

*“When I was younger, I was a beggar by circumstance,
When I got older, I remained a beggar by choice.”*

Beggar

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**For all those people who had
A rough start in life and never
Gave up!!!**

For the full experience: -

Playlist:

1. The Chain Smokers ft Rozes – Roses
2. Dorothy – Raise hell
3. Dustin Lynch – Mind Reader
4. Brentley Gilbert – kick it in the sticks
5. The Civil Wars - Barton Hollow
6. Eli young band - Crazy girl
7. Gavin James – Bitter pill
8. Florida Georgia – Stay
9. Jake Owen - don't think I can't love you
10. John Newman – losing sleep



BEGGAR

The wind is colder today, makes me wish I had something warmer than the thin hoody I nipped off some kid two years back. I shiver in the small space between the bins hearing the raucous coming from the building I'm leaning on.

A year ago, it was just a rundown 3-storey dump. From today, it'll be known as a club called, Lazers.

The people scream and cheer. Their loud laughs echo in my dead soul.

I've never known a day of being normal or having a hot plate of food to eat. I don't even know what it feels like to have a bath. The streets of Washington have been my home since the day I was born.

I think I stayed in the hospital a few times but I'm not sure, I was too young to remember.

It's safe to say my mother loved me a little too much, because she wouldn't give me up. She rather I be born without a blanket to keep me warm than abort me or give me up for adoption.

Many times, she explained things to me, she'd say that I was a love child, and my daddy would one day find us and take us to his home. But he never came, and my mother didn't seem too beat up about it either. As the years went on by, I learnt to survive on these streets, I even learnt to smile.

Somehow by sheer luck my mother managed to get me in a school when I turned seven.

I was the dirty kid.

The one with lice in her hair.

The pity child who was always taking the lunch or scraps other kids left on the back wall during break.

By the end of the first year they called me Street girl. No one played with me, but I never let their words or actions bother me.

I kept my eyes on my school work.

My mother told me that if I focused on my grades and finished school, I'd be able to get a job when I got older. I remember just thinking that, we wouldn't have to stay on these streets.

Shelters weren't an option; they were the worst place we could go. We once ended up in the one on 16th Street.

We both had nothing to eat for two days. We were starving and I was getting weak. There was no other choice.

My mother tried everything to get a buck but no one was feeling generous,

not even for some scraps to eat. It was during my summer break.

While most kids ate their bellies full in those weeks, I was lucky if I got one meal a day. I never had a full belly then, didn't even imagine what it could feel like, but I didn't complain. I was alive, had all my fingers and toes.

Whenever I did complain about hunger pangs or frozen fingers my mother said I could've been unluckier. I could've been born without my arms or legs.

My mother's sanity had been questionable from time to time but she never let me beg, even when I asked. She always stashed me in some corner behind a bin or in an alley. Sometimes on weekends I'd sit on the pavement watching the cars go by.

But the day we went to the shelter was a bad day. I'll never forget that day. The nip in the air sent chills in my body. My small feet tripping over itself trying to keep up with my mother's hurried steps.

Her grip on my hand was so tight, it pained.

We got there just as they were finishing up, and she rushed us straight to the queue for the free sandwiches. I think I was around eight.

A group of the people who ran the shelter saw me that day. They tried taking me away from my mother by locking me in some storage room. I was screaming and crying.

I remember how I bit the lady that pulled me away. I think I scratched her too, I'm not sure, it was a while ago.

Somehow my mother managed to get me out of there and we kicked down, and didn't stop until we were at the river. We sat in silence and ate a slice of the tuna sandwich she had with her.

She stole three sandwiches that day. I was old enough to know they always gave one per person. I wasn't sure how she managed that, but grateful, it kept us fed for three days.

It was the first and last time we ever sort out a shelter.

That was also the first time she warned me about the system. I remember her words,

“You listen to me kid. Those houses they’ll put you in are far worse than living on the street. You can never get caught; you hear me.”

I stared at her crazy green eyes, and knotted black hair, then I nodded. My mother’s face was hollow, and her wrist so fragile, sometimes I feared she might just break and shatter into thousands of pieces. But she was tough and kept me safe.

