

BEST SERVED HOT

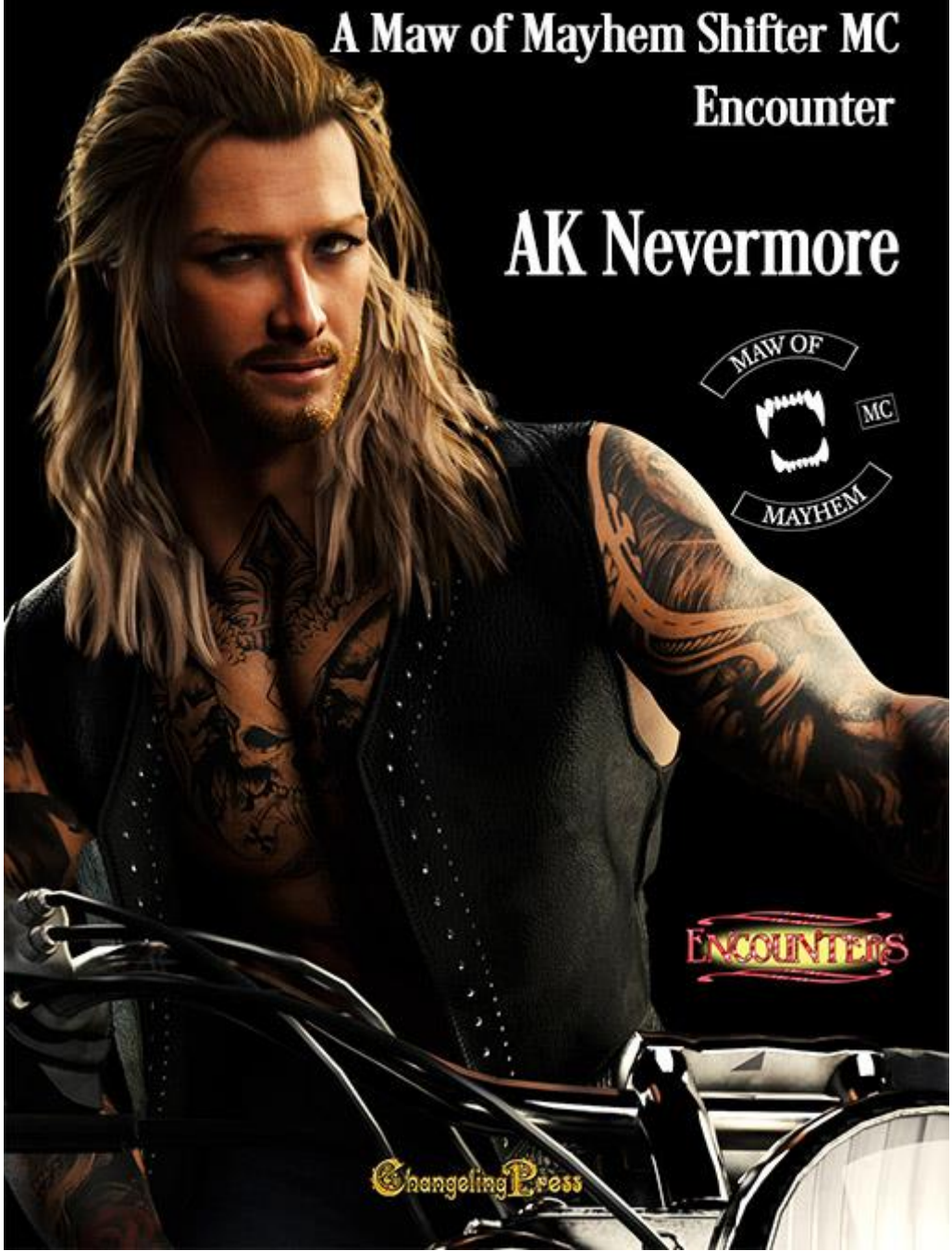
A Maw of Mayhem Shifter MC
Encounter

AK Nevermore



ENCOUNTERS

Changeling Press



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A Maw of Mayhem Shifter MC Encounter
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The events surrounding Satan's Vengeance splitting from the Maw of Mayhem MC isn't something any of the founders talk about. Neither are the circumstances of Grim's birth, or the implications of what Clay and Abigail's hate-fueled encounter will bring into the world...

Best Served Hot

Abigail was late.

Clay leaned against a sycamore, one leg bent, sole of his boot scraping against the piebald bark. Not knowing if he was relieved, or pissed.

-- relieved --

Like you don't want her on her knees as much as I do.

