

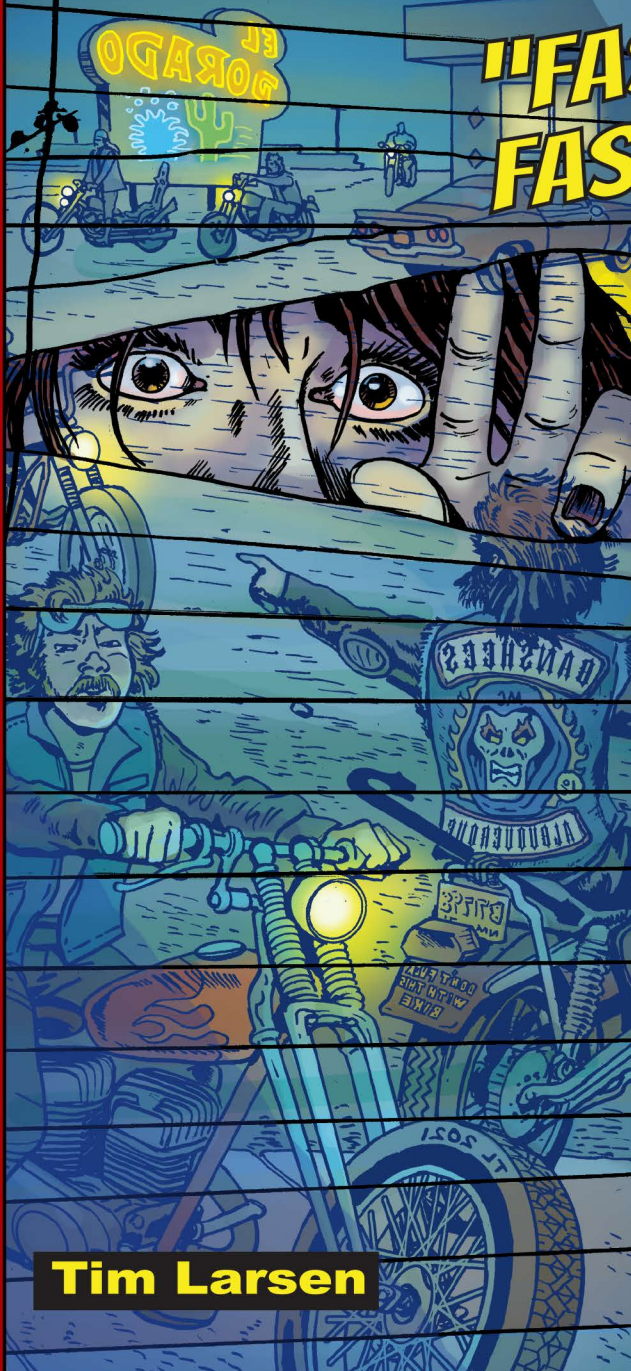
MAYFIELD EIGHT



CHUPACOMICS
presents:

PART 3 OF 6
for mature
readers

"FASTER,
FASTER!"



Tim Larsen

Let me tell you about Highway 85:

IT'S A NERVE-LINE THAT CUTS STRAIGHT THROUGH NEW MEXICO CLEAR DOWN TO OUTLAW COUNTRY, SOUTH OF THE BORDER. EVERYTHING TRAVELS OVER IT: YOUR KID'S BABY FORMULA, TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER, AND THE LATEST LOAD OF ILLEGAL NARCOTICS.

WHO'S THERE TO PATROL THIS MESS?
HE GOES BY ONE NAME:
OFFICER GENE STURGEON.
THIS IS HIS HIGHWAY!

HAVE A NICE DAY.

MAYFIELD EIGHT volume 1, issue number 3 of 6. November 2021.

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First printing.



3 MILES SOUTH OF
SOCORRO NEW MEXICO
ON HIGHWAY 85.
12:55PM SATURDAY JULY
27, 1974:

"I FEEL THE
EARTH, MOVE,
UNDER MY FEET..."



"I FEEL THE
SKY TUMBLIN'
DOWN..."