She said bad things happened to the kids in the system. Many people thought she was crazy. Mad. But I believed her.

After that my mother always spoke to me about her life when she was younger, and the dangers she faced after entering a foster home.

At the ripe age of ten, I knew the horrors I’d face if I was taken away from her.

The rape and the abuse were what I dreaded the most. But I was born unlucky, because my mother got sick.

She was diagnosed with stage three lung cancer and didn't last two months after we found out.

I was just twelve when she died.

There were no parting touchy words she passed on to me.

No tears.

She just looked at me from the hospital bed.

And carried on looking even after the monitors blared through the room, even after the nurse lifted me up off the ground and carried a struggling me out of the room.

I could've maybe told myself that she smiled a little but I couldn't bring it to the forefront of my mind to have such foolish thoughts.

It was the same day, November 8th, that the system swallowed me in. I had no choice. Forced into it and for 2 weeks like any other 12-year-old faced with shit luck I stuck it out for a peanut butter sandwich in the morning and stale crackers at night.

But when your foster dad rapes you, you get the fuck out of dodge.

I did. But only after I took a tin opener to his throat.

I left the other kids in that shit hole and took my chances alone on the streets. I was bleeding and violated. My private places ached, but I didn't seek a hospital or anyone's help.

Instead I made my way to the train station that night and cleaned myself up in the public bathroom that smelled like shit

and puke. But to me, it was just another day of surviving; just another day in this fucked up-ness we call life.

The tissue paper I used to wipe the evidence away as the tear leaked silently down my cheek, was the one thing I made sure of, to never let happen again.

9 years have passed since then. Not much has changed in my life. No magical happenings or great jobs.

I didn't even finish school.

I'm still living on Washington streets. Still begging for scraps, because no one wants to hire a homeless 21-year-old with no I.D. I tried, many, many times.

I even tried stripping; apparently you need a 'P H D' to do that too.

Only now the cold is making it fucking hard to even breathe. But nothing is making me come out of my spot in-between the dumpsters. This is like a fucking luxury hotel in my world. I could get a good 3 or 4 hours sleep here.

The owner of Lazers saw me around a few times, he said he wanted to talk to me tonight when the place closed. I only agreed because he offered me a hot meal, something I've never had before. And I'm sure I can take him if he tries anything. I haven't lived this long being nice.

To survive years on the streets, you need rules. The first one is never trust anyone. You do that and you'd have no one

to identify your body. You'd be lucky if even made it to the morgue. Or worse, you could end up sold as a fucking prostitute for small pocket change. There's no way out of that one. Those pimps get you hooked on any crap they feel like sticking up your veins and it isn't always drugs.

The second rule- if you're a female, always stink, even if you manage to get to the river or a tap. You never clean up too nicely. Smelling bad keeps fuckers away.

The third rule- don't think someone is your friend, there's no fucking friends in this place, everybody wants something. I made that mistake a few times and almost got shot by a street gang last year, when this girl Tally told them I stole her drugs, the same drugs she shot up her veins.

And the fourth, and this is an important one, never steal. Many of us do, well most. I did it one time, just once, to a kid 2 years ago. I was fucking cold and hadn't eaten for days. I saw him stash a ten in the front pocket of his hoody and thought fuck it. I got the hoody, but only after he beat the fuck out of me. It turned out he was only short and was actually 17.

After he beat me, he took pity on me and gave me a hundred, it was sick, but I took the cash and it kept me fed for months. Since then, I hadn't had any problems. No run ins with trouble, well at least not anything worth adding to my nightmares. I never said I'm innocent.

You'd think I went through hell to survive on the street. Truth is, us homeless folks are all trying to survive. We spend more time fighting against nature and saving our strength until our next meal than we do fighting each other. Not to say that I have a clean slate or it's all peachy.

The back door next to the red dumpsters I'm resting between bangs open,

"I'm fine Zero!" A sweet female voice says.

"Den and Spades with us," Her heels click so close to me. I still.

"I didn't want you to worry. I wanted to come." There's a pause, no footsteps.

"You know I will." Her voice softens.

I roll my eyes, it's obviously a guy.

