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ENCOUNTERS

A Scorned Devils MC Encounter

**TERROR**  
CAME OUT

**J. Hali Steele**

**Terror Came Out (A Scorned Devils MC Encounter)**  
*Contemporary LGBTQ MC Romance*  
**J. Hali Steele**

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**After nearly three years in prison, Terror barely recognizes his own reflection in the mirror. The only thing he's less sure of is the fate that awaits him. But there's one thing he'll miss when those gates close behind him. One man he's leaving behind. And his future's far from certain, once he comes out.**

## Terror Came Out

Terrance Holton barely recognized the reflection he faced.

Shit, who was he kidding. He had been Terror for so long, he had no idea who the fuck Terrance was anymore.

*Used to know.*

He'd started riding with an outlaw motorcycle club in his early twenties. Now, at thirty-five, he was the Vice President of the Scorned Devils MC, an up-and-coming club in Chester County, Pennsylvania. They practically ran the City of Coatesville. Best damn mechanic in town, he worked for the fucking President of the MC, Battle Graves, who tolerated him, but showed favor to another.

Not a living soul knew Terror was gay and he kept it that way. That's how he got arrested creeping around in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania and ended up serving time upstate. He fucked a son of a bitch up because the man tried to stick his dick up Terror's ass. A total top, no one ever screwed him. He pleaded guilty to avoid trial and to get the shit over with.

One man could have had him.

Couldn't count the times he jerked off thinking about him. Dread, Scorned Devils Sergeant of Arms. The bastard was fine, and he starred in most erotic dreams Terror had. That mother was even crazier than Terror.

In Coatesville, he couldn't be with Dread.

He was the one Battle Graves' showed his favoritism too. And Terror gave Dread hell every time they were together in the same room.

Why the raft of shit? Dread was gay and the whole club knew. Fucker had guts not to hide who he was. For that reason alone, Terror berated him more than anyone. Strangely, his honesty, the bravery Dread exhibited... Jesus, he turned Terror on.

On the outside, Terror kept his blond hair scalp-close. Inside he wore it long and pulled back. Wearing only briefs, Terror stared at his image in the prison bathroom's

distorted mirror. Damn thing was made from material inmates couldn't break and use as a weapon. He combed fingers through his bushy beard, which was darker than the hair on his head. Close to six foot, he used to be thin. Patting his abdomen. Terror appreciated muscle he gained. Long days of working out had paid off. He glanced at the two new tattoos gracing his forearms. One held a black stallion rearing up, hooves slashing air, the other a black dragon with claws raking skyward. Once out, he planned to have color added to both.

"You are a sexy bastard."

Turning, Terror contemplated Timothy Jacoby, who stood behind a waist high wall across the space. Fifteen years Terror's senior and an inch or two shorter, he carried more weight. His hair was salt and pepper and he had a beard displaying the same shades. Not only had they become friends, he was intimately familiar with the other inmate. Looking around, Terror realized they were alone. Shit, he wouldn't have cared if someone had remained. That's how much Terror's life had changed. "Come here."

Tim removed his underwear as he stepped from behind the wall to walk to the shower. "I hoped to catch you alone." He pushed his body against Terror until his back hit the wall. "This is the last time."

"I'm going to fuck you so good you'll remember." Terror reached for Tim's cock. "Damn, you're hard already." He ran his thumb back and forth across the fat crown. "And wet as hell."

"Let me make you feel good."

Terror put his head back and looked at Timothy. "That's not going to happen."

"Still obstinate." Tim fondled Terror's nuts. "You'll never know the pleasure of a big penis brushing your prostate."

"Turn around."

"No." He grinned at Terror. "Not making it easy for you today. You want it, take it."

Terror spun Timothy to face the wall. Dropping to his knees, he used his hands

to wedge the man's thick thighs apart. "Open your fucking legs." Wetting his fingers in his mouth, he shoved one inside and was rewarded with a grunt of delight.

"Aw, you bastard. You know I can't resist your tongue in my ass."

"You might not get what you want." Terror worked another finger past Tim's sphincter. In, out he plunged fingers deep. "Flex your knees, ride my fingers."

Tim lifted up and down on Terror's hand.

"That's right. Let me feel your asshole tighten." He sent his free hand between Tim's thighs and grasped his balls. "Heavy ass sac is hot." He rolled and massaged Tim's nuts hard. Reaching up, he touched Tim's big, stiff cock. "Stiff as fuck. Spread your butt cheeks for me."

"Fuck, yes!" Reaching back, Timothy used both hands to part his round buttocks.

