yes. And no one was going to stop him.

Okay. Okay. She could do this. It was just a blow job.

She tried on a smile and looked up at him, but he turned on her such a look of black hate that she almost cried. So she focused instead on watching her hands open his belt and unbutton his jeans. She reached into his boxers. Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, holy shit. He was huge.

All of the guys so far had had larger than average dicks. She thought maybe there was some connection between the kind of guy who chose a life like this and whatever it was that determined dick size, because she’d seen her share of noteworthy penises in the last month. But she wasn’t sure how she was going to deal with what was standing erect before her.

She was very glad she’d just emptied her stomach, because she was going to be fighting her gag reflex, that was sure. She got started. She wrapped her hands around him at the base, and that helped, but he was thick as well as long, and she had trouble keeping her teeth out of the way. She caught him once, just a little, and he yanked her hair so hard she thought her scalp might bleed. After that she was extra careful.

She thought it was going okay. She could get through this. But as he got close and started to thrust, he was hurting her, shoving way too deep into her mouth, making her gag, making her throat feel bruised. She tried to back off, but he grabbed her head in both hands and held her in a vise grip, pounding into her without any interest at all in how much it hurt.

Then she heard Chibs, almost yelling, “Aye, Vivvie, lass! What a sight y’are! Come sit wi’ me. I missed ya.”

Fuck! All this and Chibs was fucking moving on? Who the hell was Vivvie, anyway?

Suddenly, Happy started pounding even harder. God, it really hurt, and she was really scared. He came—oh thank God, finally—holding her so hard to him that her nose was mashed up in the nest of hair around his dick. Nothing but sheer will was keeping her from gagging. When he was done he just threw her back. Her ass hit the floor and she scrambled backwards, away from him, as fast as she could.

Sure would have been nice if someone had warned her about *this* asshole.

Gagging and crying now, she looked over and saw him staring down a woman with long, wavy black hair. The woman was pale and stunned, and Krystle, no dim bulb, put everything together. That must be Vivvie, who was apparently Happy's old lady.

Oh, fuck me with a fork, she thought bitterly.

The black-haired woman turned and left the clubhouse. Happy, without another glance at Krystle, went back to the bar, grabbed the bottle of Jack he'd left there, and sat down in a leather chair.

Krystle gagged again and coughed, bringing up blood. Fuck. She wiped her mouth and got to her feet. Straightening her clothes, she walked to the bathroom, trying to affect a pose of some kind of dignity.

In the bathroom, she spit and rinsed and gargled, the back of her throat stinging angrily. She rinsed the blood down the drain and took a look at herself in the mirror. Her makeup was smeared. She looked like reheated shit. She hadn't brought her purse back with her, though, so she did what she could to clean herself up.

When she opened the door, Chibs was standing in the hallway, holding her purse. "Y'okay, lass?"

She smiled and tried to talk, but doing so was harder than she'd anticipated. She croaked, "Yeah," and carefully cleared her sore throat. "I'm okay. Thanks, Chibs." She took her bag from him.

He put his hand on the small of her back. "C'mon. I'll walk ye to yer car."

Goddamn it. *Goddamn it*. She resisted when he pushed her gently forward, and he gave her a look. "I'm sorry, lass. But you can't be here anymore. Y'understand that?"

Yeah, she did. But it fucking sucked. She'd done nothing but walk through that asshole's path. She nodded, though. No sense arguing. She had no standing here.

He walked her to her car and opened the driver's door for her. A perfect gentleman. Then he gave her a wad of twenties and a kiss on the cheek. "Yer a good lass. Sorry to see ye go."

And that was it. He closed the door after she got in, gave the roof a pat, and walked back into the clubhouse.

She sat alone that evening in her crappy apartment listening to the neighbors fight next door and took stock of the men in her life. Her father, who'd thrown her out when he'd snooped in her Facebook and found out she was sleeping with her boyfriend. Derek, the boyfriend, whom she'd headed to California with, and who'd dumped her at a truck stop in Nevada. Tony, who'd taken her in and filled her with silicone and then spent more than a year finding interesting ways to torture her without leaving marks. And now the Sons.

She just wanted to go home. She wanted to sleep in her little yellow room. She wanted her daddy, the way he'd been before she'd started seeing Derek. She wanted her dog and her horse. Fuck, she even missed church and teaching Sunday school.

She picked up her phone. If she repented, maybe he'd let her come home.

A/N: Readers of Make Me Right met Ronnie—sorta—in Chapter 7. But Juice couldn't remember her name.

RONNIE

Ronnie came back into the barroom still adjusting her skirt. Chibs had kept her underwear—as a Christmas present, he said. Her skirt was short, and she'd probably be flashing her goods all day long now, but hell. What made that different from any other day around here? She smiled, remembering Chibs pressing the gold lace to his face. Lech.

“Ronnie! I've been looking for you, darlin'—come help get this food into serving bowls!”

“You got it, Gemma. Give me a sec, though—I should wash up first.”

Gemma gave her a look and huffed, her hands on her hips. “Well, make it quick. Jesus, these boys can't keep it zipped for five fucking minutes. Not even on Christmas Eve.”

Ronnie grabbed her bag from behind the bar and headed to the bathroom. There, she wiped up between her legs and spritzed a little cologne. She checked her makeup—Chibs was an enthusiastic kisser, a lip sucker. It was nice, but she had some major retouching to do. She pulled her kit out and put everything to rights. Then she brushed out her straight, thick, chestnut hair and gave herself a good look.

She'd decided to play up the Christmas angle today and was wearing a red halter made out of some metallic-looking material, with a deep, draping neckline. Every time she bent over, she gave full view of her gold lace demi-bra—which was the point, obviously. These boys liked their titties, and she had good ones. Natural, too, with good nips.

She straightened her black knit mini again and made sure her red patent-pleather boots were smooth and tall. Santa's sexy elf. All she needed was a little hat. Okay. Ready for the next round. She headed out to play waitress. You'd think she'd mind it—she spent 45 hours a week in a blue and white polyester uniform actually *being* a waitress—but she liked serving these guys. If a girl had the right attitude and an open mind, they were fun. And Ronnie had the right attitude and the right mind.

She knew that a lot of the club girls—they never referred to themselves as Crow Eaters; they were just the girls—had their eyes on the prize. They wanted to be old ladies. They wanted to wear a Son's mark. Ronnie got that. She did. But it just wasn't for her. She had no interest whatsoever in being branded, in being owned—and that's how most of these guys saw it, far as she could tell. If they took an old lady, it was a property thing. Yuck.

Ronnie was no dummy, either. She saw the way that old ladies got targeted around here. Shit, Opie's first old lady got herself killed in a drive-by. Then Gemma herself—queen of

the clubhouse—had been gang-raped,. And then, right before a bunch of Sons went inside, Tara had been abducted by some psycho gunning for Jax. No thank you. The other girls could have their dreams of old lady-hood. Ronnie wanted no part of it.