I liked a boy once, blue eyes, red Curly hair. He worked by the supermarket down town, he was cute, around my age now. I think I was fourteen or fifteen.

I used to beg three blocks away from the supermarket and instead of saving for a loaf of bread, the moment I had enough cash I went to the store to buy a lollipop. This happened on average- twice a day.

I'd wash my face and tidy myself up before I got there and I'd smile. I hated smiling, but he was cute.

The first few times I went, he scowled, looking at me like I'm gonna steal, as if.

About a week later a sign was posted on the display window, 'no homeless folks allowed'.

I didn't think it meant me, I made sure to clean up before I entered the place. I didn't have my always stink rule at that time, so I didn't think I looked homeless.

So, I was surprised when a few steps into the supermarket, he came storming up to me with a security guy trailing behind him screaming,

"Didn't you see the sign. No beggars, get your dirty ass outa here."

People stopped and watched but nobody said anything. I never liked a boy again, in fact when I see them, I look the other way except one time. One other time I liked a man. One other time I thought I loved him with all my heart. One other time and it was the last.

This girl is obviously lucky; I bet she's dating some guy in one of those fancy suits. I can't see her face, but just hearing her voice, I can tell she's a softy that wouldn't survive an hour in my world.

She's still talking to the person on the phone, but I can't hear much anymore because she's moved further away from me. I shift into my corner, my body still covered by a cardboard box I found in the dumpster. It's a few minutes later that I hear

her heels drumming closer to the club, closer to me. She's going really fast now by the way her heels are clicking on the tar. Maybe she's upset. I listen quietly because I ain't got nothing better to do, it's not like I have a TV or radio.

What's that sound? Other people's feet, heavy footsteps. My heart begins to race as I recognize those heavy footfalls, it's a man, shit, not man, men.

Scream bitch, scream for help, but she doesn't.

She's going to get herself in some deep trouble now. There's a struggle. I can hear a muttered curse and the sound of her shoe dropping,

“I'm a Satan Sniper you fuckwad, let me go.” Her screech sounds like she's struggling. They must have her against a wall, or in a strong hold, shit.

I don't see anything, only hear one of the men's response,

“I don't give a fuck. After I'm done with you bitch my friend here is gonna fuck you until you bleed and then I'm gonna slit your fucking throat.”

I listen to the swearing and her weak wails. Shit, she's going to get raped. Should I help? I wanna scream for her but what if they have friends around the alley just keeping watch, damn it to hell.

With a pounding heart I remove the cardboard box off my body. Once I'm sure they can't hear me, I crawl slowly out of

my nest. They don't notice me, but I ain't surprised by this. I give it a good few seconds then I peep around the dumpster.

The one guy is African American, bald and meaty. He's holding her neck in a chokehold with a gun pointed to her head.

The blonde guy is trying to get her jeans down, and struggling. Her make up is running down her cheeks, red locks sticking up in all directions.

God, she's so tiny and short.

I creep closer, sure not to draw attention to myself.

Blondie finally gets pissed when her jeans don't come down and slits it open, with a knife.

Wrong move.

Her spiked heel of her right boot gets him first in the nuts, then in the face when he bends down. She does some twisty move and gets out of the other guys neck hold. The men make a quick recover and both start hitting her.

Blondie slaps her across the face as the other guy upper cuts her. She screams and bends down, weaving.

Fuck, I know that if I don't help, they gonna kill her. I creep closer, still keeping to the dark. Her elbow makes contact with the throat of the man holding the gun, cutting off his oxygen.

The girl got moves.

His hands instinctively go for his neck causing him to drop the weapon a few feet away from me.

I don't think, just act.

Running out of the shadows I sprint to the gun, pick it up, click the safety off, and pull the trigger.

First bullet to the African Americans head, then to the blonde fucker's heart. Both kill shots, both drop dead.

How I managed to do that, is another story I don't wanna remember, my nightmare. The reason why I still beg on the streets for scraps. Why I never finished school, why I can't even get a fucking ID.

And why the world would always just know me as **Beggar**.



I speed up the incline at seventy miles per hour, my bike is killing it. The smell of burning rubber is doing no justice to the actual heat my Harley's taking. If the cops flashed me now, I'd be fucked. Not only did I leave my license back at the room we're staying in, but the club has no jurisdiction in DC.

