
JAWBONE

Southern Quest Motorcycle Club - Book 2

L. A. DAY



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.

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Chapter 1

Jawbone slumped against the bar but his gaze was ever vigilant as he waited for everyone to assemble. Ryatt, their Prez had called a general meeting, not church so everyone could attend. As VP he knew the agenda. Prez's ol' lady, Eden had a friend in need of rescue. The plans had been in the works for a few days. The whole Southern Quest MC crew was down for it. Nobody minded saving a damsel in distress. After the virus and the failed vaccine there weren't many people left, especially females.

"Why we meeting out here?" Sniper, the Club Treasurer asked as he pulled up a stool.

Jawbone shrugged. "Seems Prez's ol' lady wants to lay some words down on us about this operation."

"The fuck you say?" chimed in Arsenic. Arsenic was the club's Public Liaison because of his way with words—not. But as head of security the motherfucker rocked.

Frat slowly made his way through the room and collapsed on one of the couches. He'd taken a bullet when he'd saved Eden from a rival club member. Vlad, their Doc said he'd be all right. Jawbone rubbed his chin as he made a mental note to

check on him. Something wasn't quite right with Frat. He'd have to dig into it. Part of his job required observing his brothers.

"Listen up." When Prez spoke, he got everyone's attention. "We already discussed logistics. Tracker's working out a few details." He glanced toward the Road Captain for affirmation. "But we are headed out before first light. Everybody knows their task whether you're headed out with us or staying here." Ryatt hauled Eden up next to him. "You all know this chick is my ol' lady's friend so she wanted to say a few things."

Eden was hot and he thought she'd make a fine ol' lady for Prez if she didn't get involved in club business. He could tell she wasn't comfortable speaking in front of the members so when she looked his way, he allowed his lip to curl up in greeting. Eden took a deep breath and he tried not to stare at her rack. Prez was a lucky fucker. Jawbone shook his head. Some guys were blessed. But Ryatt deserved everything he had. He'd pulled their asses out of the fire many times, here and in foreign deserts.

It was ironic, Ryatt had hooked up with Eden. He'd been best friends with her older brother, Luke since childhood. Jawbone had run with the same dudes but wasn't as close until he'd joined the military. Luke, Ryatt, and GI were all from the same hometown and joined together. They'd met most of the rest of the crew in the service. Everyone had gotten out of the service before the virus except Luke. It still ate him up that Luke had been forced to take the vaccine which killed him.

"First, I wanted to thank everyone. It was not long ago you all rescued me and now you're putting yourselves at risk for my friend."

"Not a problem," GI, the Sergeant at Arms, spoke up and there were mumbles of agreement.

"Still, thank you. This *chick* is named Amelia O'Hare." She gave her ol' man the side eye. "Anyway, Amelia and I were at

Christian College together. She grew up sheltered, even more so than I did.” Eden wrung her hands. Jawbone wondered if talking to them made her nervous or if she feared her friend’s reaction to their motley crew.

“Are you trying to say we are gonna scare the fuck outta her?”

Eden’s eyebrows shot up. “Your name is Arsenic.”

Everyone laughed.

“Seriously though, you all are a bit intimidating. But don’t get me wrong you’re all...”

“Sexy as fuck,” Lola chimed in. Lola was the ol’ lady of Ratchet, a patched in member. Resident cook, and shit talkin’ comedian, she’d taken Eden under her wing and taught her the ropes of the club. Prez appeared to appreciate it.

Eden snickered and pointed at Lola. “You are not getting me punished tonight.”

“Are you sure about that?” Prez asked as he playfully slapped his ol’ lady’s ass. It was good to see Ryatt happy even if he and the other brothers were a bit jealous.

Eden grinned and winked at Ryatt. “As I was saying, she may be intimidated by all this.” She waved her arms around. “She was studying elementary education. She might need a little time to adjust to so much testosterone.”

“So, keep those big dicks in your pants and treat her like a lady,” Lola said, like only she could. Jawbone chuckled. Prez and Ratchet were both lucky as fuck.

“What she said,” Eden agreed with a bow in Lola’s direction.

Prez scratched his head. “I know it might be difficult but I expect everyone to behave. Let’s not forget we’re brothers and we have a mission.”