She wasn't a romantic girl. She didn't want anything serious with any guy, really. She liked being the captain of her own ship, doing what she wanted when she wanted it, without a care about what anyone else wanted. Sure, she was at the beck and call of every single Son and their old ladies when she was at the clubhouse, but when she wasn't, it was like she didn't exist to them. Her life was exactly as much her own as she wanted it to be.

Besides, bad boys were bad boys. Fun to be around, usually damn great in the sack (if you weren't all gooey and romantic about sex) but absolute shit as partners. They were violent, self-centered, and domineering. Thinking you could love one of them into becoming a decent human being was just fucking delusional. She'd tried that. Then she'd wised up.

What the Sons wanted from the girls was willingness, plain and simple. Be there, be game for whatever they were in the mood for, move your ass and get them what they wanted. Be there, and be willing. A girl who could do that would have a place in the clubhouse, and that did bring certain benefits. Hell, even looks were secondary to availability—though they sure didn't hurt.

What Ronnie got with the Sons was a fuck pretty much whenever she wanted it—often more than one. She always a place to spend every Friday night—and most nights, if she was of a mind She had a place to spend the holidays, too. She just a place to be if when wanted one. And she had a whole crop of big, armed, seriously badass bad boys who, if she needed it (and she had, a couple of times), would totally mutilate anyone giving her grief. The Sons didn't normally give the club girls more than a thought or two, but they were territorial, and if a girl didn't get all swoony and flowery about them, she could use that pack mentality to her advantage.

She knew a couple of girls who'd started hanging out with the Sons specifically because they were hiding out from some fisty son of a bitch. It was a good plan, as long as the girl didn't start thinking of the Sons as her heroes. See them for what they are, take them as they come. That was Ronnie's motto.

“Ronnie! What the fuck are you doing in there! Come on!” Gemma was just about beating the door down. Patience? Not really Gem's strong suit. Ronnie turned quickly to check out her ass—nice and pert—and opened the door.

Gemma was clearly irritated. “Let's move it, chicky. We got men to feed.” She turned and stalked down the hallway. Ronnie followed. If the girls had a boss, it was Gemma.

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The meal was great. Moods were great. The booze was flowing. Ronnie had landed in various laps as she ferried plates of food, mugs of beer, and glasses of liquor around to the men. They'd all quickly discerned that she was panty-less. She'd had so many fingers inside her during dinner she'd lost count. That couldn't be hygienic. Fun, though.

Unfortunately, she'd gotten saddled with dish duty, and found herself stuck in the kitchen, alone, long after things had really started to heat up. The music changed from background noise to pumped up party music. Fuck. Then she heard a big crash and a chorus of laughter. She went to the door to see what was up. Someone had flattened the big Christmas tree that Gemma, Tara, and Lilli—the club old ladies—had put up earlier in the day.

She looked around. The Sons were pairing up. Even Tig looked occupied, with two girls on his lap. Fuck. Well, at least she'd had Chibs earlier. She turned back to the dishes and got them done as fast as she could.

When the dishwasher was running and the rest of the dishes were washed and drying on the rack, she went straight to the bar and poured herself a tall glass of tequila and drank it down. She needed to catch up. Being sober in this drunk crowd was no damn fun.

After pouring herself a refill, she turned and took another survey of the room. Not a loose Son anywhere. She considered seeing if she could get in on Tig's action, but she decided she wasn't in the mood for an orgy. The logistics got tough to manage once there were more than three people involved.

With a sigh, she turned and crossed her arms on the bar, laying her head on them, allowing herself a moment's dejection. Well, this made Christmas a lot less fun.

Then Juice came in the door. He'd been around all day, looking distracted. When she hadn't seen him in the barroom, she'd just assumed he'd gone back with somebody. Looked like he was free now. Oh, now, that brightened things up considerably. Juice was fucking hot. His body was—well, it was nigh on perfect. He shaved everything—absolutely everything—which Ronnie thought was kinda weird, but there wasn't much she liked better than getting her hands on rock hard abs like his.

He still looked distracted and not much full of Christmas cheer. She'd noticed he'd been hangdog a lot the past few weeks. He walked behind the bar and poured himself a glass of tequila. She smiled and waved her almost-empty glass at him. "Give a girl a refill?"

He said simply, "Sure," and filled her glass. No smile. Juice was usually good for a smile, and his was one in a million. Distracted, definitely.

"You don't seem like you're feeling the Christmas joy today, Juice. Anything I can do to help?"

She watched as he put his glass to his mouth and poured the tequila down his throat. He set the empty glass on the bar and poured another; he still hadn't answered her. He tossed back the next glassful. She was just deciding that he wasn't in a friendly mood, when he set his empty glass down again and said, "Yeah, okay." He took her by the wrist and pulled her along. She was hoping for the apartment—she liked to get this boy naked—but he turned for the weight room.

On her knees, then. No problem. She preferred the weight room to the barroom, anyway. The one thing Ronnie wasn't thrilled with was going down on a Son in the middle of a crowd. She'd do it, and she'd make it good, but it wasn't her favorite thing ever. So the weight room was a step up.

He pulled her in—not being a jerk about it, just leading her—and leaned against the wall next to the bench press. That's it. He just leaned there. Okay . . . she knelt in front of him and opened his camo pants. Most of the Sons wore 501s, black or dark wash. Juice wore those, too, but he favored camo pants or navy work pants. He also wore his t-shirts much more fitted than the other guys. There was some personal vanity in this boy. Him and Jax—the pretty, pretty boys.

She opened his pants and pulled his cock out over his boxers. He was soft. Huh. That was unusual. She looked up at him; his head was tipped back on the wall. She could see that his eyes were closed. She put him in her mouth and sucked hard. Ah, there. He swelled and filled her mouth. Much better.

She was good at this; she knew she was. She'd had lots of practice around here, that was sure. But Juice wasn't doing much reacting. So she brought her A game. She might have no interest in being an old lady, but she certainly wouldn't mind becoming a favorite of one of the hot Sons; always better to be in bed with a six-pack body than with a beer-keg body like Bobby's. But even with all her tricks—sucking, squeezing, applying just the right kind of pressure in just the right places, the occasional, well-placed nibble—her knees were screaming before his hips started to move. Damn, this boy was elsewhere.

But his hips did finally start to move, and his hands moved to her head and grabbed on. She picked up her pace and really went at him—she didn't want to lose him while she had him—until he grunted, just once, the only sound he'd made, and spurted into her mouth.

She swallowed it down, moaning like his semen was made of chocolate. Guys did like a sign that women enjoyed what they gave them. When he was done and she pulled off, he packed himself back into his pants and walked out of the weight room while she was still on her knees. Not a word.