The old deputy, Willis was shot a few weeks back. Although the bullet grazed him, he took his family up North for some desk job. The Prez didn't wanna bust the man's balls. We don't even have a chapter this side and hardly spend time in DC to really care enough to bribe him to stay.

The women wouldn't stop nagging about seeing the new club that opened up tonight which is the only reason we're here now.

I was in no way driving 23 hours so they could dance in some club because some punk ass Rockstar was attending.

My first vote was no but Chadley talked my woman, Falon into going.

I waited for her to say something, but she didn't.

One of the new prospects, Den brought it up the next day after church. He publicly announced Falon was joining the girls. I was fucking angry. She didn't say shit when I asked about it again the same night.

I understood that she wanted to keep us quiet because her dad was the President. The man and I served two tours together.

But keeping stuff from me was not something I was going to take, which was why I decided to say fuck-it to all her plans and tell the guys. The sooner I claimed her ass the better my life would be.

When I showed up the morning, they were due to leave, I could tell Falon was surprised. I waited to see if she would get on another brother's bike so I could disfigure the fuckers face. But one thing about Falon, she knows when not to push her luck.

She jumped behind me without a second thought. I was thrilled, but still too pissed. Which is why when we got to the hotel, I didn't book a room for myself. I doubled with Storm, our VP.

Unlike my other brothers, Storm knows about Falon and I. He doesn't like keeping it quiet, and always gives me shit when we're alone. Neither the fuck do I, but I do it for Falon, surprisingly Storm is doing it for me.

Falon is a petite 26-year-old, with a few heartbreaks, nothing too serious from what she's let slip.

I'm a 31-year-old man with a fakuva lot of baggage. But I didn't want her at the back of another brother's bike, so angry or not, here I was.

It didn't mean that we were okay. Right now, however, I wish we were.

I turn into 18th Street and my stomach tightens with a sick feeling. If I don't get to Lazers in the next few minutes my woman is not going to be okay, call it a hunch or 8 years serving my country, but I'm never wrong.

When Falon whispered, "someone's coming" and cut the call. I got on my bike and drove.

No helmet or jacket. I didn't tell the brothers nothing, but knowing Storm he'll figure somethings going down.

He ain't the Vice President of The Satan Sniper's Motorcycle Club for nothing.

3 weeks, 21 days I have been doing this running around shit with Falon and I hate it. Keeping secrets from my brothers, making Storm do it too, it ain't right. I'm the Enforcer of the club. My dad was one of the 6 original members that started the MC nearly 40 years ago.

When I told Falon I wanted her in my bed every night, she gave me a blow job and offered to fuck me bare. She was that happy, then no show for two weeks. I had to hunt her down at her ma's house in Barfa.

First she acted like it was nothing and she was just busy, which had me walking back to my bike.

It was a few days later when she came looking for me at the Clubhouse, eyes all puffy and shit, telling me she didn't want to stress her dad, and that we should wait six months to tell him.

My first reaction was hell no, but a week later I said fuck it, I missed her.

We spoke it out, more like banged it out and agreed to give things 3 months. I knew the real reason was that she wanted to be sure. I'm not a sure thing for her and I don't blame Falon for having doubts.

Truth is, I have them too, but Falon is the closest thing I'd ever gotten close to loving.

Like most of my brothers that make up The Satan Snipers, I was conditioned not to feel emotion, not to feel remorse.

When we joined the special ops program 8 years ago, we didn't think we'll ever be free from it all. But Falon had a way of making one forget. No way was I going to let one of the other brothers have her.

Falon has known this life since she was born. She never let it harden her though. Her dad Rounder was 15 when he found out his ex-girlfriend Molly was pregnant with Falon. His dad was the sergeant-at-arms of The Satan Snipers at the time.

At sixteen while my blood brother, Thorn was fucking anything with a cunt, Rounder was a single parent changing his 3-month-old daughter's diapers.

Apparently, Molly just upped and left.

With the help of the club and Rounder's mother Haze, Falon turned out pretty good.

I stop my bike outside Lazers. The smell of alcohol, cigarettes and cheap perfume pollute the air in high quantities.

