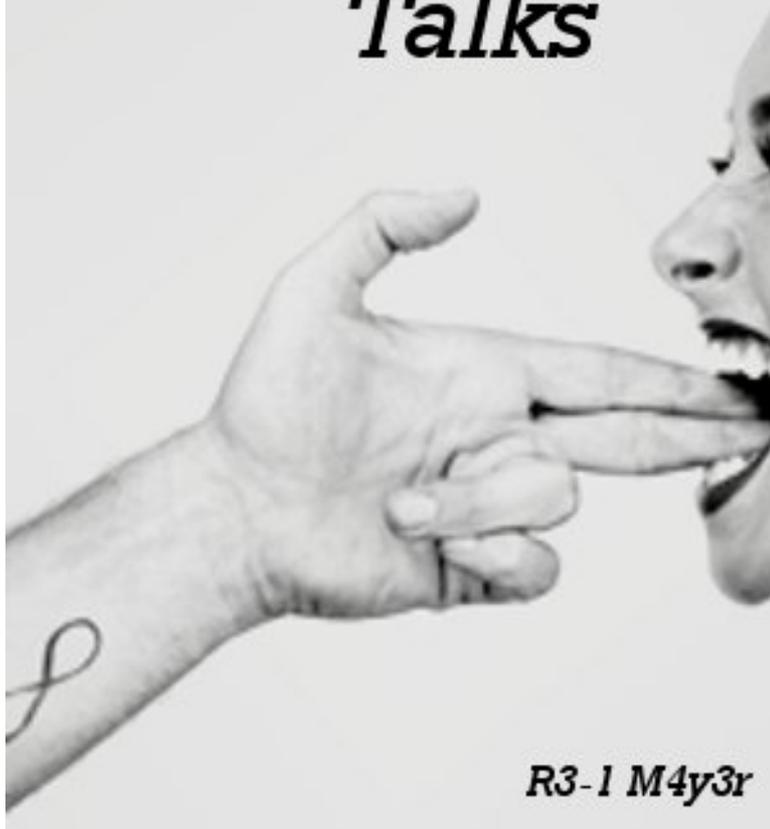


Little Talks



R3-1 M4y3r

Disclaimer: I don't own Sons of Anarchy or any of the characters in the show. They are the property of Kurt Sutter, Sutter Ink and FX.

Chapter 1: Auf Achse

"Geez, Lisa, all that shit in your face and around your wrists makes you sound louder than a doorbell," Opie said when she walked inside the clubhouse.

Lisa smiled and started to roam through her bag to find the keys Precious had asked her to give to Bobby.

She knew it the second *he* stepped inside the bar. She could fucking feel it along her spine and turned around. He didn't say hi, didn't nod, he didn't even fucking look at her. She hadn't even known he was coming. She never did, he always took her by surprise.

She looked for the fucking keys in the bag but couldn't find them. Finally she threw down the bag on the bar to look properly. When she found it she handed it over to Bobby.

"So, what's happening tonight?" Jax said with his teasing smile. He was a couple of years younger than her and acted very much like the prince he was. He had pretty much been hitting on her since he was fifteen. She knew it was just for fun and it didn't bother her. That was just the kind of guy he was.

"She's got a big date," Bobby said while punching her shoulder.

"Big date, eh?" Jax was waving his eyebrows at her.

"It's just a guy. Met him at work."

"Isn't he scared he'll get stuck to you face?" Tig pulled in her barbell she had in her nose.

"Apparently not." She shrugged. She wished Bobby hadn't brought that up. Not here, now when *he* was here, at least.

"He should be." Now he was pulling in both of the rings that was her snakebite.

"I need to get going." They never got tired of teasing her about the piercings. Or the hair. Or her clothes. Or pretty much anything about her. She liked it.

She gave Bobby a hug and walked outside. *He* still didn't even acknowledge her existence. Not that she expected anything else. He never had. It was stupid to think it would ever be different. He had fucked her every chance he got since she was nineteen. Every time she promised herself it would never happen again. And every time she saw him her pussy pulsed.

The phone in her bag rang as she started her car and she picked it up.

"Yeah?"

"Did you leave him the key?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks. Good luck with the date."

"Thanks, Precious. I'll call you tomorrow."

-o0o-

She was arranging her dark red dreads into a big knot. She'd had them for years and had saved her hair long before that, so the knot was bigger than her head. There were jewelry here and there in them, even her hair made tinkling sounds when she walked. She couldn't sneak up on anyone and that's how she wanted it. She hated when people sneaked up on her.

There was a knock on the door and she hoped it wasn't her date that was that early. She wasn't ready yet. When she opened the door her heart stopped.

"Whatta you want?"

"You have a date?" He glared at her, leaning against the doorpost.

There was no good way to answer that. He didn't even fucking deserve an answer.

"You need to leave. I don't have time for this." She started to close the door and flinched out of fear when he violently slammed the door open again. It hit the wall and she could hear the wall cracking. "What the fuck?!"

Then he was in front of her, grabbed her over the jaws with one hand and sent her after the door against the wall. At the same time slamming the door shut.

"You don't get to tell me what to do." He growled and shoved his tongue into her mouth.

She tried to push him away, turning her head away from him. "Please, I don't have time for this."

"Why, expecting your *date* to be here soon?" He grabbed her crotch and she couldn't fucking help herself, she moaned and he gave her a smug smile. "Like that?"

"Please don't do this."

"You want me to." He moved her towards the kitchen counter, bent her over it and pulled down her jeans. "If you tell me to stop and I believe you; I will." He mumbled into her hear and she heard him unbuckling his belt.

"Stop," she mumbled but she didn't even convince herself.

He pushed two fingers inside her and leaned and whispered in her ear. "Sure about that? You're soaking wet, Girlie." She hated it when he called her that.

"You fucking asshole," she said with her forehead against the counter. "Just fucking do it and get out of here."

He chuckled and then slammed his dick inside her and she shrieked at the sudden intrusion. His hands were grabbing her hips hard and he was fucking her even harder. She was holding her hands against the wall to stop her head from hitting the wall every time he shoved his big dick as far inside her as was physically possible. These hate fucks were the best. They were hard, violent, painful and they made her come extremely hard every fucking time. And every time she despised herself for it. Even more than she despised him for doing this to her.

He leaned over her again and she heard his pants close to her ear. She knew what was coming next and just the expectation of it made her pussy cramp, the next second he bit down into her shoulder and she came. A few hard thrusts later he exploded inside of her with a roar.

When she turned around she felt his semen running down the inside of her thighs. "Why do you do this?"

"You're wouldn't fuck someone else with a pussy full of my cum," he said with a cruel smile while closing his jeans.

She leaned down and pulled up her underwear but simply stepped out of her jeans. "Why do you care?"

He grabbed her jaws again and gave her another one of his hard kisses before staring into her eyes. "You and your pussy are mine."

"I just love these little talks," she said with a sarcastic smile. She was sickening herself. While walking towards the bathroom she said, without looking at him, "I expect you to be gone by the time I come out of the bathroom."

She washed her face and with the water still running she leaned her head against the bathroom mirror. The bun she had done was a mess, he had probably been pulling it, he usually did. She started to rearrange her dreads. She sat down on the toilet and peed before trying to wash her quite sore crotch. He was right, she wasn't going to fuck someone when she was filled with some other guys cum.

In fact; she wouldn't even date someone full of some other guys cum. Her sweatpants were on the floor in the bathroom and she walked outside, picked up the phone and called Ricky.

"Tell me you're not canceling on me."

"I'm not feeling so hot, I'm sorry. I think it was something I ate."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you if you take me out next weekend instead."

He sighed. "*Promise me.*"

"Scouts honor."

"*I doubt you've ever been a scout.*"

"No, I never was. But I promise."

"*Fine. Need anything?*"

"Just some sleep. I'll be fine. I'll call you tomorrow."

"*Bye.*"

She hung up and jumped when she heard a chuckle from the couch behind her. "Had a feelin' you'd do that."

She turned around. He was sitting on the couch with that smug fucking smile on his face. He stood up and strode over to her and she felt her eyes watering. Fuck! She turned her gaze down on the floor. She didn't want to see him anymore and she didn't want him to see her cry.

"Please just leave."

He took her chin between his thumb and index finger and raised her head. She just looked at him, didn't even try to look angry. He placed a kiss on her lips before drying her cheek with his thumb and without saying a single word he finally left.

-o0o-

He came the next day as well. When she heard the knock on the door she knew it was him. For a second she thought about pretending that she wasn't at home but realized that he would never fall for that. So she opened the door and met his amused look.

"Took your time." She shrugged and held up the door. He stepped inside, walked up to her and grabbed her ass. "Were you thinking about not opening, Girlie?"

He kicked the door shut and locked it, still holding on to her ass with his right hand.

He stayed all night. It started with him going down on her in the hallway and ended by her riding him in the bed while he twisted her nipples and bit her neck. Between the two he fucked her all over the apartment in as many positions as possible. She soon lost count of how many times he made her come.

Sometime in the middle of the night she got up, wrapped a shirt around her and went out into the kitchen. She opened up the window and sat down on a chair next to it to lit a smoke. She couldn't hear him but knew when he came up behind her.

"Shouldn't smoke." He took her cigarette and inhaled a mouthful before throwing it out the window. He pulled her up to her feet and opened her shirt, running his eyes over her body. Her hips were bruised from the kitchen counter-fuck the day before, she had bite marks on her breasts and neck, probably some bruises on her ass and thighs as well. He looked pleased, he wanted her to look like this every time he'd been to Charming. Marked as his and he knew she was too embarrassed to show herself naked to anyone while the bruises and bite marks were there.

"Done?" She asked and he raised his gaze from her tits to her eyes. He looked pissed again.

He pulled the shirt over her shoulders down behind her back to her wrists and tied it there.

"Still giving me lip, bitch?" He lifted her up on the kitchen counter and spread her legs. "Haven't had enough?"

He had tied her amazingly well with just the shirt and she couldn't move her arms. His tongue started at her knee, leaving a wet trail over her thigh, the bruised hip, dipped into her bellybutton and moved up to her tits, sucking on them hard. She held off as long as possible but finally that revealing moan escaped her lips and he plunged inside her again. He fucked her while holding his hand around her neck, nibbling on her shoulders.

"You're not gonna go on any dates any time soon," he mumbled between the light bites. "You're *my* bitch."

She had a hard time to sit up, he was leaning against her and she couldn't hold herself up with her arms as they were tied behind her. Finally she leaned back and rested on her elbows. It wasn't comfortable but it worked. His eyes gleamed as he looked over her body, he stroked her bruised hips before moving his hand over her and the thumb down to her clit. And she came, again. It never fucking stopped with him. He was an ass, treated her worse than shit, completely ignored her when anyone saw them, humiliated her but he could make her come like no one else could. She was going to miss that.

-oOo-

She was sixteen the first time she saw him. Her parents had sent her to stay with her aunt Precious over the summer to keep her out of trouble. Precious had just married Bobby and she'd had a lot of fun that summer. Had spent a lot of it in the clubhouse with Bobby trying to teach her how to bake.

One morning when she walked into the clubhouse, *he* was sitting in the bar. She halted and looked at him.

"Who are you?"

It was like he was looking right through her before he turned around with a snarl. Not even bothering to answer. She snorted as a reply and that apparently caught his attention.

She had both thanked and cursed that snort over the years. He turned back towards her, swept his gaze over her from the feet to her head and curled his lips into a smile. Not a nice smile. More of a 'the tings I could do to ya'-smile.

She blushed and that had made him chuckle before he turned back towards the bar.

He hadn't stayed for long, her rarely did and the next time she'd seen him she was seventeen.

That time she didn't even bother to say hi. She simply walked past him to find Bobby in his dorm. He'd had a fight with Precious and had taken off and Precious sent her to get him home. Bobby asked her to wait in the bar, Lisa assumed it was to get his pants up and the Crow Eater out before she saw too much. She went back into the bar and got a coke from the prospect, Kyle. When she turned around *he* was in the couch getting a blowjob and he looked her straight into the eyes and gave her that fucking smile again. This time she didn't blush, she simply raised her eyebrows, smiled and took a sip of the coke, still meeting his hazy gaze.

He had stayed for a bit longer that time. The only times he looked at her was when he either had a mouth around his dick or when he was finger fucking some crow eater. Always the same smile and she never turned her look away. Not once. Neither did he but she wasn't fucking going to blush in front of him again.

The day before he left was the first time ever he talked to her. He caught her coming out from the bathroom and pushed her back inside.

"What the fuck!" She said and rubbed her elbow that she'd hit on the wall. He pressed her back against it, leaned towards the wall with his hand next to her head.

"You're playing with fire, Girlie."

"You're imagining things," she said and tried move him to the side to get out. He simply pushed her back and chuckled.

"I've played this game a lot longer than you."

"Congratulations! Wanna let me leave?" She pointed towards the door.

He leaned closer to her. So close that she could feel his breath on her lips and she closed her eyes. Her heart was beating so hard she was sure even he could hear it.

Just barely touching her lips he mumbled. "I don't pop cherries. And I don't fuck minors. But I can wait."

Then he pushed back and walked out and she could hear the door close behind him. She still had her eyes closed and the fast beating of her heart in her ears.

She'd known then and there that she was in trouble. She'd just not understood *how* much trouble she was in. And for how long it would continue. Most importantly; she hadn't known the mess it would end in.

2. Time is Running Out

Lisa moved to Charming permanently the summer of 1993 when she was eighteen. It was for a lot of reasons. One being that she didn't get along well with her mother. Another that she hated her stepfather. In an attempt to drive both of them over the edge so they'd let her move, she pierced her septum. It had worked and her mother told her that she could move where ever the fuck she wanted since she couldn't stand seeing her destroy her 'beautiful face'. Lisa did the snakebite piercings the day she moved to Charming, just to piss her mother off. She kept them because she liked them.

He came to Charming that summer as well. Their little dance of staring at each other while he was playing with some crow eater continued. She was legal but he seemed to be under the impression that she was still a virgin. She hadn't been a virgin since she was sixteen. Something stopped her from telling him that.

Even if she'd wanted to tell him, he hadn't talked to her again. The conversation in the bathroom were the only words they'd ever exchanged.

Six months after she moved to Charming she met a guy, Victor, and they started dating. He was a year older than her and was a lot of fun. He was the one who suggested she'd do dreads and it sounded like a great idea.

Obviously they had sex and it was... nice. Lisa just wasn't much for nice. She was also too shy to ask him to pinch her nipples, bite her lip or whatever else she wanted so she settled for the 'nice' sex.

One night after they'd been together for about five months he followed her home to her studio apartments and they had the usual vanilla sex. She faked the orgasm to get it over with and he snuggled up close to her, carefully stroking her side.

"I love you, Lisa," he whispered in her ear and Lisa's pulse went haywire. Not out of happiness, she fucking panicked and even forgot how to breathe for a while. "Lisa?"

"Ehhh... thanks?"

His hand stopped on her hip. "Thanks?"

"I'm not sure what to say."

"You don't love me?" He was up on his elbow, looking down on her now.

"Victor, I really like you..." She sighed. "I'm sorry."

Obviously they had a huge fight after that, she broke up with him and Victor was pissed. She couldn't blame him but really; she was nineteen, she wasn't ready for shit like that!

She tried to see it from the positive side, she had awesome, long, dark red dreads. That had been his idea. She'd done a nipple piercing, not really thanks to him but he liked it. She had figured out that she wasn't much for sweet love making and that was a pretty good thing to know.

The Friday after she was emptying beer bottles at the clubhouse by drinking them. She made sure to check them for cigarette butts before drinking them though. She'd made that mistake once before and didn't want to repeat it.

Suddenly he was next to her, handing her his beer. She eyed him suspiciously.

"It's just beer." It was the first time he'd looked right at her without messing with a crow eater at the same time since their bathroom incident. It was also the first since then he'd talked to her. He had a crooked smile and was still holding the beer in front of her face.

She took it, wiped it off with her shirt and then drank from it.

"Where's that boyfriend?"

"We broke up." She emptied the bottle and handed it back to him.

He moved his eyes all over her body. "Why?"

"He told me he loved me," she said while getting up from the couch. He laughed behind her when she left.

A while later she was heading towards the dorms. She was tired, didn't feel like going home and Clay said she could take one of the unoccupied rooms. That's when he stepped out from his dorm and she halted. He put the phone he was holding in his hand in the back pocket.

"Where are you going, Girlie?"

"To bed."

He raised his eyebrows, scanned the hallway behind her and smiled. "No you're not, we're gonna have a little talk," he said and then simply grabbed her arm and pulled her into his room, slammed the door shut and locked it.

He moved closer to her. "I'm guessing you've popped that cherry."

"About three years ago."

His face wasn't more than an inch from hers. His eyes were glittering at her answer.

"How many of them have made you come?"

His hand was on her hip now.

"Does it matter?"

He licked her lips. "No. Cause I'm gonna make you cum harder than any of them. Harder than you even thought was possible, Sweetheart."

He kissed her, really fucking hard and it turned her on like a light bulb. This was what kissing should be, the careful kisses with a tongue as limp as a fucking snail just annoyed her. This was no careful nibbling, just a hard, demanding kiss. The grip on her hip got firmer and his other hand was grabbing her ass, basically kneading it and she moaned into his mouth.

"Had a feeling you like it rough." Lisa was just trying to catch her breath and nodded.

He lifted her up and threw her down on the bed. He pulled off her jeans, pretty much tore off her t-shirt and went crazy on her tits. He smiled when he saw the ring in her nipple and pulled it while looking at her face.

Soon he was ravaging her mouth again and his fingers were inside her. He even finger fucked her hard. A lot harder than she'd seen him do with crowd eaters.

"Oh. My. Fucking. God." She moaned and he chuckled.

He dove down to her tits again, sucked and nibbled and pulled her nipples with his teeth and she came. Before she even had time to come down he had pulled out his fingers, wiped out a condom and put his dick at her entrance.

"I want you to tell me what you want me to do to you. The entire time."

"W-w-what?" Lisa's concentration was at the moment very directed to the dick between her thighs.

He leaned closer again. "I want you to use that pretty mouth of yours to say the filthiest things. Understand?" She nodded as a response. "Now, tell me what you want me to do to you."

"Fuck me hard."

And he did. She felt her first orgasm sneaking up on her when she was on all four. He's left hand was grabbing her waist, he was leaning over her with the other one holding her hair, raking his teeth over her neck.

She held her breath to try to catch the orgasm and felt him lick her ear. "Deep breaths, Girlie."

"What?"

"Keep breathing, deep breaths, you'll get there."

He had been right about all the other things that were good so far so she did as he said. He moved the hand on her waist down to her clit, still fucking her hard. He

pulled her hair harder to the side and she tried to keep breathing. The result was that her moans got a lot louder.

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ. Harder!"

He let go of her hair and grabbed her breast, holding on to it hard.

"Pinch!" She panted and he did. She was so fucking close and it was gonna be an earthquake. He was attending every fucking erogenous zone and it was overwhelming. Seconds before she exploded he let go of her breast, slammed his hand over her mouth and bit down on her shoulder. Hard. She screamed, if his hand hadn't been over her mouth there wouldn't be a single person in the clubhouse who didn't know some bitch just came harder than ever.

She couldn't hold herself up and fell forward on the bed. He turned her around and when she opened her eyes he was standing on his knees between her legs with a very satisfied smile on his lips.

"I'm not done with you yet," he said. "You're gonna scream for me all fucking night."

They had fucked for hours and he had been right, she kept screaming for him. Around five in the morning she was on her back, her pussy was beyond sore, she was soaked in sweat and had never been so satisfied.

He turned towards her. "You should get to your dorm."

She nodded while still looking at the ceiling. "This was probably stupid."

"Probably," he laughed.

"I won't tell if you don't."

"I'd get shot for this."

She turned towards him and he was looking at her. He was more than ten years her senior, had a rugged, worn face. To be honest he wasn't that handsome but there was something about him anyway. She was extremely attracted to him and had been for quite some time. But this was still wrong. Bobby would go crazy if he knew, the others as well. It was also the small detail that this would never lead anywhere.

"We shouldn't do this again," she sighed.

He shook his head, grabbed her chin and kissed her. She wanted to do this again. The mere thought of not getting sex like this again was painful, and not in the good way. She didn't want to do it at the clubhouse though.

"Want my address?"

He bit down in her lower lip and nodded slightly, still holding on to it.

She got out of the bed. The t-shirt was in an ok shape but her underwear was in shreds. She threw them at him. "If you're gonna rip my clothes apart you're paying for them. I'm on minimum wage."

That's how it started.

-o0o-

Five years and hundreds of mind blowing orgasms later she was trying to hit a stick with her pee. Or rather, hit the pee with the stick. Obviously she managed to piss on her own hand. Lisa didn't mind some freaky shit in the bed but golden showers had never held an appeal to her. Already feeling slightly sick, the pee on her hand almost made her vomit.

"Fuck!" She put the stick on floor, got up and stepped immediately into the shower to scrub her entire body.

There really wasn't much point in spending money on that test, she knew she was pregnant. There was no doubt about it and she had already decided on what to do.

She'd found a job in Las Vegas. An old, very close friend of hers owned a steampunk clothes and jewelry shop. Lisa could easily fit in at a place like that. It also seemed a lot better to work in a shop than a bar.

Steampunk stuff was very popular in Vegas and business was booming, at least according to Hannah, the owner and friend. She was going to work there, take a few months off while having the baby. She was even going to live with Hannah so she hoped it would work out. Cause she was having the baby. Hannah was also the only one who knew she was pregnant and she had been thrilled. She was already planning on Steampunk baby outfits. That was a bit over the top according to Lisa but she'd deal with that later.

When she got out of the shower she knelt down in front of the stick and looked at it. Yup, she was pregnant. But again, she'd known that for a while. Even before his last visit.

After drying up, putting on some clothes she got into the car and went to the clubhouse. She found Bobby inside the garage.

"Hey, got a minute?"

Bobby and Precious had divorced the year before but she was still closer to him than her. Besides, Precious was in a permanently bad mood and finding out that Lisa had known that Bobby fucked crow eaters in Charming had made her pissed at Lisa as well. She couldn't blame her. She should've said something but it didn't seem like her business.