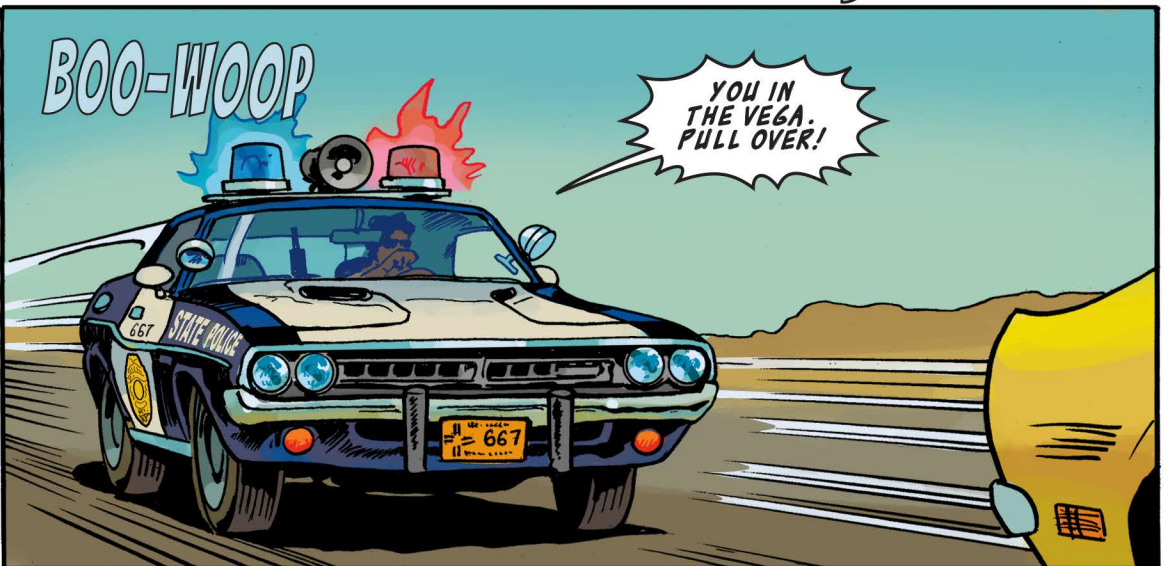
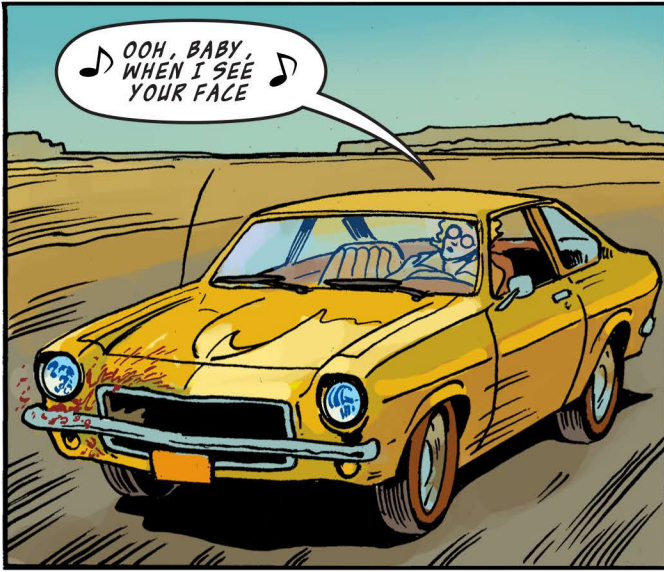


I FEEL MY
HEART JUST A
TREMBLING,



WHENEVER
YOU'RE
AROUUUUU..."

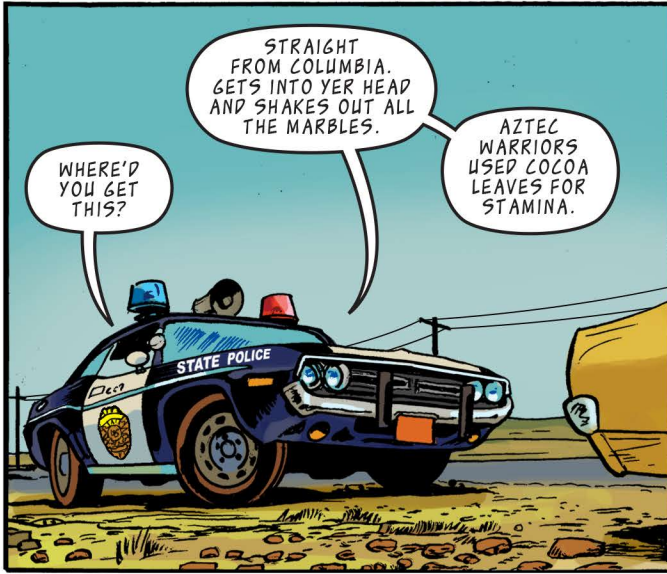
SPLATT

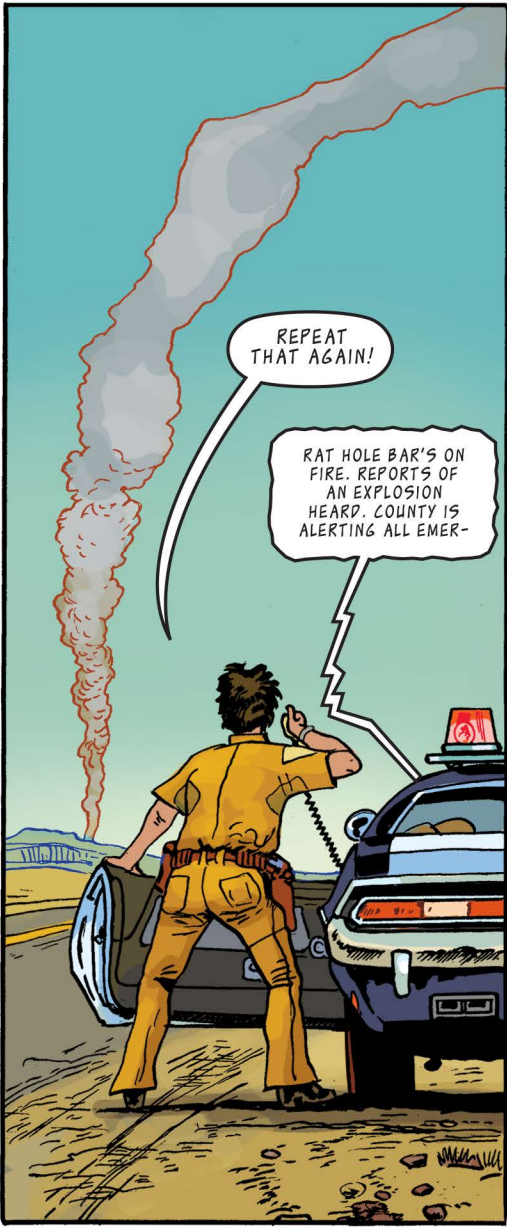
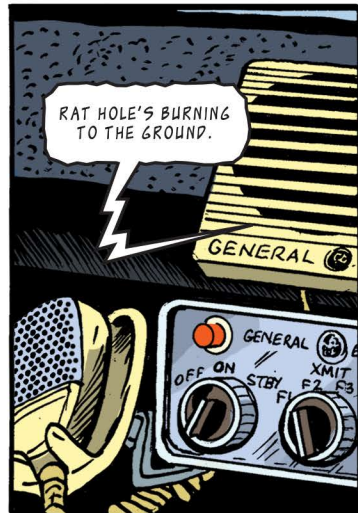