His inner cat didn't reply. The alpha command she'd issued to service her had pissed him off as much as Clay, and he planned on making her pay for it. Cicadas and night birds trilled through the forest, the last rays of the sultry August sun dipping below the horizon. He frowned, checking his cell again. Nothing since Abigail's last text, with the time and the place.

A part of him cursed himself for dropping everything and riding out to meet her like a dick-dazzled asshole, fully aware of the consequences. But Christ, ever since he'd known the woman, she'd been sending him signals whenever Reaper's back was turned, even after Reaper had mated her and made her his queen. Bitch abused her power as the alpha's equal. Clay's best friend was too good for the cock tease, especially after the shit that'd gone down yesterday.

Clay's heart still thumped quick with anticipation, unable to deny that even after all that, he wanted her.

-- It's wrong --

Clay ignored his cat. The beast's perspective was too simplistic to navigate the clusterfuck they were currently embroiled in, and at this point, Clay had nothing left to lose. There wasn't any coming back from what had been said between him and Reaper, or the MC being torn apart over it.

Clay was done talking. Done taking one for the fucking team. His brother had turned his back on him and taken half the MC with him over a fucking female. Satan's Vengeance. Clay spat, trying to clear the foul taste of the name from his mouth,

knuckles whitening around his phone. He shoved it back into his pocket, stomach churning at the possibility it hadn't been Abigail that'd sent the message...

His head snapped up at the crack of a branch. He went for his gun, then abandoning the move as a tawny spotted lynx pushed through the bracken.

Finally. His heart rate ticked up. Abigail's cat form shimmered, then resolved into a nude, lithe woman straight out of Norwegian porno. He didn't fucking like her, but his dick sure as hell stood up and took notice of those pert breasts and flat stomach.

Forbidden flesh. Well, it had been.

She met his gaze, then dropped hers to the bulge in his jeans, tongue teasing her pouty lips, long blonde hair swaying against her backside in the breeze.

Clay tore his gaze from her, running a hand over his jaw and wincing. She picked through the undergrowth between them to ghost her long, white fingers over the bruise darkening the right side of his face.

"You should have hit him back."

Clay grunted, not disagreeing. Yesterday he would have said he deserved the ass-beating just for the times he'd fucked his fist while thinking about his best friend's mate... but he'd never considered acting on the thought. Not until Abigail had approached him, aglow with the Witch King's prophecy, and commanding him to do just that.

And Clay'd been stupid enough to tell Reaper exactly what he'd thought about it -- and her. He'd offered to throw her a quick fuck on the off-chance they could make that prophecy reality. A True Shifter Queen to restore their paranormal sect to its rightful place in the hierarchy.

The potential of that via his dick punishing Abigail's slick cunt was all Clay could fucking think about, his loyalty to Reaper be damned. There was nothing left between them to be loyal to.

He reached out, his calloused hands digging into the impossibly smooth skin of her arms, pulling her close. His nose twitched as he skated it up the slim column of her throat, past Reaper's mating bite to the hollow beneath her ear. Goddamn, the

pheromones her cat was putting out... the phase of the moon... his cock thickened. Rest of the prophecy might be utter bullshit, but, "When did you go into heat?"

"Last night, after you left," she said, smug. Her quicksilver eyes trapped his, the satisfaction in them a gut punch. "Reaper barbed me. Said he was done fighting destiny, but would damn well insure I'd carry a Cain to your Able. Unfortunately for him, I don't believe there's a female version to that parable."

"Of course he did."

Didn't matter if the sex was wrong, the message was clear. Reaper was declaring a blood feud between them.

A muscle in Clay's jaw ticked. Pissed at Reaper for falling for Abigail's shit at the fucking Witch King, for kicking off this clusterfuck, and at himself for not being able to walk away from his petty revenge.

Abigail threaded her arms behind his neck, tightening the noose. "My alpha command... you could've resisted it. You're more alpha than he is." Her hands slid over his shoulders, a finger tracing the patches on his cut. "But this is what you've always wanted, isn't it?"

Clay grit his teeth together. "I never wanted any of this, Abigail. Not for Reaper, not for my club, and I sure as fuck could do without playing the villain in all this."

She laughed, the sound silvery and soiled. "Yet here we are... none of us able to escape destiny." The unadorned fatalism in her voice made him pause. Shit was a mirror image to Reaper's fanaticism. "If it's any consolation, I doubt history will view me in a particularly favorable light, either... but it's not about us."