"Sure." He got up and pointed towards the office. "In there."

They sat down and she looked at him. "I'm gonna go away for a while."

"Something up?"

"No. Hannah just needs some help in her shop. I need to get away for a while. It seemed like a perfect coincident."

"You in Vegas? The town will never be the same," he laughed. He of course knew who Hannah was.

"I might be freakishly looking in Charming but in Vegas I'm average Joe."

He got up and kissed her. "You'll do fine. Just don't start stripping."

"No, staying away from that." He hugged him. "Please don't tell anyone yet. I want to do it myself."

He nodded in agreement and gave her another kiss. She didn't want to tell him the truth. That she was running away because she was pregnant. She honestly didn't want anyone of them to know that yet. It would just make it harder to leave. And she had no idea what to say if someone asked who the father was.

They talked for a while and then she went into the clubhouse. She halted at the door when she noticed that he was back. She hadn't calculated on that. He usually didn't come more than every second month, every month at the most but it wasn't more than two weeks since the last time.

As usual he didn't acknowledge her and she walked right past him to talk to Tig. She hoped that Bobby kept his word and didn't mention it to anyone yet. She wasn't going to tell anyone before he'd left town again and planned on being out of town before he got back.

At least he wasn't getting a blowjob from a Crow Eater this time. Or was dragging one of them to his dorm like he'd done the time before that. Or her favorite; fucking a crow eater on the pool table during the Friday night party. He'd done that too. Right in front of her. Knowing that she saw it.

He always knocked on her door those nights as well, not even mentioning or commenting on what he'd done.

She never commented on it either, not like she could say anything. He hadn't promised her anything and she hadn't promised him anything. It was just two conceding people, fucking their brains out now and then. That's what she told herself simply since it was all she'd ever get.

-o0o-

The knock at the door came around midnight. She opened and he was standing outside.

"Why back so soon?"

"Club shit," he shrugged.

"The marks from the last time hasn't even faded yet."

"Didn't count on being back so soon." He put his arm around her waist and kissed her neck. "I'll be more gentle this time."

That wasn't what she wanted to hear. He didn't know it but this was the last time and she wanted it to be proper fucks, as many as she could get out of him so she reached for him and bit down in his lower lip.

"Why?"

He smiled. "Ok. I'll fuck you just as usual then."

"Just as usual," she agreed.

Later that night she was lying next to him, looking at him while he was sleeping. She was pretty sure, convinced even, that it was fucking shitty of her to split and not tell him about the kid. He wasn't the dad kind. If he knew she was pregnant he'd probably tell her to get rid of it and she didn't want to do that. But she should probably tell him anyway. She wouldn't though.

She had known when they started that this was all she'd get. Casual fucks and no matter how good they were it was getting to her. Five fucking years of it and she wasn't getting any younger. Not that she was old but she was getting to the age when she needed more than this and he would never give her that. It used to be ok, she didn't use to want more but somehow that had started to change.

She'd always felt it was a bit wrong for them to have sex. Since that very first time. But the last couple of years she'd felt really bad about it, mainly since it was slowly and in an extremely painful way ripping her heart to pieces.

He was older than her, quite a lot older than her and if he wanted kids and relationships he would've had them by now. He might be an ass who humiliated her at times, bossed her around and shit. But he was still him. He had other moments, when he was sweet even.

Finding out she was pregnant had forced her to admit it to herself. It wasn't just that she wanted this kid. Part of the reason she wanted it was because it was his. And the reason she wanted his kid was that she loved him.

When she'd realize that she'd said yes to the date with Ricky. Her brain didn't even make sense to herself most of the time.

She stroke his cheek and with a twitch he opened his eyes. He looked at her before checking his watch.

"I have to go. Told 'em I'd go directly to up to Utah."

"You're going to Utah?"

"Yeah. It was urgent."

"How are you gonna explain the five hour delay?"

"I'll tell 'em I picked up some pussy. They won't blame me for that." He tugged a handful of her dreads. "You were cuntier than usual last time. Wanna tell me what that was about."

"You fucked me thirty minutes before my date. You were an ass. More so than usual."

"Sorry about your wall."

"Not sorry about filling my pussy with cum just before my date then?"

"Nope, told you; you and your pussy are mine."

"You usually don't give a shit what I do."

"I don't give a shit what you do when I'm not here but you don't go on dates when I'm in town."

"I didn't know you'd be here."

"I was here."

There was no winning this discussion. She knew that from experience. "Whatever."

What really bugged her about that time was the fact that the hate sex got to her so much. She was so starved for any emotion out of him that even hate sex seemed like a better option than the regular fucks. At least he felt something for her then. It was pathetic and sickening how much she wanted him to at least give a shit and that she considered hate better than nothing.

He took a shower, came back to get dress, bit her ear and mumbled. "See you next time."

"Sure," she said and turned to her back to watch him leave.

When the door closed she stared at the ceiling with her hand on her stomach.

"Just you and me now, kid." She sighed. "We'll be fine though. I just hope you're not as big as your dad cause I don't want to give birth to a fucking giant. So If I could choose; I'd prefer you as a small, petite girl. Think you can work with me on that one?"

She felt tears in her eyes. She was totally blaming the hormones for sniveling constantly. She normally never cried. She kept talking to the kid instead of thinking too much.

"Just so you know - and you can't ever quote me on this and I'll never say it out loud again - I love your dad."

3. From Her To Eternity

Hannah and her boyfriend Tyler came and helped her pack up her things. The furniture and stuff went into a storage. Clothes and music went into the van they'd brought. She couldn't ask the club for help since she officially was planning on coming back soon.

Luckily she didn't have much things, stuff didn't mean much to her. She'd grown up in a huge house full of shit that everyone had to be careful with and she knew that all that stuff didn't make anyone anymore happy. So when she moved away from home she'd kept things at a minimum.

She went by the clubhouse and said goodbye to everyone then they took off. They came to Hannah's house in the middle of the night and Lisa fell asleep like a dead person.

The next morning they unpacked, she made herself at home in the bedroom and later that evening Tyler made them dinner. He was a really nice guy and a cook at one of the bigger hotels so the dinner was amazing. Considering that Hannah had just brought a pregnant friend into their house with the promise that she could stay there forever if she wanted to, he was an angel. Or just madly in love with Hannah. Lisa suspected that it was a combination of the two.

-o0o-

Two months later she was getting used to wearing one outfit crazier than the other at work. Most of the clothes were Hannah's. Others were clothes that Hanna had made especially for her. Mostly stuff that would cope with her growing belly.

When she protested that she never had to pay for them Hannah had simply said that she was a live mannequin. It was a smart move from her side. Whatever one of them was wearing they usually sold it. That was especially true with the jewelry and the accessories and for a girl who loved to make tinkling sounds when she walked around; Steampunk was tha shit!

"What the hell are you wearing?" Someone laughed behind her and she turned around to see Tig and Bobby in the door.

"Steampunk outfit," she said while walking up to them and gave them both a hug.

It was a brown coat with loads of buckles, four necklaces, the classic top hat with goggles and a long skirt. This outfit hid her belly completely, not that it was that big yet.

"Geez, you look crazier than ever." Bobby gave her another hug. "Just wanted to check up on you."

"I'm fine. How are things in Charming?"

"Wild. I'm glad you're here." He held an arm around her waist. "Big Otto got arrested."

"Shit, is it bad?"

"It's bad," Tig nodded. "Have dinner with us and we'll tell you all about it."

"We just have to wait for Hannah to come back."

She followed her into the store. Tig halted halfway in and started to look at all the stuff.

"So, according to your landlord you don't have an apartment anymore. Something you want to tell me?"

"I'm not going back."

Bobby gave her a serious look. "That was the plan all along, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry. I should've said something."

"You should've," Tig said and gave her a stern look as well. "Are you coming to visit?"

"There's a lot right now. But I'll try." She wasn't going in the next five months though.

"Coming for New Years at least? Celebrate the new millennium or the end of the world, whichever comes first?" Bobby asked. Around New Years she'd be more than eight months pregnant, so that wasn't going to happen.

"Geez, celebrate the new millennium in Charming or in Las Vegas? What do you think?"

They both laughed.

She'd put herself in one hell of a situation and sooner or later she would have to tell them she was pregnant. She preferred later. Much later. Maybe so late she could say she'd gotten pregnant in Vegas. That would mean she'd have to lie about when the baby was born and that would be a tricky one.

She was just a bad person and things would probably have been easier if she'd just fessed up in Charming. She just didn't want *him* to know. 'Cause he'd know the kid was his.

On the other hand she couldn't lie for all eternity. She'd known that and had just tried to push the problems ahead of her. That was never really a good idea. And now she was starting to pay the price for it. It would only get more expensive the longer she waited.

They hanged out in the shop until Hannah came back and then she went out to have dinner with them. After changing clothes, that was their demand.

They stayed 'til the next morning and she let out a relieved sigh once they were gone.

"You didn't tell them?" Hannah looked almost pissed.

"No."

"This wouldn't have something to do with the dad?" She crossed her arms in front of her.

"It does."

"Do they know him?"

"Yeah."

"He's a member, isn't he?" When Lisa didn't answer Hannah sighed. "Jesus, Lisa. You can't hide this from them. Or him. It's not right."

"I know." She finally dared to look at Hannah. "I know all that. I just don't know what the fuck I'm going to do. I've been trying to figure that out since I realized that I was pregnant."

"Was it a one time thing?"

"Something like that."

Hannah looked at her, walked up to her and put her hand on Lisa's cheek. "No it wasn't. You love him."

"It doesn't matter." She blinked away the tears and turned to walk inside. She didn't want to talk about him. She wasn't ready, it still hurt too much.

-o0o-

Six months pregnant she sat at the hairdressers chair and Hannah stood next to her with a huge smile on her face. The hairdresser was holding a pair of scissors.

"Sure about this?"

"Absolutely!" Both her and Hannah said at the same time and the first dread was cut off.

"I'd say we might be able to save about three inches if you're lucky," she said while cutting off one dread after the other. They landed on the floor and looked like long worms around the chair.

"Sounds good."

Lisa had debated with her self for two months and finally Hannah's argument about how she could change her hair color won her over. She felt like black.

All in all, she was feeling good. She was extremely happy about the pregnancy and she loved the little thing to death already. But sometimes, late at night, she missed him so much she couldn't breath.

Tyler stared at her when they came home. "You look like Madonna in that 'Rain' video."

"I'm gonna pretend that you didn't just mention me and Madonna in the same sentence."

"But..."

"Shut it!" Hannah said. "She looks great!"

"She looks hot, just..."

"Stop talking," Lisa pointed her finger at him. "Did you buy oranges?"

-oOo-

A week before Christmas she was doing some shopping at a mall when she noticed two older women who were giving out information about studying to become a Nursing Assistant. Lisa took the brochure and read it while absently stroking her belly.

"When are you expecting?" One of the women asked with a smile.

"In January," Lisa answered with a smile in return. She looked down at the brochure again. "Do you have night or weekend classes for this?"

"Yes, we do. Let me get you the information." The lady came back just a minute later with a stack of papers. "I can help you to fill them in now, if you change your mind you can simply decline when you get the offer for the course."

Lisa agreed and they filled in all the paper work. Towards the end the lady, who's name was Deborah, pointed at Lisa's face.

"You might have to get rid of those though."

Lisa shrugged. "I got them mostly to piss my mom off and I think that me being pregnant might piss her off even more."

In some ways she was done with it. The dreads the piercings. She wasn't sure why but it had filled it's purpose. She loved them, she loved that she'd had them but it didn't seem as important to her to wear her insides on her outside anymore. She knew who she was anyway and didn't so much care if others did. That being said; she'd never look like an average Joe anyway, she just didn't feel the need for it to be so extreme.

Deborah laughed. "Your mom doesn't know your pregnant?"

"I haven't talked to her in years."

About an hour later Hannah met her for the lamaze class.

"I just filled in an application to go to class to become a certified Nurse Assitant."

"I can see you as a nurse." Hannah nodded.

"Really?"

"Sure. You're good with people, not overly emotional and don't stress easy."

"Not overly emotional?"

"Yeah. I'd cry my eyes out all the fucking time if I worked at a hospital."

"I might do it then."

"No harm in getting the certificate at least. Found two more cool names today." Hannah said while they were waiting for the class to start. "Kody for a boy and Ruth for a girl."

"I like them."

"The guy named Kody was so fucking hot!" Hannah added with a dreamy voice. "He bought that fake pig fetus in a jar necklace. I'd totally go down on him."

"You have a boyfriend you greedy bitch! Leave some of the hot ones for the needing."

"If I didn't I totally would've." She sighed but Lisa knew that Hannah was completely crazy in love with Taylor and he with her. "So no weird things with the names? I mean; I suggested Louisa and you thought of Hitler's schizophrenic sister."

"No. Can't think of anything about Kody and Ruth just reminds me of the Book of Ruth in the bible. It's quite beautiful."

"You've read the bible?"

"Parts of it. Book of Ruth is in some ways about female friendship. I like it. I think this is definitely a Ruth." She said and patted on her stomach. "Hey Ruth! Wanna come out and say hi to your mom and crazy god mother soon?"

-o0o-

Four days later, three days before Christmas she simply picked up the phone and did that thing she should've done months ago.

"Yeah?"

"Hi Bobby. It's Lisa."

"Lisa! I miss you!"

"Miss you too."

"We had a big meeting last weekend. Guys from Tacoma, Vegas, Fresno, Tuscon and some Nomads were here."

"Wild party I guess?" She could imagine. She'd been to a couple of those.

"Oh yeah. Some of them asked for ya."

"Yeah?" She both hoped that he would and that he wouldn't mention him.

"Sure. Kozik had found some new freakish music he wanted you to hear and Happy had done some design for a tattoo you asked about. He wanted to make sure you'd get it."

"Oh, nice. Did he leave it there?"

"Yeah, I got it for you. Armando wanted to know why you hadn't contacted the Vegas Charter."

"Why would I?"

"I don't know, guess he was worried about you. Even Quinn asked." Bobby laughed.
"Well, he asked where the girl with all the shit in her face was. You know Quinn."

"Yeah. I know Quinn."

"Told him I'd tell him if he bothered to learn your name."

"He knows my name." She took a deep breath. She had to do this now. "I need to tell you something and could you please try to not explode."

"Ok?" Bobby said in a cautious voice.

"Are you at the clubhouse?"

"Yeah. I'll go into the chapel." He understood that she wanted him alone. *"Tell me."*

"I'm pregnant."

He was quiet for a long time. *"You got a guy in Vegas?"*

She she could hear the pleading hopefulness in his voice. He wanted it to be a some guy in Vegas. He probably already knew where this was going.

"No. I've been pregnant for a while."

"How long is a while?"

"36 weeks." He was dead quiet and she really hoped he didn't just hang up and went out into the clubhouse and started to scream.

"Please, God, tell me it's not Tig's," he finally said.

"What?! No! Fucking hell, Bobby!" What the fuck did he think about her? Then she realized that it might not be that fucking far fetched. But Tig! Just... no.

"Is that why you left?"

"Yeah."

"So it's a memeber's?"

"Not a samcro-guy." She tried to make it sound like a good thing. An awesome thing. He didn't fall for it.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Lisa! What did he say and who the fuck is he?"

"I haven't told him. And you can't let them now. I'm only telling you so you know why I'm staying here for Christmas."

"Are you out of your fucking mind!" He was yelling now. *"Whoever he is, Lisa, it's his fucking kid! You don't keep shit like this a secret, not with anyone and especially not with these people. They have a very hands on way of getting even."*

"I'm pretty sure he doesn't give a shit about that."

"I want to know who it is." Then he obviously thought of another thing 'cause he started yelling again. *"And for fucks sake! How could you not use condom?"*

"I was on pills."

"Even if you were, you need condoms with these guys! For Gods sake! They'd get their dick wet in anything. You know that as well as I do." Then he was quiet, she could almost hear his brain trying to work it out and his sharp inhale told her he'd figured it out. *"Oh, Jesus! It wasn't stupid drunken thing, was it? It was more than once."*

Lisa was quiet.

"How long, Lisa?" He was so disappointed, she could hear it and she felt embarrassed, ashamed and so fucking sorry.

She finally managed to squeeze it out, "for long."

"Did he hurt you or threaten you or anything like that?"

"No! No, he didn't do anything I didn't want to. It wasn't nothing like that."

"You won't tell me who it is, will you?"

"Please, Bobby. Please don't hate me." She was crying and when he heard that he finally calmed down.

"I don't. But, Lisa, it's fucked up to not tell him. Whoever he is and whatever he did he deserves to know."

She had tears running down her cheeks now. Her hand was stroking the belly and she felt the baby kick.

"Honey?"

"I know. I know I should and I know I did loads of things wrong. I should've told you too and..."

"I'm not sure I can keep this a secret, Lisa."

She was sobbing now and tears and snot was streaming down her face. She tried to wipe her face and catch her breath. She couldn't even say anything.

"I'll need to talk to Clay at least. Can you promise me that whoever this guy is, he didn't hurt you?"

"He didn't."

"Fucking hell, I hate to even ask but did he do anything before you were legal? Did anyone?"

"No. No one did, Bobby."

"What makes you think he wouldn't give a shit?"

"Has anyone seemed the least bit upset that I was gone? Asked for my number or address?"

Bobby was quiet. "No," he eventually sighed. *"But that doesn't mean anything. Not when you were keeping it a secret, honey. I'll talk to Clay but I'm not making any promises."*

"Thank you."

"I'll come by in January. I want to see the kid."

"I'll let you know when I have it."

"You better!"

"I promise. Say hi to everyone from me."

"I will. Take care kiddo."

"I will. Call me when you've talked to Clay." She felt bad about so many things at the moment. One of them that she dumped all this shit in Bobby's lap. He'd been great to her and didn't deserve it. "I'm sorry, Bobby."

"Yeah. I'll call you, Honey."

And they hung up.

Lisa knew that a lot of what had gone on between the two of them early on, when they flirted in public, hadn't been noticed by the club simply since it was such a fucked up time for the club.

It was in the middle of the Mayan war and in November that year John Teller had died. She'd never really gotten to know John, he had spent a lot of time on Ireland but the he'd seem like a nice person.

It had been a crazy time but the war with the Mayan ended that year and in the peace that followed the club they they tended to party a lot, for a long time, just to celebrate and she slipped between the cracks. By the time things turned to normal they had stopped flirting in public and fucked in secret instead.

Not even Gemma, who usually never missed a single fucking thing, had picked up on it. Probably because she was so wrapped up in her own shit at the time.

Lisa sat in the couch for a long time after talking to Bobby, holding her hands on her stomach and smiling at the little one kicking away. It was always active when she was still and she loved the feeling. She thought about names and suddenly remembered the time she had told him her full name.

-o0o-

It had been early morning and her mom had called her to nag about something. As usual they started to fight and she tried to keep her voice down since she didn't want to wake him up and she was too tired to get out of bed. Finally she hung up with a growl and heard his morning horse voice next to her.

"Your mom's name is Aziza?"

When she was pissed at her mom she called her by her real name. Because her mom hated when she did. She thought it was disrespectful and Lisa knew it was. That's why she did it.

"Means 'Precious'. Precious name used to be Nadira but she changed it to Precious. Nadira means Precious as well."

"What's your sisters name?" He said and pulled her closer.

She had just mentioned once that she had an older sister. Her sister was a very good girl and naturally they didn't get along well. Lisa didn't get along with most of the posh people in her family. Precious was the only one who didn't permanently walk around with a stick up her ass.

"Ginevra, it's after Ginevra de' Benci. A painting by Leonardo da Vinci."

He leaned over her and licked a bite mark on her breast. "How the fuck did you end up with the name Lisa with all those other fucked up names in your family?"

"It's not my full name," she admitted and tried to get out of bed before he asked. He pulled her back down and put his arm around her.

"What's your full name?" He had a sly smile and sneaked his hand in between her thighs, stroking his hand up and down between her knee and crotch.

"Not telling you," she mumbled and he upped the ante by placing his mouth over her nipple, biting down carefully, and flipping his tongue over it.

He looked up at her when she moaned. "Tell me." His fingers were on her clit and she moved her hips against him, spreading her legs more to give him better access. He chuckled but didn't stop and kept touching, licking and kissing her all over her body.

Finally she was extremely worked up and he placed his dick at her entrance and then he didn't move. She looked up at him.

"If you don't tell me I'll stop," he had an almost sadistic smile.

"I'll kill you if you tell anyone."

"How the fuck would I explain that I know it?" He laughed. "Tell me."

"Mona Lisa."

With a hard thrust he entered her all the way to the hilt, he leaned over her and with his lips against hers he mumbled, "Mona Lisa." He kissed her and then smiled when he rolled his hips against her and licked her chin. "It suits you."

It was one of the last times she'd talked to her mom and the first times they had morning sex.

-o0o-

Lisa shook her head to get rid of the images of him all over her that filled her head. She picked up another orange and started to peel it. Just then Tyler came home.

He halted in the doorway and pointed his finger at her in a demanding gesture. "How many?"

"How many, what?"

"Oranges," he laughed.

"The baby likes oranges and I'm nice to my baby." She patted the top of the stomach. "Because I looove my baby. Hear that, kid? Your mommy looves you. Very, very much"

"Well, lucky for your baby; I'm nice to it as well so I bought it oranges." He put a bag full of oranges on the table. "I'm getting really fed up at carrying this shit though. They're heavy, just saying."

"Oh. The baby loves you Tyler."

"I know. If the baby's really nice I'll make it an orange sorbet for desert tonight."

"I have a very nice baby and it's gonna be so quiet and calm when it's born."

"It better be." He gave Lisa a kiss on her cheek and went into the kitchen. She followed him. "I heard it's a Ruth."

"I like that name so I think it is."

"And if it's a boy?"

"Not sure yet." Kody was fine, but it didn't feel perfect. She wanted the perfect name.

"If you're going for the bible names I'd suggest Noah for a boy."

She thought about it. "That's nice." It kind of felt perfect. She tried it out by patting the stomach. "Are you a Noah?" She looked at Tyler. "I like it. A lot."