She had a brief second where she felt offended. It was Christmas, after all. Some acknowledgement that she was in the room might have been nice. But she shook all that off with a sigh and got up, relieved to finally be off her knees.

The bathroom was unoccupied, so she ducked in to see if she needed another refresh; things looked okay. Her lip gloss was gone, but that was about it. She fluffed her hair and went back out to the barroom. Maybe somebody was ready for a different partner.

And oh, look. There was Tig, in search mode. She smiled and sauntered on up.

A/N: Deanna and Kay appear in the first chapter of Danger and Play. There's a reference to a discussion between them; here is that discussion. It's told from Deanna's POV.

DEANNA AND KAY

Happy grabbed Deanna's arm as she walked past the bar. She turned, and he said "Beer." Before she had any opportunity to say anything, he let go of her arm and went back to whatever he was talking about with Jax and Bobby. She made an effort not to listen. If they thought you were listening in, it could go pretty badly, depending on who it was. Happy, for instance. Deanna preferred to stay off his radar. He was not a nice guy.

But it was a lot easier to stay off his radar, actually, now that he was married. All the girls knew not to initiate with him—a couple of girls had taken a beating and been sent off, and that had made the message pretty clear—and usually he barely noticed them anyway. Deanna figured his old lady must be built of steel to take Happy, and she was welcome to him.

She took a quick look and saw that they were all drinking the bottled stuff Happy liked, so she went back to the fridge and got three bottles. She opened them and brought them out, setting them on the bar and taking the empties away.

She had just put the empties in the recycling bin in the kitchen when Gemma came in. "Dee, I need you. Got a new girl. Bobby likes her, but she's having trouble. Give her the 2-bit tour, would you?"

Deanna sighed. Playing Big Sister would probably mean cleanup duty while the other bitches got busy. "She worth the effort? I'd rather not spend the night talking her through it if she's just gonna rabbit anyway." It wasn't a great idea to push back at Gemma, but Deanna had worked a 12 at the mini-mart, and she was feeling bitchy.

Gemma gave her a look that said her tether was short. "She came back, two Fridays in a row. And like I said, Bobby likes her. So talk her through. She runs, tough shit. Her name's Kay. You'll know her when you see her."

Deanna went out and looked around. Saw the newbie right away. She was a big girl—probably one of the bigger Deanna had seen around the club. But Gem had said that Bobby invited her. Bobby liked his women thick and soft. Phil did, too, so, ironically, this Kay probably had a better shot at making old lady than most of the other bitches around here. Phil was young and stupid and ripe, if a girl could stand to pluck him. She laughed at her little pun.

She looked terrified, cowering in the far corner of the room. What the hell was she here for, if she was so scared? Maybe Deanna could just scare her off and get back to business. She went over.

“You Kay?”

The girl looked up with a start, hesitated, and then nodded. She wasn't a bad looking girl, despite her size. Mid-twenties, maybe. She had long, thick auburn hair and a pretty face. Her eyes were light brown. Freckles over her nose. Cute. She was having a fucking wardrobe emergency, though—jeans, with a plain blue t-shirt tucked in, no belt. She held a huge purse on her lap. Deanna tried to figure out what had caught Bobby's eye, because . . . her hair. Had to be her hair. All the boys had some kind of twitch, and Bobby's was hair. As twitches went, that one was nice. Harmless. A girl could get a nice brush-out out of it. And Kay's hair *was* really nice. Looked like her natural color, even.

Miss Personality she wasn't, though. Deanna held out her hand. “Hi. I'm Deanna.” Kay shook it, and Deanna sat down next to her.

“You look a little freaked, Kay. Makes me wonder why you're here.” Might as well be direct. Not like she cared one way or the other if this skittish woodland creature stayed hanging around.

Kay shrugged. “Bobby invited me.”

Good thing the Sons weren't looking for chicks to chat with. “And how d'you know Bobby?”

“He comes into my work sometimes.”

Deanna really made an effort not to snap; she sighed heavily instead. “Where you work, sugar?”

“Douglas Hardware. On Prescott.”

Time to try another topic. This one was pointless and boring. “So Bobby invited you. Last week, right? But why'd you come back? You like it?”

“I don't know. I guess.”

Oh, good Lord, this girl was a complete fucking lost cause. “Hey, hon. You need a ride or something? I can call you a cab.”

“No. I want to stay.” She clutched her purse closer to her.

At the pool table, a collective shout rang out—Deanna looked over. Chibs and Tig were hugging, the other Sons were laughing. Then Chibs and Tig both turned and grabbed girls. Some kind of bet, now some kind of celebrating. And Deanna was over here with Ugly Betty. Wasn't that just great.

Okay. Playing nice was doing nothing but getting her stuck in the world's dullest conversation with the universe's dullest gash. "Sugar, here's the deal. You're here because a Son invited you. Great. But if you ain't family and you ain't a real friend, then you're here because he wants to fuck you. He didn't ask you on a date, though. He invited you *here*. That means that, if you stay, and if you want to keep staying, then *any* Son who wants to fuck you gets to. And anybody they tell you to fuck. There's other stuff, but if you can't handle that, then there's no point in telling you the rest." She sat back and crossed one leg over the other. "So where do you stand on getting fucked?"

Kay said nothing, just looked at her, eyes wide, lip trembling. Deanna was almost consumed with impatience, feeling a near need to slam either Kay's head or her own back against the wall behind them. "Yeah, I'm calling you a cab. Unless you have a car—but this is no place for you." She patted Kay's leg and started to stand.

Kay grabbed her arm; her grip was strong and emphatic. "No. I want to stay. I'm okay with . . . with the fucking thing."

Yeah, that was convincing. Deanna considered this strange girl for a moment. Hard to believe she'd ever even *been* fucked. She had two choices: force the point and send her packing, or take her at her word, show her the ropes, and let her hang herself with them.

The Sons were sorted out—including Bobby, by the way, who'd apparently given up on the girl. If she sent Kay packing, she'd be cleaning up until somebody was ready for a new girl. So what the hell. Her call. Maybe there'd be some glory in shaping her up. "Okay, sugar. Then let's get started. Come with me." She stood. Kay stood with her, and they went into the kitchen.

To the extent that she could, considering most of the rooms were occupied and there were guys getting blown all over the barroom, Deanna showed Kay around the clubhouse. She explained about cooking, cleaning, and serving. About the way it worked with the rest of the girls. About staying the fuck out of the Sons' conversations. About Gemma and the old ladies. About the Sons who had old ladies and therefore were big trouble and best to try to steer clear of. About the consequence of turning down any Son, even the ones who had old ladies.

Kay took it all in like she was sitting in a classroom. Deanna more than half expected her to pull a notebook out of that purse she wouldn't let go of and start taking notes.

Here was the point in the spiel where Deanna would normally give some hints about each Son's "special needs." This girl, though? She was fairly well convinced little miss Kay here was a virgin. She might just implode if Deanna got too specific. But why the *fuck* would a virgin come to party with the Sons?