The rave music coming from Lazers is outweighing the other nightclubs. A crowd waiting to join in on the fun that's coming from inside is so long, there's no way I'll be able to bargain my way in. But right now, I don't give a fuck.

Normally I wouldn't draw attention to myself, it's my nature to blend in. I was trained to be a ghost and shadow in

the army's special ops, and this is going against everything I've been taught, but I need to go fetch my woman.

I jump off my bike and head to the front door. The bouncer is clueless as I walk right up to him. He's too busy flirting with the tall willowy girl with the blonde hair and fake tits.

Two consecutive shots choose that moment to shock everyone. It's coming from behind the club. I'm already rounding the corner in a run. The sound of sobbing speeds my movement. I pause in my tracks doing a double take at the scene before me.

Falon is in a hunched position. Her jeans are torn off, laying in pieces beside her as she shakes with uncontrolled sobs. I give her body a quick scan. Besides the torn jeans she's intact.

I can't afford to process anything beyond basic survival right now, not with the tall hooded figure holding a gun and two men dead on the floor.

I edge closer to the figure's back.

I'm unnoticed.

My moves silent and breathing evened out.

"Hey Girl, you okay?" The voice is dry, rough and hoarse from lack of water or not talking. I don't care but it's definitely female.

Falon lifts her head toward the female. Her face smeared with make up running down her cheeks. I fight the need to show her any compassion or make sure she acknowledges me. I got to stay focused.

“Ththth...anks,” Falon stutters, hiccupping.

The hooded female lowers the gun to her side and I go in.

Gripping her arms to the side I pull the gun out from between her hands. She's fighting me but quickly loses spirit when I release her.

So, she doesn't like to be touched, interesting and opposite to Falon, who craves affection.

Not wasting time, I empty the gun, all the while noticing this girl's breathing is labored.

Ignoring the two opposite women, I jog across to the dead men, rubbing our prints off the gun, and put the two dead men prints on it. I finish with the blonde guy's cold hand and lay the gun next to him as the back-door swings open.

People swarm through as my gaze goes to where Falon is, but she's not there. At my full height I scan the crowd and see the hooded girl pulling Falon in-between the dumpster. The hood girl is quick and doesn't understand what the fuck she just did, who she just saved.

Not only did she save the Prez daughter's life, but she saved my woman's pride too.

The people crowd the dead bodies, some taking pics, others screaming or crying. Majority are just standing there staring at the two dead guys, and wondering what the fuck happened.

Wisp rushes over to me, her hazel eyes glassy, lips thinned. Her short denim skirt barely covers her pussy. The busty leather thing she has covering her tits is no better.

Storm and Texas are going to turn her hide.

We might be an all sexist club but the guys who have claimed one of our own, whether temporarily or permanent take their commitments very fucking seriously.

And there's no doubt that Texas isn't going to let her slide this one out with a few fucks. We don't mind the girls dressing in skimpy shit around the Clubhouse. In public we mind, we're territorial motherfuckers and have killed for much less.

The women know better. Wisp knows better.

I kiss her head so I don't draw attention to us.

“Call Den and Spade, and make sure you give a heads up to Storm, cops are gonna be here any minute.”

I retreat backwards, my steps are slow as not to make things obvious. Stopping next to the dumpster, I lean on it casually.

“Falon, we need to go baby the cops are gonna be here any minute.”

“We take the girl.”

It takes me a second to realize that was an order, shit, this bitch really saved my woman to have her standing up to me.

Falon might keep secrets and try to be tough, but it's her nature to be pliant.

She's never given an order, but right now she's speaking to me as the President's daughter, not as her man.

What she doesn't know is, in no fucking way was I leaving the hooded chick behind. When she killed those guys, she passed the biggest test of The Satan Snipers, we have to protect her and take her in.

But I'm a fucking man, if my woman wants to think it was her choice and she's calling the shots then that's what she gets.

“Ok, let's move.”

They both start to come out, the other girl still covered in a hoody comes first and fuck, what's that smell.

I sniff closer to her, she reeks, yuck.

I retreat a few steps away from her when Falon comes out wearing haggard ripped jeans that are a few sizes too big.