He took a closer look at her. "Are those puffy eyes a sign that you've been upset?"

"I talked to Bobby today. Told him I'm pregnant and that the dad is one of his brothers."

"Brothers?" Tyler looked up from the cutting board where he was preparing dinner.

"Another member. Some harsh shit was said and I cried."

"I still don't get the stuff about these bikers." Lisa laughed, she hadn't explained much and Tyler didn't seem to care. "So that's bad? That it's a member?"

"Well, it might be."

"For you or for him?"

"I'm honestly not sure. I'm not Bobby's daughter, just his ex wife's niece. But... it's complicated. He's gonna talk to the president. He'll let me know what happens."

"What can happen?"

"Don't know. I didn't tell him who the father is. Just in case. It's not his fault."

Tyler leaned towards her and gave her another kiss on her cheek. Just then Hannah came into the kitchen.

"Wow, are you messing with my very pregnant friend?"

"You know it." He kissed Hannah on the mouth and hugged her tight. "Still love you the best."

"You better," she said and pinched his nose before turning to Lisa. "How's my future godchild?" She said and kissed Lisa's belly while rubbing it carefully. "Kicking away?"

"It wants orange sorbet."

"Hear that Tyler? You're making orange sorbet tonight."

"I know." He shook his head. "One woman in the house is bad, but two and one of them pregnant, that's really bad. My co-workers have a poll going for how long it's gonna take before I go crazy."

"Oh, Honey. Don't they know you already are crazy?" She said while wrapping her arms around him from behind.

"I've managed to keep it a secret."

Suddenly something was running along Lisa's thighs and she looked down. Hannah looked down as well.

"Oh shit! Is that..."

"I fucking hope so," Lisa said. "If it's not, I just peed myself."

4. Little Lion Man

Fifteen fucking hours. That's how long it took. Hannah was with her the entire time, holding her hand, talked to her, cheered her up when she needed it, wiped her forehead, massaged her back, told her stories, just anything she needed at any given time.

Then it was time to push and the trouble started. The stubborn bloody kid didn't want to come out and it was too far between the labors. Finally the midwife said that the kids heartbeats were going down.

"I need you on your back and when I tell you to push, you push harder than ever and I'll help you. I'm giving you one more chance to get it out before I start meddling more and bring out the big guns. Do you understand?"

Lisa nodded. She grabbed Hannah's hand and Hannah leaned her forehead against hers.

"Come on, Honey. I know you can do this. You're the toughest bitch in the world," Hannah whispered.

"Badass bitch," Lisa said with a tired voice.

"That's you." Hannah squeezed her hand. "Biker bitch."

She felt the contractions and the midwife grabbed her ankles and yelled, "Lisa, PUSH!"

And she pushed. Hannah had her head next to her. "Come on, honey."

Suddenly she felt it and she leaned forward to push even harder. "It's a burning bowling ball," she mumbled and Hannah laughed next to her.

"Then get it the fuck out of there."

Lisa screamed and she saw her baby between her legs. She laid back down and the next second she had it on her chest. She was shaking when she touched it. Her little baby. She carefully lifted one of it's legs look in between.

"It's a boy, a baby boy," she whispered to Hannah who still was right next to her. "It's Noah."

"Hi, Noah." Hannah mumbled and stroked the baby's greasy head. "You're a beautiful boy. Welcome." Then she kissed Lisa's cheek. "You are one strong woman. Burning bowling ball?"

"Yeah." Lisa was still looking at the screaming baby. She couldn't stop. "Tyler teased me it would be like pooping a watermelon. It hit me when I felt it that it wasn't a melon, it was a burning bowling ball."

"I'll tell him that."

Lisa looked up at Hannah. "Thank you for being here."

"Thank *you*." Hannah was seriously crying and then Lisa realized that he was too. "This is the most amazing thing I've ever experienced." She leaned over and kissed Lisa's cheek again.

-oOo-

Later that night she laid next to Noah and just looked at him. He was perfect, in every way, the most beautiful child she had ever seen. She carefully stroke his hair, it was dark and he had the most perfect pouty mouth. She'd thought she loved this little kid when he was in her stomach but this was just breathtaking. She just wanted to pick him up and hug him forever. It was mind blowing to think that he was hers. She was going to take him home with her!

-oOo-

The next morning she called Bobby.

"Hey, It's Lisa."

"Hey. I talked to Clay."

"Oh." She had totally forgotten about that. It seemed so trivial all of a sudden.

"Yeah. He said it was your business but if the dad wanted to beat the shit out of you for keeping it a secret it was up to him. That wouldn't be our own business as well."

"Sounds fair." She couldn't really argue with that and Bobby had probably worked his ass off to get her that good of a deal. "Thank you. I know you put your ass on the line for me."

"Don't mention it."

"That's wasn't why I called."

"What's up?"

"Well, the baby is born."

He laughed. *"You said you were in week 36."*

"I was, but I had him yesterday. It's a boy. Noah."

"Very nice name! Congratulations. Can I come and see him?"

"Sure. I'm going home today. You can come whenever you have the time."

"I'll come some day between Christmas and New years. I guess everything went well."

"It did." She looked at Noah next to her. "He's perfect."

-oOo-

Bobby came by and he brought Clay. They had a SOA-hat for the boy.

"Whoever he is, the dad's a SON so it's not more than right." Clay said and gave her a hug. "But I'm not agreeing with what you're doing. And Gemma wanted you to know that she' really pissed at you. I stopped her from coming this time but she'll be here."

She could only nod. Gemma would have a go at her like no one could. She showed them inside and to Noah who was sleeping on the floor on a sheep skin. He'd probably disarm them by being cute as hell.

Bobby knelt down and looked at him. "You were right; he's perfect." He picked him up and it was a bit weird to look at the big biker with a baby in his arms and a stupid smile on his face.

Both Clay and Bobby were looking at him very carefully and finally Lisa started to laugh. "You're trying to see who he looks like, aren't you?"

They both looked really guilty and Hannah started to laugh. They both turned there head towards her. She threw up her hands.

"Don't look at me. I don't know anything more than you guys."

-oOo-

Noah was beautiful, perfect and sometimes he was driving her stark raving mad. She had to chew the insides of her cheeks to not yell 'what the fuck is wrong!' in his face when he just kept screaming.

One night she went into the bathroom, turned on the water, held her hands over the ears and cried. She couldn't stand hearing him anymore and she didn't know what to do. She had tried everything and he just kept screaming.

Hannah opened the door, took one look at her and picked her up into a hug.

"I'm sorry if he woke you up. I don't know what's wrong with him," Lisa cried.

"Don't be stupid." Hannah hugged her harder. "Get some sleep. I'll take him."

Once in a while, when it just got to much for Lisa, Hannah or Tyler sent her out to have some 'alone-time'. Lisa had no fucking idea how single mom's did this because if

it hadn't been for the two of them she would be one of those mom's in the paper who'd shaken their baby to death. At least that's how it felt sometimes.

By the time he was three months, they'd established a routine and it seemed to be working out. He got calmer and she was starting to really enjoy being a mom.

-o0o-

When Noah was five months she started taking night classes to become a Nursing Assistant. Once again; Hannah and Tyler were to thank.

One of the guys in the class was named Michael and he asked out on a date.

"I have a child," was Lisa's shocked answer.

Michael laughed. "Well, you can bring him or her if you like."

"No!" She wasn't going to introduce guys to Noah! "I just, I mean... Actually I thought that would put you off."

"It didn't."

She looked at him. He was around her age, blond hair, blue eyes and a really nice smile. Quite handsome and tall. All those things she should be looking for so she agreed.

He held out for three months. Then he told her that she obviously had problems with intimacy.

"I have no idea what he meant. We had sex." Lisa was half lying in the couch next to Hannah.

"That's not necessarily intimacy, Lisa," Hannah laughed.

"I don't get this shit." Lisa got up and left Hannah in the couch.

She was going to stay away from dating, she still didn't understand it.

-o0o-

By the time Noah had his first birthday she had a job at a hospital and she loved it. She still worked at the shop now and then. Mostly to help Hannah. It was the least she could do considering all the help she got from them. Besides, it gave her the chance to wear some really cool outfits. She was starting to fall madly in love with the Steampunk stuff.

Bobby, Clay and Gemma came for the birthday. Gemma managed to contain herself for ten whole minutes before she dragged Lisa away and had a go at her. She was really pissed and had obviously been bottling up for a full year cause it welled out of

her, for forty-five minutes straight and as far as Lisa was concerned, she deserved every second of it.

Clay came and interrupted her and said that she might want to take a look at the child.

Gemma stomped out into the kitchen.

"Thank you," Lisa said to Clay.

"Hey, you deserved all of that and more." He was pointing at her in the very Clay way. "But she's got a problem with the ticker and I didn't want her to fucking die on me."

"I'm sorry."

"You should say that to the dad."

She looked at him when he walked away.

Once the house was cleaned and everyone was in bed Lisa started to think about her own birthdays. The boring perfect birthday's her mom had arranged. When she'd force Lisa into some pink princess dress and bought her things she didn't want. Around her ninth birthday she started to write lists of what she didn't want rather than what she wanted. Top of the list was always Barbie, My little Pony and dolls. Every year she got Barbie's, My Little Pony's and Dolls.

Her nineteenth birthday was the first with the club and they'd thrown her a great party, Victor had been there. Her twentieth was her favorite birthday ever.

Or rather, two days after her birthday when he'd knocked on her door around eleven.

-oOo-

"You missed my birthday party. It was something," she said when she opened the door and saw him.

"I heard. Tig talked about it for thirty minutes on the phone." He pulled her hair and handed her a box. "Got you presents."

"Yeah?" It had been a bit surprising that he'd bought her a present.

"Sure, you only turn twenty once. And I'll get some use of it as well." His eyes glittered when he said the last part and she'd had a feeling what it was.

It was toys. Really nice toys and loads of lube. One of the things was restrain tape, a non-stick tape that didn't stick to the skin, only to itself.

He'd never tied her up before that but they'd made good use of that tape for the rest of the night. The man sure knew how to tie up a girl in positions that gave him very good

access. It was a good thing that he'd held his hand over her mouth when she came. It was very likely that the neighbors would've called the cops if he hadn't.

He chuckled next to her ear. "You really are a submissive bitch aren't you?" She could only nod. "You love being taped up, don't you?" She nodded again. He smiled and kissed her for a long time before he started to move inside her again.

Before they fell asleep he told her that no one knew exactly where he was. Just that he was in the area and that he planned on staying in her bed all of next day as well unless he got a call. He wasn't done with her.

By the time he left she could hardly walk she was so sore. She had bruises and bite marks in places that made her blush just thinking about it and she loved it. She had loved every second of it. He kissed her in the hallway before he left.

"Next time I wanna see you use the rest of the stuff I bought so get some practice." He looked down at her with a raised eyebrow and a smile. "You should probably get a couple of days rest before you start."

-o0o-

The morning after Noah's birthday Bobby, Clay and Gemma left. Gemma gave her a hug and it seemed honest. Clay brought her to the side.

"I'm sorry. I just don't think it's right."

"I know Clay. I'll... figure something out."

"You do that." He kissed her cheek. "It's a beautiful boy and the father should be allowed to be proud of him. And the rest of the club as well."

"I know."

He gave her another stern look. "Figure it out quickly. It'll only get worse."

-o0o-

One of the doctors at the hospital asked her out the first week of the new year. She thought she could give the dating another shot. Besides, doctors worked a lot, she figured it couldn't get that intense.

It lasted for five months. On a fancy dinner he told her he loved her and asked her to marry him. She started to laugh. She honestly thought he was joking. Who the fuck did that after five months! Apparently; he did and he got really pissed when she laughed at him. He left her at the table and she got stuck with the check.

Hannah just shook her head and Tyler thought it was hilarious.

"What's wrong with you. Doesn't all girls want to marry a doctor?" Tyler asked.

"I don't want to get married. I want to get properly laid."

"None of them did that?" Hannah looked at her with big eyes.

"No, they were all gentle and had that snail tongue. I hate that. You know, careful kisses and shit." Lisa shook her head. "When I asked Michael to pinch my nipple really hard he panicked. Is that really that freaky?"

Both Hannah and Tyler were laughing their asses off.

"I think that big bad biker totally fucked you up," Tyler said while drying his cheeks.

"Probably," Lisa agreed.

That night in bed she allowed herself to think about him. The big bad biker. Hannah and Tyler were probably right. Five years in some pseudy relationship had totally fucked up her view of what a relationship was. But seriously, asked someone to marry you after five months. That had to be weird to everyone!

She had just seen it as sex. It had been alright, not great but ok. It was better than masturbating and the doctor was at least able to find her clit.

But it wasn't rough, he had looked chocked when she'd use the language she was used to and she hadn't even bothered to ask him to spank her when he took her from behind.

She turned around and looked towards the children's bed in her room where Noah slept. The rest of the room was packed and Bobby was coming with her furniture the next day. She and Noah was finally moving to their own apartment. Hannah had protested but it wasn't more than fair. She and Tyler needed to get their own life back. She had taken enough advantage of them and felt quite bad about it.

Tyler had protested as well and she'd been force to promise them that they could babysit at least once a week. They were going to have godparents days and spoil him. It sounded good to Lisa and Noah would love it. They sure did spoil him.

-oOo-

When she came home the next day Noah came running towards her and she picked him up. She had entertain the thought the night before but when she saw him running towards him she decided. This was the guy for her. She was gonna focus on him, it was stupid to even try anything else.

She choked when she saw Jax standing in the doorway.

"Something you need to tell me?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Whatta a welcome," Jax laughed and gave her a hug. "You look really good. Without all that shit in your face and in a normal haircut you're quite beautiful."

"Wow! Thanks, Jax. I'm overwhelmed."

"So, Bobby says you're not giving up the dad." He nodded toward Noah when he said it.

"Doesn't matter." Lisa had said that so many times. It came completely natural to her by now.

Jax shook his head. Bobby came out behind him.

"He's getting blond," Bobby smiled

"Yeah. I'm a blond."

"Damn. I was just about to punch Jax." Jax choked and stared at Bobby.

"I had nothing to do with that." He looked at Lisa and down at Noah again. "You might be blond but you don't have blue eyes."

"All kids have blue eyes as babies."

"He's not a baby. He's almost a year and a half." Bobby had a huge smile on his face now.

"Even two brown eyed parents can have a blue eyed child," she pointed out.

"She's right." Jax nodded. "But she's very defensive of that so I'd say we're looking for a blue eyed guy."

"Stop meddling and start carrying stuff instead."

She spent that night in the new apartments and Jax and Bobby stayed there as well. They both tried to press her about the dad but Jax did agree on keeping quiet about Noah.

-o0o-

When Noah just over a year and a half she went up to Stockton to visit Otto. She'd been planning on it for so long but she needed to fly there, she couldn't take Noah on such a long car ride and she didn't want to leave him over night to go by herself. So when Hannah and Tyler were at their honeymoon she took the cheapest flight she could, rented a car and went to Stockton.

"Who's this?" Otto smiled at Noah.

"This is Noah. My son."

Otto looked at her, at Noah, back at her and then he laughed. "You're kidding me?"

She shook her head.

"That's why you took off and disappeared?"

She nodded.

Otto shook his head, laughed again. "Looks like his father."

"What?" She looked at Noah, she could see it if she looked carefully but she didn't think it was that obvious. "Are you fucking with me now?"

"No. You lived between my house and the club. He wasn't always smart enough to hide his bike, not even when wasn't supposed to be in town."

Lisa stared at Otto. She had never, not once, thought about his bike and that he should hide it. She lived a bit off but so did Otto and he was right. She used to live between him and the clubhouse.

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"Wasn't my business," he shrugged. "I figured that if you were old enough to drink and to vote you were old enough to fuck up. Can see why he kept quiet about it though. You were, what? Twenty-one?"

"That's when I moved to that apartment."

"Jesus christ! When did it start?"

"When I was nineteen."

Otto sighed. "What is he saying about it?" He nodded towards Noah.

She took a deep breath. "He doesn't know."

"Lisa, he's not the kind of guy you want to piss off."

"I know." She was quiet and kept looking at Noah. "I know all of it, you don't have to do this. Gemma's had a few go's at me. Without know who the dad is but even so."

"I'll skip it then. She's better at that than me." He looked at Noah with a smile. "He's beautiful though. Despite looking a bit like his dad."

"Yes."

"Who knows who the dad is?"

"You and I."

"Shit, Lisa. You're putting me in a really shitty spot."

She sighed. She was about to cry.

"Know what. Let's not talk about it now. I'll get you some more time to fix it but not that long. I've got more important shit I need your help with now." He said the last part really fast and low. He reached for Noah and she noticed him slipping something into his pants. She looked over at Otto. The time was almost up and she gave Otto a hug, as she did he whispered in her ear.

"Clay needs that. Now. Life and death." Then he leaned back and looked at her. "Without those dreads and all that shit in your face you a beautiful woman. I can see where the boy got it."

She couldn't imagine what the fuck that was about. As far as she knew Otto could use the phone and had visitors all the time. Then she realized that the phones probably could be tapped and if he found something out today and knew she was coming, this was the safest way to get that message to Clay was through her. If Otto took that chance it was really fucking important and she had to make sure he got it. *Also*, if Otto put her at risk it was really fucking important. He wouldn't have done it otherwise.

She found the note in Noah's pants and put it into the broken lining of her bag. It might be completely legal for him to give her notes, she didn't know and she wasn't going to bet on it. Besides, he probably didn't want anyone else to see it. There was a reason he'd done it the way he did.

She took a few deep breaths once she got into her rental. Guess she would have to drop the bomb on the club and introduce them to Noah.

5. No Rest

Gemma came out of the office and met her when she stepped out of the car.

"I'm very short on time. I need to be at the airport in an hour and a half."

"Are you shitting me?"

"No. I've been visiting Otto and he gave me a message that Clay needs right now. I can't afford to change flight."

That caught Gemma's attention and she looked more worried than pissed. "What message?"

"I don't know. I didn't read it."

Gemma pointed towards the clubhouse. "He's in there."

Lisa took a deep breath. "Noah's in the car, he's sleeping, can you..."

"Are you going to hide him in the car?"

"No, he's sleeping, I'll give Clay the message, tell them all about him and then I'll come get him. I don't want to shoo the shit outta them by coming in with him in my arms. You can bloody carry him inside later if you like."

"Fine! You're not getting away this time!"

Lisa ran into the clubhouse and immediately saw Clay.

"Clay!"

"Lisa! What the hell!" He picked her up and gave her a hug. The rest of the clubhouse got dead quiet.

"I have something from Otto."

"You've been to there for a visit?"

"Yeah. He gave me a note." She put the bag on the bar and tried to find the tear in the lining.

"Did you go there alone?" She looked up at Bobby who asked the question. She knew what he was asking.

"No, he's in the car. I'll introduce him later." She still wasn't able to find the tear in the lining, she was in a hurry and also terrified for how this would all play out. "Fuck! I

don't have time for this!" She needed to do this fast if she was going to have time to tell them about Noah, get him inside and possibly go through an interrogation.

"You in a hurry?" Chibs asked and put his arm around her. "You just came."

"I was just going to visit Otto. I have a plane to catch."

"First time in over two years you're here and it's a five minute visit?"

"I'll be back really soon. I promise." She still couldn't find the tear. Finally she emptied the bag. "Does anyone have a knife?"

Within a second she had one in front of her face and when she looked up she choked.

She was staring into those damn eyes and when she lowered her eyes she saw his smile. This was not god! He should not be her. How the fuck was she going to tell them about Noah when he was in the room? She was in so much fucking trouble. In a split second she decided, she had to tell him first, she needed him alone. And she needed to stop staring at him. She swallowed and took his knife to cut up the lining of her bag.

"You hid the message?" Clay said with an amused voice.

"I didn't fucking know if it was legal or not. I didn't pay attention to what the guards said before the visit."

"Maybe you should do that next time."

"I didn't know what the message said, if it was something no one else should see. And I was preoccupied." Noah had been crying since his diaper was wet and she just wanted to get him to a bathroom and change. This was hardly the time to mention that. She found the note and gave it to Clay. He opened it and in a second his facial expression changed.

"I have a week off next month and I *promise* I'll come and visit you then." She looked at Clay. "You need a couple of minutes and I need the bathroom. We can talk when I get back out."

If she walked away he'd come, she knew that. He wouldn't miss that chance.

She threw her things down into the bag and hurried off to the bathroom. When she ran inside she hit something that felt like a wall. An arm circled her waist, lifted her up and further into bathroom. She didn't have to see the face to know who it was. He had heard where she was going and was waiting for her.

"Going somewhere, Girlie?"

He was pressing her against the wall and even if it's been more than two years everything about him was so familiar.

"I don't have much time."

He stroke her long bangs to the side. "I like your hair like this."

She finally managed to muster up the courage to look at him. He hadn't changed. He looked just the same and he had the slightly crooked smile. She was already soaking wet, she wanted him so bad.

"I need to talk to you."

He leaned his forehead against hers. It was as if he wasn't even listening to her. "You took off."

"You know what they say; It's really the submissive who has the power because they can pull the break at any time."

"I was hoping you'd never figure that out."

His giant hand was still on the side of her face and behind her neck. She was at a very dangerous place and she needed to stop him now, before she ripped off his pants. His mouth was so close to hers and she had to use every ounce of her self control to not kiss him, just for a taste, to see if he still taste the same.

"I really need to tell you something." She had to force those words out of her mouth. This was like a bad rerun of their first bathroom incident. Her heart was pounding and she could hardly breathe.

"This wouldn't be about whoever's in the car?" She should've known he picked up on Bobby's comment and her answer. He was glaring at her but still stroking her face carefully with his thumb. "Who is he, a boyfriend?"

"No." That made him smile and he moved even closer. "Could you maybe move back a little?"

He turned her head to the side and kissed her neck and he was damn close to cuming from that alone.

"Problems concentrating?"

"Yeah and I'm in sort of a hurry."

But he didn't move. He moved her head back to face him, stroking her nose with his and she whimpered. He smiled at her and she could feel his lips against hers.