"You know what, sugar? Come with me. Let's go outside and talk for a minute." She looped her arm through Kay's and led her outside.

It was fairly quiet out there, and Deanna led Kay behind the ring, to the ancient sofa. She sat her down. The sofa was rank with the funk of years of man sweat. “Kay, I want to tell you about the fellas, but first I want you to answer me honest. These guys ain’t in the business of on-the-job training. You even had sex before?”

Kay looked at her purse, perched on her lap. “Yeah.”

“Scuse my bluntness, but it’s for your own good. These boys do it every which way. You ever blow a guy? Get butt-fucked?”

“Yeah. Both.” Still looking down.

She was either lying, or Deanna was shocked. But no point not taking her at her word.

“Ever eat out a girl? Anybody ever eat you out?”

“No. Yeah.”

Huh. Well, that covered most of the bases, anyway. No real way to prepare for Tig. She’d just have to experience that on her own. “Okay, well, you can expect all that and more from the Sons. They all have their little weird twitches, too. Some weirder than others. So you need to decide if you’re okay with it, because saying no to a Son is a one-way ticket out the door. If you’re not okay with it, then that’s fine—you should know that, be true to it. We’ll get you home and you can go back to your regularly scheduled life. If you *are* okay with it, you and I need to talk clothes and makeup. Pronto. You’re one big Glamour Don’t, top to bottom.”

Kay finally looked up. “If I stay, does that make me a hooker?”

Deanna laughed hard. She was starting to think Kay was pretty cute. Like a little lamb. “No, sugar. We ain’t hookers here. Hookers get *paid*.”

“But I’ll be safe here?”

That set Deanna back a little. What was this girl’s story? She squinted at her, trying to look into her eyes, but Kay wouldn’t hold a look. Not her business, she supposed. “Yeah. The Sons take care of what’s there’s. If you’re welcome here, you’re protected. And a lot of the guys are nice to us. Bobby’s one of the nice ones, and he likes you.”

“And I can stay here?”

Cocking her head, Deanna said, “What—you mean like overnight? Only if a Son tells you to. This isn’t a place to live, sugar. This is just a place to spend time. You have a place to live, right?”

Kay was silent, but she clutched her bag tighter. Deanna was getting a sense.

“Let me see what’s in your bag, sugar.” She reached out and grabbed at the opening. Kay started to fight her off and then, suddenly, relented. The purse was cheap polyurethane and had a drawstring mouth; Deanna opened it wide and peered in.

It wasn’t a purse. It was a suitcase. She looked up at Kay, who, this time, finally, met her eyes steadily.

“What’s your story, Kay?” No response. Kay went back to her deep study of her lap.

Well, fuck. Deanna could feel the urge building in her. Fuck, fuck, fuck. All the stray puppies, kittens, broken-winged birds she’d brought home, making her mother insane. The nests of baby bunnies orphaned by her granddad’s lawnmower, fed with eyedroppers round the clock. The injured skunk.

Deanna had a thing for lost souls.

She was definitely not getting fucked tonight. She sighed. “Okay, sugar. Here’s what we’re gonna do. You and me are going to go in and take cleanup detail. Ain’t gonna get action anyway. We’ll clean up, and I’ll take you to my apartment. Ain’t much, but the couch folds out. You can stay there while you figure shit out.”

Kay’s eyes were starting to shine annoyingly. “Don’t fuckin’ cry, though. You do have a job at the hardware store—that was true?” Kay nodded. “Good; you can help out a little with bills or food or something.”

Blinking back the forbidden tears, Kay said simply, “Thank you.”

“Yeah, whatever. You sure about this, sugar? The clubhouse and my foldout—that’s better than what you had?”

Kay nodded.

“Okay, let’s get inside, then. While we’re cleaning, I’ll tell you what all else you need to know. And tomorrow, we’re going to Wal-Mart. Your clothes suck.”

A/N: Written in collaboration with the brilliant and wonderful MuckyShroom (our Catherine Johnson). Sally is a crossover from her fics.

SALLY

"Fuck! Woman how many times do I have to spell it out for you? You're my Old Lady. You are not a patch. Keep your goddamn nose out of club business."

Gemma found herself pinned to the wall by Clay's steely blue gaze. She was still, very, very still. What she wanted to do was step right into his face and tell him that this club was as much hers as it was his, that it was in her blood. She'd been there at its birth, she'd given her whole life, everything to this club. Her husband, her son, her soul; it was all dedicated to SAMCRO. But she didn't. Experience had her keeping her breathing regular and deep, her face blank, her limbs still. She knew that if she moved now the back of his hand would connect with her cheek before she'd even see it coming. Sure the arthritis was eating away at the strength of his grip, but it wasn't having any effect on the rest of his arms. If she wasn't careful, she'd be sporting a black eye at the very least by morning. So she stayed very, very still.

Taking her lack of reaction and silence as both submission and apology, Clay shook his head in frustration and left the small office which adjoined the garage bays, flinging the door carelessly closed as he did so.

Gemma maintained her position against the wall until the door banged shut and stayed shut. Releasing a long and shaky breath she sagged, stumbling over the worn office chair and falling into it. She dropped her head into her hands, her elbows resting on the cigarette scarred desk. She listened to the growl of Clay's Harley as he tore out of the lot heading God only knew where. Her anger began to mix with the adrenaline surging in her system. How dare he! How fucking DARE he tell her this was none of her business! Frustration at the knowledge she was still powerless to contradict him, at least for the moment, burned in her throat like rising bile.

She massaged her scalp with her fingertips. Tonight was not the time for action. She would have to keep her head down for a while. The best plan would be to act quiet and docile for a few days, let him think she was cowed, and during that time she'd figure out which pieces to move on the chessboard, how to push the right buttons, to manoeuvre things in a more suitable direction. Yep, tonight was not a night for action, tonight was a night for tequila.

She ran her fingers through her hair and shook it out a little. She leant back, reaching into the desk drawer for a spare pack of smokes and lighter. With this many nicotine junkies on the lot there was always half a pack somewhere, lighters however seemed to be rarer than gold dust. Brows drawn in consternation she fished around in the drawer, shifting the office debris inside around irritably. She slammed it shut and checked the other draws in the same manner. Goddamn those boys! Jesus H Christ they must have piles of fucking lighters stashed somewhere like hundred dollar bills. With another

muttered curse and a promise to herself to search the bedside cabinets in the dorm rooms the next day—well, maybe not in Tig's room—Gemma pushed herself up and away from the desk. She grabbed the set of keys from the desk and flicked out the light before locking the door behind her. She crossed the blacktop which glowed vaguely in the beams of the floodlights dotted around and headed for the clubhouse in search of someone with a lighter, a match or even a fucking flint.