Terror pulled his fingers out and leaned until his nose was buried in the crack of the bastard's ass. He stuck his tongue as far inside Tim as he could, over and over until he had his fill. "Hot and sweet." Didn't take long for Tim to start hiking his ass back searching for more. Terror had to slow things down or he'd send a rope of cum splashing to the floor. "Stop. Turn around."

The minute Tim's back was against the wall, Terror angled to capture his lips. Kisses, starting soft and quickly, grew hot and heavy. Terror kissed down one side of Tim's face, and then the other. He licked and sucked the skin on his neck, intentionally leaving his mark. Returning to Tim's lips, he attempted to ease his tongue inside but the man wouldn't open. "Motherfucker." Not waiting to be invited, Terror bit Timothy's bottom lip hard.

"Oww!"

"You like it." Terror drove his tongue through lips that opened to curse him.

"Son of a bitch." Timothy took hold of Terror's cock and pushed until it touched his abdomen. His hand worked up and down the length. Cupping the cap, he swiped at the precum he found there. "You'll like this." He let the big dick go and covered Terror's mouth with the palm of his hand. "Taste yourself."

When he finished licking his own cum from Tim's hand, Terror grasped the

fucker behind the neck and tugged until their lips banged together. Using teeth and tongues, they delved deep, they tasted each other - it was a furious battle for supremacy.

When Tim dropped to his knees and captured the crown of Terror's heavy cock in his mouth, Terror raised his toes and moaned. "Jesus, don't make me come in your mouth."

Timothy lapped and savored every inch of Terror's shaft. His lips moved down to his nuts, took one then the other in his mouth and sucked hard before returning to minister to the cap where he teased the slit with his tongue.

"Fuck me, you know how to suck a dick." Terror rose to the balls of his feet, sank back on to his heels repeatedly before saying, "Tim, you got to stop. As much as I'd love to send cum down your throat, watch it drip from your chin, I'd rather come all over your ass."

Timothy stood. "I'm not like you." He stepped to the low wall." As much as I love to fuck a man, I cherish having a fat dick in my ass, a cock that knows how to fuck me." He turned and angled his body over the low wall that acted as a divider during shower time. "Fuck me, Terror."

And Terror did just that.

Prick's asshole was already covered in saliva, but Terror spit in his hand, added it to his already wet cock. Urging the head against the pucker, he told Tim, "Because of you, I'm not ashamed anymore." He shoved every inch of his cock deep inside the man. "Because of you, I can be myself." Terror drew out, sank in again. Each time his crotch slapped the ass in front of him, a long, low whimper escaped his mouth, traveled around the room. The smell of sex, the sound of skin hitting skin made him even harder. Smack. Smack. Terror was ready to send a load deep in Tim's ass. "I'm going to hold back enough to squirt on your ass, enough to watch some drip down the back of your thighs." Reaching around, he clenched Tim's cock. "Come with me."

"God, yes. Fuck me. Hard."

Terror jammed in, pulled out, dipped knees and angled upward. He had to make

Timothy know how good this felt, how much... Fuck, I need him! "Timothy, I will never forget you."

"Come... so ready, Terror, aww, God... Coming," he screamed.

Terror was seconds behind. His release barreled from his cock. Barely had time to pull out, cover Tim's beautiful ass with cream. "Fuck, man, I'd like to... " Christ! Terror almost said I'd like to take you with me.

Eyes squeezed shut, Terror briefly thought of another.

"Christ's sake, you're the best."

Opening his eyes, he told Timothy, "I don't know when I've come that hard or long." Orgasming, sending cum all over Timothy's ass was fantastic. Turning him, Terror rested against cool ceramic and held Tim. It would be a while before Terror forgot the sweetness, gentleness of that kiss. Particularly after the way they had just ravaged each other. Terror whispered in Timothy's ear, "I might miss your ass."

His weight pressed Terror against tile. "Wish I was him."

"Who?" Terror glared at him before nudging him away.

"The man you close your eyes and think about while you fuck my brains out. He's a lucky bastard."

Tim's stance, the way he ran a hand through his hair... other than the man's eyes being blue, the son of a bitch reminded Terror so much of...

Don't fucking go there.

Pulling on his jockeys, Terror grumbled, "Every man I screwed was a stranger."

Straightening, Timothy snatched up his drawers and put them on. "A biker coming out in the joint, that shit took guts."

"I've never been afraid of anyone." Terror's days of hiding his sexuality were over.

"Ass kickings rendered to the right folks garnered fear."

"You gave good advice."

"After spending years in prison, you learn to recognize crazy damn fast. You fit that mold." He gazed at Terror. "Good luck, man." Timothy walked away and out of



Terror's life.

A tinge of regret lanced through Terror. He wished he'd had more time to discover secrets hidden in the depths of those blue eyes.