"So," he mumbled, "who is he?"

She knew her breathing was erratic and that he'd notice that as well. But she had to tell him. She couldn't keep doing this to him. "My son."

He stopped, leaned back and looked at her with an amused and slightly pissed expression. But when he saw her face, his smile fell. She could see the exact second he figured it out. He swallowed. "Who's the dad?"

"You are." She closed her eyes and waited for the explosion.

But nothing happened. The first tear ran down her cheek when she opened her eyes and saw him still staring at her. She knew it was low of her to say it here, like this. But springing it on him among the others would've been worse. And if she hadn't said it now she wasn't sure she'd ever be able to say it at all. But this was a figurative blow to the balls. And that's what he looked like, as if someone just kicked him in the balls.

She wanted to explain, why she hadn't told him. She wanted to apologize but he just kept staring at her and when she finally found her breath the door was swung open and Tig was standing in it.

"There you are! Major crisis, we have to go." Then he noticed Lisa who ducked under Quinn's arm and met him at the door. "Are you crying? What's going on?" Finally he looked at Quinn who was still leaning against the wall, he didn't even seem to notice that Lisa had moved. "And what's wrong with him?" He turned to Lisa again. "What the *fuck* are you two doing?"

Lisa looked at Quinn. She had never in her entire life been so ashamed of anything. "Tig, could you give us a few seconds?"

"What?" He looked confused.

"Get out!" Quinn growled.

"Ok? But we're in a..." Tig managed to look even more confused and even a bit worried and scared. A very rare facial expression for him.

"Not you. *Her!*"

Lisa swallowed and looked at Tig. "I should go."

"Yeah. I have no idea what the fuck this is about but you really should," he agreed and pushed her outside the door before slamming it shut. She heard Quinn's 'did you know', obviously directed at Tig and then she took off. She didn't have the balls for this.

She ran outside and just continued past Gemma who tried to say something about Noah. Then she yelled but Lisa didn't stop. Once inside the car she glanced to the backseat to make sure Noah was there and then she was on her way. She noticed the guys were at their bikes, getting ready to leave so she wouldn't have had time to tell them anyway.

She was a bitch, a terrible person. How the fuck could she do that to him? She was starting to wonder if it was really right of her to leave him there. But if nothing else scared her, Tig's face had.

She turned off her phone and managed to drive for ten minutes before she had to turn over to the side of the road, she couldn't see properly. She stopped the car and leaned her forehead to the steering wheel and cried. For everything, for fucking up so bad, for being such a coward and for hurting the only man she'd ever loved in such a profound way. She was starting to wish that he would beat her up. She fucking deserved it.

-o0o-

The entire time on the plane Lisa was trying to calm down. She held Noah in her arms and tried to keep herself occupied with him. She'd be home around four in the afternoon and she promised herself she'd face Bobby's wrath then.

The second she stepped through the door she turned on her mobile. 14 messages, 22 texts. All from Bobby. She gave Noah a bottle and called him.

"Quinn! Are you shitting me? You didn't tell Quinn, of all the crazy fucks, that he was a father?"

"I know."

"No, you don't know. The Nomad fucking president, do you know what the Nomads do?"

"He's president?" He hadn't been that when she left.

"You're missing the fucking point, Love! The Nomads are usually the older members. It takes a special kind of breed to become one. He fucking started out as one! So let's try again; do you know what the Nomads do?"

"Not really."

"Whatever is necessary! Quite often the shit no one else wants to do. And I fucking repeat; Quinn's been a Nomad from the very beginning. He's never been anything but a Nomad and no one else has started out as one. Do you realize what that means?"

"No I don't."

"It means you're in shitloads of trouble. He's on his way to you."

"Did you give him my address?" She didn't mean that in an accusing way. She'd known they'd tell him if he asked she just wanted to know if he knew where she lived so she could get ready. However she would do that.

"Hell, I even drew him a fucking map. You don't mess with him, honey. No one does."

"Ok. Thanks for the warning. I know I didn't deserve it."

"No you fucking didn't. Jesus fucking Christ, you messed this up, honey."

"I know."

"I just have to ask; Quinn, for five years?"

She leaned her forehead in her hand. "Yeah. Hang on. He told you?"

"Oh yes. Once Tig managed to get him out of the bathroom he spilled the beans."

"Was anyone pissed at him?"

"No, like Clay said, this is your mess to fix. And believe me when I tell you he was really fucking happy about that once he realized who the father was. We couldn't have stopped him even if we wanted to. Not if he put his mind to it."

"How pissed was he? Quinn, I mean."

"I don't know, Sweetie. Honest to God. Once he'd trashed the bathroom he seemed pretty calm." He'd trashed the bathroom, hopefully he'd gotten rid of the worst then. "He told us the basics, we told him what we knew and gave him the address and he left. We were all in a hurry."

"Ok. Was he pissed at you?"

"No. He knew he messed up."

"He messed up?"

"You were off limits. He knew that." Bobby laughed a little. "Give me a call later. So I know you're still ok."

"If he wanted to hurt me he would've done it in the bathroom." At least that's what she hoped and told herself.

"Yeah. Probably."

"What did the other say, about Noah?"

"They're pissed. For a lot of reasons. You need to get your ass here and explain yourself."

"I know. I was going to do that today. I hadn't counted on him being there." She sighed. "Did you managed to take care of whatever Otto wanted?"

"Yeah. Thanks for doing that, honey. That's on you plus side I might add, you knew you'd be in trouble and you came here anyway."

"He told me it was important and that you needed the note."

"We needed it. Still, you could've called about it."

"He said you needed the note, not the message. I didn't want to mess around since it was important."

"You can take instructions at least. But thanks, Love." She heard voiced in the background. *"I have to go. Take care. You've got an almost 300 pounds in muscles, 6-foot-5, biker coming your way."*

"He's been coming my way before." She hoped she sounded calmer than she felt. There wasn't anything she could do though. She would have to ride out the storm, there was no other way.

"Obviously," Bobby said in a dry voice and hung up the phone.

-o0o-

She tried to spend the day as normal as possible. Noah and her went to the park, did some shopping, had supper, took a bath and finally she put him to bed. She knew all along Quinn wouldn't be there until late in the evening. He had quite a ride to do.

At eleven she heard the knock. She opened the door and there he was. He had a strange expression in his face. Something between extremely controlled rage and nervousness. That's at least what it looked like to her.

"Can I come in?" He had never, not once, asked her that.

"Sure," she said and stepped to the side. If he wanted to kill her he wouldn't have asked if he could come in. At least that's what she assumed. He could still trash her place or beat her up but if he wanted to get in, he'd be able to get in no matter what she said. It was better to play nicely.

He walked inside and looked around. His hands were in his pockets, he turned around and looked at her.

"When I said 'get out' I meant out of the bathroom. Not the town." She would've laughed at that comment any other time but he wasn't smiling. They stood in silence for a while. He seemed to be studying her but it was impossible to see what he was thinking. "I'm not sure what to say."

"You fucking bitch I hate your fucking guts?"

"That was one of the things I thought of." He finally smiled when he said it but it was an uncomfortable smile and honest to God, she could see him swallow hard. Lisa realized that he was more nervous than angry and she couldn't figure out why. She had never seen him like this. He cleared his throat. "Can I see him?"

It took her a few moments to understand what he meant. She hadn't expected that. She just stared at him for a while and realized that he thought she might deny him that.

"Of course. He's sleeping so you'll have to be quiet. If you want to scream at me you'll have to do it before we go there or to wait until afterward."

Quinn nodded. "I'd like to see him first." She walked ahead and he followed her into Noah's bedroom. He looked at the door where the name was on a sign. "Noah? Is that his name?"

"Yes."

"I forgot to ask Bobby his name." He looked over at Lisa. "It's nice."

Noah had recently had his first toddler-bed since he kept climbing out of the crib. This one still had a high frame but he was so proud to have a 'big boy's bed'.

It was a very odd feeling to watch the huge biker walk up to the bed, kneel down next to it and just... stare at a little kid.

Noah was on his back, one arm over his stomach and the other up next to his head. His pajamas shirt had slid up a little so you could see his white, soft stomach. Quinn carefully reached for him and pulled the shirt down. Noah twitched a bit before turning over to his side, facing them, and his thumb found its way into his mouth. Quinn sat there for the longest time without saying anything.

Finally, Lisa knelt down next to him. He looked at her with a big smile. "He's perfect."

"I know," she said. "Do you want anything? I've got coffee, beer... that's about it actually. Maybe juice."

"Beer." He had turned his attention back to Noah. "Beer's fine."

"I'll wait in the kitchen. Take your time."

She got him a beer and sat down and waited. When he came out to the kitchen he took off his beanie and put his hair up in a knot. He took the beer and sat down at the table.

She looked at him. "How angry are you?"

He scratched his beard "I'm angry but not as furious anymore. It's a long ride and I calmed down. I don't think I've... understood it yet. I did a lot of thinking on the way here and there's a lot of things we need to talk about. I'm not sure where to start." He leaned his elbows at the table and seemed to decide. "I never meant to hurt you." That wasn't what she expected. Then he completely blew her away by giving her a big smile and laugh a little. "Besides the... rough sex thing."

She laughed as well. "I knew what you meant."

"But I did, didn't I?" Lisa could only nod. She couldn't even look at him. She'd thought she'd be the one saying those things. "How?"

"Are you shitting me?" That pissed her off and she forgot to be ashamed. He seriously had to ask? "You ignored me completely when someone was around. You fucked women right in front of me... you... fuck I don't know. For five years you came to my

place in the middle of the night, fucked me, fell asleep and left in the morning after another fuck. And if I met you anywhere else, you didn't even look at me!" She had worked herself up and was pretty much screaming towards the end. Well, screaming in a low voice to not wake up Noah.

"Fucking hell, Lisa! I was 33 fucking years when we started this shit. You were 19 and you were very much off limits, that had been made very clear."

"By who?"

"All of them, they told that to everyone who came. That we should just stay the fuck away from you. And you were a kid, a young girl and I was a Nomad biker. I had nothing to offer you and I knew that"

"I was 19, not a kid."

"Compared to a 33 year old biker with my background, you were a fucking kid. I knew that but at the time I didn't give a shit and no matter what you think you were ready for, I took advantage of you. At least in the beginning."

She didn't want to hear that. That's not how it had felt for her. "I don't think you did."

He looked tired when he looked up at her. "I did. I saw something I liked and I took it and I shouldn't have. Like I said; I knew that I had nothing to offer you and I still couldn't stop." He sighed. "You deserved better than all that. Later on I was hoping you'd drop me when you got older and wanted more."

He looked up at her and she met his stare. He wasn't finished yet though.

"Fuck! Look at me! Ragged old biker, much older and you, not even handsome on my sober days. You're a beautiful woman. You could've had anyone. I knew it was just a matter of time before you figured that out." He gave her that crooked smile she loved again. "Took you longer than I expected though."

"You thought that's what I had done? When I left," she asked and he nodded. "If you hoped I'd dump you, why did you do that before my date. You know..."

"I know," he interrupted her harshly like he didn't want to hear. He continued in a softer voice "I know what time you mean."

"You told me I was your pussy." Nothing made any sense to her at all. Not that they were having this conversation instead of him telling her what a bitch she was. Not the things he was saying. She didn't understand any of it.

"No. I said that you and your pussy were mine."

"But why. Why did you... do that? That time I mean."

"Wasn't going to let you slip away easy." He smiled but he was avoiding the question. "Besides, like you said, you could've stopped it at any second. And when you took off..."

"You didn't come after me because you thought..." she trailed off. She had guessed the answer but she wanted to hear him say it.

"... that you had come to your senses." He waved towards Noah's room. "I might have, if I'd known why you left. I *would* have."

She still didn't understand shit. "What are you saying?"

He suddenly looked pissed again. "For fucks sake, Lisa. You think I did that with anyone else?"

"Did what?"

"I could get pussy at any time. But I went back to you for five years. I stayed the night with you and I didn't do that with any other bitch. I stayed at your place every time I was in Charming. You never said anything about being pissed about shit and you didn't look at me when others were around either. I thought that it was how you wanted it. Fuck! I thought you got it."

"Got what?"

"I fucking loved you too!" He yelled.

They were silent for a long time. 'Loved you too'? He had known that she loved him. And he'd... he interrupted her trail of thought.

"That time when you were going on that date. I got so fucking pissed. I went to your place and I scared you, I know I did. I made you cry and you... you asked me to leave. You'd never done that before. I thought I had fucked up. And the next night you... I don't know, that comment when we were in the kitchen; 'done?'. Like I would ever be 'done' with you. It got to me. It was more like you were done with me and I went back after just two weeks to see... and it was just as usual. I thought we were ok. And the next time..."

"... I had left."

"Made sense to me," he shrugged. "You were getting tired of it. I scared you, I came back and it was a 'good buy'-fuck for you and you took off. That's what it looked like to me and I thought you were better off without me."

Lisa wondered if she could really have misunderstood everything so thoroughly. At the same time she could see it now. Things she hadn't thought about before. She might look like someone with intimacy problems to others but it was nothing compared to some of these guys. The smallest thing meant loads to them and she should've realized that. The things he did, what they really meant.

He used to hold her when they slept sometimes, really hard. The last three or maybe even four years they had morning sex. He carefully kissed he bruises and marks he'd done the night before and then they had sex. Not sweet sex but it was slow and not rough. She'd always put it to the fact that it was morning and they were tired and that she most often was pretty sore.

He always remembered all the things she told him, every detail. He used to coax things out of her she'd never thought she would tell anyone. In the beginning she was just comfortable with telling him since she knew he couldn't tell anyone else. He wasn't supposed to know her at all. Then she liked it and she liked it even more when he told her things about him.

She might have noticed those things somewhere in the middle and then... she wasn't sure what happened. She wanted more and assumed she could never have it with him and stopped seeing the thing he did that meant something. But she had never, not for a second, thought that he loved her.

She managed to look at him again. The thing that had really gotten to her, that had made her so sure that she didn't matter that much to him hadn't been mentioned by him yet.

"Why did you do that with the crow eaters?"

He sighed. "I don't know... It was nothing." She eyed him and he noticed it. He sighed even deeper. "No one knew about us and they talked about you."

"Talked about me?"

"I might not have cared what you did when I wasn't there but I didn't like to hear about the guys you fucked. They talked about it, they gossip worse than bitches, you know that. And from what they said, you got around."

"So you fucked them to get even?"

"Most often. And if I'd stop fucking them it would've been a bit suspicious. But mostly cause you pissed me off. Especially when you dated someone."

This man made no sense to her at all. "Why?"

"Fucking is one thing. Doesn't have to mean nothin'. Dating is... different. You never told me about it or talked about it. It didn't seem to make any difference to you what you did or who you saw when I wasn't around. You always expected me to come by anyway and you never blew me off. I think that's why it pissed me off even more when you..." He waved with his hand.

"...was going on a date when you were in town and asked you to leave so I'd be in time?" She filled in and he nodded. She couldn't stop looking at him and she could feel the tears on her cheeks.

It probably wouldn't have made any difference if she'd known back then. It would never have been a white picket fence-relationship. But it would probably have been a bit easier for her at the time. To know that he really did care.

"You knew I loved you?" She finally dared to ask.

He smiled. "Sure. But you weren't the kind of girl who said shit like that. And you didn't seem like the kind of girl who wanted to hear it. You broke up with the other guy who did that. Didn't want to scare you off by telling you I fucking loved you to bits."

Loved. Past tense.

She couldn't blame him. It was kind of hard to forgive the bitch who kept you from your kid. And also; it had been two years. For all she knew he was married. Not that it seemed likely. But the past tense in that sentence made her tears well up again.

"Listen, I'm sorry I said that." He shook his head. "I'm not here to fuck up your life any more than I already have or... start something. But I would like to get to know him. Noah."

She dried her cheeks. "I'd like that."

"I'll help you with money and shit."

"It's not necessary."

"Yeah. It is."

"Ok."

"So it's ok if I stop by here when I'm in the area? To spend some time with him?"

"Sure. Of course." She got up. She'd had about as much as she could take. "It's late. I need to get to bed, he'll be up early. I know I should explain to you why I did what I did but maybe we can do that tomorrow."

"I know why you did it." He shrugged. "I'm angry about it, it pisses me off that I've missed shit but I know why you did it. You don't have to explain."

"You know?"

"You thought I'd tell you to get rid of it. And I've figured out now that you didn't know I loved you. Basically you did what I expected you to do all along. It just took a kid for you to do it."

"I thought you'd go crazy and beat the shit out of me."

"Geez, Lisa. I liked to bruise you when we fucked but I wouldn't fucking beat you up." He looked really pissed again.

"I'm sorry. I guess I knew you wouldn't. That's why you sent me out of the bathroom today, wasn't it?"

"I was about to explode and I didn't want you there when it happened."

He got up and gave her a hug. It wasn't like the hugs he used to give her. This was very much just a friendly hug. She knew she couldn't expect anything else but it did hurt.

She let go of him and looked up at him. "If you're ok with the couch, it's yours. That way you can meet him in the morning."

"Couch is fine," he said.

"If you're hungry you can have whatever you like."

He nodded and she went to get him sheets, pillows and a blanket. She put them in the couch and when she looked into the kitchen he was standing in front of the open refrigerator.

"Quinn."

"Yeah?" He turned around, still holding his hand on the door.

"I really am sorry."

"I know. Me too, Girlie." He let go of the door and ran his hand over his face. "We'll talk more tomorrow. We both need to sleep."

She nodded. "Good night."

"Night." He turned back to the fridge and Lisa went to bed.

She had a hard time to fall asleep. This hadn't gone the way she expected at all. He was angry but he'd apologised as well and that more than anything he'd said convinced her that he really had loved her.

Things would probably have gone to shit anyway, even if she'd known that he loved her. But the memories were a bit more sweet now when she knew that it had been something special to him as well. She hadn't just been another regular fuck.

6. Little Motel

Lisa woke up when she heard Noah wake up and waited for him. Soon enough he climbed into her bed. Since he got the new big boy-bed he loved getting up by himself and run to her bed. She still had the baby monitor so she could hear him but let him come to her instead. It made him so proud. He loved to snuggle up close to her, playing with her hair while he sucked on his thumb. He needed ten minutes of that then they got up.

"Banana!" He said and pointed towards the living room. She sighed. This could be interesting.

"We have a guest."

"Hannah?" He said with a huge smile.

"No, it's not Hannah or Tyler." How the fuck was she supposed to do this? "His name is Quinn."

"Kin?"

"Yes." It was close enough. He was holding his hand as they walked inside the living room.

Quinn was on his back in the couch. He still had his jeans and a tank top and he was snoring. He always snored. Early on it used to drive her insane but she soon got used to it.

Noah had big eyes when he looked at Quin. His thumb slipped into his mouth as it always did when he was startled or shy. They both stood still for a while and just looked at him. Lisa was going through parts of the conversation they'd had the night before and Noah probably wondered who the giant in the couch was. Lisa finally just sighed and turned on the TV.

"You can still watch. I'll get you breakfast, ok?"

Noah nodded and sat down on the floor. When she came back with his breakfast he was standing next to Quinn, thumb back in the mouth and he was poking him with the other hand while hushing him.

"Ssshhh!"

Quinn woke up with the usual yank. "What?" He looked around.

"You're snoring. He can't hear Bananas in Pajamas."

She gave Noah his food and they both watched as Quinn sat up in the couch and rubbed his eyes.

"What?"

"His favorite program on TV." She pointed towards the TV with the singing bananas. Quinn just stared for a long time. "I'll make some breakfast."

"Yeah," he said without taking his disbelieving eyes from the TV. "You like this?"

She turned around to see if he was talking to her but saw him looking at Noah. He received a huge smile and a nod, then Noah pointed at the TV "Banana!"

"I can see that." Quinn looked back at the TV. "And they're singing. Great."

Five minutes later he walked into the kitchen.

"Found a new favorite show?"

"No." He took a cup of coffee. "He really likes it?"

"Beats Teletubbies."

"What?"

"You'll see."

"Fucking hell," he muttered and went back into the living room.

-o0o-

She had the day off and Noah wanted to go to the playground. Quinn followed and after an hour of staring at him, Noah decided that he was ok.

He seemed very pleased that Quinn was so tall because he could lift him high up. He eagerly pointed at one place after the other where he wanted Quinn to put him. Then he jumped down into his arms again and the second after pointed at another place screaming 'high up!'. What really impressed her was Quinn's patience with him. He walked around and lifted him up wherever he wanted to go. She hadn't expected that but he was apparently very serious about getting to know Noah.

Bobby called while they were at the playground.

"You didn't call yesterday. How did it go?"

"Not sure." She looked at Quinn and Noah. "We're at the playground so I'm guessing it's ok."

"Good. I'll call you some other time then."

"Bye."

Quinn came walking with Noah next to him. "Who was it?"

"Bobby. I think he wanted to make sure I was alive."

Quinn laughed and sat down next to her. "Can't really blame him." Noah snuggled close to Lisa so she lifted him up. "I can't get that fucking song out of my head."

"Bananas in Pajamas?"

"Yeah."

"I know. He watches it every morning so it's on constant repeat in my head." She looked down at Noah. "He's tired. We can put him in the stroller and walk. He'll fall asleep along the way."

Quinn agreed and they walked back in something that could only be described as an uncomfortable silence.

She moved Noah from the stroller to his bed when they came back and then walked out into the kitchen where Quinn was waiting for her.

She sat down in front of him again. It looked like they were going to talk some more.

"He's great," Quinn finally said.

"Yeah, he is." She smiled at him. "You were great with him as well."

"Not that much of an effort to lift him up to places."

"Still, you were." He looked... pissed. Again. "That makes you even more pissed. That he's great."

"It does. I missed a lot." He rubbed his eyes. "I'm gonna need to leave tomorrow."

"Ok." When he finally looked at her again she continued. "You're welcome here whenever you like, Quinn. I meant that."

"Good. Cause I wouldn't have had it any other way."

"I know but that's not why I'm saying it. He's your kid too and I know that I fucked up." She really didn't want to cry again. "But I won't try to keep you away from him. That's not why I left."