At least she's covered. It's then, it clicks. This girl is homeless, she was sleeping here. I grab hold of Falon's arm rubbing my thumb on it for only a second. It's not in me to show too much affection unless I'm fucking, but the small show of affection lets her know I was worried.

We start walking, the other girl following behind Falon, until we stop where I parked my bike. The cops are already stationed, ushering people out of the way, so they can close the doors. No one gets in or out.

I pull the girls to my bike, hearing the roars of my brother's bikes coming up the road.

The three of us wait for them.

Storm turns his black chrome and parks it directly in the middle of all the chaos whilst the others stay on their bikes and park across the street.

He pulls his helmet off and I notice his cut missing.

A quick look across the road, I know the others are also missing their cuts. They were obviously warned in time and decided not to draw the unwanted attention.

The faded jeans and white t-shirt I'm wearing makes me blend in too.

I watch Storm ruffle his brown hair until it's all pushed back. His eyes scan the bustling crowd, until it lands on us.

I got Falon's hand in a tight grip, and she's holding the homeless girl's arm. So, she doesn't like men touching her, I wonder how fucked up this homeless girl is.

Storm is a few inches taller than my 6ft 4in, but suffered a back injury a few years back. The hunch he has now is telling me that my brother's back is killing him, shit.

“We gotta leave now,” He says.

“Prez called, he spoke to the detective, they giving us ten to get moving.”

I look Falon over, her skin isn't glowing, it's green instead and we don't have a fucking cage to put her in. She's gonna have to hold it in a bit longer.

Storm sees my hesitation and notices the hooded girl.

His interest in her makes me want to barf. He hasn't smelt the bitch yet. I would smile if we had more time or if the circumstances were different.

“She can ride with you, Falon's with me.”

He doesn't argue, he walks to his bike and the homeless girl follows.

I don't hear what she tells him or he tells her, but the smile playing on his lips when she says something almost makes me want to punch it off his face.

Fuck, What the hell is wrong with me?

Falon and I cross the street just as Jade, Wisp, Chadley, Den, Spade and Venus run up to us.

“I'm so sorry Fal,” Den says

My jaw tightens, “You not yet. But when I'm fuckin' done with you, you would be motherfucker.”

Falon touches my arm, it's the first contact she's voluntarily given me since I found her hunched over.

"Please, Zero not now."

My death glare trained on him makes my message clear, I'm dropping this now, but we far from fucking done, he messed up and big time.

Den had one task: - watch Falon.

Spade was looking after the other girls, more so Wisp and Chadley, who couldn't protect themselves.

Den should've paid more attention, did what he was fucking told to do.

We cross the road and the others do well to be quiet, especially 'cause I know the girls are dying to ask what happened.

When Texas, Knight and Bull are in hearing shot, still on their bikes I order them,

"We shoot straight to Kanla, two stops. We need to get to church." The lot nods. Knight's face, grim, because he knows what that means.

Wisp glances across the road watching Storm. Curious I follow her lead.

What the fuck, Storm is slipping his helmet on the homeless girl's head, not the spare one he keeps for Wisp.

Her hoody is down and it's darker where they're standing at the edge of the pavement.

Storm leans on his bike and the light to the club goes on.

My eyes glue to the vision that's all away across the road.

Her skin is so fucking pale and hair so dark.

I don't stop watching them until her helmet is fully on her head and her face now hidden behind the dark glass.

Slowly her hand lifts to rest on Storm's shoulder. I feel something, but I'm not sure what the hell I'm feeling and I don't fucking like it.

The small huff from Wisp is noticed by all of us and pulls me from the fucking trance.

She's pissed off that he's giving his helmet up for the homeless girl, but Wisp doesn't know what she did for Falon. And we don't have time to talk and explain shit.

I grab Falon by the arm. She hasn't said a word to anyone. I move across the road just as the other brothers rev their bikes getting ready to hit the road.

By the time we're getting on my bike, Storm has the homeless girl's arms wrapped around him, and his speeding off to take his place in the front next to Bull, our road captain.

“Hang in there Baby.”

“I’m fine, let’s just get out of here.” Falon’s abruptness doesn’t sound good.