He'd been a model prisoner, so the system knocked six months off Terror's sentence. He couldn't wait to go home tomorrow. If he has his way, the Scorned Devils MC was going to be the baddest ass outlaw club in the fucking state, hell, the whole east coast.

He wondered what Dread would think of him now.

**Dread (Scorned Devils MC 1)**  
*A Contemporary LGBTQ MC Romance*  
**J. Hali Steele**

**Dread:** Nicholas “Dread” Derickson is all about his MC, Scorned Devils -- until he spies a youngster who sets his rebel blood on fire. Sexy bastard might be his undoing if Dread can’t get the president to turn a blind eye to his entanglement, which is cutting into club business just as a splinter group from another club moves into the area. One rider of the wayward gang rubs Dread the wrong way -- particularly when he discovers the biker had a prior relationship with the man Dread wants to make his.

**Marvin:** Marvin Branch hadn’t planned on attending an outlaw biker club party with a woman he’d met at his new job, but now he can’t stop eyeing the handsome older guy, who’s definitely a member. Marv’s last liaison ended because the biker he hooked up with refused to be open about their relationship. Although he’s vowed not to go down that road again, Marv can’t help being enthralled by Nicholas. Soon Marvin struggles with his new lover’s actions, and his fear of what will happen when he walks away gets the better of him. The man is not only possessive, he’s hell-bent on keeping Marv until he’s had his fill.

**Authorized Excerpt**  
**Dread**

“Nicholas, about the two prospects.”

Dread hated these damn open-air parties. The park was jammed with bodies. Giving back to the community was necessary now and again. They deserved something, because unless things really got out of hand, the two small local police forces turned a blind eye to most of the Scorned Devils motorcycle club’s bullshit.

More importantly, he hated being called Nicholas. Nicholas Derickson had ceased to exist a long time ago. His death had occurred the first time Dread killed a man. The culprit had missed being on the Scorned Devils MC’s radar, but he should have been. That body had never been found. *Never will be, either.*

There had been two others. Members who’d become disruptive and had to be

dealt with outside the law. Dread felt no guilt, as they understood the rules when they prospected. There had been one more. Club president Barton "Battle" Graves hadn't been sure of the last death. Even after finding the man's cut in the clubhouse chest only he and Dread had access to, Battle left it alone at first, ignoring the incident for a time because Dread was Scorned Devils inside out, and Bat knew beyond a doubt he intended to protect his club and anyone they vowed allegiance until Dread took his last breath.

Hell, the man had screwed around with Bat's older and only sister, Glory Graves. Treated her like shit. She'd been abused, then abandoned after the bastard fathered the pres' niece, Belinda. He'd occasionally turn up when he was down on his luck, to demand money, or a room for a few days. If it was easier for Bat to believe the man walked away for good, so be it.

Bat had asked about the disappearance once. Dread never responded. And that skull never got painted on Dread's bikes. However, if he delayed answering Battle now, the jackass would never shut up.

"Nicholas, you hear me?"

"Don't fucking call me that." Dread had not taken his gaze off the stranger who'd arrived accompanied by Bat's niece, Belinda. *Jesus, he's hot!* The thought surprised Dread. The man was lean, clean shaven and, fuck, downright pretty -- and those types never excited him. Something about the way the man carried himself, how he returned Dread's scrutiny without blinking, excited him, though. Bastard exuded confidence.

Nodding in their direction, Dread asked, "Who's that with Belinda?" Dread had no interest in diving back into the same pond he swam in for the last six months. His sex life had drifted into no man's land, but the youngster he eyed was a bright spot on the horizon. *I will fuck him until he can't walk.*

"How the hell would I know? Ask Belinda. No matter how much I bitch, she cozies up to some man. Shit, she calls *you* uncle more often than me." Attempting to imitate his niece, Bat mocked, "Why can't you call me Bell, like Uncle Dread?"

“What’s the big deal?”

“My sister’s crap’s the big deal. She’s biting my ass. Doesn’t like her daughter anywhere near me. Hell, I don’t either.”

“*Barton*, grab your balls and tell your sister to fuck off.” Dread’s attention remained on the newcomer.

“Kiss my ass. Anyway, he likely works with Belinda at one of your establishments.” Kicking the dirt, Bat added, “All the strangers here, you’re concerned by my niece’s latest conquest?”

Holding eye contact, Dread smiled at the fucker. He knew the sexy young man slinking behind Belinda wasn’t a *lady’s* man. “He’s not her type.” There would be no complaint from Dread about her dragging this one along, yet Dread made note to talk with his managers, keep better tabs on who they hired. “You asked me to give her a job, Battle. It was *Cutters* or *Hell’s Lair*.”

“She’s not to be in any part of the *Lair*, Dread. Bar, clubhouse, nothing. I mean it.”

