

Title: On A Raven's Glide

Author: Scribblesinink

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Summary: Jarry has a surprise for Chibs—and another challenge.

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"I'm sorry, under the circumstances I can't renew these contracts." Oswald's tone was apologetic as he handed Chibs back the paper work for the renewal of T-M's maintenance contract.

Chibs combed his hands through his hair and puffed out an exasperated breath. It was getting stuffy in the tiny office, with Chucky seated in the desk chair, Oswald on the sofa, and he, Tig and Hap leaning against various pieces of furniture or the wall. He motioned for Happy to open the door and let in some air, before asking Oswald, "Why not?"

Oswald's maintenance work was all that was currently keeping the garage afloat. With both Pope and Marks dead, and Pope Industries on the brink of bankruptcy, Chibs doubted Hale's development projects would ever get off the ground now. Which meant the deal Jax had struck with the mayor several months ago to secure the garage's future was worthless.

"Cause I need—." Oswald hesitated, his gaze sliding away. "Stability. Reliability. Those land developments are barely breaking even as it is, and I need to be able to trust that my equipment will keep running, regardless of—." He didn't finish, but simply gestured to where the burned-out club house was visible through the open door as a collection of blackened rafters and caved-in roofing material.

"Ain't gonna happen again." Tig spread his hands, palms out. "All that shit, it's done."

"Maybe it is." Oswald shook his head. "Maybe it ain't. Either way, with T-M going up for sale and its future uncertain, I can't take the risk. Sorry, guys." He got to his feet.

"Why don't *you* buy the place?" Hap's gravelly voice came from where he'd propped himself up in the doorway after he opened it. They all turned to stare at him and he shrugged. "Got the money."

"Me?" Oswald let out a wry laugh. "What am I gonna do with a garage that ain't got no business left? Could maybe use the grounds and the buildings, sell off the equipment, but that's not gonna do Jax's heirs a whole lotta good."

"That's why we need those contracts." Seeing his opening, Chibs jabbed the stack of papers at Oswald's chest. "Get T-M running again, so it'll bring Wendy a decent price." He'd had no issue tightening the thumbscrews on Hale to buy Scoops on the cheap, but he'd be damned if he fucked over Jax's boys' future.

"Lotsa people're depending on this place for their livelihood," Chucky piped up, adding his two cents.

"Charming people," Tig put in, reminding Oswald that most of the mechanics came from the town.

Oswald sighed and scratched his neck. "I know. But I'm a business man, not a philanthropist. And from a business point of view, buying this place would make no sense. Sorry, boys. But no."

"I accept that." Chucky lowered his head.

Goddammit, the crazy help might just have rolled over easily as a bitch in heat, but Chibs wasn't gonna crap out on Jax's legacy without a fight. "What if we buy it? Would you give us the contract then?"

Four sets of eyes swiveled in his direction, again with various degrees of disbelief in them. "With what?" Oswald asked. "From what I heard, your last funds went into Scoops."

Chibs shared a look with Tig and Hap. Their expressions said they trusted him, and would back him up, whatever his next play might be. "You could loan us the money." He stared at Oswald, hard. "C'mon, Elliott. As soon-to-be mayor, would be good for ye to be seen to be supportin' Charming businesses."

"Shit." Oswald released a long breath. "I'm not sure I agree—." His words were briefly drowned out by the quick *whoop-whoop* of a police siren from outside, sounding once before it cut off. Oswald huffed a laugh. "My point."

Happy glanced over his shoulder. "It's Jarry."

Peering past Hap, Chibs saw the sheriff climb from her car and look around searchingly. Christ, what did the woman want now?

He turned back to Oswald. "Think about it, at least," he asked, almost but not quite pleading. "You know we'd make sure we're good for whatever we sign up to."

Oswald heaved another heavy sigh. "Alright. Have Chucky here run up a proposal for what you'd want and I'll crunch some numbers. Don't get your hopes up, though."

