

Title: All My Sins

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Summary: A bike ride leads to surprising discoveries for both Jarry and Chibs.

All My Sins By Scribblesinink

"Holy shite." Chibs fell back against the pillows with a satisfied groan, wrung dry and still panting. When he'd been sitting in Scoops a few hours earlier, watching kids gorge themselves on ice cream, he hadn't expected his Saturday to end like this: with Jarry naked in his bed and a trail of clothes on the floor—jeans, his cut, her shirt—marking their passage from front door to bedroom.

An hour's bike ride through the hills surrounding Charming had somehow brought them back to his place, a small apartment over a liquor store at the other end of town, where they'd barely made it to the bed in time for him to fuck her well and good. He'd been smugly satisfied he *had* made her squeal. Squeal and scream and moan his name with desperate need while he thrust into her until she came. And came again, before Chibs followed, grunting his own release.

Once his breathing returned to normal, he grabbed a joint and his lighter from the night table. Riding with Jarry on the bitch pad had been way more fun than he'd expected, and having her behind him had gotten his blood up, until the only thing he'd been able to think about were the way her arms and knees gripped him and how her tits were pressed into his back. He rarely took a passenger these days and certainly hadn't carried a woman he'd already fucked more than once since Fi. And Fi had always clung to him as if for dear life whenever he took her for a spin.

So it had been something of a shock when, as he'd prepared to give Jarry a quick primer on how not to lay both of them down, she'd slipped onto the bitch seat as if she belonged there, clenching her knees against his hips and twining her arms around his waist, before resting her chin upon his shoulder. "Let's go, Scotty."

"You been on a bike before." He'd failed to keep his surprise out of his voice.

"Once or twice." He felt as much as heard her chuckle, plastered as she was against his back.

Finishing tugging on his gloves, he shook his head. Shoulda guessed. An angry twenty-one year old with a string of bad boyfriends was bound to have been with a biker or two. The thought had unexpectedly irritated him, and he'd set off without giving her warning.

It hadn't fazed her: she'd leaned where he leaned, goaded him to go faster, and shouted her joy into his ear as the wind whipped her hair around.

Now, she was draped over his chest like a limp, sticky blanket. "Wow," she breathed, the soft exhale of her breath caressing his sweaty skin. "You can take me for a ride any time you like, Scotty." In all honesty, once they'd gotten to his place, she'd given as good as she got, riding him until his cock was ready to explode and stars were bursting behind his eyes.

"Yeh?" Chibs tucked in his chin so he could squint down at her along his nose, nearly going cross-eyed. "Not what you said at Red Woody." The blissed-out smile faded from her features and he mentally kicked himself for bringing it up.

"Don't get yourself ideas now." She raised herself up on one elbow so she could look him in the eye. "Just 'cause we have great sex doesn't mean I'm back on your pay roll."

"Aye." He grinned, offering her the blunt. The sex *had* been great.

They smoked in silence for a few minutes, while the sweat cooled on their bodies. Chibs drew in a breath. "So, when you gonna go?"

"Sheesh, Scotty." She eyed the spliff critically, before taking another hit. "Give a girl a chance to get her bearings, will ya."

He rolled his eyes, taking what was left of the joint from her and holding it gingerly between thumb and forefinger as he managed to draw a final toke out of it. "Was talking about Charming, lass. Don't they need you back in Stockton or some such?" He stretched out his arm to blindly stub the blunt out in the nearby ash tray.

Jarry sat up, looking around to see where her clothes had ended up. "Think I may hang around a while. Department's understaffed: Eglee's still on disability leave, and Kane hasn't been replaced yet." She'd located her bra and snatched it up. "'Sides," she slipped into the bra and fastened the clasp, before poking his stomach with a finger, "I kinda like it here. The perks are great."

Chibs snorted, grabbing her by the wrist and holding her until she met his gaze. "Frenemies with benefits?"

She laughed. "Something like that." Again, she looked around. "Got a shower in here?"

He pointed her toward the adjoining bathroom and she gathered up the rest of her clothes, giving him a delectable view of her naked arse for a minute before she disappeared off to take her shower. As he heard the water start to run, he got up himself and pulled on his jeans, zipping up but not bothering with the button. Barefoot, he padded toward the kitchenette and grabbed a beer from the fridge. Sex always made him thirsty.

A short while later, Jarry joined him. She was fully dressed again, still toweling off her hair. "Think you can give me a ride back?"

"Sure." Chibs tossed the empty can into the trash. "Just let me grab a shower first."

When he returned, battling a shirt that refused to be pulled straight on his still-damp shoulders, she was perched on the arm-rest of the couch. "Quite an impressive collection." She dipped her head to indicate she meant the Bowie knives on display on the wall.

He took one down, the black grip well worn, and held it up so the light caught on the blade. "Five inch blade, high carbon steel. Cuts through anything." It wasn't his most impressive-looking knife, but it was one of the pair he'd used to kill that bastard O'Phelan and that made it dear to him. Though not something she needed to know. "Started collecting when I first patched Samcro."

She nodded. "That's like, twenty years or so, right?"

Chibs cocked his head to study her. He wasn't surprised she knew his history with Redwood. In fact, he hadn't imagined otherwise; of course she'd done her homework when she'd first arrived in Charming. Just as the club had dug into her before he'd met with her alone for the first time, though their intel hadn't been as extensive as he'd have liked. Rat was trying, but he wasn't half the hacker Juice had been. Sometimes, Chibs really missed the little shite.

Then he saw what Jarry was holding in her lap, and any thought of Juice fled from his mind. "You been poking through my things?" To be honest, he'd expected her to take a good look around while he was in the shower. He just hadn't thought she'd go so far as dig through the dresser drawers as well.

"Yep," she confirmed, shameless.

"Don't you need a warrant for that?" he grumbled, but without much heat.

She laughed. "Not for curiosity, no." She held up the stack of photos, showing them to him—as if he didn't know what they were. "Who are they?"

"Wife and daughter." Chibs didn't bother to lie. Kerrienne resembled him far too much for him to fool Jarry into thinking she was anything but his kid.

"You're still married?" She sounded surprised. Perhaps her file on him wasn't as extensive as he'd have expected.

"Told ye, was raised Catholic." He ran his finger slowly along the knife blade, before putting it back on the rack. "That bother you?"

She didn't answer right away, and he had the impression she was genuinely thinking over her answer. "Not really," she said at last, studying the top photograph, which showed both his girls, arm in arm and smiling at the camera. "It probably should, but—no." She looked up at him again. "The tattoo—? That's your daughter?"

"Aye." Unbidden, his hand touched the spot over his heart where he'd etched Kerrienne's name into his skin. A lot of women asked about it. Jarry hadn't. He'd liked that about her. "Her mam's called Fi."

"They're both really pretty." She offered him the pictures back. "So where are they, then?"

"Don't know." It was the truth. After Jax had killed Roarke and severed their ties with the True IRA for good, he'd had Sambel get Fi and Kerrienne out of Belfast immediately. He didn't know where they'd taken them. Dublin, probably, but could just as well be Glasgow or Edinburgh. Didn't matter, as long as his girls were safe.

He dropped the photos back into the drawer she'd taken them from and shrugged into his cut. "C'mon, I'll take you back to the shop." He'd rather leave the past in the past.

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