He nodded. "We need to make this work somehow, between the two of us as well so I'm not gonna stay pissed at you or argue with you about this. I want to be able to come here without fighting with you every fucking time."

"We haven't really fought."

"No. We haven't."

"And I think we did ok today." She tried to smile at him. "I think it can work. Don't you?"

"I think so."

"I'm not gonna ask if we're ok because I know it's gonna take some time for you to forgive me."

"We'll be fine and... Well, you gave me a nice kid." He finally smiled at her. "And you we're right. If you'd told me I would have told you to get rid of it. So I guess that makes us kind of even."

"A little at least."

"How long will he sleep?"

"Maybe an hour."

"Thought I'd buy you two dinner. Steak?"

Lisa laughed. "That's really nice of you but I'm a vegetarian."

"Since when?" He gave her a strange look.

"Since I was fifteen."

He stared at her for a long time. "Did we ever fucking just talk?"

"Sure. Don't think we ever ate though and it wasn't something I ran around and told people out of the blue by the time we met." By then it had been natural to her to not eat meat and she wasn't one of those who tried to turn everyone else into a vegetarian. Even if she had been she wouldn't have tried with him. He was a steak kind of guy. "I'm sure they have something for me to eat as well no matter where we go."

"We had hot dogs for lunch."

"Soy hot dogs."

"Fuck. They were nice." Quinn was quiet for a while before looking at her with big eyes. "Shit! Are you saying my kid's a vegetarian?"

"No. We don't eat meat at home but he eats it."

"Good. Don't want no skinny, vegetarian pussy for a kid. That's not gonna happen."

"Had feeling you'd say that."

He took them out in the evening and Noah thought it was great. He had his own kids menu as well but it wasn't that interesting when he could climb in Lisa's lap and tried her food instead.

After a while he started eyeing Quinn and his food. He moved to the chair next to him. He was on his knees and leaning his elbows on the table.

He pointed at Quinn's food and looked up at him. "That?"

"What?" Quinn asked.

"He wants to taste. You don't have to."

"Wanna try?" Noah looked at his plate again and back up to Quinn. He smiled and nodded vigorously. "Is that ok?" Quinn asked Lisa.

"Just cut small pieces."

She watched them sharing Quinn's food and Noah eventually climbed into his lap. He kept pointing at different things on the plate and Quinn cut it for him.

"Does he do this often?"

"Hannah and Tyler are spoiling him, he can pretty much do whatever he wants with them. So he's testing you to see what he can get away with."

"Oh. Am I fucking this up then?"

"No. I wouldn't say you're spoiling him yet," she answered with a smile. He was on an express train to that though but she didn't want to ruin it for them.

It was a bit weird to watch Quinn with Noah. He wasn't cuddling him in any way but just him with a kid in his lap was weird. When he talked to Noah he talked in his normal voice, as if he was talking to a grown up but it didn't put Noah off at all.

At night when Noah was in bed she walked out to the living room where Quinn was watching TV.

"How are you going to do the rest of it. I mean, tell all the others?"

"In the club?"

"Yeah."

"None of their business. I'm guessing the gossiping fuckers at Redwood have told half of the chapters anyway."

"Does it bother you?"

"Nah. No one is gonna dare saying anything anyway." He smiled when he said it.

"When are you leaving?"

"In the morning."

She wanted to ask when he'd be back but wasn't sure if would be clingy. But then, fuck it, she needed to know.

"Do you know when you can be back?"

"Shouldn't take long. I'll give you a call."

"Do that. I work evenings and weekends sometimes. When I work at the shop he's with me."

"Where do you work?"

She realized that he actually didn't know. "I'm a nursing assistant at a hospital but sometimes I work in Hannah's shop. I'll give you the addresses and all the phone number in case you need to get a hold of me."

"You're a nurse?"

"Assistant. I studied when Noah was a baby."

"Changing bedpans and shit?"

"Yes. There quite a lot of shit," she said with a smile and he looked slightly sick. "I'm working at a Hospice."

"Isn't that where people go to die?"

"Yes."

He looked at her. "And it doesn't get to you?"

"Sometimes. I'm a human. But... I think they deserve the best care." She smiled at him, she'd had that question quite a few times. "It sounds a bit macabre but I like it. I like to give them the best care."

Now he was actually more like studying her and it bothered her for some reason. "Is that why you took out all that shit in your face?"

"Yes." He was about to say something and she cut him off. "If you say that I'm quite beautiful without all that shit in my face I'm gonna scream. You've all said that."

He gave her one of those crooked smiles. "Who said that?"

"Everyone in the club that I've met."

"I wasn't going to say that. I was going to say that I could see you as a nurse. It suits you and I'm sure you're good at it."

"Oh. Thank you." She leaned back in the couch.

"I thought you were beautiful even with all that shit in your face."

She turned towards him again. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." He looked back at the TV again.

-o0o-

The next morning they had breakfast together and Quinn got a big hug from Noah before he left. Probably because he had shared most of his breakfast with him.

"Again?"

"Another hug?" Quinn asked and Noah shook his head.

"He wants to know if you'll come back again."

"Sure kid. I'll be back again." He picked him up again. "I'll be back really soon and I'll take you to the park again. Sounds good?"

"High up?"

"Absolutely," Quinn agreed and Noah gave him another hug. Quinn looked at Lisa. "Take care."

"You too." And he was gone. She looked down at Noah and took his hand. "I think that went well."

Noah looked up at her with big eyes. "Big!"

"Yeah. He's big."

-o0o-

He called and said he'd be by the next Saturday.

"I'm working in the shop and he's with me. You can come by and pick him up. There's a park nearby."

"*Ok. I'll be there around noon.*"

She was at the back of the shop when she heard Noah's scream.

"Kin!"

"Hey, kid."

"Oh shit! *You're* Quinn?" That was Hannah. Lisa had told Hannah about the big reveal and the name of the father. She had left out some details though and now she hurried outside before Hannah said something stupid. When she came inside Hannah turned to her with a huge smile and amused gleam in her eyes. "Seriously! Did you just go for the biggest fucking guy you could find?"

Lisa could feel herself blushing and Quinn chuckled. "Not sure what I did." That made Quinn laugh out loud.

"Geez!" Hannah looked at Quinn and then she extended her hand. "I'm Hannah. The crazy godmother."

"Quinn." He looked back at Lisa with a frown. "What the hell are you wearing?"

Lisa looked down, this was one of the more modest outfits. It was a vest, really tight jeans and a holster bag around the thigh. Obviously loads of jewelry to it, but it wasn't that much.

She shrugged while still looking at her outfit. She liked it. "Steampunk." She looked up at him again. "How long are you staying?"

"Just until tomorrow." He looked at Noah. "Wanna go to the park?"

"High up!" He yelled with his arms over his head.

"I'll lift you."

"Unless you want to go into diaper changing and stuff you should stay near by."

"Yeah. That's not gonna happen."

"Didn't think so."

They left and when she turned around Hannah shook her head. "I can't get over how fucking big he is."

"Shut up."

"Not just tall, he's wide as a fucking barn door."

"He's not!"

Hannah just continued, "his hands are the size of a toilet lid."

"Oh, shut the fuck up. He's not that big."

"His upper arms are like two of your thighs." She didn't seem to be able to stop.

"One and a half, maybe. You're making him sound like a freak." But Hannah wasn't even listening.

"I'm gonna have to call Tyler and tell him about this." She disappeared into the back room. Probably to call Tyler.

-o0o-

He kept stopping by quite often, usually just over night and he spent most of the time with Noah. Quite a lot of it just the two of them. He didn't get into the diaper changing so they stayed close by and checked in now and then.

"Maybe you should just learn it."

"No." Quinn shook his head. "I'm not gonna do that."

"Chicken," Lisa said he pulled her hair as she walked by. "I can show you. It's not hard."

Quinn glared at her but did follow her into the bathroom.

Her week off was closing in and she'd talked quite a lot to Bobby and had promised to go up to Charming for that week. She called Quinn as well.

"I'm going to Charming for a week. I promised them."

"*Ok, next week?*"

"Yeah."

"*I'll see you there then. How are you getting there?*"

"Flight, I'm not doing that car ride with a kid."

"*No. Probably a good idea. What day?*"

"We're going on the Friday."

"*I think I can be there on the Saturday.*"

"I'll see you there."

"*Can I talk to Noah?*"

"Sure." She handed Noah the phone. "It's Quinn."

They'd started that just the week before. Really quick conversations. Or conversations... Noah usually just sang Quinn something and she had no idea what Quinn said. But she thought it was sweet. Not that she would tell that to Quinn. He wasn't much for sweet and she liked that he was doing it.

-o0o-

Bobby and Gemma met her at the airport and Lisa was about to throw up as she walked into Gemma's house with Noah on her arm. She had prepared a family dinner and they were all there. It got quiet when she walked in and she looked at them and then back to Noah.

"Well, this is Noah."

Noah looked around with his thumb in his mouth and big eyes.

Tig was the first who walked up, he gave her a hug and looked at Noah. "Sturdy kid."

Lisa laughed, "Probably in his genes."

It was a quite regular family dinner. She was going to stay in Gemma's house and put Noah to bed and then walked outside again. She knew they had just been waiting for it. She sat down and took the beer Jax was handing her.

"I'm really sorry guys."

"How's Quinn taking it?"

"Ok, I think. He's been by to visit now and then."

"Why did you take off?" Chibs asked.

"Honestly, I'm not even sure anymore. I didn't think he wanted a kid, I didn't want to explain and... I think I panicked."

They asked her a few more questions but they went quite easy on her. They probably figured that if Quinn wasn't pissed they shouldn't be either.

-o0o-

The next day she was in the clubhouse and was in an armchair talking to Kyle, Opie, Jax and the prospect Juice.

"So you wear Steampunk outfits?" Jax asked.

"I don't even get what the fuck that is." Kyle said.

"Think brown goth with a hint of western and cog wheels," Juice explained.

Kyle was silent for a while. "Hot!"

Noah was at a table being spoiled rotten by Gemma and Bobby when she suddenly heard him yell.

"Kin!"

She turned around and saw him being caught and picked up by Quinn. "Hey, Kid. What's up?"

"Same vest." Noah said eagerly and pointed at the others.

"I know."

She looked over at the guys around her who were staring.

"Wow, that's something I never thought I would see." Jax finally said and the other nodded.

They spent the evening at the clubhouse and it was really nice to be back. She had missed them all and after the awkwardness from the evening before had disappeared she realized just how much she had missed them all.

When she was in the couch with the tired and very snuggly Noah, Quinn came and sat down next to her.

"He's learning new words all the time."

"I know. It's almost scary. Last week he told me he thought I should get auburn hair."

Quinn looked at Noah and laughed, "who taught you that?"

"Hannah."

"Of course. The crazy godmother."

"I made a bed in the dorms, you can stay here over night," Gemma said.

"The prospect'll keep guard." Clay was looking at Juice when he said it.

"Eh. Ok." Lisa knew better than to question it when she gave prospects tasks.

Noah hugged *all* of them before going to bed with her. He fell asleep almost immediately and when she stepped outside the room the poor guy was sitting on a chair next to the door.

"Sorry about this."

"Not the worst task I've had," he shrugged.

"Open the door now and then, just to make sure."

"Don't worry. I have younger brothers and sisters. I know how this works."

She walked out to the bar and Gemma caught her and pulled her into the kitchen.

"Wanna tell me what's really going on?"

"With what?"

"You and Quinn."

"Nothing is going on. We're just trying to stay friends. For Noah."

Gemma put a hand on her hip and eyed her. "Nothing?"

"No. He just comes by and visit Noah. Takes him out and do... stuff."

"Where does he sleep at these little visits?" The 'little visits' was dangerously close to 'little talks' in Lisa's head. She didn't want to think about that.

"In the couch."

"Couch?"

"Yes. My couch."

"So you fuck like rabbits for five years, you get knocked up and now you're just a happy separated couple. Not attracted by each other at all."

"I think you'd have to be together to separated, Gemma."

"Don't get smart with me."

"I'm not trying to be smart. We're nothing. We have a kid and we're trying to get along."

"And what do you think will happen when you meet someone?"

"I don't know, Gemma. I'm not even close to that right now. And frankly, he didn't care much when I fucked others even when we were fucking like rabbits as you so eloquently put it."

"I'm not talking about *fucking*, honey. I'm talking about meeting someone. If he kept coming back for more for five years, it was more than just pussy."

She should've known that Gemma would figure that out. She always figured out everything.

"So I'd say he'd be quite pissed if someone tried to step in and play daddy with Noah or husband with you." She mercilessly continued to point out every little thing that Lisa had been trying to avoid to think about.

"Like I said, I'm not even close to that. I've never even introduced Noah to someone."

"Not even talking about how the two of you look at each other. I can't fucking believe that I missed that."

"That's what's really bothering you, isn't it?"

Gemma glared at her then she sighed. "Yeah."

"We didn't even look at each other. So it wasn't much for you to see."

"Still. Should've picked up on it. Pisses me off."

Quinn was suddenly at the door. "Hey. Can I have a quick word with you?"

"Me or her?" Lisa said while pointing at Gemma.

"Gemma."

Lisa nodded and left the kitchen. She glanced towards the kitchen five minutes later and they seemed to have a pretty heated discussion. There would be no point in asking any of them what it was about. None of them would say anything they didn't want her to know anyway.

-o0o-

She went back to Vegas on the Saturday. Quinn had stayed in Charming until Thursday and since everyone kept referring to him as 'dad' to Noah – first to tease Quinn and then in a completely natural way – Noah had picked it up as well.

She'd asked Quinn if he was ok with it. He shrugged. "Why wouldn't I? I'm his dad."

Bobby hugged her for a long time at the airport. "Don't be a fucking stranger now."

"I won't. I'll be back soon."

"And you're spending Christmas here."

"Ok."

Gemma gave her a hug as well. "Remember; you two need to decide how you're going to deal with this. Cause I don't think you'll ever be able to be just friends."

Both her and Noah waved at them through the window when they walked towards the airplane. It was nice. It was like she had her family back. The nice uncle and the nosy mother included.

7. Little Arithmetics

Over the following months, Quinn kept showing up quite often. Gradually he also stayed longer, sometimes four or five nights. Lisa offered to buy him a guest bed or - if he wanted to buy it himself - somewhere to put it. He said he was fine, that he was used to sleeping on the ground so a couch was more than ok.

Noah loved his visits. He was just another one of those in a line of people who spoiled Noah rotten and he had his full attention the entire time.

Once Noah went to sleep, Lisa and Quinn talked. She liked to believe that they got closer as well. They had always talked, a little at least, but not like they were doing now and she liked this.

It was a bit weird sometimes but most often not. It looked like Gemma had been wrong and that they'd actually might be able to be just friends. Sometimes he did piss her off though and they did fight now and then, mostly about boundaries.

She hadn't asked him about his talk to Gemma but had a feeling what it was about. She also knew that he wouldn't tell her if he didn't want to. He never did and there was no coaxing things out of him. Ever. She'd tried quite a few times.

-oOo-

Lisa was in the bathroom and was rinsing her hair from color with the help of Hannah.

"Isn't the water clear now?"

"Yeah. Just a little bit more though. To make sure," Hannah said.

Tyler and Noah was in the kitchen and the last thing she heard, they were discussing who of Teletubbies that was the coolest. That's when the doorbell rang.

"Tyler, can you get that?" She yelled and about fifteen seconds later she heard a very angry voice from the door.

"Who the *fuck* are you?"

"Oh, shit!" Lisa got up and Hannah followed her. They crashed into each other at the door and she silently prayed that Tyler would explain very quickly who he was.

"You must be Quinn."

"I know who I am. I asked who the fuck *you* are."

"Quinn!" She yelled and was finally moving towards the hallway. "It's Tyler, Hannah's husband."

"Oh. I thought..."

"Dad!" Noah came running as well and suddenly the hallway was very crowded.

Quinn picked up Noah and was still glaring at Tyler before he turned to Lisa. "What are you doing?"

She realized that she was only wearing a bra and jeans with hair dripping all over the place.

"I was rinsing my hair. I've colored it." She looked at Tyler who seemed a bit shellshocked. "Can you get me a towel?" She asked Hannah while she was trying to cover herself up. White bra with soaking wet hair was not a great combination.

"Oh." Quinn said and walked inside with Noah on his arm.

Lisa looked at Tyler. "I'm really sorry. He's..."

"Fucking huge." Tyler finished her sentence. "And jealous."

"I don't think that's it." She looked after Quinn. "It's more that I had a guy here."

"That was my point."

"No, not about me. It's about Noah." Her hair was dripping all over the floor and Hannah came with the towel. "We're gonna have to talk... again."

Hannah and Tyler laughed. "Good luck with that," Hannah said while picking up her things.

"Tyler, I'm really sorry."

"Don't worry about it. I'll try to introduce myself next time when he doesn't start off as pissed. And when I have clean underwear."

Lisa laughed and gave him a hug. "Noah! Come and say goodbye to Hannah and Tyler."

Noah came running and gave them both big hugs. They left and she walked with Noah to the living room and they sat down in the couch.

"I didn't know you were coming."

"I was in the area," he shrugged.

"It would be nice if you called to let me know when you're on your way." He had almost stopped doing that. If he called it was because he was standing outside her

door and wondered where they were. That was starting to annoy her a bit. And in combination of how he just treated Tyler, it really annoyed her.

"Fine! I'll call." He looked pissed as well.

"We're not going to do this now." She didn't want to have an argument with Noah still up and he seemed to understand. He just nodded his head.

Once Noah was in bed and had fallen asleep she walked out to the living room.

"That was extremely fucking rude of you." It had built up inside her all bloody evening and she couldn't say it in a nicer way.

"What?!"

"Tyler is my friend, he's been extremely helpful, is always kind. He let me and Noah live in his house for fucks sake!"

"It pissed me off."

"What fucking pissed you off? That he opened the door?"

"YES! I thought he was a date."

"Even if he was – which you pretty fucking soon knew he wasn't – you can't treat people at my house like that. And you could've fucking apologized."

"Fine! I'll apologize next time I see him. But you can't bring dates here."

"This is *my* fucking house! I'll bring whoever the fuck I want here and it's none of your god damn business."

"That's my kid!"

"I know that! But that doesn't give you the right to treat my guests like shit or to tell me who I can have here."

"So you'll just have a parade of fucks going thorough here?"

"If I wanted to. But I haven't brought anyone here while he's been here. I haven't even introduced him to anyone so maybe you could trust me to judge when I think it's appropriate or not."

"And what? They'll move it?"

"What the fuck do you expect from me? To masturbate and live alone forever?"

He was quiet and just glared at her. "No," he finally said.

"It's not going to happen anytime soon but just cause your son lives here doesn't give you the right to treat my guests like that or to tell me who I can invite to my apartment. Is that clear?"

"Fine!" He spitted it out and probably just agreed so she'd shut up.

"Are you hungry?"

"No." He sat down in the couch and started to flip through the channels.

"Are you going to be an ass for the rest of your visit?"

He looked up at her. "No."

Lisa turned around and went into the kitchen, made some tea, took a book and sat down next to him in the couch. The only other word they uttered to each other was 'Goodnight'.

The next day he took Noah out and when they came back he'd had a call and needed to take off. He hugged Noah and watched him run into the apartment. Then he looked up at Lisa.

"I'm sorry."

"It's ok, just come back when you can. He's ok with it."

"No. Not about that. About yesterday." He pushed his hands into his pockets. "You were right. It's none of my business. And I know that you don't... bring them here when Noah's around."

"I don't. And thank you." She thought of something else. "We're going to Charming for his birthday and for Christmas."

"Yeah. You told me."

"Think you'll be able to make it?"

"I'll be there. I was thinking I'd take him to see my parents for a day or two after christmas. If it's ok."

"Sure. That'd be great." She knew he wasn't close to his parents and was happy to hear that he was trying to mend some wounds with them. "Were do they live?"

That was one thing he'd never told her. Where he was from. She'd asked and more than once he'd promised to tell her if she gave him a blowjob, he never did despite her working her ass of on his dick. He couldn't get away now though.

"Georgetown, Texas."

She stared at him for a while. "You're from Texas?"

"Yeah."

"And I didn't even have to blow you this time."

"Shut up!" He finally smiled. "I'll take a flight and stay there for two or three days. If it's ok."

"You're gonna have to change his diapers you know."

"I know."

"You're gonna let your mom do that aren't you?" He looked a bit guilty when she said that. "But you might have to do it on the plane."

"I think I can handle it." He hugged her. "Would it be ok?"

"Sure. Like I said; it's a great idea."

He kissed her cheek. "And I'll call when I'm on my way next time."

-o0o-

Hannah and Tyler came to Charming for the birthday party. They didn't want to miss it but left to go to Hannah's parents for Christmas.

Noah got more presents than he could possibly play with for the following year. Then there was the Christmas presents. She had no idea how the hells he would be able to get it all home with them.

Watching Bobby and Tig next to each other on the floor playing with slot cars was surreal. Especially since Noah lost interest pretty damn quick and climbed into Quinn's lap. Every time he did that the others stared. They just couldn't get over it.

Gemma tried to talk to her about Quinn again but was interrupted by Quinn who told Gemma to mind her own fucking business. That actually made her shut up.

"Impressive," she said to Quinn when she found him in the couch later. "Don't think many guys would get away with that."

"We've talk about it."

"You're not going to tell me anything else, are you?"

"No." He turned and looked at her with a crooked smile. "That's none of *your* fucking business."

Two days after Christmas, Quinn took him to see his parents. It was the first time she'd been apart from Noah for more than a night and it was strange. She missed him and was quite glad that they called several times a day. He was having a really good time though and Quinn said his parents were excited to see him.

"*Think they might actually forgive me, just for having Noah,*" he said on the phone the last night before they came back.

She knew that Quinn had started to get into trouble when he was fourteen-fifteen. A lot of drugs, robberies and shit. He went inside the first time when he was nineteen, that's when he met Otto Moran, or L'il Killer as he was called in the club. He was doing a 16 month sentence at the same time.

Quinn had told her about it, how the tiny fuck had come up to him at the prison yard with a cigarette in his mouth, eyed him, smiled and said, 'I could kick your ass, but I won't.'