Not entirely satisfied with the outcome but understanding that he wasn't going to get anything more out of Oswald at this point, Chibs shook his hand. Leaving Oswald to amble over to his car alone, nodding his head in greeting at Jarry as he went, Chibs strode toward the squad car, waving Tig and Hap back. He'd deal with whatever it was himself.

"What'd'ye want?" he barked, soon as he was close enough to be heard without shouting.

"Whoa." Jarry took a step back. "What's with the hostility?"

"Cops showing up at all hours of the day ain't good for business."

"Oswald?" She jerked her head to where Oswald's Chrysler was already turning out of the lot. "I doubt I could tell him anything about you guys he doesn't already know."

She had a point. Chibs straightened and crossed his arms over his chest, pinning Jarry with a look, one eyebrow arched, but moderating his tone as he asked, "Why are you here, Sheriff?"

"Right." Jarry gave a quick shake of her head. "Came to give you a heads-up. We got us a rash of highway carjackings. Luxury cars. Wanted to ask if you'd heard anything. Maybe seen something float through here."

Chibs scoffed. "Does it look to ye like we're working a carjacking ring?"

Jarry swiveled her head around while Chibs gestured toward the empty bays, the lone Chevy in for repair, and the mechanics loitering idly or helping out where Quinn and T.O. were tinkering with their bikes. "Not really, no," she admitted with a twitch of her mouth. "Business not going well?"

Chibs shrugged a shoulder. "Guess people got a tad spooked by recent events."

Jarry grimaced. "Buildings getting blown up tends to do that."

Chibs barked a laugh. "What do you really want, Althea?" Her excuse was flimsy, though he appreciated her warning him they might come under scrutiny for something they hadn't done.

She shrugged. "Checking in, is all. It's been a while."

Again, Chibs snorted. "Ten days ain't long."

Her brows rose and her mouth curved into a crooked smile. "You been counting, Scotty?"

"Don't flatter yerself, Sheriff. I'm counting the days till you get outta my hair."

"Ri-ight." She drew out the word. "Anyway, you up for another ride? Bike-related, of course."

It was Chibs' turn to raise his eyebrows in surprise. She was always pretty bold, but he hadn't expected her to be so openly forward. "A'right." He thought quickly. "Pick you up at four?"

"Make it five." Jarry opened the door of her squad car. "And don't bother. I'll meet you here."

oOo

By five o'clock, the T-M compound was largely deserted. They'd told the mechanics to clock out early; no use of them sticking around doing nothing when they had families to go to. Around four, Hap had taken T.O. to Red Woody to hang out on the set. An hour earlier, a phone call from a crying Winsome had seen Quinn go off with Montez to handle whatever shit had come up at Diosa. Winsome was trying her best, but it was quickly becoming obvious the other girls didn't care for what they called the "street hooker" and would never listen to her, despite her having more smarts than the rest of them put together.

"Something going on, bro?" Tig had brought a plastic lawn chair out by the office and was currently sitting with it tilted back against the wall on its two rear legs.

"No." Other than all the shite he was dealing with, which never seemed to get any less. "Why?" Chibs checked the time again. Ten minutes past five, which meant Jarry was late. Was she standing him up? Having second thoughts? Wouldn't be the first fuckin' time.

Tig sniggered. "That's why. Must be the twentieth time you checked your phone. Expecting any texts? Hot date with the pretty sheriff, maybe?"

"Fuck you." Chibs lit a cigarette. "Don't ye got some place else ye need to be?"

"Nope." Tig drew from his own smoke. "Venus is outta town. And I ain't gonna leave you alone with two-fingered boy wonder in there." He jerked his head toward the office, where Chucky could be heard mumbling to himself as he tapped away on the computer's keyboard with the two actual fingers he had left.

Chibs snorted a laugh. "Think I can handle Chucky, brother." He knew it wasn't

about Chucky, not really. After the past months, Tig was having a hard time coping with not having to look out for his president day and night, even though it wasn't his job any longer. And while Chibs generally appreciated the company, right now he wished he knew how to get rid of his VP.