He snorted. No. It was all about her and the fucking Witch King's predictions. Clay wasn't sure if he actually believed the prophecy that nut job had rattled off to Abigail like it was a take-out order, but fuck if Clay wasn't a big enough piece of shit to use it as an excuse to screw her.

Reaper had certainly thought it was just the latter, along with a heavy dose of heresy. Clay wasn't sure which of the two had set the zealot off more. Christ, a Cain to his Able...

“Stop thinking.” Abigail’s lips met his, fingers tangling in his hair, pulling him to her. His stubble scraped against her flesh and she gasped, melting against him, skin pebbling beneath his touch. The taste of her overwhelmed rational thought, female musk and that shit boxed wine she drank, stoking his need until all that was left was wanton lust.

Clay tightened his arms around her trim waist, his hands skating to cup the softness of her ass, kneading and spreading, delving to skim over her pucker. She groaned, tilting to accept his touch. He devoured her mouth, his thigh pressed between her legs, the heat of her core scorching through his jeans. He swallowed her moans, his tongue battling with hers for dominance and their breath coming fast.

Fuck that. He was the one in control here. “Get on your knees,” he rasped out, pulling away, hands busy at his belt. “You got no idea how long I’ve dreamt about shoving my dick into that poisonous mouth of yours.”

A smirk tipped up her lips. She sank to her knees, holding his gaze. Clay pulled out his rigid cock, sticky with pre-cum, and stroked himself. Abigail leaned forward, and he fisted her hair, holding her at bay. “Hands behind your back,” he murmured, painting her lips with his arousal.

Her little pink tongue flicked out to taste his offering, then laved across the tip of his cock, delving into the slit for more, then following the ridge of his crown.

Approval rumbled through his chest. “There’s a good whore. Now open.”

Clay shot his hips forward, dick thrusting into her hot, cloying mouth. The smell of her arousal perfumed the air, heady and thick. His grip on her hair tightened, and she moaned around his cock, taking him to the back of her throat, gagging around his girth as he pistoned into her, punishing her for issuing that damned command. For destroying his whole Goddamned world...

Fuuuck...

Tipping his head tipped back, Clay exhaled -- one long, slow breath. Saliva ran from the corners of Abigail’s mouth, trickling down his heavy sack. His free hand cupped her tear-streaked cheek with zero sympathy. “Hands and knees. Show me how

you fuck yourself.”

Abigail popped off his cock, licking it base to tip before assuming the position in the bracken like a good little slut. *Too damned eager.* Anger simmered below his lust. She’d had the opportunity to choose him years ago, but she’d picked Reaper, mind-fucking them both...

Moonlight played through the canopy, dappling her slender body in shifting shadows. She spread her thighs, fingertips trailing between her slick folds. Clay ripped his belt free, folding it in half and snapping it taut. “You’ve been a bad girl.”

She glanced over her shoulder at him and stuck out her tongue.

The belt cracked across her ass cheek, and she yelped, coming up on all fours, a pale welt rising from her satiny skin. Clay smoothed his fingers across the raised ridge, his cock throbbing. “Did I say you could stop touching yourself? Good little whores take their punishment.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whimpered, her slit glistening in the moonlight.

“I’m not your fucking daddy.” The belt cracked across her other cheek, and she moaned, sinking low, and so very wet. He kneeled behind her, sinking his fingers into her velvet heat and pumping slow.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Mmm. Say it again.”

Her hips chased his fingers as he took them away. “Yes, Sir. Oh, please...”

The belt slapped across her swollen cunt and she cried out as he slicked it through her cream. He pushed the leather against her lips. “Lick it clean.”

She groaned, running her tongue over the sodden strip. Clay shoved it into her mouth until she gagged, then looped it around her throat like a leash. He pulled her up onto her knees, against his broad chest, smoothing his hand over her tits and pinching them to points. Her head fell back against him. She mewled her want, begging for his dick.

“Jesus fuck, you’re a filthy whore. I’m gonna fuck your ass before I come in this sloppy cunt,” he growled into her ear, giving her pussy a sharp slap then rubbing the

sting away. "And if you get off on it, I'm not gonna fill your belly with my seed."

Abigail whimpered, a fresh burst of desire coating his fingers.

He pushed her back down, cock pulsing at the way her back hole fluttered with anticipation. Clay slicked his dick with the moisture painting her thighs. "Spread your cheeks. Show me where you like to be fucked."

She reached back, fingers dimpling her flesh to part the round globes, her asshole stretching. He spat, working it in with two thick fingers, her moans buried in the bracken. The head of his cock replaced his hand and he thrust into her, relishing her shriek. "There's a good little slut. Fucking take it."