Pushing open the heavy door of the clubhouse, she stepped into the heavy gloom and stale beer and smoke smell of the barroom. It was still early evening, just past twilight, but she was surprised that it was empty. Most of the boys were still out doing whatever the fuck it was they did that was above her fucking pay grade—being only an old lady and all, as if she didn't singlehandedly run the damn place most of the time.

She stalked to the bar and hunted around behind it until she finally dug up a frayed, half-used matchbook. Not a lighter, but any port in a storm. She struck a match and lit her cigarette, taking a moment for a good, long, calming drag. Sliding the matchbook into the cellophane around the pack—didn't want to lose it—she grabbed a bottle of Patrón and a shot glass and had herself a seat.

She poured a shot and tossed it back, then took another long drag. Now that she was starting to calm down, she realized that, though she was currently alone in the barroom, she wasn't alone in the clubhouse. Someone had turned the stereo system on, for one, thing, and some godawful 70s metal was playing. And she heard slamming and clattering in the kitchen. She considered going in to see who was thrashing around in her kitchen, but decided she didn't want to deal with drama right now. She poured herself another shot. She picked it up and stared morosely down into the clear liquid.

Fucking Clay. Fucking gorilla. He knew full well she was his best advisor, but whenever she had something to say that he didn't like he pulled this "You're just an old lady" shit and his fists got lively.

Well, she'd get her way. She'd just have to work another angle. She always got her way in the end. She tossed the second shot back.

Then Sally came out of the kitchen; it had been her making the ruckus. She saw Gemma and pulled up short. "Oh, hi Gem."

Gemma nodded without looking at her. "Sally. Hope you didn't break any of my shit having your tantrum in there."

"No. Everything's intact. Never know I was there."

"Good. I'd ask if you have a problem, but I really don't give a shit. I'll offer you a drink, though."

Sally grabbed a shot glass from behind the bar and sat next to Gemma. “Sure, what the hell.”

Gemma poured the two drinks and pushed Sally’s glass towards her. Sally threw her head back as she swallowed the liquid fire, and shook herself as she set the empty glass down heavily on the bar. Gemma contemplated her own drink for a moment, turning the glass in her fingers, before downing it. Sally seemed to be staring at a spot in the space somewhere between the bar top and the bottles lined up on the wall behind it. Gemma snagged her glass and refilled it, deciding to leave her own empty for the moment rather than stay two shots ahead. It would be careless, and light a neon “Trouble in Paradise” sign up if she got sloppy in front of one of the club girls.

Sally took the glass with barely a sideways glance and downed it. Seeing the look on the young woman’s face Gemma sighed inwardly. Talking of trouble in paradise, Gemma knew she’d have to at least ask what the matter was. Personal shit could stay personal, but on the off chance that this involved one of the boys, and knowing that Sally was a favourite if Tig’s there was a good chance it did, then Gemma would have to get to the bottom of it and shoot whatever was brewing down.

“OK darlin’, gonna tell me what’s eatin’ you?”

Sally jerked when Gemma spoke, looking so lost in her own thoughts that she’d almost missed the fact that someone was asking her a question.

“Just tryin’ to keep my head straight Gem.”

That didn’t fill Gemma with hope that this snit was about a utility bill. “Who’s got it twisted?”

Sally turned with one eyebrow raised. Gemma thought that a “Mind your own fuckin’ business.” Might have been on the end of Sally’s tongue, but the girl was obviously taking a beat to keep that particular sentiment locked down in the pit where it should be.

“Tig.”

Gemma almost rolled her eyes. Some sort of expression must have shown on her face because Sally continued.

“You don’t need to say it Gem, it’s OK. I get it really I do. I’m here as pussy and extra pair of hands, got that message no problem. It’s just... fuck’s sake... I’ll work it out Gem, I’ll get it straight.”

“I’d ask what he’s done now, but I’ve heard some of the rumours. Can’t say I’m really sure I wanna know.”

“He’s not done anything he don’t usually do.” Sally shrugged. “I guess I’m just feelin’ a little neglected. I’m usually his girl for the freaky stuff, but he’s been spendin’ a lot of time with Trudy lately.” She gave Gemma a hard look. “I ain’t getting’ any ideas about ink an’ shit. I’ll deal.”

Gemma poured her another shot, and Sally tossed it back without really looking or seeming to think about it. “You thought being game for whatever freaky shit he could come up with made you special?” She let contempt flavour her laugh. “Oh, darlin’.”

Sally shoved the empty shot glass away and huffed. “That’s bullshit, Gem. I walked into freaky shit with Tig, right out of the gate. Didn’t know what I was in for, didn’t know I had a choice. But lettin’ a fuckin’ trout get shoved up my pussy ought to be worth a little extra consideration, I think.” She pulled her glass back and reached over for the tequila. She poured herself a shot and one for Gemma, too.

Gemma let the shot sit for a moment. “A trout? I heard about the little pedicure fish, but a *trout*? That boy is not well.” Sally didn’t respond, so Gemma, curious now, asked, “How was it?”

“Felt like I had a big fish up my twat. Gettin’ it out was the worst part—the scales went the wrong way. It wasn’t sexy. Not for me, anyway.” Sally downed her shot. Then she grinned, and shivered. “The doctor fish were nice, though. Real nice.”

Gemma poured Sally another. Girl was getting warmed up, and Gem was curious. She was getting a little warmed up herself, truth be told. The warm buzz of the alcohol in her system was making her limbs feel light and languid. Everything felt pleasantly fuzzy. The CDs in the stereo had automatically rotated. It must have been one of the girls that had left this disc in, it wasn’t anything the boys would be caught listening to unless they were getting a lap dance at the same time. It was a lot easier on the ears. Her eyes kept straying to Sally’s cleavage. “Tiggy’s got a little scientist in him. Any other interesting experiments?”

Gemma was genuinely intrigued. It wasn’t often that any girl that Tig ‘experimented’ on stuck around to talk about it. Most scampered off never to be seen again. The odd one or two that had stayed for another month or so before disappearing refused to talk about it. They seemed ashamed somehow, like it was something that they shouldn’t have let happen to themselves.

The boys usually cut him off when he started to go into detail about his plans or adventures, especially when he started to talk about dead people. They didn’t think any less of Tig because of his adventurous side, but that didn’t mean that they wanted to hear about it in detail. Gemma had a sort of morbid curiosity, like passing a car crash and being unable to look away. She wanted to know just what her Tigger had been getting up to.

“Did you hear about the ice bath?” Sally asked.

“I heard something about it. Prospect was whinging that Tig had used all the ice for the bar.”

“Yeah well that was my first night here. Can’t say the bath was fun, but warming up afterwards was... yeah, that was better.”

“The warming up?”

“God bless Juice.” Sally reached for the bottle and refilled both their glasses. “If it wasn’t for him I might be missin’ a few finger tips.”