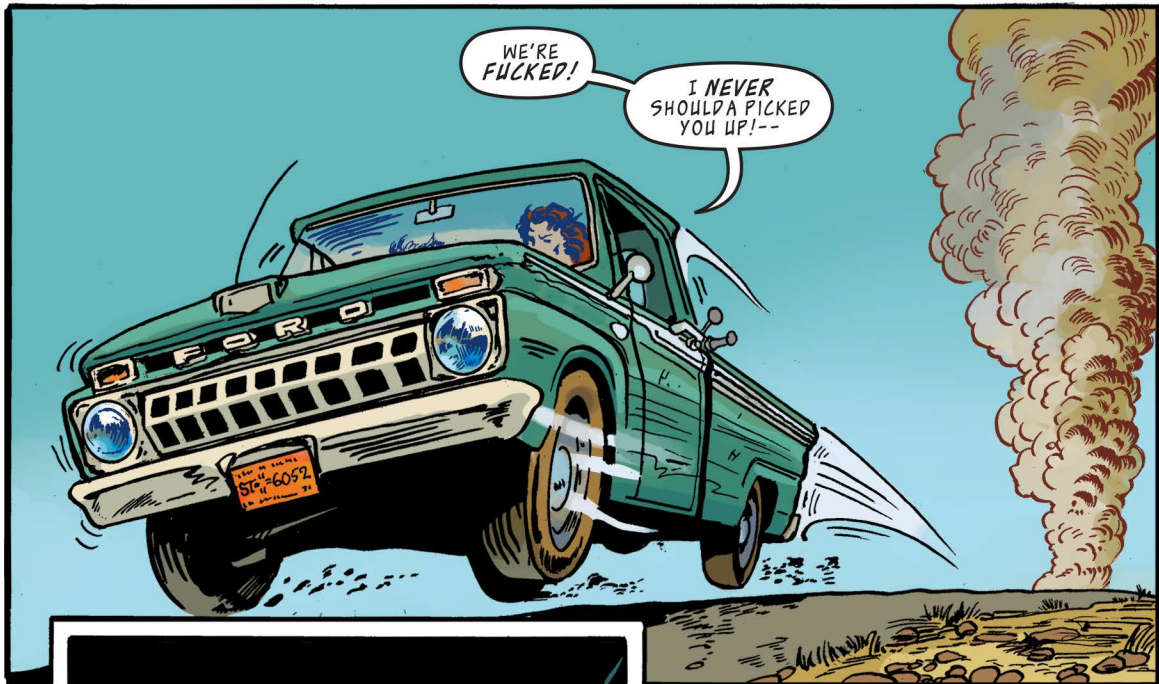






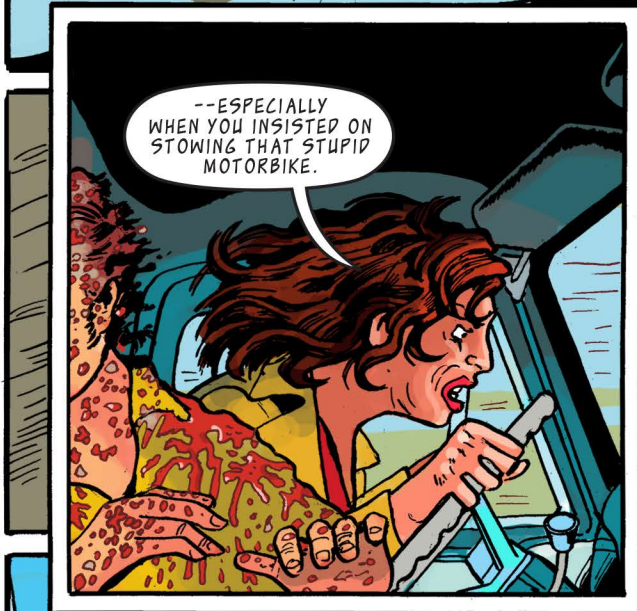




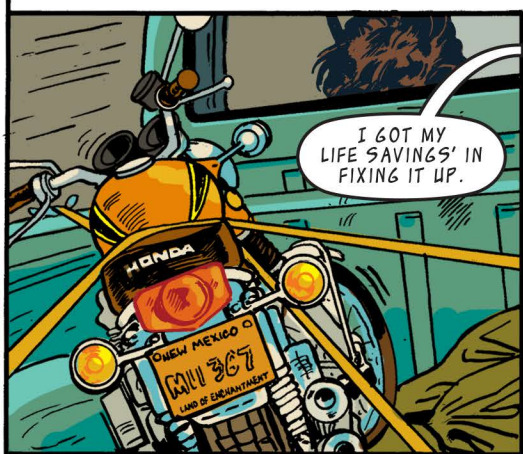


WE'RE FUCKED!

I NEVER SHOULD'VE PICKED YOU UP!--



--ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU INSISTED ON STOWING THAT STUPID MOTORBIKE.



I GOT MY LIFE SAVINGS' IN FIXING IT UP.



I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT IT!