I know I should comfort her but we gotta move. We can’t deal with this now.

If I show Falon a shred of comfort she’s going to break. It’s all over her face.

Once her arms are secured around my waist, my bike throttles and we’re gone.

It’s two minutes when I take my place at the back of the formation, at the back of my brothers.

Watching them, protecting them, guarding them. It’s why I am the enforcer of The Satan Sniper’s Motorcycle Club. I’ve always had this way of seeing when shit is about to happen.

We hit the freeway and I catch a glimpse of my VP with the girl on his back, and I just know things are about to get complicated.



BEGGAR

The wind is blowing through my hair, the guy whose name is Storm, is driving like this is his last ride, and I love it. I'm glad I didn't chicken out, and gladder that I'm going to have a hot bath and hot meal when we arrive at this Clubhouse, he told me about.

He said I'm one of them now. Storm said that I'll never have to be hungry again. It's crazy that I agreed, but his brown kind eyes told me he was certain, that he'll take care of me and I believe him.

For the first time I believe someone besides my mother and It's stupid I know. But somehow, I feel lighter. I've never felt lighter, ever.

I didn't get to see Falon's boyfriend nicely, but the guy is tall and imposing. I'm scared of him. When his gaze tracked me from across the road at Lazers I just wanted to wither under his scrutiny.

He probably thought I didn't notice but I did.

I watched him from the corner of my eyes as he stood across the road surrounded by his people.

He was staring at me, and it made me feel like he was a hunter and I, his prey.

Doesn't he know that prey never wants to get caught?

But Storm has a warmth that I choose to trust. I saw interest spark in his gaze, it wasn't sexual but more curiosity and then understanding, when I asked,

“Do I have to hold you and shit?”

I Inked that down to a good thing. He didn't mask his face, he didn't look down on me, but showed me that he understood. And I knew I'd be safe with him.

Truth is, I was hungry and cold, so fucking cold. After I saved the girl, and her boyfriend swiped the gun, something told me that I was going to have to go with these people, even if Falon hadn't insisted.

There was no way her boyfriend was leaving me. I was going willing or not. I had a choice to make, I could go willingly

and get treated well or I could go by force, and they'll spit on me and treat me like crap.

I chose the logical route, willingly, and I'm glad, especially since this guy named Storm is taking me on a ride of my life.

We stop at a gas station, about sixty miles away from Washington D.C. The bikes all park in one of the four gas lines. My arms are still snug around Storm's waist, my legs shaky and itchy.

I can just imagine what people in cars must be thinking seeing all these big machines moving together. I wonder if it keeps them up at night?

The lights in the garage are bright, even with the helmet on.

I've never been out at night, normally I'm out cold by now, or somewhere hidden. There's this weird feeling to it, I can't even explain it.

These bikers are obviously naturals to the call of the night.

I watch Falon and her boyfriend climb off his motorcycle together and head for the garage shop hand in hand.

My stomach grumbles at the thought of what they going to buy, reminding me I haven't eaten since this morning.

I lost out on that hot meal now.

Guess I'm just going to have to stick it out until I get to this Clubhouse.

After our tank is filled, Storm taps my thigh causing me to jerk, and my heart rate to spike.

I don't like it when men touch me.

I don't like it when they touch my thighs especially.

I want to run.

My instincts are telling me to jump off, but my brain is telling me stay, they aren't a danger to me. There are too many witnesses for Storm to do anything. I start shaking and Storm immediately gets off the motorcycle.

My body starts to shiver, vision darkening.

I focus on his helmet coming off his head. I watch his stubble jaw and thick brows covering his light brown gaze.

There's a twinkle that is close to a smile tugging his lips as his eyes dance in humor.

"I don't like to be touched." I croak pulling the helmet off.

As force of habit, I slip my hood over my head.

It's going to be a hard habit to break when I get to their Clubhouse. Let's hope they don't mind it too much.

He watches me while I slip my hair under my hood.

"Ok, no touching, got it, you want a bite?"

"Yes, something cold. I'm waiting for that hot meal you promised me." *It's true.*

He bursts out laughing, and I can feel the change in atmosphere.

Years on the street teaches you something that no amount of training ever will, A sixth sense.