Gemma didn’t want to hear about Juice. That boy was so naïve sometimes that to think of him like that seemed less like ‘Cougar’ and more like ‘Peado’. “You didn’t enjoy it? The ice?”

“Fuck no! When it wasn’t burnin’ like acid I was shivering so hard I nearly broke my own bones.” Sally threw her shot back. “But he did add bubbles.”

It took Gemma a beat to make sense of those words in that order. “He put bath foam in with the ice?!”

“Yeah, it don’t last in water that cold though. I’ve got no idea what he was tryin’ to get out of it. I guess at least he used some lube, hardly a turn on, someone tryin’ to freeze you to fuckin’ death.”

Gemma could only nod in agreement at that. “Was the fish thing a bath thing too?”

“At first. He put those little fish in the bath. He wanted me all the way in, not just my feet.”

“And...?”

“Just ‘cause you only put your feet in the tank at the beauty parlour don’t mean that’s all they nibble on. Those little fuckers get everywhere, and I mean *everywhere!*”

“That’s gotta tickle like a bastard.”

“Hells yeah, until they get to the more... sensitive spots.” Then I’ve gotta admit, it feels pretty fuckin’ good. All those little mouths just nibblin’ away at you, like little sucky kisses.” Sally shivered again.

Gemma tried to imagine what that would feel like, all those little mouths paying homage all over her body. That would be, yeah, that would be interesting. She mirrored Sally’s shiver and tossed back her own shot. She made a vague mental note to call the heating

engineer in the morning; something must be up with the system because it'd suddenly got really warm in the room.

“I heard about the fruit thing too, something to do with Pinch’s sister givin’ Tiggy ideas.”

Sally grinned to herself and stretched on the barstool like a cat, rolling her shoulders and shaking her hair back over her shoulders. “That, that was a good night.”

Gemma refilled the glasses. Now this sounded like a tale worth hearing.

Sally went to pick up her glass, seemed to have trouble deciding how many shot glasses there were and which one was hers, and then just gave up. She turned to Gemma with a smirk. “Well. *Apparently* Cat told the boys about some customer who pays to watch her mash fruit between her tits, and—”

Gemma put her hand on Sally’s arm to interrupt her. “I’m sorry, baby. You’re gonna have to say that again.” She pushed Sally’s glass closer; maybe now she’d be able to find it.

Sally cleared her throat and sat up straight, brushing her hair back again. “He *pays*. To watch her mash *fruit*. Between her *tits*.”

“Jesus Christ.” Gemma was equal parts appalled and fascinated. She lit another cigarette, noticing that she had a little trouble with the lighting process. She decided she’d let that shot sit for a minute. Sally was well on her way around the bend, though, so as long as Gemma stayed in her wake, she’d be okay. But every time Sally brushed her silky hair back off her shoulders, Gemma had to hold back the urge to take a lock in her hands.

Damn, it was really hot in here. She was going to call first thing in the morning for sure.

Sally was getting her story revved up. “I *know*. Maybe Tig’s not as weird as we thought, right? *Anyway*. He comes into the kitchen when I’m unpackin’ groceries—you had some shindig comin’ up, I don’t remember which one, but we had a lot of food. Lot of fruit. And Bobby was makin’ banana bread, like he does. All of a sudden, Tig is huntin’ around the kitchen, squeezin’ fruit like he’s checkin’ out the goods at the farmer’s market, and gatherin’ up a bunch.”

Sally paused, caught her shot glass, and tossed the contents down her throat. With a robust “Ahhh,” and a little shake of her head, she went back to her story. “Well, I knew what he was up to. I mean, it’s Tig, after all, right? Not like he was in there to make fruit cocktail. He’s all fondlin’ the bananas and shit. And then he asks me if I’m up for a game or two. And I thought why not?”

She leaned in conspiratorially, “Honestly, I was already gettin’ wet just watchin’ him play with the fruit. Like I said, I knew what was up, and Tig’s a good lay, when he’s not

trying to turn me into a corpse.” Now she whispered loudly, “Have you seen his cock? It’s a great cock. Really.”

Thinking about Tig having a great cock wasn’t doing anything to cool the room down. Neither was thinking about Sally getting wet. Gemma squirmed in her seat and picked up her glass. She took a sip at first and then, rolling her eyes at herself, knocked the rest back.

Sally was sitting there with a silly-ass grin on her face and a thousand-yard stare in her eyes. Gemma nudged her with her elbow. “Go on, darlin’. The fruit. Tiggy wanted you to play some games.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. So he takes me back to his dorm, and we start mashin’ fruit in my tits. Raspberries and bananas. Doesn’t work that good. As fetishes go, that one’s extra weird but harmless. *But* Tig gets inventive and halfway peels a banana. At first I’m scared, ‘cuz the banana is real ripe, and I’m thinkin’ I’m gonna be in the ER getting banana goo flushed out of me and havin’ awkward conversations with medical professionals, y’know?”

Gemma nodded, mainly to keep Sally going. She’d been waiting for the sexy part, and it sounded like it was close.

Sally picked up her shot glass, but it was empty. She looked wistfully into the void. Gemma picked up the bottle and poured. A small, slow stream came out, and then the bottle was empty.

Shit. It had been more than half full. Had they—? Oh, what the fuck. She got up and went behind the bar for a new bottle. She poured Sally the first shot and then poured her own.

“Go on, darlin’. What did Tig do with the banana?”

“Well it gave a new meanin’ to ‘eatin’ out’. He pushed the peeled half into me, then ate the unpeeled half. It’s not somethin’ you can get off on, but bananas ain’t exactly small, and it moved every time he took a bit, all these little jerks. Of course he couldn’t get to all the banana, so he pulled it out eventually. Very frustratin’ from my point of view. I guess it gave him an idea though ‘cause he dumped the fruit and I ended up givin’ him a titty fuck.”

“I gotta say, it doesn’t sound like it was all that great for you darlin’.”

“It’s not something I get off on. I know some of the girls hate it, makes ‘em feel used, but I like it, I get to watch ‘em while they lose control. There’s only Bobby don’t work out nearly every day. Christ but they are a sight to behold when you see ‘em over you like that. Takes my breath away every time.”

Gemma was feeling a bit frustrated herself. This story was not turning out quite how she'd hoped. So far, the only orgasm flying around was Tig's; which was worthy, but not as interesting as all that. Then she noticed Sally was still staring into space and smiling. "It didn't end there?"

"Oooh no. Then we had to clean up. I knew I'd catch hell off Bobby if he caught me walking around with what was left of his bakin' stuff on me, so I begged a shower. Tig joined me, helped me wash up. He can be a bit harsh sometimes, he ain't the most delicate of fellas; but fuckin' hell when he's got you bent over and that cock is in you going so hard and deep that you think it's gonna come up your throat and you feel it in *all* the good places and its just that wonderful side of painful. That feels soooo fuckin' good. Jesus he has beautiful cock, it's long and thick an'... well, it's just fuckin' beautiful."