Quinn had almost told him to go fuck himself but when he looked at him he'd realized that the tiny fuck probably could. He was completely fearless and they'd become friends. When L'il Killer told him about the Sons, the club and his brothers, Quinn had immediately known he wanted to join.

One day at the yard he'd finally told Otto that he wanted to join. Otto looked at him, smiled and nodded. 'But you'll never fit into a charter, you're a born and bred Nomad, I can tell you that. And you need to quit the drugs, completely.'

When he was released from prison L'il Killer had been waiting for him with the Nomad President Ed and that was it. As a twenty year old he'd joined, serving as a Nomad from the very beginning. And he had never done drugs since.

Bobby had talked to her about Quinn while he was in Texas with Noah. 'He's wicked smart but when he joined he had outbursts, fucking exploded. And he can't stay at one place for long, it's like he needs to move around. He's a lot calmer now, more controlled. My guess would be that he's got some disorder, something they didn't even know what it was during the 60's and 70's. Cause there's nothing wrong with his brain.'

Quinn had told her portions of the story over the years and she knew he wasn't on the best terms with his parents, not only because of the club and that he was sorry about that. He was from an average, middle class family and they'd never figured out what they did wrong with him. His brothers and sister were all adapted citizens with normal life and families. So it was nice to hear that Noah might bring him closer to his family. He would probably never be close to them since Quinn was Quinn but if it meant Noah had one set of normal grandparents she'd be happy. He wasn't getting anywhere near her parents.

"So you might be invited to the next family dinner then?" She asked and Quinn laughed.

"Not sure about that. They might invite him though."

"I'm glad. That they liked him and that they might forgive you."

"They wanna meet you too. They assumed that Noah's perfectness didn't come from me so they were curious about you."

"Sure. I can come with you next time."

"Yeah?"

"Why not?"

"*I'll tell them.*" He sounded quite pleased. "*They bought him presents. So did my brothers and sisters.*"

"You met them too?"

"*I'm as surprised as you are.*" She heard voices in the background. "*I have to go. We'll be back tomorrow.*"

"Ok, tell him I love him."

"*Sure.*" And they hung up.

When they came back Noah was about to burst and kept telling her things, she understood about half of it. He kept talking about his cousins though and Quinn said they were all older than Noah but had been really nice to him.

Quinn was going to spend New Years eve in Tacoma and took off two days before with a promise to Noah that he's come to Vegas soon.

-o0o-

Lisa was on her way inside her apartment after a date. It had been awful. She had no idea why she even tried to date doctors but that was pretty much the only guys she ever met.

When she stepped inside she heard voices in the kitchen and it took her a few seconds to realize it wasn't Tyler and Hannah. When she walked inside she saw Quinn at the table opposite Hannah.

"Hey!" She looked at him when she said it and then leaned over and kissed Hannah's cheek. "All good?"

"He's asleep." Hannah got up and gave her a hug as well. "I'm gonna head home."

"Ok. Where's Tyler?"

"Some crises at the restaurant, he took off about twenty minutes ago."

They were int the hallway. "Thanks for your help."

"It's ok, you owed me that."

"Owed you?"

"Yeah, you promised me I'd be babysitting once a week but your love life is so shit." She demonstratively looked at her watch. "Like now. It's nine thirty. I'm guessing it didn't go well."

"Yeah yeah yeah. Just get out of here." In a lower voice she asked Hannah, "did he behave?"

"True gentleman. Don't worry about it." With that, she took off.

"I like her." She heard behind her and turned around. He was leaning his shoulder against the door frame with a coffee cup in his hand.

"I do to."

"She said she was with you when you had him."

"Yeah." She eyed Quinn. "Did you apologize to Tyler?"

"No. I did that at the birthday party," he said with a satisfied voice. "How was the date?"

She was trying to think about a way to describe it and finally started to laugh. "Awful. Fucking horrible."

Quinn laughed as well. "Why?"

"When I had all those piercings, the dreads, black clothes, Martens and stuff, people like him didn't look at me twice, which was good. But now, you know, white clothes, all girls look the same so..."

"They just pick the prettiest one and don't know what she's like."

"More like pick the one who's single." She corrected him. "But yes. My looks doesn't really match what kind of person I am while I'm at work. And he was sooo boring."

"Boring?"

"Yes. They all are. Boring." She laughed and then she blushed.

"What?"

"I misbehaved."

"I bet you did." It looked like he couldn't stop smiling. "Did you slap him?"

"No... sometimes I can't help myself and..." She blushed again when she thought about it. "On the other hand if he tells it to other people they might stop asking me out."

"What did you do?"

Lisa just shook her head and went into the bedroom to get out of the dress she'd borrowed from a co-worker. When she turned around he was in the doorway. She laughed and threw a t-shirt on him.

"Get out!"

"Nothing I haven't seen before."

"Even so; get out"

"No, but I'll close my eyes if you tell me what you did."

She sighed. "He was trying to sell himself."

"Sell himself?" He did have his eyes closed she noticed pulled down the dress and reached for her sweatpants.

"Dating thing, you tell the other why you'd be such and awesome partner. I suck at it."

"What's wrong with just fucking and see what happens?"

"I'm with you on that but you and I are not really dating experts. And it doesn't work like that in the real world. At least not in the hospital world." She pulled the hoodie over her head and turned and looked at him, his eyes were still closed. "They start off by telling you how good their grades were, how rich their parents are OR how much they had to struggle to make ends meet at university. How they've worked hard and now when they're established in the medical world how ready they are to start at family. Bla bla bla. Boring shit."

"Sounds boring."

"And then they follow you to your door and..." she was about to say 'kiss you' but for some reason she wasn't comfortable with that, "well... he told me what gentle and attentive lover he was. In a lot more words than that. You can open your eyes."

Quinn laughed out loud. "Gentle? Bet that turned you on." He opened his eyes. "This is when you 'misbehaved' wasn't it? What did you say?"

"That it sounded nice but sometimes I just want a good pounding up the ass."

She'd lost it. She was so fucking fed up with these self absorbed assholes. Not that she wanted to tell them all about herself but it would've been fucking nice if he asked her if she liked the dinner at least. Especially when they ordered steak for her without asking and she only ate the potatoes. Some people would notice that.

Quinn stared at her and then he laughed again. When she passed him he gave her a hug. "Maybe you should stay away from doctors?"

"Maybe." She squeezed him tighter before letting go. "It's good to see you though. Did you get here before he fell asleep?"

"Yeah. He told me about the lions."

"We were at the zoo last weekend." She went out to the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee. When she turned around he was staring at her again. "What?"

"I don't like it."

"Like what?"

"That you're dating guys who tell you they're ready to start a family."

She wanted to tell him that it wasn't any of his fucking business, that she was free to do whatever the hell she wanted but she didn't want to start another fight.

"You're a part of the package so I'm pretty sure no-one will ask me to marry them again once I've introduced them to Noah's dad." She almost bit her tongue when she realized what she'd just said.

"Someone asked you to marry them?"

"I laughed, I thought it was a joke. Don't worry about it. And it was a long time ago." He was glaring at her and she sighed. "I'm not the marrying kind. Really, don't get agitated over something that's not even in the foreseeable future."

He nodded. "Fine."

He stayed for three days and it was a lot of fun. They went to a children movie with Noah, his first and he was so worked up he was shaking before they went inside. All in all, it was one of his usual visits, at least like the ones they had when they weren't fighting.

-oOo-

One of the male nurses at the hospital, Darrell, had been acting really weird towards her the last four months. It had started at the end of January but she ignored it for a while. The she mentioned it to Hannah and the last two months Hannah had started to tell her she should be careful.

She couldn't say exactly what it was that creeped her out but he... said stuff. Things that made her believe that he was watching her and not just at work. If she took Noah to a park on the weekend he 'accidentally' mentioned that park the week after, told her how much he liked it. He'd been trying to talk to her about steampunk and as far as she could remembered; she had never told anyone at work that she sometimes worked at Hannah's shop. The last six weeks she'd shared almost every shift with him and that made her even more suspicions. That's why Hannah had been worried and when he finally asked her out, Lisa'd realized she needed to do somethings as well.

He wasn't the first guy who asked her out. It was just something with his eyes when he did it. It was like he didn't realize that she'd said no and he was still planning their date. It freaked her out.

She talked to Bobby about it and he told her to talk to Quinn.

"He'll fix it."

"I don't want him dead."

"Remember to tell him that. He can handle it. And he'd be pissed if you don't tell him and he finds out some other way."

She contemplated it for a while and finally decided that Bobby was probably right. Quinn could handle it and he'd want to know. So when he called her the next evening she brought it up.

"I was wondering if you could help me with something?"

"What?"

"There's this guy at the hospital, he's..."

"He's what?"

"I'm not sure, he creeps me out."

"How?"

"I can't really put my finger on it. It's just weird and I get the feeling his watching me or something."

"Watching you?" He was starting to sound pissed. *"Hang on."*

It had been noisy around him but suddenly it was quiet.

"Sorry if I interrupted your party."

"Forget it. Tell me."

She explained it all, from the very beginning to the end. Finishing with him asking her out and even if she'd said no he still acted like they were going out any day.

"You should have told me."

"I know. It was just weird and it felt a bit like I was just paranoid. There's really not much more than a feeling. Except for the last few weeks."

"I'll handle it."

"I don't want him to disappear or some shit like that."

He laughed. *"I'll be good."*

"Not too good."

"Girlie, I'm good at this. Don't worry."

The next day she was sitting at the reception when Quinn walked inside.

"Hey! What are you doing here?" She asked and walked around the desk.

"Handling shit," he smiled. He pulled to the side and said in a low voice. "Is he in here?"

Lisa nodded while trying to figure out what the hell he was up to? He couldn't do anything here at work anyway. That's when he put his arm around her waist and pulled her closer. She looked up at him. "What are you doing?"

"Staking a claim." He had his wolf grin, pulled her closer and before she knew what the hell was happening, his tongue was in her mouth.

She had almost forgotten how good he was at it, kissing. Suddenly her arms were around his neck and she was more than responding. If he had pulled her away for a fuck she wouldn't have protested at all. She had missed his kisses.

Then he stopped, leaned his forehead against hers and kissed her nose. "Let me know how he reacts. If he's bothering you or even asking, I want to know. I need to figure out what kind of a freak he is. Even if it's months from now."

"I'll keep you informed." He was still holding her and her arms were still around his neck.

"Do that, no asshole is going to be a problem for you while I'm around."

"Thank you."

"Oh, this was my pleasure," he smiled. "I'm staying a couple of days. I'll pick Noah up on my way to your place."

"Sounds good. I'll buy some take out on my way home."

"Something with meat." He said and gave her a squeeze. He was still teasing her about not eating meat and took every chance to feed Noah with it when she was around. For some reason he thought she disliked that.

"I'll get you some meat."

He gave her a quick kiss before letting her go and walked away.

She looked at his broad back as he left. There was no denying it; she still wanted him.

8. Conversation 16

She brought Chinese with her home and found Quinn on his back in Noah's room with Noah next to him. They were both sleeping.

She put the food in the kitchen and went back into the room to kneel down next to them. A silent laugh escaped her mouth when she noticed that they were both on their backs, left arm behind the neck and the right over the stomach. She carefully shook Quinn and with the now very familiar yank, he woke up.

"Hey, Girlie," he mumbled. "All good?"

"Yeah. I brought chinese."

"With meat?"

"Yes. With meat," she said. "How long have you two been sleeping?" It would be hard to put Noah to sleep no matter what when he had a nap at this hour, but if he's slept for long it would be impossible.

"Not long," he said after a look at his watch. "Want me to wake him up?"

"Do that and I'll fix the food."

They ate together and then she gave Noah a bath. Quinn came into the bathroom while they were singing and sat down on the toilet seat.

It took some time to get Noah to sleep but when he finally did she was tired as well. Quinn was in the living room and watched TV.

"Do you ever watch TV besides when you're here?"

"Nope."

She sat down next to him. "Why do you do it here then?"

"Not sure. Think it's because of Noah. I watch all those shitty children shows and want to make sure that's not all that's on TV."

"Still not a Teletubbies-fan?"

He just turned his head and looked at her with a smile. "How did it go with that guy?"

"He didn't say anything. But he didn't talk to me at all. I'll let you know what happens." She took the remote from him and started to flip through the channels. "Oooooohhh, It's the city of Lost Children."

"What?" Quinn watched for a few seconds. "What language is this?"

"French."

"We're not watching this."

"But..."

"No!" He took the remote from her and changed channel.

"This is my house and my TV, give it back." She tried to sound serious but his horrified face made it very hard.

"No way, you can watch shit like that when I'm not here." He stopped at something that looked like an action movie. "Are you working tomorrow?"

"We're gonna take some pictures for the website. A couple of hours in the afternoon."

He nodded and laid down in the couch, pushing her towards the end of it with his feet.

"Seriously, you change channel and now you're gonna sleep?"

"Can't fall asleep to French," he muttered. About five minutes later he was snoring. She threw a blanket over him and looked at him for a while. She had been doing ok until that fucking kiss. All she could think about now was kissing him again. And to get a proper fuck from him. She sighed and went to bed.

-oOo-

The next day she was standing in just her bra and a pair of very short lace bloomers at the studio and when she turned around she saw Quinn and Noah at the door. He had a startled face and she knew she was blushing.

"Get out!"

"What the fuck is that?" He said with a smile and it got even bigger when he saw her face, probably because she was blushing.

"Shut up. Get out!"

He laughed when he left with Noah on his arm.

"What's with the blush?" Hannah asked when they were gone.

"He came to work yesterday to help me with Darrell. He kissed me in front of him, to stake a claim."

Hannah was still for a few seconds. "And you finally admitted that you two are totally hot for each other and fucked each others brains out?" She said with a hopeful voice.

"No." She started to take of the shorts. They were done with the pictures. "He fell asleep in the couch and I went to bed."

"Jesus Christ, you're like an old married couple. What the fuck is wrong with you two?" Hannah had a disbelieving expression. "Why don't you two just stop pretending?"

If this had been the day before yesterday she would've said that Hannah was imagining things but now she knew that both Hannah and Gemma had been right. "It would be stupid."

"And when did you two ever give a shit about what's stupid?" Since Hannah met Quinn the first time, Lisa had told her most of the story.

"Since we had a kid together." Hannah raised her eyebrows. "Ok, since I admitted to him that we had a kid together."

"Can I just hear you admit it?"

"What?"

"What you really want."

"I want him to fuck me senseless," she admitted while pulling the t-shirt over her head. "Preferably until I'm so sore I can't fucking walk and have bruises and bite marks all over."

"Wow!" Hannah's eyes were huge. "Is that what you two used to do?" That part she hadn't told her. Lisa wasn't much for talking about her sex life in general but she wanted Hannah to shut up and leave her alone. Besides, she'd probably guess as much considering Lisa's failed previous 'relationships'.

"Yes."

"Hot!"

Lisa walked up to her and kissed her cheek. "Not going to happen though. I have to go, I'll call you tomorrow."

"If you can get to the phone." She heard Hannah yell behind her.

"Not going to happen," she yelled back.

-o0o-

Quinn took Noah to bed and Lisa got into the shower to get rid of the make up. Afterwards, she pulled on jeans and a t-shirt before going out to the kitchen to make some tea. She turned around when she noticed Quinn walking in and then continued to pour the water.

He took a cup and leaned against the counter next to her.

"So..." she looked up at him. "You want me to fuck you senseless."

She kept staring at him and then realized what she was doing. "Shit!" The boiling hot water ran over the counter and down on her leg. "Fuck!"

"Take off the jeans," he said while trying to not laugh.

"You asshole! This is your fault." She tried to dry off the water but it was burning like a motherfucker on her thigh.

"You need to get out of those jeans." Quinn quickly unbuttoned her jeans.

She pushed his hands away. "No!"

"Girlie, you're going to burn your thigh off."

He was probably right. "Turn the fuck around!" She yelled while pulling them down. She looked up at him and he had actually turned around. "I just came out of the shower and I'm not wearing underwear."

Quinn walked over to the freezer with his back still towards her and took out some ice then walked up to her, lifted her up and put her on the counter. "Don't move."

She wasn't going to move, she was trying to hold down her t-shirt to cover herself up and he noticed. He just looked at her hands holding the hem of the t-shirt and smiled. After wrapping the ice in a kitchen towel he pressed it against her thigh. He was still laughing a bit.

"It's not funny."

"Your expression was."

"You were eavesdropping." She looked down her thigh and his hand holding the ice package. "Damn, it hurts like hell."

"I wasn't eavesdropping. I was waiting outside." He moved closer and didn't stop until he was standing between her legs.

"Man up and fess up!" She was still trying to hold the t-shirt down between her legs. The icepack on her thigh was probably a big help but that suddenly wasn't her main focus. Her main focus was Quinn between her legs and the hand he was holding on her other knee.

"I wasn't." He was still smiling. "I was trying to get another look at your ass in those panties."

"So eavesdropping and sneaking a peak? You are such a perv." She wasn't looking him into the eyes, instead she looked down at the icepack again. And his hands, he had the best hands.

"You already knew that."

She laughed and looked up at him. "Yeah. I knew that."

He moved the hand from her knee to her hip. As he leaned closer she held her breath and when he was just in front of her she finally managed to mumble.

"Don't..."

"What?" He eyed her.

"Not if it's just to get laid."

"It's not."

"You really think this is a good idea?"

"No," he said, shaking his head with a smile. "But we were never a good idea and it turned out pretty fucking good anyway."

He caressed her face and she noticed that his right hand was cold and wet from the ice before he kissed her. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled him even closer. He leaned back to pull off her t-shirt and halted. He ran his hand along her sides and up to her breasts while staring at them. Then he looked up at her.

"Girlie, we're gonna have little talk."

She pulled him closer with her legs and started to unbuckle his pants. "What are you waiting for?"

"The first fuck in three years isn't going to be a quickie on the counter." He lifted her up and carried her into the bedroom, kissing her along the way.

She was soaking wet and felt his hard-on through the jeans. There wouldn't be any advanced foreplay, she knew that. He threw her down into the bed and was very quickly naked himself. He was over her, nibbling her breasts and his fingers were inside her.

"So, gonna tell me what you want me to do?" He was kissing her neck and she was squirming and the fucker knew it.

"I think I'll be fine with just a fuck right now." She couldn't wait, she wanted him now no matter what would happen tomorrow.

He chuckled, "not gonna happen." He flipped her around and had her on her knees and then rammed inside her. "I remember exactly what you said. Tomorrow," another

thrust, "you'll be sore," once again, "and covered in bruises and bite marks." Again and he leaned forward to bite down in her shoulder.

"Oh my fucking God." She moaned, she was about to come already.

"Fucking hell, Lisa. I've missed your pussy." He was grabbing her hips and she was holding her breath. He stopped moving. "Now what have I told you about holding your breath?"

"To not do it," she whispered. "Please don't stop." She moved towards him but he gripped her hips harder.

"Deep breaths."

"Please..." she knew she was begging but she was desperate. He let go of her right side and his big hand was around her neck and pulled her off her hands and against his chest. She turned towards him and he kissed her while slowly starting to move again. He let go of her neck and ran in down her body, pinching her nipple along the way and down between her legs. He was looking at her while slowly circling her clit. Lisa was trying to take deep breaths and leaned the back of her head against his chest.

He kissed her neck up to her ear and whispered, "keep breathing, Sweetie. Remembered what I told you that first time?"

"That I'll get there eventually?" She closed her eyes and felt him moving inside her and his hand between her legs. She was so close.

"No, what you were going to do for me all night?"

"Scream." She moaned when he thrust hard and deep again. "God damn. I've missed this."

He grabbed her hair again and bent her head to the side. "That's what you're gonna do."

After she'd had two orgasms and he'd had his first she was lying next to him on her back.

"You better not be done with me."

Quinn turned and looked at her. "Not even close." He stroke her cheek and kissed her. "Know what else I've missed?"

"No."

"That stud in your tongue against my dick and your lips around it."

She moved up on top of him. "Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah."

She kissed him. "What will I get for a blowjob?"

"How about I spank you?"

"Sound fair." She kissed he way down his chest and stopped when she noticed the tattoo on his left chest.

She looked back up at him and he smiled at her.

"Like it?"

She nodded and drew her hand over it. It was Mona Lisa. "It's beautiful."

"Yeah. He's good."

"Happy?"

"Yeah."

"I know he never asks questions but didn't he comment when you wanted a da Vinci on you chest?"

"Told him it was none of his fucking business." Quinn pulled back up for a kiss. "You were going somewhere with that mouth of yours."

Three hours later she was on his arm and was almost half asleep when she felt him turn around to hold her.

"What does this mean?" He drew his finger over her side. She had a text that started next to her spine and went around her right side all the way to below her sternum. He moved up to his elbow to read; "He will comfort us in the labor and painful toil of our hands."

"It's what Lamech says when he names Noah in the bible."

Quinn drew his fingers over it once more. "I like it. Mind if I do it too?"

"No. He's your son as well."

"Who did it?"

"Happy." Quinn looked up at her face. "He didn't know why I did it and he didn't ask."

"Ok." Quinn laid down next to her again and pulled her closer. "I'm always going to be like this."

"Like what?"

"I'm a Nomad and I like that. I don't want to be stuck in one charter"

"I know." She hugged him tighter. She hadn't expected anything else from him and as oppose to how she'd felt about that when she left Charming, she was ok with it now. After a year with his visits and dating other guys she knew she didn't want that type of relationship anyway. That guy Michael had been right, she had intimacy problems, luckily, so did Quinn.

"And I'll fuck other women."

"I know that too."

"Just fucks thought, nothing regular, no spending nights in the same bed, no morning sex."

"No marking." For some reason him just fucking someone else didn't matter that much but the thought of him doing the things he did to her, to others, really bothered her.

"No, no marking. Just fucks."

"Ok." She looked up at him. "No kissing and you wrap up."

"No kissing and I always wrap up when it's not you. Especially now."

"Don't want more kids?"