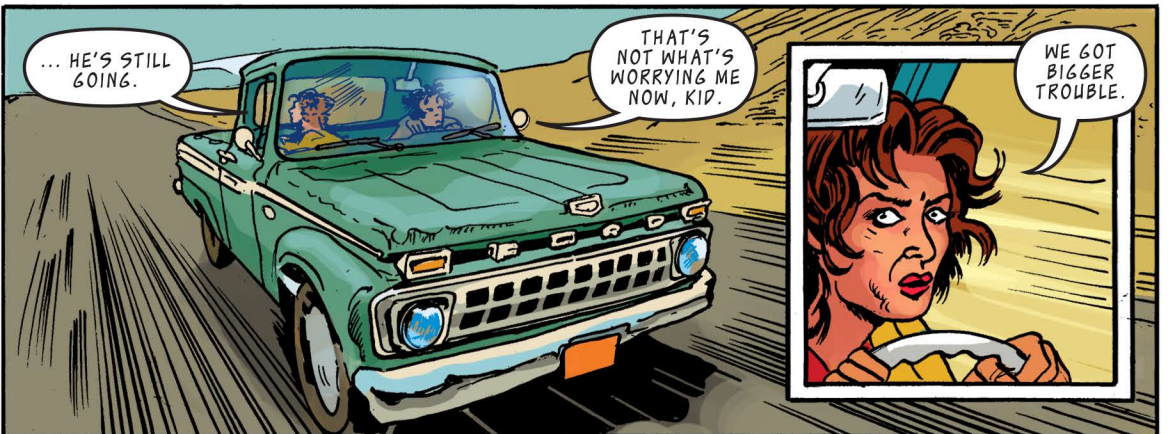
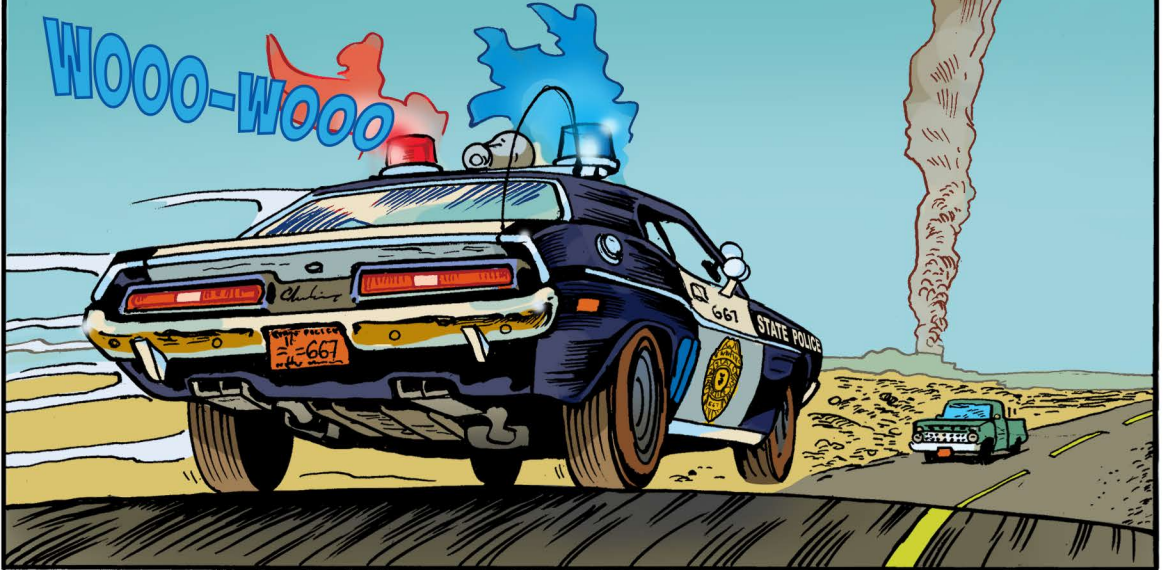