And Jesus Christ, she did. Her hands flew forward to brace herself as his fingers bit into her hip bones. Their grunts filtered through the trees, the night birds silent. Her dark heat strangling his cock, he pulled on her leash, bringing her back onto her knees and pinching at her tits, his mouth hot on her throat. He dropped his fingers to strum her swollen clit and her channel pulsed tighter.

"No, please, stop... I'm gonna come..."

"Not my problem." She fought against him, trying to wriggle away, and he pinned her to the ground beneath him. "Such a filthy fucking whore." He chuckled. "So fucking wet. You want my dirty cock in your pussy, Abigail?"

"Oh, God, yes, please... I need to come..."

Clay pushed off her, gripping his dick. "Show me how bad."

She rolled on to her back, hand dropping to swirl cream up over her swollen clit, the other hand pinching at her breast, nipples peaked and wanting. He shucked off his clothes, eyes glued to her knuckles disappearing into the molten slit at the apex of her thighs. His cock throbbed at her gasps and moans, the way her legs trembled, hips rising to chase her hand as it retreated.

He was above her, pinning her wrists to the ground. No. She wasn't gonna get off that easy. "I said to show me how bad you wanted my dick, not that you could come," he growled against her lips, swallowing her frustrated cry. Her legs wrapped around his waist, sopping cunt dragging against his cock. "Mmm... Your ass took me

so well. Is this pussy just as needy? Does it need my big cock to fill it? Tell me you've wanted this."

"Oh God, yes, please, Clay, I need it," she whimpered.

He reached down to run his crown between her folds, coating himself in her honey. Delaying the inevitable, needing to know. "How long? How long have you been fucking him and wishing it was me?"

"Since the first time," she panted, her eyes glassy. "All the portents, the signs... I thought it would be him..."

A rage-fueled revulsion roiled in his belly. She'd fucking played them both. For power. Clay snorted, turning his face from her, then without warning, thrusting his cock deep. She cried out, her nails gouging his shoulders. "You stupid, stupid, bitch." He panted, the rhythm of his hips punctuating his disgust as she writhed beneath him.

He'd lost everything, and for what?

Her ambition.

He railed her into the mossy turf, his anger coloring his pace, the degree of his bites, the intensity of his kisses. She responded in kind, clawing and tearing at his skin, lapping blood from his mouth. Her pussy clenched at his dick, her honey coating his groin, the slap of wet flesh loud in the twilight woods, their cries and grunts echoing between the trees.

When he came, it was fierce and focused, a steady burn drawing his balls up, a tingle shooting up his spine, light exploding inside his skull as she milked long ropes of cum from his balls.

He emptied himself into her. All his rage. The truth of his betrayal. The last of his faith. *Spent.*

She nuzzled at his sweat streaked throat, every hurt she'd inflicted stinging along with his pride. He closed his eyes. One deep breath, and he pushed off her. A cruel twist flitted across her lips. Not the smile of a lover, but the satisfied smirk of someone who'd gotten their way and had enjoyed every fucking second of it.

This had been a mistake.

“What’s the matter, Clay? Not what you expected?” she asked, fingers pushing his seed deeper between her legs.

He stood to grab his jeans. “Revenge never is, but it’ll all be worth it if Reaper sees you for the delusional, power-hungry cunt you are.”

“Aww. That’s not a nice thing to say about your baby-momma.”

Clay laughed. “Whatever comes from tonight, I don’t wanna know about it, and I sure as fuck ain’t claiming it. You issuing that alpha command clears me of all responsibility. But that’s what you wanted, isn’t it?” He spat her words back at her.

Her lips tipped up again, and his tightened. Yeah. That’s what he’d thought. Clay snatched his cut off the forest floor and shoved his feet into his boots, raking a hand through his hair. “This is done. We’re done, and if I see you again, I’ll kill you.”

Abigail sat up, her eyebrow cocked like he was full of shit. “And the True Queen along with me?”

“On the off-chance the Witch King wasn’t totally full of shit and the stories are true about those that’ve sired her holding sway over her powers, I’d be doing everyone a favor.” He cast her one long last look. “Keep the belt. If all this is just one of his bullshit mind games, you can fucking hang yourself with it when all you whelp is boys.” Clay turned his back on her, the clarion ring of his own alpha command echoing through the trees, leaving her, and whatever they’d created, to destiny.

* * *

Nine months later, Abigail’s body was found dangling in a closet.