"Oh, no doubt." Tig dropped the cigarette butt onto the concrete and ground it out. "Just not sure he can handle *you*."

Chibs grimaced in agreement. Over the course of the afternoon, Chucky's plans for the garage had grown increasingly more insane, until he'd proposed they start raising chinchillas for their fur. Chibs had lost his temper, roaring at Chucky that if he didn't shut the fuck up and got serious, he'd chinchilla those fake hands up Chucky's arse. Lord knows where the idiot had gotten the idea from.

However, Chucky's suggestion they add restoration and second-hand bike sales to their custom work had been a good one, and Chucky was currently working out a proposal for Oswald. Chibs had called Wendy to let her know about the new developments and she'd said she'd sign off on any idea they came up with that was good for Jax's boys.

Listening to Chucky's mumbling, Chibs resolved that if they did go ahead with buying the garage, they were gonna find someone less likely to scare away the customers to act as their receptionist.

Again, he snuck a peek at his phone to check the time. Quarter past. "Fuck it," he grumbled under his breath. More loudly, he added, "Let's get the hell outta here."

"Thank Christ! Thought you'd never say that." Tig let his chair fall forward onto all four legs with a thump and got to his feet. "Yo, Rat!" he hollered to where Ratboy was messing with his bike one bay over. "Pack it up. We're leaving."

Rat waved an acknowledgment and started putting away the tools. Chibs was about to walk into the office to tell Chucky to close up when he was done, when Tig's muttered "What the hell?" made him swing round. A red crotch rocket was turning in at the far gate, its rider clad from head to toe in black protective leather, with a visored helmet that hid his face.

"What the fuck do they want?" Tig managed to inflect every word with the disgust any true one-percenter felt for weekend warriors and their flashy gear.

"Mebbe they got lost." Squinting into the low sun, Chibs watched the bike slowly roll up to where he and Tig were standing. The rider stopped in front of them, planted booted feet on either side of the bike, and took off the helmet.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." Chibs' jaw dropped. His shock was mirrored in Tig's inhaled mutter of, "Holy crap."

"What's the matter, boys?" Jarry shook out her hair and offered them a white-toothed smirk. Bitch knew exactly the effect she was having. "Never seen a girl on a bike before?"

"Wow...." Rat came walking up, his expression part shock, part awe. "Damn, Sheriff."

"You ride?" Chibs heard his incredulity reflected in his voice and he forced his expression into something he hoped was giving away nothing else of the surprise he felt.

"Isn't that obvious?" Jarry revved her engine.

"If you call it riding. You're on a fuckin' rice rocket." Tig walked around her slowly, eyeing the bike, lips pulled back in a sneer.

"Hey, don't insult my ride." Jarry turned her head to watch him as he circled her. "This baby's as smooth as any of yours."

"Doubt it," Chibs grouched. He was feeling pretty damn foolish. There he'd been, complimenting her on how she'd handled the bitch seat after she'd given him the impression she'd been on the back of a bike a couple times in the past, and now he was finding out she'd gotten her own—he squinted at the markings—goddamn fire-red Honda. "Coulda told me."

"I'm telling you now, ain't I?" Jarry lifted her sunglasses and gave him a direct look. "So, wanna go for that ride, Scotty?" She grinned mischievously. "I'll race you."

Chibs blinked. "Here?" His mouth curved up in a hopeful grin. He'd so take her down a few pegs if they were drag racing in T-M's lot.

"Ha, no, I'm not that stupid." Looked like Jarry was aware of a Harley's superiority going off the line. "Was thinking we could head up to Macon Woods State Park."

"The guys'll wanna see this." Rat fished out his phone.

"No, they fuckin' won't," Chibs snarled. "Put that goddamn phone away." Last thing he wanted was everyone goggling at them.

"C'mon, afraid I'll beat you?" Jarry strapped her helmet back on and gunned her engine. The Honda jumped a few inches forward.

"Fucking 'ell!" Chibs trotted over to where his bike was parked next to Tig's. Behind him, he heard Rat laugh over the whine of Jarry's bike, and Tig shouting

after him, "You show her how it's done, boss."