"Not with a fucking sweetbutt." He stroke her cheek. "Until I make you an official Old Lady I don't give a fuck what you do when I'm not around. But the same rules apply to you. No nights, no cuddling and no fucking marking. I'm the only one who gets to do that shit to you. And if I even get a hint that you've had some other fucker in this apartment or if they even glance at my son, I'll fucking kill them."

"Ok." She leaned up and kissed him. She wasn't interested in that at all but it meant a lot that he said it. And she knew the difference of her messing aroun now and doing it if she was an Old Lady. Fucking around as an Old Lady meant he couldn't keep his woman in control. It would blow back on him if the club found out.

"When I'm here, you're mine." He looked straight at her when he said it.

"I'll be yours all the time."

"Good. If I make you an Old Lady you can't do shit like that."

"I know that. I don't think you have to worry."

"I honestly don't. I know what fucking is and what we're doing. We both fucked around those first five years and it didn't mean anything. I didn't like to hear about it but it didn't bother me that you did it."

"I meant more in the line of; I don't think that'll happen. You can't fuck girls or sweetbutts here in Vegas. Same goes for you, when you're here, you're mine."

"Why would I do that when I have you close by?"

"You've done it before."

He looked at her, kissed her nose. "I won't do that."

"This is probably stupid."

"Probably," he agreed. "But we're good at bad ideas."

She wasn't really sure exactly what he meant, that they were good at having them or good at dealing with them but she laughed and tried to move even closer to him. It was like she couldn't get close enough and she was about to fall asleep. "Quinn, I still love you."

"I know you do. I still love you too." He hugged her. "But I'm not gonna say it all the time."

"It would freak me out if you did."

"That's why you're my girl." He kissed her again. "Go to sleep."

-o0o-

She woke up the following morning when he ran his hand along her side up to her breast and pinched it carefully. "Wake up, Girlie."

"Want a morning romp?" She mumbled and turned around.

"Yeah. I'm gonna have to leave later and I want another taste."

"You need to be careful because I'm really fucking sore."

"That's what you wanted." He moved up on her and licked her breast. "I'm not good at careful but I can make sure you're very wet for me."

"Sounds good."

He moved further down and got comfortable between her legs. "I won't do this to anyone else either. Just so you know."

"Good. Want you to save that tongue for me." When he licked she hissed. "Fuck! Jesus Christ, Quinn!"

"Throw in a 'God' and I'll give you fingers," he chuckled.

When he was holding her tight about forty-five minutes later she was very satisfied. She heard Noah in the baby watch and got out of the bed.

"Put on boxers at least." Quinn laughed but did as she asked while she put on her underwear and a t-shirt. Mostly to hide the bite marks and the bruises.

"Mom." She heard behind her and turned around to see Noah climbing up into the bed. She took him into her arms and laid down next to Quinn. Noah turned around and held Quinn's messy braid. "Dad too."

Then his thumb went into his mouth and he pressed his behind towards Lisa. She knew what it meant and put her arm around him and her nose into his neck. The three of them laid still for a long time and didn't say anything. She looked up at Quinn and he was smiling.

"You like this."

"What's not to like?" He looked down at Noah. "Ready for breakfast?"

-o0o-

He came back just the week after and this time he came late at night.

"Really, Quinn. A week! You missed me that much?"

"Don't get cocky, bitch," he said between kisses while ripping her clothes off and moving her towards the bedroom.

"I'll get as fucking cocky with you as I want to."

"You know I'm gonna punish you for that."

"Why do you think I'm cocky?"

That night he tied her up and she had missed that too. She fucking loved it. Then they talked.

"You think we can make this work?" He asked while massaging her wrists.

She turned around and looked at him. "It's been working for almost a year. I think we can make it work even if we have sex."

"True," he nodded. "What if you get fed up with it again?"

He wasn't looking at her when he asked and she leaned closer and gave him a kiss before answering. "I'm not saying I never will but if you don't fuck women in front of me and if you tell me you love me now and then I think I'll be fine."

"You don't ask for much."

"I know I'm not but I'm fine with this and I think that's the only way I'll work in a relationship. According to Hannah it's your fault. You totally fucked me up."

He laughed a little but didn't look amused. "I guess I did." He stroke her cheek. "And when this isn't enough for you anymore?"

"I'll let you know."

"Please do and don't fucking run away again. Cause this time I'd come after you."

"I won't." She kissed him. "I'll probably just fuck some other guys to remind myself why I need you."

"You better do that extremely fucking discrete 'cause I'm not gonna take it well if you make me look like some fucking cuckold."

"Wow! Fancy word. Have you been reading books?"

"Shut up And you better make sure I don't find out about it either." He pulled her closer. "I'm not kidding."

"I know, Quinn. And I'll let you know if it starts to get to me." She turned around again with her back against him. "It's different this time. I know that you love me in your own fucked up way."

He hugged her. "I was in Charming by the way. They asked when you'd go back."

She had been there twice since Christmas and had planned to go back for two weeks during the summer.

"What did you say?"

"That I had no fucking clue to what you planned."

"I take it you didn't say we hooked up again?"

"No. It would make Gemma too fucking satisfied."

"Were you pissed at them when you found out?" She had been wantint to ask him about that. As far as she knew he hadn't talked to them about it since that fist day.

"At first but I talked to Bobby and Clay when I'd been here."

"He never told me that."

"There's a lot of things he doesn't tell you, Girlie," Quinn huffed and hugged her closer. "It was wrong, they shouldn't have kept it a secret. They figured it might as well be some coward who wouldn't admit it since you were off limits."

"Shouldn't that be my choice, who I fuck and who I don't?"

"That's not how it works with young female relatives. It was disrespectful towards Bobby to do what I did. And you were too young."

She turned around and hit him in the chest. "Maybe when I was sixteen but I was twenty-four when I got pregnant."

He caressed her face and kissed her. "Either way. They took the middle way and said they wouldn't tell anyone but that you were on your own if the dad found out. I didn't like that part either."

"Think they would've let you go after me if they hadn't?"

"Don't think they could've stopped me. But they would've followed."

"I think we needed that time alone." It would've made things a lot worse if Bobby'd been there. And Quinn would probably not have told her the things he did. "Guess my status in the club didn't make anything any easier for them."

"No. Being a niece of a former wife isn't really a solid status. You're still family but you fucked up by not telling them who the dad was and it's not like they'd beat it out of you. Taking the sidelines and watch it play out by itself was probably the only thing they could do."

"I didn't really think you'd beat me up anyway. Punish fuck me, maybe."

"I'm gonna punish fuck you for years," he said with a smile then he yawned. "I need to sleep."

She turned around again and he pulled her closer. It was something he actually did sometimes before but usually in the middle of the night. It was really nice but also very, very warm.

"Quinn?"

"Mhmmm."

"Do you have to be half on top me? It's really warm."

"You really do have serious intimacy problems, honey."

"I know but this time it's just 'cause it gets too warm. You can hold me a little."

He moved away a bit but left his arm around her waist. "Better?"

"Thank you."

He didn't answer, just muttered something and five minutes later he was snoring. Lisa was about to fall asleep when she felt him pull her closer again. She sighed and kicked the cover off herself.

9. Weak and Powerless

The two weeks in Charming was... interesting. She was staying at Bobby's house this time and he crashed at the clubhouse. Bobby had a very typical bachelor pad. She thought it was awful but Noah liked it which she took as a sign that it was more horrible than she'd thought. The boy loved Teletubbies after all. Quinn came when she'd been there for three days.

"Daddy!" Noah yelled and ran up to him.

She noticed Gemma studying them but Quinn just gave her a smile and walked inside the clubhouse with Noah. Later that night he came over to Bobby's place and spent the night there.

They could probably have been smarter about it because she was woken up by the door in the morning and Gemma walked inside with a paper bag.

"Brought you muffins."

"You're didn't come here to give me muffins."

"No. But I don't have to ask. His bike is outside and the couch is empty."

There was no point in denying it so she invited Gemma inside. They went into the kitchen and Lisa turned on the coffee machine.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, darlin'." Gemma was standing by the counter.

"What did you fight about in the kitchen last Christmas?"

Gemma gave her one of her nice and at the same time terrible smiles.

"Honey," she put the muffin bag on the counter, "have you asked him?"

"Yes. He wouldn't tell me." He had just smiled and told her it wasn't any of her business.

"Let's just say I suggested that you hadn't just been a fuck. I also told him that you still loved him. Then I really pissed him off by saying that he should stop being such a fucking gentleman all of a sudden and just fucking admit that he still loved you instead of thinking you could do better."

"I also told you to stay the fuck out of our business." Lisa turned around and saw Quinn walking into the kitchen. If Gemma could give terrible smiles it was nothing compared to Quinn's. That didn't faze Gemma at all. She held up the bag of muffins.

"Muffin?"

Quinn grabbed it and handed Noah to Lisa. "He need a change. Do it in the bathroom."

Lisa looked at Quinn and back at Gemma. "Ok?"

When she came back to the kitchen they were both at the table. "Are you two behaving?"

"Best of friends," Gemma said with a smile and Quinn laughed.

He stayed another six days and considering how gossip spread in the club the rest of them probably knew but no-one commented on it. Not even after he'd left. She assumed that it was one of the perks with landing one of the crazier motherfuckers.

-o0o-

"I got some shit in a storage, could I take that here?"

Lisa turned around and batted her eyelashes at Quinn. "Oh my. Are you asking if you can move in?"

It had been five months and things were pretty much the same with the exception of them having sex. As far as Lisa was concerned, it was working. She missed him when he wasn't there but she also liked that she got time to herself.

"Would that be ok?" Quinn laughed. "If I *moved in*."

"As long as you're not here all the time and you're not planning to put up Harley Davidson posters, it's ok."

"Harley Davidson mirrors?"

She turned around again and looked at him. "No. No bike shit."

"Bike *shit*?" He lifted her up and put her on the counter. "Bitch. I'll punish you for that later."

"I'm counting on it." She gave him a kiss before looking back down on the envelope in her hand. While still sitting on the counter she opened it. "What the fuck?"

Quinn was on his way out from the kitchen but turned around. "What?"

She kept staring at him while holding up the content of the envelope. He came up to her and took it from her. It was photos. Some of her and some of her and Noah together.

Quinn looked up at her. "Do you know when these are taken?"

She looked back at them and pointed at one of them. "I think this is from last week but this is older," she pointed at another one, "that's before I cut my hair."

Her hair was getting longer but just a few weeks earlier she'd cut off quite a lot. It wasn't short, just shorter but it was enough for her to see that some of the pictures were older.

"It's gotta be that guy from the hospital. Has he said anything?"

"No." Quinn was looking at the pictures again. "What are you going to do?"

He looked up at her but he didn't answer and then he started to walk out form the kitchen. Still holding the pictures in his hand. She jumped down from the counter and followed him.

"Quinn! Don't do anything stupid."

He turned around and held up the pictures right in front of her face. "If a guy does this shit to my girl and my son, he's dead!"

"But you don't know..." He interrupted her.

"No. But I'll find out." He started walking out again. "Lock the door!" He yelled over his shoulder while pulling the phone out of his pocket.

He called her about two hours later to say that she shouldn't wait up for him. After she'd put Noah to bed there was a knock on her door. She looked through the peephole and saw Marvin and Junior, two Nomads. She feared the worst when she opened the door.

"What happened?"

"Nothing," Marvin said. "He's fine."

She opened the door wider to let them in. "So what's going on?"

"He wanted us to keep an eye on you. He'll be back soon."

She stared at the two bikers then she waved towards the kitchen. "Coffee or beer?"

Quinn came back around midnight and sent Marvin and Junior to the Vegas clubhouse.

"Do I even want to know?" She asked when he came back to the living room.

"No." He leaned over her and gave her a kiss. "I'll handle it."

Lisa got up from the couch and pulled of her tank top as she passed him. "Are you coming?"

The next morning she called Bobby from a prepaid that Quinn had given her. She told him about Darrell and the pictures and that Quinn had sent over some Nomads to keep an eye on her.

"What can you tell me about Marvin and Junior?"

"Marvin used to be up in Tacoma and Junior is from New York. Marvin is a really nice guy, you should probably be careful with Junior though."

"Why?"

"You know when you asked about Happy and his..."

"Reputation?" She helped Bobby.

She'd heard some scary shit about Happy during the years. When she'd gotten more involved in the club Bobby had started to answer some of her questions. Just the general ones about the members but when she'd asked him about Happy he'd shook his head. 'Just stay the fuck away from him, Love.' By coincident she'd found out more about Happy and how the club used him and she'd asked Bobby again. He'd given her the full story and it took her two years before she even dared to talk to Happy again. She eventually did and he'd never been anything but nice. He was also the one who'd done all her ink and she liked him quite a lot. She still had a healthy amount of respect for him though.

"Yeah, his reputation. Junior was his mentor for a lot of that shit so you should probably be careful with him."

"Oh."

"Hey! Quinn asked him because just like Happy, Junior is very loyal to the club and especially to Quinn. If Quinn tells him to look after you he'll stop at nothing to make sure you're safe. Just... keep your distance."

"I get it. I'll be good."

"I'm sure you can handle him. Shit, you've handled Quinn since you were nineteen."

"That's not really the same thing but thank you."

"Take care, honey, and do what Quinn tells you to do."

"I will."

"Good. He'll keep the both of you safe and tell him to call us if he needs anything."

That evening Marvin and Junior showed up again. Marvin said that Quinn would be late and that she should get some sleep.

It was Marvin who woke her up. "Quinn's been arrested and he needs you to bail him out."

"What! For what?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

She turned and looked at the watch. It was five in the morning. "Ok. I'll pick him up."

"Bring the kid. We're gonna be at the clubhouse and if the cops asks you it's ok to say that we've been here. Understand?"

"Ok." She had no idea why the cops would ask her about that just cause he'd been arrested for drunk and disorderly but she was too tired to try to figure out what the fuck this was really about.

She took Noah to the police station and when Quinn came walking she couldn't help herself. She laughed. He looked like shit.

"Does your head hurt as much as it seems to be doing?"

"Worse," he growled.

"Where's your bike?"

"At the club."

When they were in the car she finally had to ask. "Wanna tell me what that was about?"

"After painkillers and sleep."

He basically fell into the bed and she took Noah to kindergarden before going to work.

-o0o-

When she walked into the reception she noticed several police officers and Trudy, one of the nurses, had tears in her eyes. She turned towards Lisa when she noticed her.

"Lisa! Darrell's been murdered."

"What?!"

"Last night." Trudy dried her eyes. "And the police wants to talk to you."

"Are you miss Mona Lisa Van Der Meer?" One of the officer asked. She fucking hated it when people used her full name. It was just ridiculous.

"Yes."

"Could we have a word with you in private?"

They took her into one of the empty rooms.

"Did you and Mr. Curtis have a private relationship?"

"No. We worked together, that's all."

"All?"

"He asked me out, it was sometime last spring but I declined."

The police officer nodded. "And that was it? No other contact outside work?"

"No."

"This might seem like an odd question, but did you *like* Mr. Curtis."

Lisa considered lying for a second but decided that it might probably come back and bite her in the ass. She sighed. "No. He creeped me out. I'm not sure why but..."

"This might come as a shock to you. He had his entire apartment filled with pictures of you. He looks like he's been following you around. Did you suspect that?"

"It was just a feeling."

"I understand. That's usually the case with situations like this." The officer said.

"What did you do about it?"

"I talked to my..." she stopped. What the fuck was she supposed to call him? "Quinn. He's my son's father."

"Would this be the big biker who came here?"

"How did you know that?"

"It was mentioned when we asked about you." That didn't surprise her. He had made quite an impression on the others. "What is his name?"

"Rane Quinn. He came here to..."

"Make sure Mr. Curtis stayed away. I understand. Is he a member of a club? They mention a vest."

"Sons of Anarchy." Her mind was all over the place and she was trying to figure what had happened.

"Have Mr. Curtis talked to you or done anything lately?"

"No." Not that Quinn had said anything but she understood that mentioning the pictures was a bad idea.

"Nothing at all?"

"No. Nothing. We have hardly even worked the same shifts lately."

The police officer nodded. "I'm sure you understand that I have to ask; where were you last night."

"At home."

"Can anyone verify that?"

"Yes, two other members of Sons Of Anarchy was at our house. They were just passing through Vegas and needed a place to crash."

"And Mr. Quinn?" That sounded so weird to her. And that's when it hit her. Why he had been arrested.

"He was arrested last night. I bailed him out this morning."

The police officer looked at her with a surprised face. "Ok."

"May I ask how he died? Was it..."

"Most likely a robbery gone wrong. He had been beaten and shot. It looks like the shot might have been an accident. As if he struggled for the gun. But that's just the current theory. We just want to make sure we've covered all the other bases as well. We'll inform you when we know more."

Lisa nodded. She knew she was in shock and felt a bit sick. "I'm sorry... I didn't exactly like him but..." She took a couple of deep breaths.

"Miss Van Der Meer, would you like some water?"

"Please call me Lisa. I'm not that fond of my name."

He laughed a little. "It is a mouth full."

He sat with her for a while and got her some water. When he left her boss, Mary, told her to go home. Mary assumed it must have been a shock for her to hear that Darrell had been taking pictures and stalked her.

"I'm really sorry that we didn't pick up on it. It was our responsibility to keep you work environment safe and we failed you. Miserably, I might add."

"Don't worry about it. Can we talk more tomorrow. I just..."

"Yes. Go home and take a few personal days. That's the least I can do."

"Thank you."

-oOo-

Quinn was still asleep when she got home. She hadn't been away for that long. She laid down next to him and put her arm around him. He woke up and looked at her.

"Hey, Girlie. What time is it?"

"It's still morning." She pressed her face into his chest. "Was it for an alibi?"

"Yeah."

"So it wasn't you?"

"I wish! With all those fucking pictures of you all over his apartment it was better if someone else did it. I would've been their first guess. They'll probably assume that's one of us anyway but I made sure it's not close."

"Did you know he had pictures of me in his apartment?"

"Yeah. We had a look at his apartment yesterday." He looked down at her. "Are you ok?"

She looked up at him. "I don't know. I think so."

"It might just have been pictures now but freaks like him can get dangerous and I didn't want to wait for it."

"I know." He hugged her closer and kissed her head.

"Good. So we're ok?"

"Yes."

"Did the cops question you?"

"Yes. They think it was a robbery that went wrong. That he struggled for the gun and got shot by mistake."

Quinn laughed. "He's good."

She didn't want to ask who 'he' was. She didn't want to know. "Get some more sleep. I've got a couple of days off."

Quinn nodded and pulled her closer. "Stay with me for a while."

-oOo-

She figured out who the next day who 'he' was though.

"Think you can stand stop fucking others?" Quinn asked while they were on their backs, naked in bed.

"I haven't fucked others."

Quinn turned around and smiled at her but he didn't say anything.

"Wanna get a permanent mark?"

"You wanna ink me?"

"Yes. Happy's in town and he's got a friend with a tattoo parlour. I could take you there today."

She looked at him for a while. Happy was in town. It didn't take a genius to figure out that Quinn hadn't dragged him all the way from Tacoma to give her some ink. Then she realized what else Quinn was saying. He wanted her to get his ink. He didn't *tell* her to do it. He *asked* her and that meant something. He was still offering her an out. She didn't want one.

"I love you."

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes. That's a yes. You're not gonna be able to push me away."

"What makes you think I'm trying to do that?" He squeezed her ass. "You're mine."

"I am."

"Then take a shower and get dressed." She moved up and kissed him before climbing out of bed. "Girlie!"

She turned around in the door. "Yes?"

"I love you."

She laughed. "You're starting to freak me out now."

"Good. I want you on your toes."

-o0o-

Happy gave her a quick hug when she walked into the tattoo shop. That was about as close as Happy got to a women unless he was fucking her so Lisa felt honored. She assumed that this had more to do with Quinn than with her.

"You ready?" Quinn asked Happy.

"Yeah. Got the pic." He showed it to Quinn first and then Quinn gave it to Lisa.

"Like it?"

It was a Steampunk mechanical heart, it had cogwheels and wings. A clock, a key and a lock was hanging underneath it. Over the heart was a text. At first glance it looked like it said SOA with an O bigger than the other letters, but if you looked carefully, the O was a Q. It wasn't obvious and Lisa loved it..

"I love it." She looked up a Quinn. "Permanent marking."

"Hey, I got one for you."

Happy had a questioning look. "Thought I did all of your ink."

"You do."

"I haven't done one for her." He pointed at Lisa.

"He's got one." Lisa looked down at the drawing. "This is beautiful, Happy. You really managed to capture all of it."

"He said you'd want something Steampunk. I didn't even fucking knew what that was. Had to check online." He suddenly smiled. "You wear clothes like that?"

"Watch it," Quinn growled.

"They're hot." Happy started to prepare for the ink. "So which one is for you?" He looked at Lisa when he said it.

"The Mona Lisa."

"Just cause half her name is Lisa?"

"No, I'm named after it. Mona Lisa is my real name. Don't tell anyone."

"Mona Lisa. What's wrong with rich people?" He looked up at her. "Didn't you have a weird fucking last name as well?"

"Yeah. Van Der Meer."

"Mona Lisa Van Der Meer?" Happy laughed dryly and shook his head. "Where is she getting it?" He looked at Quinn when he asked and Lisa smiled. It was very Happy and at the same time she knew that it was the Old Man who decided.

"Left shoulder blade."

"Need to you take of the t-shirt and the bra." Happy turned around to pick up the tracing paper.

"If you sneak a peek of my Old Ladies tits, I'll deck you."

"I have no doubt," Happy said.

It took a few hours. Quinn disappeared for a while to pick up Noah and came back with an ice cream covered child.

When they were done Happy gave her another quick hug and he and Quinn shared another one with the standard back pat.

"Great job, brother. And if you tell anyone about her name I'm coming after you."

"Got it."

When they left she put an arm around Quinn's waist. "That was sweet."

"No, it wasn't *sweet*."

"Oh, sorry. It was very nice of you to tell him to not talk about my name."

He growled. "I guess I can live with that. Being *nice* to my Old Lady."

-o0o-

That night he held her as usual. "I wanna ask something of you."

"Yeah?"