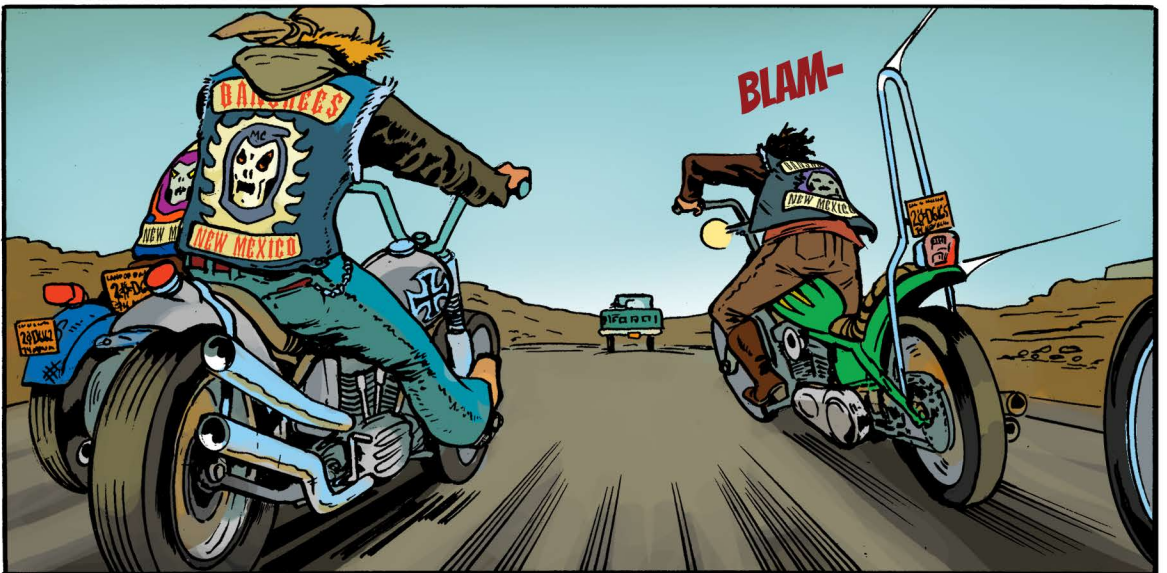
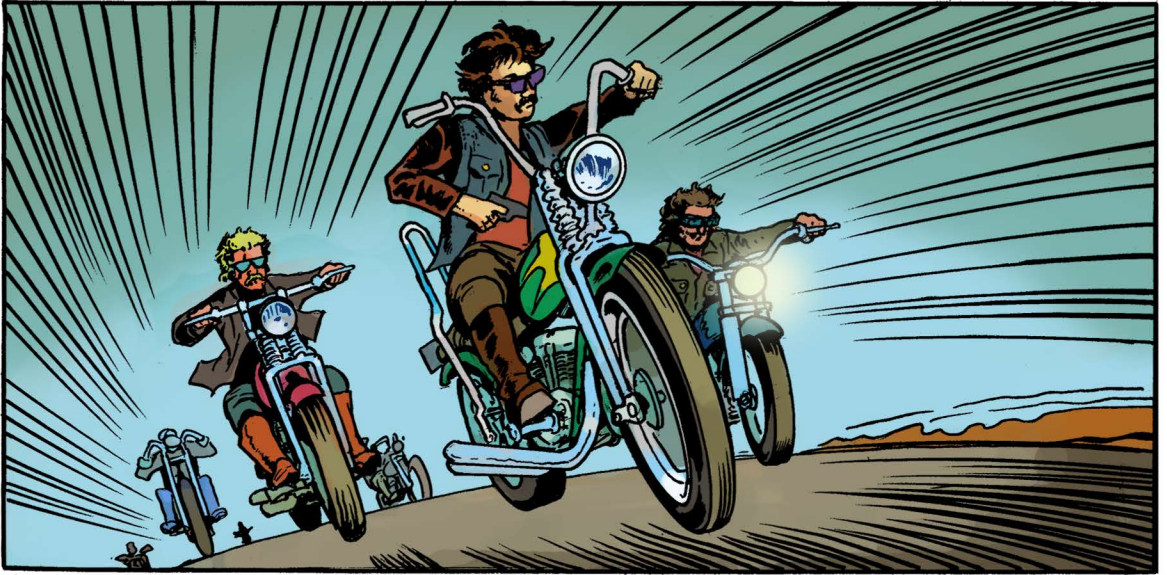
LOOK OUT! THE FUZZ!

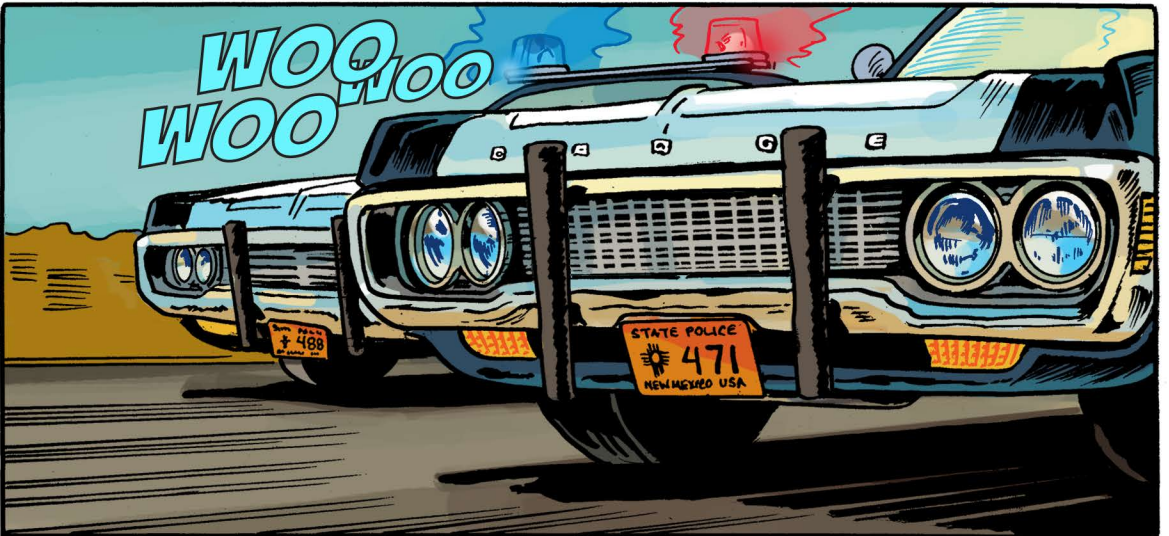
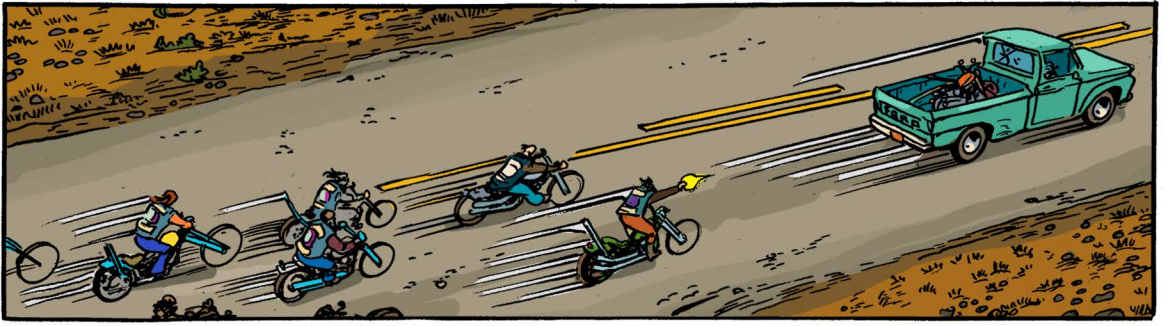
MAYFIELD EIGHT