Gemma was finding it hard to catch her breath all of a sudden. Yeah she knew what that felt like, not with Tig, but Clay wasn't a small guy in any sense. Gemma noticed the flush blooming on Sally's cheeks and on the slopes of her breasts and she just couldn't help herself, she just had to reach out and see that hair was as silky as it looked. In doing so she brushed the backs of her fingers lightly along Sally's shoulder and up her neck. At first Gemma wasn't sure if her touch had been too light, but then Sally shuddered and looked over at Gemma, her eyes glittering with alcohol and something else. Gemma knew damn well her own eyes were shining the same way, and she didn't miss the subtle way that Sally leaned into her touch. The pulse between her legs that had been beating a slow and steady tempo jumped up a beat.

Gemma twisted a loose curl around her fingers, pulling so that the silken skein slipped away, then she brushed the backs of her fingers ever so lightly over Sally's cheekbone and around the shell of her ear.

Sally tilted her head to follow the path that Gemma's fingers traced. The thousand-yard stare was gone, Sally's burning gaze was fixed directly on Gemma. She wasn't pulling back, wasn't knocking her hand away and yelling in indignation. Gemma felt a wave of heat spread outwards from her core, felt her breasts swell and grow heavy with arousal. When Sally's lips parted unconsciously on a breath Gemma slipped her hand back to Sally's neck and pulled her close into a kiss.

It started innocently; a brief brush of softness, but it wasn't enough for Gemma. She increased the pressure on Sally's neck and kissed her harder, running her tongue along Sally's lips until the other woman opened up and let Gemma in.

Thrilled at the acquiescence, Gemma pushed her tongue in and let it slide sensuously along the contours of Sally's mouth. She brought her other hand up and rested it on Sally's chest, her fingers teasing at the base of her throat, the heel of her palm just above the rise of her breast. Sally moaned sweetly into Gemma's mouth, and Gemma let her hand skid slowly downward until Sally's firm, young breast was cupped in it. She felt the nipple pebbling under her palm.

She broke from the kiss and pulled slightly back. Sally was breathing heavily; her eyes were closed. She looked sweet and unguarded and hotter than hell. “Darlin’, let’s find a more private place.”

At that, Sally opened her eyes and took a second to refocus. “Yeah, Gem. Let’s.”

Gemma stood up. The room tilted and spun for a moment, but this wasn’t her first rodeo. She bent her knees a little and rode it out. While she did, she contemplated where they should go. Wouldn’t do to take a Son’s bed and then be caught out. The office. There was a better-than-average couch in there, and the odds anyone would need it at this time of night were low.

When the floor settled back on its axis, she took Sally by the hand and helped her off the stool. She tottered, and Gemma caught her. “You okay, honey?” They were chest to chest, breast to breast, and Gemma found the hem of Sally’s top and pushed her hand under it, rubbing the firm, unmarked skin of her belly. Her pussy clenched and she felt the wet that drenched her panties. It was rare these days for her to get so wet with so little stimulation—at the mere idea of it.

Sally took a deep breath and arched into Gemma’s touch. “I’m good, Gem, thanks.”

“Good. Then let’s go.” Gemma led Sally out of the barroom and down the hall.

When they got to the office, Gemma closed the door and walked right up to Sally, sliding her hands into her soft, silky hair and holding her head for a kiss. She pushed her tongue into Sally’s mouth and walked her backwards until they hit the couch.

Sally fell onto the cushions something less than gracefully and giggled. Then she reached up and caught Gemma’s hand, pulling her down to flop next to her. Gemma turned, intending to pick up the kiss where they’d left off, but, with a mischievous gleam in her slightly unfocused eyes, Sally held her off, pushing her back until she was mostly lying down, her legs still on the floor until Sally pulled them onto the couch and knelt between them.

She leaned over Gemma and kissed her chastely before scooting down and pushing Gem’s snug white tank top up to expose her Victoria’s Secret bra. Still with that sly grin, Sally pushed the bra up, leaving it hooked, baring Gemma’s tits. Gasping with anticipation, Gemma put her hand on Sally’s neck and pulled her down. When she felt Sally’s mouth on her nipple, she let her head drop back, and she closed her eyes.

It felt amazing. Sally’s mouth was small and soft, and she was gentle, her tongue flicking across Gem’s hard nipple, then sucking just *exactly* right. Clay could be—usually was—like a Hoover, as if he were actually trying to get something out of them.

Sally stayed on her breast for a long time, but not too long, and by the time she moved, Gemma had both her hands knotted in Sally’s hair and was moaning and writhing with

abandon. When Sally shifted away, gently loosening Gemma's fingers from her hair, Gemma whimpered and opened her eyes.

Sally was kneeling between her legs again. She wasn't smiling anymore—now her mouth was open slightly, and she was breathing almost as heavily as Gemma was. As Gemma watched, Sally opened her jeans and grabbed the waistband to yank them down. Gemma lifted her hips to help, and then she was bare from tits to twat, with a girl half her age looming over her. She started to feel self-conscious and then shook that shit off and reached up to pluck at Sally's top.

“I wanna see your tits, too, darlin’.”

Sally grinned and pulled off her top and bra in one move, tossing them to the floor next to the couch. She had beautiful young tits, and Gemma reached up to plump them in her hands. When she tweaked their nipples, Sally cried out and put her hands over Gemma's.

Gemma slid her hands up and around Sally's neck, pulling her down for another deep, soulful kiss. Sally started to grind her pelvis against Gemma's, and Gemma released her with a gasp. She lay back again as Sally scooted down even farther until her face hovered over Gemma's pussy.

Gemma's breath hitched at Sally's smouldering gaze before she leant forward, drawing her tongue through her folds. She maintained her stare as she laved attention on the delicate, slick skin. Gemma could only hold the eye contact for so long before she threw her head back over the arm of the sofa. One arm clutched the back of the sofa, anchoring her a little; the other found itself tangled in Sally's hair, holding her in place. Sally was working her clit now, alternating gentle little kisses with small nibbling bites. Gemma was about to scream at her to make her mind up about what she wanted to do when Sally started sucking firmly and at the same time slipped two fingers into Gemma's dripping cunt.

Gemma arched almost completely off the sofa, wordlessly screaming, allowing Sally to work her body. There was nothing like the touch of another woman. Although Gemma would call herself straight if you asked, sometimes she had an urge to explore her softer side, away from the constant surge of testosterone that usually swirled around her. Feeling Sally gently pump two slim fingers inside her whilst sucking insistently was like a gentle breath blown onto glowing embers to ignite a blaze. She cursed when she felt Sally draw back, just as she began to teeter on the brink of something wonderful.

Her angry words died in her throat as Sally moved up her body and unclasped her bra.

“Off.” Was the only word Sally uttered in a voice made hoarse by lust.