Clay wouldn’t see his son for another eighteen years.

And Reaper... well, all the signs he would sire the True Queen had pointed to him for a reason.

He did it wearing Clay’s belt.

Grimdarke (Maw of Mayhem MC 1)
A Maw of Mayhem Shifter MC Romance
AK Nevermore

Out of options and on the run after her psychotic father's released from prison, Kit Parson heads to the only place she might be safe from him, the Maw of Mayhem MC. The unexpected move buys her time, but also puts her at risk. Surrounded by shifters, her inner cat begs to be released, and after witnessing a brutal attack on her mother as a child, she refuses to let the monster out. Totally doable, provided no bodily fluids are ever exchanged.

That takes the MC's hot-as-hell VP, Grimdarke James, officially off the table. Mourning the recent murder of the club's alpha and struggling to control his inner cat, the tattooed Viking god is on thin ice. If he goes feral again, he'll be put down. Which makes his cat's insistence that Kit belongs to him problematic, upsetting the delicate balance of the MC's internal politics, and the woman blackmailing Grim.

But when Kit's father catches up with her, Grim has no choice but to trust his cat, and Kit can't deny their chemistry. Can they hold on to each other when everything is trying to tear them apart? After a gruesome triple murder propels them deeper into the paranormal world, they find themselves with unlikely allies, even as their enemies threaten to destroy everything they hold dear.

Authorized Excerpt
Grimdarke (Maw of Mayhem MC 1)
AK Nevermore
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Upstate New York in the fall was beautiful, and it made Kit want to puke.

She gripped the steering wheel tighter, her sweaty palms slicking the leather, and glanced in her rearview, then at her phone's GPS. No service -- again. Damn it. This was not where she wanted to be...

Wait. Signs for a trailhead were coming up. Thank you, sweet baby Jesus. She pulled onto the shoulder, staring blankly at the plexi-covered map tacked onto the tiny shelter in front of the car. Woodbine Swamp Trail. Shit. She'd missed the turn-off for the house. Ugh! How could everything in this shit town look the same and so frickin'

different all at once?!

Fifteen years will do that, genius.

Her forehead dropped to the steering wheel, bumping it thrice. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. She couldn't do this. She couldn't --

Goddamnit, girl, grow a pair!

Enough. Wasn't like she had a choice. She pushed back in her seat and slapped the car in reverse, hoping like hell there wasn't anything behind her. Frickin' hatchback was stuffed to the gills with the sad remains of her life, and she wasn't up for losing any more of it.

Kit dashed away a tear. And whose fault was that?

She just had to blow shit up. Couldn't duck her head and keep punching numbers, because lay low was too big of a fucking ask. Nope, fuck overtime at the accounting firm, had to go out there and twerk her ass at the club, knowing full well that milkshake wasn't gonna bring anything but trouble to her yard.

Her mind leapt to that tall drink of golden Viking god pissing in a sink, covered in tattoos and oozing temptation. Yup. Case in point, and as much as it shocked the shit out of her, she'd been into him.

So fucking into him, like, wanted him into her.

Not happening.

She bit at a cuticle, trying to ignore the very real possibility she was about to deliver herself to his doorstep, and the fact that her panties had just soaked clean through.

Son of a -- Chanté would quip something about chickens coming home to roost, but they weren't even Kit's damned chickens. And why the fuck chickens? Woman was NYC born and raised, you'd think she'd have useless witticisms about pigeons.

Damn, though. He was fiine...

Stop it.

You'd think she'd be more concerned about the shifter shadowing her for the past two weeks... the one whose face starred in her nightmares. Reaper hadn't

approached her, but his message was clear, and like a fucking cat, he'd been playing with her.

... Run, little mouse...

Kit's teeth clenched at the memory of her father's gravelly twang. She put the car in gear and kept driving in the wrong direction. Away from the house, toward the last damned place she wanted to go, and the only place she had left. Two weeks of couch surfing and shitty motels had made that abundantly clear, and her flat fucking broke.

Back to the scene of the crime, the one place she hoped like hell he didn't have the balls to go back to.

Motorcycles rumbled in the distance and her gut threatened to rebel, cold sweat pebbling her skin. She licked the anxiety from her lips.

The rumble grew, and a moment later a stream of leather and exhaust whipped by her as a convoy of bikes sped past, heading back toward civilization. A manic giggle burbled from her throat, and she took a slow --

Shit! Gas pedal, girl, you gotta keep your shit together...

Focus. Drive to the damned compound. One more mile.