"Think you'd agree to change Noah's last name? You're my Old Lady and all but, honey, your last name is fucking ridiculous."

"I know," she laughed. "Noah Quinn. I like that."

"Fucking beats Noah Van Der Meer any day of the week."

It wasn't just 'casue her name was bad. He wanted Noah to have his name and she could live with that. And also, she agreed, no kid should have to have the name Van Der Meer.

"You know. If we do this the way we want it to and just don't give a shit what others think, I think we can make it work."

"I know." He hugged her. "And if you let me tie you up now and then."

"That's a given." She kissed his lower arm that was around her. "And if you don't hold me and make me sweat every night."

"I'll try to restrain myself from suffocating you by demanding intimacy," he chuckled. "You better talk to me about shit."

"Shit?"

"If it's getting to you. You need to give me a chance."

"Ok."

"Go to sleep, Girlie. I'll stay for a couple of weeks until it calms down with that fuckhead."

"Happy left?"

"Yeah."

"Tell him thank you from me." She owed him for that one but knowing Happy, he'd probably never let her mention it.

"I will. He's probably just glad he got another one of those fucking smiley faces."

10. Samson

Quinn had been on his way for forty minutes when he felt the cell vibrate. He pulled over to the side ten minutes later and was surprised when he saw that Lisa had called. He'd been home for three weeks and towards the end she'd given not so subtle hints that maybe he should take a ride. At least for the weekend.

She hadn't been kidding when she'd said he could move in if he promised not to be there all the time. Not that he minded, he loved that he never had to feel bad when he took off. Noah was used to it as well, that's just how it always had been to him.

He assumed that he'd forgotten something so he picked up the phone and called her.

"Hey, Girlie. What's up?"

"I'm sorry but I need you here," she said in a low voice. Everything about that sentence had him worried. That she even uttered it scared him.

"Something wrong?"

"Yes, no-one's hurt but I need you here."

"I'll be there in half an hour."

If she called and asked him to come home, she was serious as a fucking heart attack. It had only happened once before and that was when she was having Ruth. She'd called him up and told him that unless he wanted to miss his second kids birth as well he better get his fucking ass to Vegas. He'd been on time.

When he pulled up at the house he saw Noah sitting on the front porch.

"What's going on?"

"Moms yelling at some lady," his six year old son rolled his eyes just like his mom did. He picked him up and hugged him. "Why are you already back?"

"Mom called. Who's the lady?"

"Don't know. She looks mean and was angry."

"Only her?"

"No. Some old dude as well." Noah tried to get down when he started to walk towards the door.

"Wanna wait here?"

"Yeah." Lisa calling and Noah rather sitting on the front porch than in the house was bad. He gave him a kiss and let him down.

He turned around and saw the Mercedes at the curb. Once he stepped inside he heard a very pissed Lisa. Pissed was good, pissed was a lot better than scared.

"What the hell made you think you could just barge in here and tell me shit?" She yelled at whoever the 'mean lady' and 'old dude' was.

Quinn stepped inside the kitchen and saw Lisa with a crying Ruth on her hips and an older couple in really fancy clothes.

"What the fuck is going on?" Lisa turned and the relief in her eyes when she saw him made him immediately hate the two other fucks in his kitchen. He walked up to her and took Ruth and then he turned to the couple. "Who the fuck are you?"

"I'm her mother," the woman said. Noah had been right, she looked mean. And she was mean. Lisa hadn't told him much about her mother but the things he'd heard was enough.

He turned to Lisa. "Want me to handle it?" She had tears in her eyes and if she asked him he'd shoot them for that alone. No one made his Old Lady cry. She nodded at his question so he gave Ruth back to her. "Noah's on the porch."

He followed her to the door into the hallway and ignored the woman yelling behind him. He would deal with her as soon as Lisa was out of the way and once she was out the kitchen door he turned around.

Aziza, he still remembered that bitch's name, tried to walk through he door but he put his hand on the doorpost in front of her to stop her. "Back off!"

"You can't speak to me like that," she hissed. He was going to teach this rich bitch a couple of lessons about coming her and upsetting his girl.

"As long as you're in my fucking house, bitch, I'll speak to you however the hell I want. Now. Back. The. Fuck off and let her leave." With a frightened face she did. "You've got two minutes to explain to me in a satisfactory way why you're here."

"She's our daughter."

He laughed, "You haven't given a shit about her for almost ten years. Not good enough. One minute forty seconds."

"That's our grandchildren," she pointed towards the door when she said it. He felt like grabbing her hand and punch her in the face. He hated her guts and those kids was his and Lisa's. No one else could lay any fucking claim on them.

"So?"

"I don't want them to grow up like this."

Quinn was so close to just reach out snap off her neck. "Those are my kids and you better think *very* fucking carefully before you threaten to take them from me."

That's when the 'old dude', Lisa's stepfather, suddenly realized he had a pair of balls between her legs and stepped forward. "She didn't mean that we want to take them away."

When he turned his attention to him he stepped back. Probably not that big balls after all. "Then what did she mean?"

"We'll help Lisa with money, buy her a proper house and we want to see her and the children."

"She doesn't need your money." He could provide for his family and he didn't want them to owe these suit-fucks anything.

"Look at you," Aziza held out her hands towards him.

"I know what I look like. What's your fucking point?"

"We know you're not here half of the time. You leave her with the kids and take off."

"That's none of your business."

"She's worth better than this."

He used to think the same thing until he figured out that all she wanted was him, just like this.

"I don't give a shit about what you think you know about the two of us but you don't come here and upset her. You will wait for her to call you and do this anyway she wants to do it. If she wants you to write her a letter you sharpen your fucking pencils. If she doesn't call you're out of the picture. Is that clear?"

They both nodded.

"And if I ever find out that you've been here again without her explicit invitation I won't be this fucking charming." They nodded again. "Give me your number and then you get the fuck out of here and wait for her call."

The man handed him a business card and he followed them outside and watched them get inside their car and take off.

"I'm sorry." He heard behind him and he turned around. Lisa was sitting in the stairs up to the porch with Ruth in her lap and Noah next to her.

He shook his head and picked up Noah. "Come on. Lets get inside."

They had something to eat, Lisa put Ruth to bed and he watched a movie with Noah. When he started to yawn he took him to bed as well. When he came back outside Lisa was waiting outside the room.

"I'm really sorry."

He went up to her and caressed her face. "I want you to call me when you need me. Don't be sorry about that."

"They just stepped inside, Aziza started to nag about what my house looked like, what my kids were wearing, telling me I needed a proper man."

Quinn laughed, shit like that didn't get to him at all. They had the kind of relationship they both wanted to have, he knew that. Whenever she wanted him around more she told him and he stuck around as long as he didn't need to take care of business somewhere. Usually she got fed up with him within a month.

"Did you tell her how big my dick is?"

"I considered it but Noah was still in the kitchen." She circled his waist. "I'm sorry if I took you away from your business."

"Wasn't any. I was just going for a ride since you wanted to get rid of me."

"Am I that obvious?"

"Sometimes." He kissed her. "I'll stay if you want me to."

"I want you to," she mumbled against his lips. "A little while at least."

"Want my big dick?"

She smiled and nodded before pulling him towards the bedroom.

-oOo-

When she'd fallen asleep he looked at her. She was lying next to him facing him and the only physical contact was his hand on hers. She hated it when he held her, always nagged him about being warm.

First time he'd seen her she was sixteen. He hadn't looked at her that carefully at first. He'd assumed she was some crow eater and was pissed that she even dared to ask who he was. But when she snorted at him he'd realized that she wasn't and had taken a more careful look. In his defense, she didn't look sixteen and she was beautiful. So he took a thorough look and she blushed.

The next time he saw her he was getting a blowjob and just wanted to make her blush again. Mostly to fuck with her She didn't blush. She met his eyes and after he'd cum she raised her coke bottle in a toast and smiled. That had almost given him a boner a gain. But she was still jailbait and the other's had been very clear on the fact that she

was way off limits. He might have been able to keep his hands off if it hadn't been so fucking obvious that she wanted him.

Then the real blow came when he pulled a crow eater's hair back to bite her neck and it had been obvious that Lisa was about to come just from seeing it. Her wanting him was bad. Her liking it rough was a fucking disaster.

When she'd said she broke up with her boyfriend 'cause he told her he loved her, that was it. She was practically created for him and that night when he'd open his door and she was outside it he pulled her in. Even if she wasn't a virgin she wasn't experienced but Jesus fucking Christ was she willing to learn! Having her tell him what she wanted quickly taught him that he could be very rough as long as he remembered to cover her mouth when she came.

The first year had mostly been fun, then it got complicated when he figured out that he was going back for more. That whenever he fucked someone else he was seeing her. Eighteen months in he knew he was lost, he'd fucking do anything she asked for but it was pretty clear that it was just good sex to her. She was so much younger than him and he figured that she deserved better. He'd also found out that she was from some rich fucking family so he assumed that this was just her way of slumming for a while before marrying a clean cut dude with a desk job.

It really freaked him out when he figured out that she loved him as well. That she wasn't going away and he thought about stopping it himself.

But he couldn't and he found himself in Charming very often and he always ended up in her bed. He couldn't fucking get enough of her and one day she was gone.

He had never told her but he did go after her, just once, about a year later. By coincident he found out where Hannah's shop was and one Saturday he waited outside. When he saw her she'd cut off her dreads, taken out her piercings and Hannah was next to her with a baby in her arms. Lisa was laughing and kissed Hannah on the cheek and then the baby. He'd had no idea that the kid was Lisa's. He thought it was Hannah's and when he saw Lisa's face he decided to leave her alone. She looked really happy. So he waited until they disappeared down the street and then he took off.

The next week he'd had that Mona Lisa tattoo made. He felt like a complete pussy for it but he just wanted something to remind him of her and it wasn't like he could carry around on a picture. If he'd even had one.

That day in the bathroom when she told him he had a kid he'd lost it. He'd managed to get her out of the bathroom and then he trashed the place. There was a lot of reasons to why he was pissed. That she'd kept a kid a secret, that she took off and didn't even give him a chance, that the other's hadn't told him but most of all that he never told her that she wasn't just a fuck. That he loved her.

In all honesty, he had thought she got it. She had admitted later that she at one point somewhere in the middle had known she meant more to him than just pussy but that he didn't make it easy for her to remember it and she was probably right about that.

He had been angry for a really long time once he started to see Noah and her and then he decided that it was still better if she got someone else. Someone who'd be there for her. Obviously he hadn't been smart about it that time either cause it was no fucking way he'd let her move in with some other fucker and bring his son with her for someone else to raise. He wasn't very good at thinking shit through when it came to her so these days he left that stuff to her. He'd agree to anything she said about their relationship and thankfully she hadn't realized that yet.

Kissing her to get rid of that stalker had made it very clear that she wasn't anymore over him than he was her and when he heard her talk to Hannah he made up his mind. It was worth a shot, if it didn't work they could still be friends.

It more than worked. She liked to be alone and he liked to take off. Sometimes being in the same place got to him and when it did, he could just tell her. It had scared him when she told him she was pregnant again a few months after Noah's third birthday. But it hadn't changed anything, she still didn't want him around all the time and never bugged him about being on the road.

He pulled her closer, she'd probably wake up and nag about being warm but he didn't give a shit. Five minutes later she woke up.

"Quinn, you're too close."

"Kick off the cover."

"But then I'll get all cold on the side that's not against you," she whined.

He turned her around to face him and kissed her. "You are one nagging bitch." She just laughed and put her arm around him. "You're not worried about your mom?"

"I don't know." She was trying to open her eyes. "I don't want her in my life."

"I know. You fucking freaked me out today, calling me and crying when I got here."

"Yeah... We need to talk about that. It's hormones." She was suddenly wide awake and looked at him. "What would you say about another kid."

He stared at her. "You're shitting me?"

"No. That's some class A spunk you've got there." She grabbed his balls and he laughed. "Think you'd be ok with it?"

"Babe, it's up to you. I know you're the one who really does the job. But I'd like it."

He'd fucking love it but she was the one left knee deep in diapers and snot. He'd stayed home for two months when Ruth was born but that had gotten to him. And her, to be honest. He was home a lot and usually stayed for at least two weeks and he wasn't gone as long as before either. But that depended, the longest he'd been gone was a month when they had some trouble up in Oregon. Even during the longer

stayed he went for runs but that was usually just over night. But three kids. That was hard work.

"I want it." She hugged him tighter.

"Should've figured it out when you were flipping to the bible. So what's this gonna be?" He seen her looking through it but hadn't thought much about it. She did strange stuff all the fucking time but the bible should've been a hint that she was looking for names.

"It's an Adah or an Elah."

"Sounds good."

"Yeah?"

"As long as they don't get your fucked up last name you can give them whatever name you like."

"Am I a clingy bitch if I ask you to tell me you love me?" She was straddling him, leaning over him and was kissing his face.

"No." He grabbed her hips. "I love you."

"I love you too." She leaned closer and he grabbed her neck and kissed her.

"Still ok with all this?"

"Very much so." She smiled. "Has Gemma and Bobby been all over your ass again?"

"Yeah. And it's gonna get even worse when they find we're gonna have another kid."

Gemma *had* been all over his ass, that he should transfer to Charming and bring her there, that he should at least transfer to Vegas and stay at home with his old lady, that he should... bla bla bla. Nag nag nag. Bobby was the same. It didn't matter how many times they both told them that they liked it like this. If he was all over her the entire time she'd end up kicking him out completely.

"Could you maybe stay at home around the date? I was a bit nervous last time and you really did come at the last minute."

"Think you'll be ok with having me home for a few months."

He could see her arguing with herself. "I think so."

He laugh and pulled her down for another kiss then flipper her around on her back. Her amazing tits was begging for some attention and he kissed them.

"Really?" She giggled. "Again?"

"Makes me horny to hear that I have class A spunk." He slid inside her and grabbed her ass.

Just as they were getting it on properly a cry came in the baby monitor. He sighed and Lisa laughed.

"Still ok with another one?"

"Aren't they supposed to sleep all night when they're two?" He knew he was bitching about it but being interrupted while fucking was really annoying. He laid down next to Lisa.

"I think she's about to have a cold or something. She's been really naggy and clingy today."

She put on panties and a t-shirt and a couple of minutes later she came with a snotty crying Ruth. He got up and put on boxers. He wasn't gonna get anymore tonight with Ruth in the bed. Ruth dried off her nose with her hand and then she grabbed his hair with the same hand. He sighed and he could clearly see Lisa trying to hold down a laughter.

He woke up two hours later with a foot lodge into his ribs and noticed that Noah was in the bed as well. He sighed, took a blanket and his pillow and walked out into the living room and laid down in the couch.

The next time he woke up it was to that fucking song. Fucking bananas! He got up, kissed both of the kids and went through the bedroom, into the bathroom, peed and back out to the bed. If he was lucky he'd get a few more hours of sleep.

It was the smell of coffee that finally woke him up. Lisa was holding it under his nose and when he opened his eyes she put it on the nightstand and attacked him.

"The kids?"

"With the crazy godmother and her kid at a movie," she mumbled while pulling of her clothes.

He helped her and was soon inside her again. He loved when she woke him up like this. She still liked morning sex the best and he wasn't complaining. The coming months he was going to fuck her any chance he got 'cause once the next kid was born she wouldn't be in the mood as much the first year. Sure, he could get some from sweetbutts but it wasn't the same and he didn't use that option that often anymore.

He rolled over on his back, taking her with him and sat up. She practically assaulted his mouth and he bit down in her lower lip. "Gonna miss me?"

"I always miss you. That's why I like that you leave."

"You like to miss me?"

"I like it when you come back."

He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her against him and she moaned. "I like to come back."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

"Promise to always come back to me."

"Geez you're really hormonal." He kissed her neck and licked her chin. "I'll always come back to you, Girlie."

She sighed and leaned her head on his shoulder. He felt her cramping around him and he pulled her down harder against him with every thrust.

"Fuck, Quinn!"

"Come on. Just us in the house. Let me hear it." This was the best part with a house and a godmother like Hannah who whisked the kids away quite often. He sneaked his hand between them and grabbed her tit, pinching the nipple. Kissing her neck he asked her again. "Scream for me, Sweetie."

Her moans got louder and he kept pounding inside her, finally flipping her over on her back with her knees against her chest and fucked her really hard and when she finally rolled back her head and came with a loud scream, he came as well.

He laid down next to her and pulled her closer with a hand on her stomach. She was still breathing heavily with her eyes closed.

"How's Ruth?"

"Fine. Not sure what that was about. Could have been teething." She turned over and put an arm around him. "Sorry we kicked you out of the bed."

"Need a bigger bed. Especially if we're gonna fit a third one in here." He smiled when he said it and she smiled back at him.

"You're really happy about it."

"No need to sound so fucking surprised."

"Just never pictured you like a guy who wanted a big family."

"Never did but you're making this parenting shit really fucking easy for me." He pinched her nipple and kissed her neck. He noticed bruises on her hips but that was probably from the day before.

"I like it."

"How many are you planning for?"

"I'll take one at a time." She hovered over him and kissed him. "Why, you got a limit?"

"No. I think you'll be fed up before me." He stroke her cheeks. "What are you going to do about your mom?"

"I don't know." She sighed and laid back down, staring at the ceiling. He fucking hated that look on her face. He grabbed her chin and turned her head towards him.

"Baby, you don't owe her anything." Lisa gave him a heartbreaking smile. "You don't!"

"Ok."

"Don't to shit that you think'll make you feel bad. Talk to her on the phone for a while and if that works out you can see her."

She hugged him again. "How did you get so smart?"

"Age and wisdom you know. That's what you get when you fuck older men."

"Along with experience." She leaned over him again and took the coffee cup. "Have your coffee and talk to me about other things. What's going on in New York?"

"How do you know about that?" They had problems in the harbor and he'd been warned that he and some of the Nomads might be asked up there in a while to handle it. He hadn't told Lisa, not for any specific reason, he simply hadn't thought about it.

"I know shit. I'm good." She was sitting up next to him.

He looked at her, laughed and then he told her about it.

-o0o-

That night he was kicked out of the bed again and the day after he went and bought a huge fucking bed. He got three hangarounds from Vegas to carry it since he couldn't be bothered. He also made them carry out the old bed. They'd probably clean the house if he asked them to but that would piss off Lisa. She didn't like it when people poked around in their shit.

The didn't help as much as he'd hoped. At night he woke up with Ruth's snotty hand tangled in his hair and her feet in his ribs. He moved the feet and put his arm around her.

"Daddy..." She moved closer to him.

"Go back to sleep, baby girl," he mumbled and kissed her forehead before looking over at Lisa who was holding Noah. He sighed.

-o0o-

The next morning he woke up and heard Lisa throwing up in the bathroom and those fucking bananas was singing in the living room. He got up and walked into the bathroom. She was washing her face and he looked at the ink on the shoulder.

He'd never told her and she hadn't asked, but the time on the clock was Noah's time of birth, the key was the one to his dorm at Charming. When he started to show up often she gave him one as his own. He'd given her a copy once so she could sneak in at night if she wanted to. The wings were similar to the ones he had tattooed on his lower arm. Along the edge of the heart, partly covered by cogwheels and barely visible was the words 'Amantes Sunt Amentes'. That had been one of Happy's additions just to fuck with him at first since he wasn't much for relationships either. It meant Lovers are lunatics and Quinn liked it. If that girl picked him that's what she should have inked on her. She turned and looked at him and spit out the water from her mouth.

"I think I need a ride."

Lisa laughed. "I think you do." She hugged him. "Go for a ride. I was thinking about going to Charming and give them the news."

He pushed his nose into her hair. "I'll meet you there."

His phone rang and he picked it up and walked out to lay down into the bed again. It was from Rogue River, asking him for his help and when he hung up Lisa was standing by the bed. "Look at that, if you'd waited for ten minutes you could've made it look like you had to go and hated to leave us."

He got up, kissed her forehead. "Like you give a shit."

"Come to Charming if you've got time. Otherwise I'll see you here."

After a breakfast with the kids he took off towards Rogue River. He'd called Junior and Frankie and they were gonna meet him in there.

When he arrived to Rogue River he went directly to bed to get some proper fucking sleep and in the middle of the night his phone rang. He picked it up.

"Yeah?"

"Hi, just wanted to tell you that I miss you."

"Fucking hell! You really are hormonal aren't you?" She never fucking just called him and tell him shit like that.

"Maybe a little bit."

He laughed. "Ain't nothing 'little' about it. You never call me up in the middle of the night to tell me you miss me."

"It's a big bed. I usually fill it with the kids but their hardly noticeable in this one."

"Don't blame the bed, Girlie." He reached for the smokes at the nightstand. "You'll soon have another to make it more crowded. Wanna tell me why you really called?" He had a feeling he knew exactly why she called and he should've seen it coming.

A sigh confirmed his suspicions. *"I hadn't heard from you. Just wanted to make sure you got there ok."*

He chuckled. "I'll check in every night. I know you need that shit when you're knocked up and hormonal. I had just forgotten it."

When she got pregnant with Ruth she all of a sudden started to call him every night. At first he thought it was to see if he was messing around but she usually just said a few words. Finally he asked her what the fuck the constant calling was about and she admitted that she was worried. She just wanted to make sure he was alright before she went to bed.

After that he had called her every night. After Ruth was born he continued until she snapped and said she wasn't his fucking mother. So he stopped. He'd figured it was one of those bitch reactions to being pregnant. He should've figured out she'd be the same again and when he thought about it, she'd called more than usual the last few months.

"Thank you." She mumbled. *"That's sweet of you."* Teasing fucking bitch.

"Shut up! Go back to the big bed." She'd be fine once she knew he was ok. "Kiss the snotty ones from me."

"I will. Talk to you tomorrow."

"Yeah." They hung up and he put out the cigarette and laid down.

He looked down to his side where he had the bible quotes. The one for Noah was the same as Lisa had and they both had the same Chapter and Verse for Ruth as well. 'don't be afraid. I will do for you all you ask'. He assumed she had something up her sleeve for the next one as well. It would fit in below the other two. If they weren't too long he might even managed to squeeze in yet another one. If that's what crazy lady wanted.

THE END