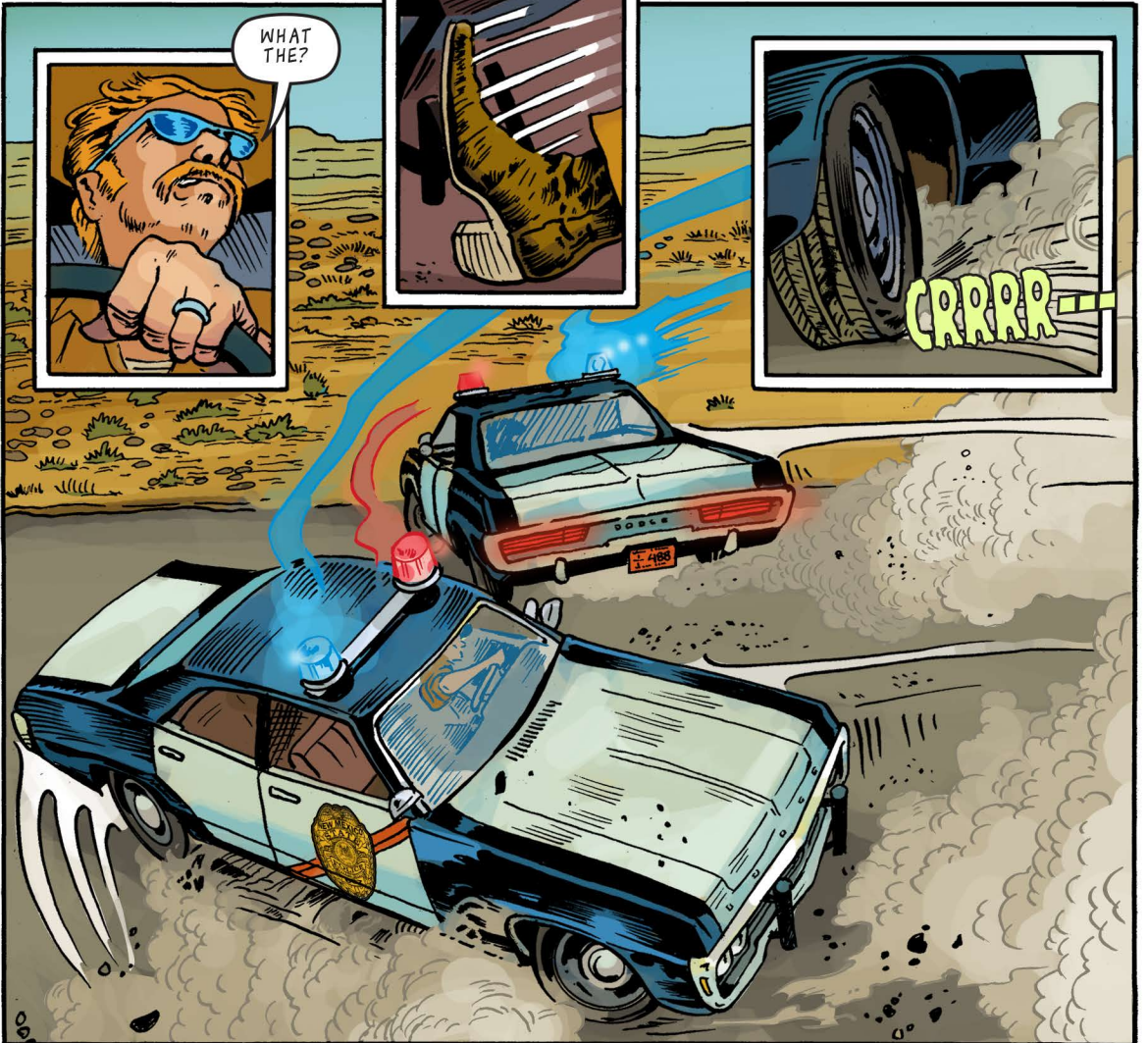
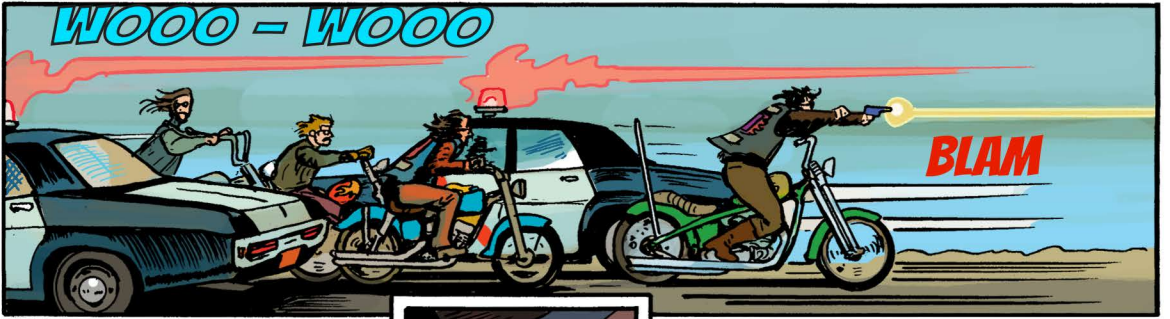
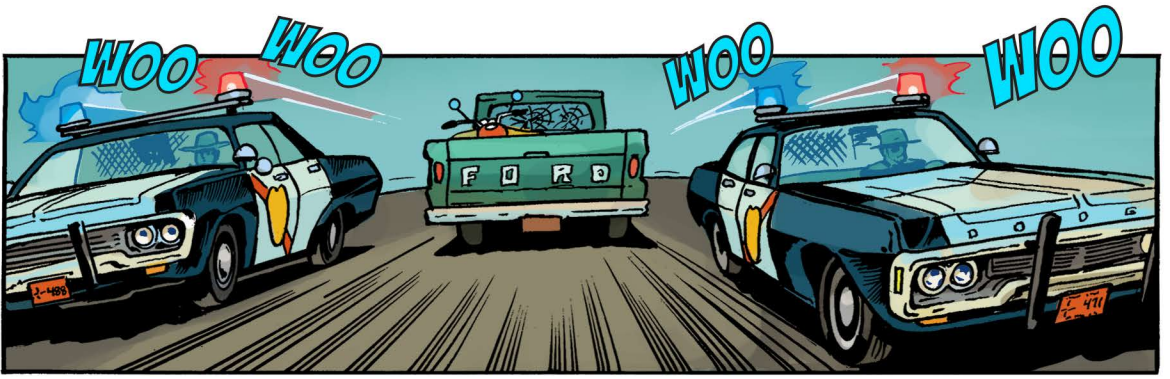
CHAPTER 3:

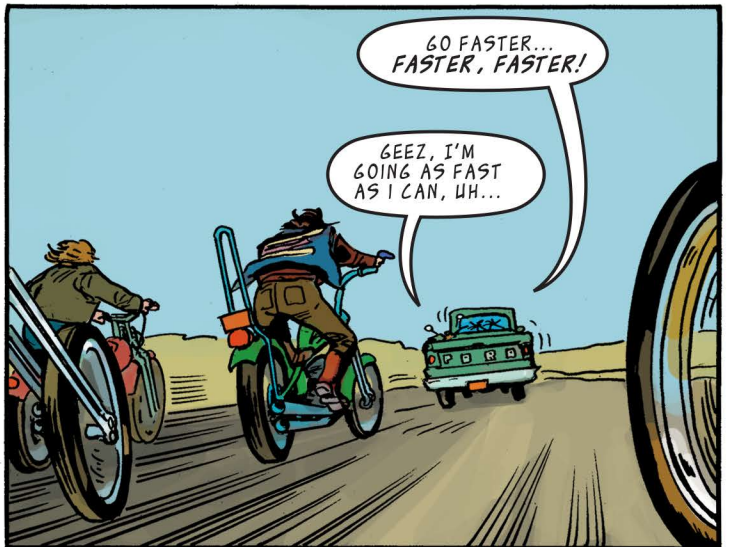
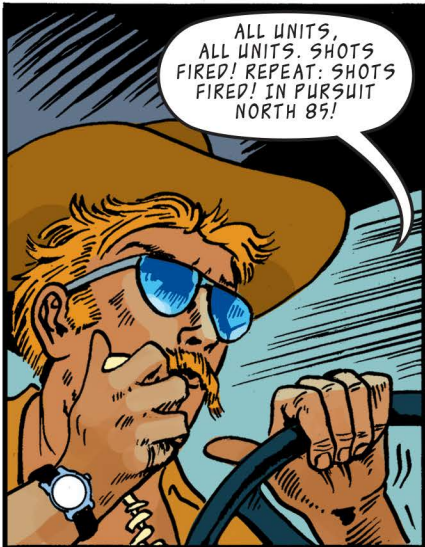
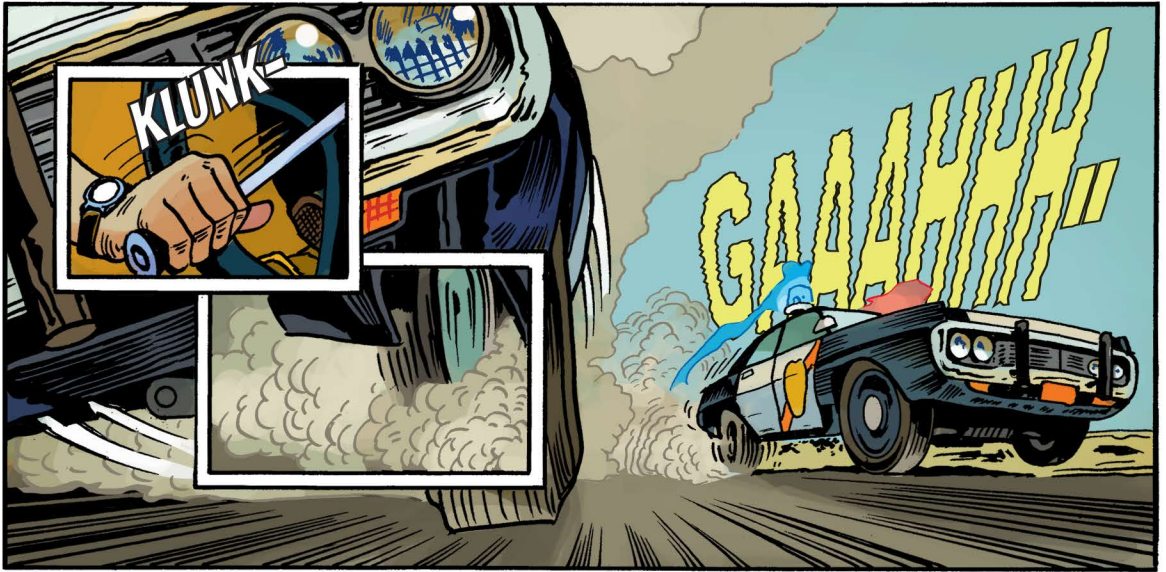
"FASTER, FASTER!!!"