Dread observed Bell’s friend laughing at something a member’s old lady had said. *He is not Hell’s Lair material, either*. Dread owned both *Cutters*, a nice restaurant featuring live music on weekends, and *Hell’s Lair*, a straight up hole-in-the-wall biker’s bar. He received nice compensation monthly from the Scorned Devils MC treasury for renting them the large, wide-open storage area behind the bar. It doubled as the clubhouse.

The spot had had another name before Dread changed it to *Hell’s Lair*. Paid pennies on the dollar when he violently wrestled ownership from a man who didn’t deserve it. Jackass mistreated his employees and fired anyone he discovered was gay. For a moment Dread wondered where that bastard had ended up after being beaten to within an inch of his life and chased out the city. One thing Dread was sure of, the son of a bitch would never open his mouth about what had occurred.

Subsequently, the bar made enough for Dread to snatch *Cutters* up when it came on the market. Only a handful of his crew were aware who owned *Cutters*, and none

ever set foot inside. Too fancy for their liking. Even he couldn't buy respectability, but Dread liked having one thing in his life that *felt* decent.

"Too much talk in the *Lair's* bar area. That shit must be addressed and I don't trust Belinda to follow my rule about visiting the club."

"I'll handle the loose lips. Anyway, our guys know not to permit your niece inside. If she sneaks in, you or I will get a call. If they ever touch a hair on her head, they'll see me sooner than later." Angling toward Battle, Dread slapped the pres' shoulder. "That's what you have me for."

"And sometimes you worry me."

"Shut the fuck up." Dread was the only one who dared speak to the club president like that. "What were you saying about prospects?"

"A vote on patching is necessary. They've both proved themselves." Bat's sigh filled the air. "We got to watch those five hellions out of Philadelphia. Shit, been too long since I had a sit-down with the pres of Bayside Specters. Sons of bitches didn't even have the courage or respect to announce themselves. Still, I'd like to avoid trouble. Devils have grown. We established ourselves in the county and Coatesville is home. It's a small city and trouble of any sort marring our MC's reputation will not be tolerated."

Growth was important. Thirty-four members strong, Scorned Devils had become a club to be reckoned with in Pennsylvania but Bat was right. "We'll take it up at the next meeting. This isn't the time or place."

Over the last couple months, several instances had developed that Dread wished the president had allowed him to handle. He understood Bat's caution, yet appearing weak wasn't suitable. Dread had turned down running the Devils, or becoming vice president as Battle had hoped, as they moved up through club ranks. Dread liked his position of sergeant at arms. Trusting anyone else to ensure club rules would be followed and appropriate punishment doled out when necessary didn't suit Dread, either.

"Don't know how you can tell, but you're probably right about that young man. Anyway, I know I'm not getting anything useful out of you until you make yourself

known to him." Turning serious, Bat added, "Be careful."

"Careful?" Bat knew who Dread was and he also understood some things would never change. "That shit flew out the window twenty years ago when I screwed the fourth prospect who patched for the Devils. I can handle members who scoff at what I am." A few hard cases, kept under Dread's scrutiny, disdained gay activity, but not one of the Devils would dare say a word about his or any other member's sexual inclination. "Terror's not here to protect the fuckers, and they like having their teeth."

The Scorned Devils vice president was near the end of a three-year sentence for assault. Nineteen years younger than Dread, Terror was fucking nuts, and Dread didn't relish the time he would return. Made him wish, sometimes, he had accepted vice president under Battle. Luckily, Bat had succeeded in keeping them from tearing each other apart. At least for now. But the day would come.

"You know what the fuck I mean. He's not one of us. He's too clean cut for the likes of us, and he reeks of decency. Hell, the kid isn't even your usual hairy type." Bat's eyes shuttered. "Not as if... Look, Dread, club culture doesn't favor settling down."

"What? Fuck that, man, I'm not looking for anything permanent. Scorned Devils requires my attention, I'm here, Battle. That shit will never change." Jerking away, Dread made his way through the crowd to lay claim to his next conquest.

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## **J. Hali Steele**

*Growl and roar -- it's okay to let the beast out.*

J. Hali Steele

A former MC associate, J. Hali Steele loves anything with wheels, including motorcycles, classic automobiles, and race cars. A retired winning ex-quarter mile drag racer, J. Hali often angles to get her butt back in the driver's seat!

J. Hali is a multi-published, best-selling author of romance in Contemporary MC, ReligErotica, Paranormal, Fantasy, and LGBTQ stories where humans, vampyres, shapeshifters, and angels collide - and they collide a lot! When J. Hali's not writing or reading, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a cat in her lap and a cup of her favorite beverage of the moment.

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