When we parked, the other bikers were easy and calm, now the tension is thick in the air, and all the biker's eyes are on us.

I drop my head, Storm notices it and he turns his back to me.

I look up and instantly catch Falon's boyfriend watching me.

Storm walks a few steps, then spins around opening his arms,

“Well? You wanna eat or what?”

I swivel my head to face him fully. A small smile paints my lips realizing he's talking to me, and quickly I run after him,

“I never say no to food!”

He laughs again as we enter the garage shop with Falon and her boyfriend in tow.

I don't stare at either of them, even though with my hood covering most of my face I could and they wouldn't even know.

Storm gets a basket,

“Help yourself girl.”

I smile under my hoody, and start putting chips and two sandwiches in the basket, mindful that I shouldn't push my luck.

I snap a can of coke from the shelf. My hand on a second for Storm.

“What's your name?” Someone asks me and that voice makes my pulse speed up, and freezes me in place.

He's talking to me, it's not Storm, it's the *boyfriend*.

I don't know what to say, how to answer without lying.

If there's one thing I like to do, it's lie. I'm a good one too.

I know they wouldn't believe what I say but I got to buy myself time and say something.

They'll let me go if they trust me, and if I'm lucky I could get a few nights of sleep at their Clubhouse maybe even a job or some shit.

I did save that girl's life. And a fresh start is something I needed for a long time.

“What's yours?” My question is meant to get him to shut it.

He surprises me at how quickly he answers,
“Zero, now your turn.”

I glance at Storm and put the coke in the cart. He sees my shaking hands and sends a death glare to Zero, who hasn't looked away from me.

It unnerves me, the heat of his stare blistering, still I won't face him.

I don't want to.

I don't want to put a face to the guy who has me riddled in fear.

"Don't you have a name, something?"

Why won't he drop it?

Just leave it alone, I want to scream at him.

Why is he trying to get a reaction out of me?!

Why must he look at me like that? I can feel it. I don't need to see him.

I want to hide behind Storm, even though I barely know the man.

The biker's insistence is tempting me to tell him something mean and hurtful but I bite my tongue.

Instead I put one of the pudding things I see on top of the sandwich shelf into his basket, mindful that it's four dollars and walk the two steps to stand next to Storm.

I sneak a glance at Storm who is quiet and sending very hateful glances to his supposed to be brother.

Zero doesn't move away, he's not liking my silence.

It's only after a tense minute that he seems to listen to Storm's unspoken words and drops it by flying past us.

Falon is behind him, and gives me a sad smile before she follows the guy who I still haven't looked at.

"If you don't want any more of that." Storm tilts his head to the couple, "I suggest you figure out a name for yourself before we get to Kanla. We about eighteen hours away. We should get there about nine tomorrow evening, we'll stop in the next four hours or so for the night."

"Where about is that?"

"Eighty miles out Houston."

I dry whisper, "I'm going to Texas."

His eyes sparkle when he starts filling the basket with more sandwiches and cans.

"Yeah, Kanla isn't well known. We moved from Houston to Kanla, 3 years back. The town was getting run down by a gang of drug dealers. We brought them down and took the turf for our own. The plan was to go back to Houston but the town was so welcome and shit. And we needed a place to stay that wasn't so central and gave us proper privacy. With a population of around 2 thousand, Kanla seemed perfect. The 9 of us left Houston and started our own Chapter in Kanla. You gonna love the place. You gotta meet Rounder and Killer when we get

there first though, but after that I'll introduce you properly to the others."

I walk on in front of him when he quietens, not sure what to say to that.

These bikers are clearly dangerous but Storm is growing on me.

No one has ever spoken to me so much besides my mother, and she's dead now.

I'm anxious to get to Kanla, more so than them. I can't wait to get that bath.

Gosh, I wonder how hot the water is going to be?!

And the food, are they going to cook meat?

My mouth waters, and for the next 10 minutes or so, I'm in my own little world.

I don't let it bother me when the lady standing behind Storm and I, moves a few steps away from me, I know I smell.

And I don't let it bother me when the male cashier sends me a reproachful look.

I'm too busy in my own world, my mind firmly on what my first hot meal is going to be.