Cursing again under his breath, Chibs jammed his helmet on his head and yanked his gloves on. Jarry had turned and was facing the main gate, waiting for him. The Glide had been sitting in the lot all afternoon, so he kept her waiting a few minutes longer while he prepared with a quick burnout to warm up his rear tire, leaving a black cloud of rubber.

Jarry watched over her shoulder as he rolled to line up next to her, before turning to face Tig, who'd taken the position of starter and was holding up his hands, fingers out. Three, two, one. His hands came down, and they were off.

With the warmed-up tire, Chibs was—as he'd expected—faster out of the gate and onto the road, and the first to pull away at each stop sign or red light that brought them to a halt. The real test wouldn't begin until they hit the big slab of 580 and the narrower, winding roads into the hills to Macon Woods, though. And despite Tig's belittling comments about Jarry's bike, he wasn't entirely convinced he would beat her. He had more horsepower and superior pull, for sure, but his Glide also weighed nearly twice as much as her Honda and the Honda would be more agile in the curves. It'd all depend on how well she could handle it. If she was the kind of weekend warrior her newly waxed gear suggested, he'd take her easy. If she wasn't? Well, all bets were off.

Once they left Charming and got onto the highway, Chibs opened up fully. The wind tore at his clothes and hair, threatening to snap the sunglasses right off his face. By the time they turned off into the hills several miles later, Jarry was still only a few yards ahead of him. But at the first turn in the road, Chibs knew he was fucked: the way she carved the turn betrayed her experience and she increased her lead with every bend.

A mile away from Macon Woods, he let up on the gas. He knew a lost cause when he saw one. Other than him risking laying down and wrecking a Glide he could ill afford to replace, she'd gotten him beat.

Not by much, though. She was still kicking down the stand as he turned into the Macon Woods parking lot and she released her helmet as he rolled up next to her. With the sun close to setting, they were the only ones in the lot.

"I won!" She tossed her head, combing snags from her hair with her fingers. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glittered with excitement, and even though he'd been beaten by a damned bird on a crotch rocket, Chibs grinned back at her.

"Aye. Fair and square." He tugged off his gloves and tossed them on the tank in front of him. "Where'd you learn to ride like that?"

Jarry lowered the zipper of her leather jacket halfway and flapped the lapels to

cool off. "Rode with Highway Patrol for a couple years. Before the brass decided my talents were better used elsewhere."

Chibs removed his helmet and dropped it on the handle bar. "So how come I never seen you on a bike before?"

"It was in the shop when I got the transfer. Never got the chance to pick it up until the other day." She produced a bottle of water from somewhere and took a long swallow. He watched her throat bob as the water went down. "Damn, that was fun." She wiped her mouth and offered him a drink.

He accepted the bottle and took a gulp before returning it. "So that's what you do for fun? Race bikes?"

She put the bottle away. "No...." She stepped closer and lifted his sunglasses up on to his forehead, meeting his eyes for a moment before she lowered her head to kiss him. Chibs responded by plundering her mouth, one hand in her hair, until she pulled away, gasping. She licked her lips before grinning at him. "*That's* what I do for fun."

"Really?" Chibs slid a hand around her hips and pulled her closer, wedging her between his knee and the bike. He undid her zipper all the way and pushed the two halves of her jacket apart. She was wearing a white T underneath and he palmed a breast, kneading it lightly. Even through two layers of material, he felt the nipple harden. She let out a small whimper, while her hands worked to snap the studs of his cut. Stretching up from where he still straddled his bike, he nipped at her neck where it met her shoulder. "Riding gets your blood up, huh?" he murmured against her skin.

"Fuck yeah." She shoved his cut off his shoulders and fumbled with his belt buckle. "Help me out here, Scotty."

He grabbed her wrists, removing her hands from his belt. He might've lost the race, he'd be damned if he let her call the shots all the time. "Slow down, luv."