... And keep it together. Hah! Fat fucking chance. She blew out a breath, her temples thudding with the beginnings of a migraine. Goddamn. After all those years of praying to be out from under Claymore James's thumb... this had not been part of the fantasy.

Getting shit-faced, twerking on his grave, and then setting the MC's compound on fire, yes. Pulling up to the chain-link gate and asking to see Mud Knuckle?

Nope. Can't say that'd made the list, but here she was.

I mean really, Mud Knuckle? Kit sighed, rubbing a temple. If she needed any further confirmation her life had officially gone to shit: Ta-frickin'-da.

One of the dopey-looking prospects manning the gate eyed her, pursing his lips. The scraggly little pornstache he was rocking made his mouth look like a porcupine's asshole.

Moron leaned in her window. "Ain't no muddy knuckles here." He snickered, shooting his zit-infested buddy a look.

Kit sighed. Great, they were gonna fuck with her.

“Nah,” Zits said, ambling closer to leer. “But I ain’t opposed to rectifyin’ that situation.” He grinned, making a lewd gesture.

Whoo. Ten points for originality there, son. She rolled her eyes and unbuckled her seatbelt. It was showtime. The two high school rejects scrambled back, wide-eyed when she threw open the door and got out, leaving the hoodie she’d permanently borrowed from Chanté on the seat. Fuck, it was hypothermia cold.

“What? I thought we was ‘wreck-t-fyin’ that sits-e-ate-shon,’” she finger quoted, mimicking his dipshit twang and cocking a hip.

Pornstache’s throat bobbed, taking in her tight tee and yoga pants. God, men were pigs. Pathetic, predictable pigs. Flash them braless DDs, and their brains shorted out faster than a hairdryer in a bathtub. Add the fact that her nipples were hard enough to cut glass, and the poor boys didn’t stand a chance.

“Uh, yeah.” Pornstache tugged on his cut and cleared the squeak from his throat. Slack-jawed, Zits smacked his shoulder, earning himself a glare. “I mean, hell yeah. We’re down, baby.”

Kit arched her back, stretching. Damn, that felt good after five hours behind the wheel. Pornstache groaned like he was about to wreck-t-fy in his pants. She sauntered over and ran a finger down his sternum.

“Then how ‘bout you boys open the gate so I can move my car out of the way and get down to business.”

Zits moved so fast he just about face-planted rushing to unlatch the big chain-link section on wheels blocking the compound’s access road. He’d pulled it halfway across the pavement by the time Kit got back into her car. Pornstache shook his head like a dog, blinking as the door clunked shut, and he stumbled over to help his buddy.

Suckers.

Kit almost felt bad as she drove past, wagging her fingers.

Okay, no, she didn’t. She wriggled back into the hoodie, one hand on the wheel and shivering. Her stomach churned as she drove around the last bend to the chapter

house, half expecting the entire club to be out there waiting for her. The woods opened up --

And the lot was empty.

Of frickin' course it was empty. The funeral was today. Now. She could still make it. Wasn't that why she'd blown out of the city so fast? To spit on Claymore's grave like she'd told Chanté she was going to? Get some kind of fucked-up closure?

Yeah, has nothing to do with the fact you're being stalked by a psycho.

Kit bit back a sob, coasting the last few hundred feet to a stop in front of the long, two-storied building. It was ugly. A dark, cinderblock gray, squatting against a barren hillside. She bit her lip, eyes flicking to the last window on the left, waiting for the shitty mini blinds to part.

They didn't. Wouldn't.

Dead. Everything looked fucking dead. Probably because it was.

Fuck this shit. She jerked up the emergency brake and killed the engine. Slammed the door open, then shut. Stomped across the half-frozen muddy lot, odd bits of gravel and glass crunching beneath her boots. Eyes fixed on the burnt-out jaws scored into the surface of the MC's chapter house door, she approached the belly of the beast -- and stepped into the Maw of Mayhem.

AK Nevermore

AK Nevermore enjoys operating heavy machinery, freebases coffee, and gives up sarcasm for Lent every year. A Jane-of-all-trades, she's a certified chef, restores antiques, and dabbles in beekeeping when she's not reading voraciously or running down the dream in her beat-up camo Chucks. Unable to ignore the voices in her head, and unwilling to become medicated, she writes Science Fiction and Fantasy full time. AK pays the bills writing a copious amount of copy, along with a column on SFF. She belongs to the Authors Guild, is an RWA chapter board member, volunteers for far too many committees, teaches creative writing, and on the rare occasion, sleeps.

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