Gemma pushed herself up off the sofa just enough to grasp the hem of her tank top and pull it off, taking her bra with it. She lay back down again, dropping her clothing carelessly by the sofa. Sally remained over her, holding her weight on one arm. She

buried the fingers of her free hand back into Gemma's pussy, using her thumb to work her clit, squeezing her fingers and thumb together gently as she massaged the soft, wet skin. With a half smile she leant down and began to tongue Gemma's nipple, nipping and tugging with her teeth, drawing the delicate, pink stem out.

Gemma wanted to writhe but Sally was keeping her pinned with her hands and mouth and body. Heedless of who might hear, she voiced her arousal with a long, low moan. She felt Sally grin against her breast as she sped up the movements of her hand, gently brushing her ring finger over and over the delicate skin behind Gemma's pussy.

When Sally rose up enough to brush Gemma's lips with her own, Gemma licked at her mouth. It soon became a deep kiss. Gemma could taste her own musk on Sally's breath, and the thought had her driving her tongue into the young woman's mouth, their tongues tangling urgently. It was too much, that wonderful liquid heat was spreading over her skin. Gemma felt the waves begin to hit and embraced them, arching against the warm firm body above her as her orgasm crested over her. Sally swallowed her moans as she fed them into her mouth and continued working her fingers until the waves of Gemma's high receded, leaving her completely boneless and limp.

As Gemma wafted back down to earth from an orgasm unlike any she'd had in years, Sally rested her weight on her and relaxed, breathing deeply. For long moments, they were quiet and intimate, relaxing into each other without thought to what it meant, or what it might be perceived to mean.

When Gemma had regained some equilibrium, for a brief second, she considered sending Sally on her way and forgetting this ever happened. But it had happened, and it had been beautiful. She wanted to give something back. More even than that, she wanted to continue this moment. She wanted to taste the nectar that Sally had tasted. She stirred and sat up, bringing a relaxed and compliant Sally with her.

When they had changed positions, and Sally was on her back, Gemma, looming over her, propped on one elbow, smiled and said, "Your turn, darlin'." Then she dipped down and sucked Sally's lovely, tight nipple into her mouth. At Sally's gasp and arch, she sucked harder and slid her free hand under Sally's skirt.

She was wearing a tiny little thong; Gemma pushed it aside without a thought and slid three manicured fingers deep into Sally's wet, hot pussy. She curled her fingers as if she were beckoning someone nearer, and Sally cried out. Gemma smiled. She'd found the young thing's special place. And on the first go. She curled her fingers again, watching to see exactly when Sally reacted most strongly. When she had it, she stayed there, rubbing that spot, her thumb on Sally's clit, her mouth drawing Sally's nipple deep.

Sally was writhing and moaning, her cries filling the room every time Gemma sucked her nipple deeper or pushed her fingertips harder against the wall at the top of Sally's tight cunt. Gemma scooted down, thinking to suck on Sally's clit and taste the sweet youth of

her, but then she changed her mind—or, no, she didn't change her mind, exactly. The picture in her mind just got bigger.

She lay back, pulling Sally into a seated position as she did so. Sally gave her a look, obviously thinking that she'd gotten Gemma off already and now it was her turn. Gemma smiled. "I want to suck your pussy, darlin', don't worry about that. Just flip around, though. Love for you to suck me while I suck you. You okay with that?"

At first, Sally just looked at her, her brow furrowed and her eyes unfocused. Then she got it, and she smiled. "I'm great with that, Gem." She flipped around, almost clocking Gemma in the face with her Payless platform sandals.

Gemma reached up and pulled the small thong clear of Sally's hips and down her legs. When it was free of those cheap shoes, she tossed it aside. Now Sally was bare to her, hovering over her. Gemma could smell her arousal and the sweet, soft scent of her soap. She reached up and grabbed her thighs, pulling her down onto her face.

There was a good chance that she was gripping Sally's thighs hard enough to bruise the girl's skin, but Gemma couldn't really have cared less. She held Sally firmly in place whilst she feasted on her smooth, sweet, shell-like skin. Gemma groaned as she delved her tongue into Sally's core, devouring every drop of moisture before working her way up to the hard nub of her clit. When she wrapped her lips around it, Sally cried out and arched, grinding her hips down, almost smothering the woman beneath her. Gemma took it in her stride, using lips teeth and tongue as Sally continued to thrust her hips onto her face. In turn Gemma jerked her own hips to remind Sally of what she was supposed to be doing. Taking the hint, Sally dived in again.

As Sally was gently biting Gemma's clit, sending delightful sparks of electricity right through her body, Gemma smoothed her palms up over the younger woman's hips and down over the cheeks of her ass. Even as she consumed the heat of the woman crouched over her, Gemma sought fresh delicacies. Spreading the cheeks of Sally's ass with her hands she gently rubbed one thumb over the dark rose hidden there. Pausing momentarily to lick her thumb to moisten it, Gemma pushed insistently at the tender skin. As she gained access she felt Sally stretch, letting out a long moan, before redoubling her efforts at Gemma's own sopping pussy.

As Gemma gently pistoned her thumb into that tight iris, Sally began a long, undulating moan. Gemma could feel the sound vibrating on her clit as Sally's tongue moved energetically over and over her, sending her into paroxysms of coming pleasure.

The two women arched against each other, desperate for as much skin-to-skin contact as possible. Pebbled nipples brushed insistently against soft stomachs as they worked each other's flesh, climbing higher and higher towards ecstasy. Eventually they peaked, drowning in scent and movement and moisture; grinding and moaning against each other, burying their cries in delicate flesh.

Neither of them saw the shadow just beyond the window of the office. Both lost in each other's pleasure, they were oblivious to shrouded figure of Chucky, standing just beyond the reach of the slickly yellow light of the fluorescent bar in the small room. His *hand*, if you could call the assemblage of plastic joints such a thing, was furiously working inside his pants, jerking back and forth. He wanted to glance around, to check that they were alone, that no one else was watching, no one else would intrude; but he couldn't keep his eyes from the glorious sight beyond the glass. Even the catch of the cheap prosthetic on his most delicate skin couldn't dissuade him from continuing. Biting his own lip hard enough to draw blood, he erupted wordlessly in a flood of sticky warmth as the women inside the light reached their own peaks simultaneously.

Gulping down his own moan of satisfaction Chucky quickly whipped his hand from his trousers and pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, briskly wiping his hand on the cheap cloth before refastening his fly and ensuring that he was neat and presentable. He took a deep lungful of the warm night air and let it out in a long breath, regaining his composure before returning to the clubhouse, affording the women inside some privacy as they straightened their own clothing, readying themselves for the return from fantasy to reality.

No one would believe him if he decided to expose the illicit tryst, the women involved would deny him until their last breaths; but none of that mattered. He would never betray his surrogate Mother; her secret was safe with him.