“So, what’s this paragon of virtue look like?” Jawbone asked.

“She’s nice,” Eden answered. “I mean, I think you all will like her.”

“It doesn’t matter. We’re gonna go no matter what,” Jawbone replied. He’d been hoping for a young attractive woman but looks weren’t everything. Since this went down, they’d been all about saving everyone they could. He’d done a lot of fucked up shit in his life and it felt good to rescue people. He could never atone for his past but he’d try.

“For a big biker dude, you’re pretty nice.” Eden smirked.

His cheeks heated as his brothers snickered. If Eden weren’t standing there, he’d whip out his big bone and tell them to suck it.

Eden snapped her fingers and then pointed his way. “I think I forgot to mention, Amelia was a beauty queen.”

“Fuck,” GI said on an exhale. That echoed his sentiment.

Brother looked at brother as they sized each other up. This could get ugly quick. The crew of the Southern Quest were Jawbone’s family and he didn’t want anything fuckin’ it up.

“Brothers, we ain’t having a war over this,” Prez said, his eyes bugged a little.

“I ain’t getting in the middle of this shit. Y’all can count me out,” Sniper piped up. Which didn’t surprise Jawbone. He’d been protective of Sparrow, a girl they’d rescued when they eliminated a rival motorcycle club. Everyone assumed he’d lay claim to her after she healed from the ordeal.

“I’m out,” Frat announced and the room quieted.

Jawbone snapped his head in Frat’s direction. That was a surprise. Frat loved the ladies, definitely something fucked up going on there. Couldn’t say he wasn’t pleased to hear Frat bow out though. Frat, their secretary, was a tatted-up blond with the face of an angel. Before hell descended on them all, chicks flocked to the pretty boy motherfucker.

That left five single officers, including himself, who might be interested in pursuing Amelia. This shortage of women

thing sucked balls. However, even if she were a total knockout, if there wasn't serious heat, fuck it, he'd bail. No way he was gonna claim a woman he didn't like just to have clean pussy in his bed every night. Pussy wasn't gonna run his life. He had a hand that he was comfortable with. "Gonna be an early morning, brothers." He pushed off his stool and headed down the hall to his room. A hand on his shoulder, stopped him. He cranked his head to the side. "Sup Prez?"

"Got time for a word?" Prez nodded toward his office.

"Anytime Boss."

Jawbone flopped in a seat in front of Ryatt's desk. "What's up?" Prez's face was stoic. They'd been through a lot lately and his face showed it.

"We need to make sure everyone is thinking with their right head tomorrow. My ol' lady is going to be out there. It's got to be tight."

"I got you." Eden hadn't been with them long but she'd been attacked twice. She hadn't been hurt but he knew the stress was eatin' at Ryatt. If he had an ol' lady and some fucker put hands on her, he'd break 'em in two. Twisting his head to the side, he popped his neck.

"Should go smooth but you never fucking know," Ryatt stressed.

"True." He'd been on enough missions in and out of the service to know that but he had faith in their crew.

"So, you're interested in claiming a woman?"

Jawbone tugged on his beard and let out a deep breath. "Maybe. Gotta meet her. If she's a stuck-up bitch, I ain't going there." Jawbone recognized what Ryatt had and he would like a woman of his own but he didn't want it to turn his life upside down. Eden had adjusted and fit into their lifestyle but that didn't mean her friend would adapt as easily.

Ryatt chuckled. "According to Eden, she's very attractive and nice."

He rubbed his temples and sighed trying to avoid a headache. “Fuck! You know what this could do to the club?”

“I do.” Ryatt kicked back in his chair but his tone was serious.

Jawbone and Ryatt went way back. He knew Prez wanted something. “Are you asking me to step back?”

“Not at all. Eden likes you. That can’t hurt your case.”

“You trying to say that you and your ol’ lady got my back in this?”

Prez shrugged. “Ultimately, it’s up to you and Amelia but Eden might have some sway. I need my club settled as soon as possible. I want my VP and more importantly my ol’ lady happy too.”

Jawbone narrowed his gaze at Prez.

“Just saying the sooner she is claimed, the better. But do it nice. No caveman shit!”

Jawbone understood. Prez didn’t want chaos in the club.