She grumbled something angrily, but her irritation quickly dissipated as he undid the buttons of her riding leathers and wormed a hand inside them. His fingers brushed through her curls and it was his turn to hiss; she was hot and wet against his palm. He ground the heel of his hand against her clit while his fingers caressed her heat, though the angle wasn't quite right to give it to her properly. Didn't seem to matter; she was keening in the back of her throat as he worked on her. He grinned up at her. "Take you on the bike? Turnabout's fair play...."

"God, yes, please." She jerked her hands free of his now one-handed grip and attacked his belt again.

He laughed. "Damn, lass, don' ye worry. I'll do right by ye."

"I know," she breathed, grinding herself against the hand still in her pants.

He pulled it free and gave her a light push away. She tossed him a dirty look that promised terrible things if he left her hanging now. But he had no such intentions. "Take 'em off."

"What?" She looked at him, befuddled.

"Those breeks, darlin'." He tugged at a leather belt loop. He might've gotten her out of her uniform easy enough but no way was he gonna peel her free of the skin-tight leathers and biker boots she was currently wearing. Not without her help.

Understanding what he wanted, she toed off the boots and started wriggling out of her leathers. Then she hesitated, hands on her hips, peering around, evidently suddenly remembering where they were.

"We're alone," he assured her. "Ain't gonna get all shy on me now, are ye?" After all, she'd dared him to fuck her on a squad car in a downtown parking garage. Was she gonna be wary now about gettin' naked in an emptied-out state park? He curved up the corner of his mouth. "Or d'ye want me to call Quinn so he can come watch again?"

"Asshole," she muttered, though there was no fire in her tone. A few minutes later, she'd stripped off the leathers, tossed them over the saddle of her own bike, along with her panties, and climbed up in his lap, facing him as she straddled him. He'd had used the time to free himself and roll on a condom, so he was quite ready to press her hips tightly against his and enter her in a single smooth slide. No further foreplay necessary.

She moaned as she sank down on him, her arms around his neck. He bucked up into her experimentally, mindful of the precarious balance of the eight hundred pounds of steel and chrome under him. If he misjudged what it could take and it tipped over, either or both of them could be badly hurt.

"Don't keep me waiting, Scotty," she breathed in his ear, before nipping on the lobe. She rolled her hips and it was his turn to groan out loud. Growling, he shoved his hands under her T-shirt, pushing up the cups of her bra and palming her tits again, pinching her bared nipples between thumb and forefinger until she tossed her head back and squealed.

They soon found a working rhythm, and though the bike shook under them, the kickstand held, until Jarry cried out, her thighs gripping Chibs' hips almost painfully as a powerful shudder ran through her. Her pussy clenching around his cock took him over the edge as well, and his voice echoed through the quiet

woods as he cried out, "Jesus Christ!"

She clung to him limply, her breath hot on his throat as she dropped her head on his shoulder and tried to regain her bearings. He sucked in air in deep gulps, willing his racing heart to calm down. One of these days, she was gonna give him a heart attack. But what a bloody fine way to go...!

Their breathing eased at last and he helped her slide off of him. "That was fun," she muttered shakily as, naked from the waist down, she reached for her panties and leathers.

"Aye." Chibs tossed the condom and put himself away, before he creakily climbed off the bike. He stretched, his spine popping, while he glowered dourly at a wet stain on the smooth leather of his saddle. "Sure was." He wiped the saddle dry with his shirt sleeve. "Let's not do that again." He rolled his neck and it cracked audibly.

Jarry laughed as she finished getting dressed. "Getting old, old man?"

He mock-lunged at her. "Who're you calling old? I can still kick your ass."

"Oh yeah?" she challenged, fastening her boot straps and backing away. "Prove it."

He laughed. No way was he gonna chase her around the parking lot. "Got a better idea." Tig would let him know if something came up, so he'd be okay to disappear for a few hours. "Race you home?"

She grinned back. "You're on."

Watching her climb on her Honda and pull on her helmet, he smiled to himself. He knew he'd lose the race again. He didn't give a damn. 'Cause he also knew that, in the end, he'd still be the winner.

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