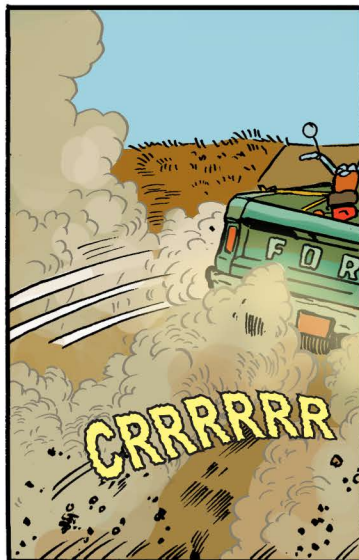
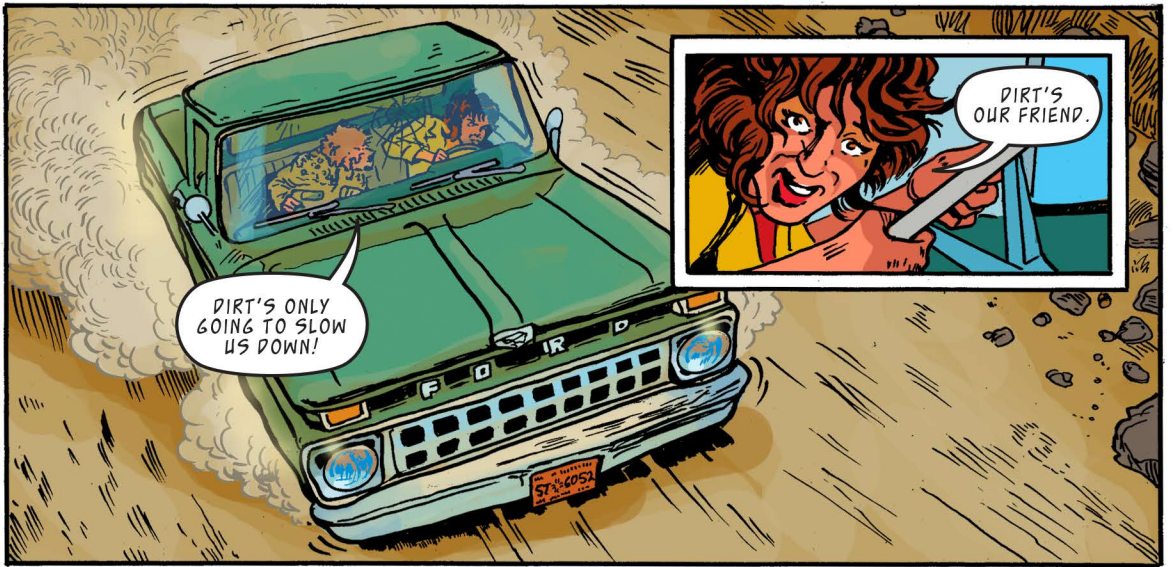
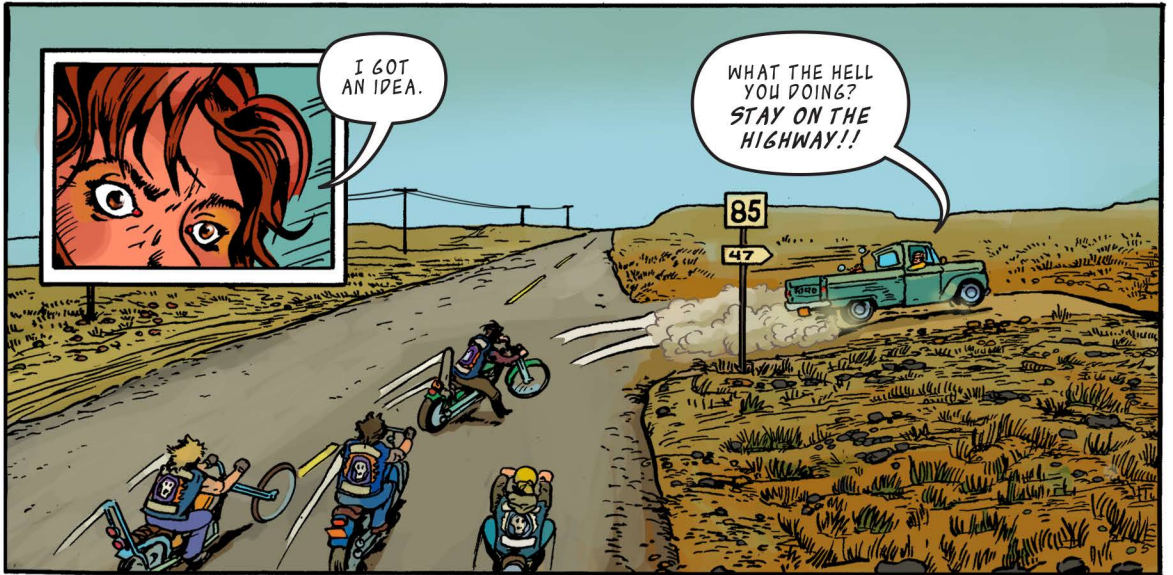














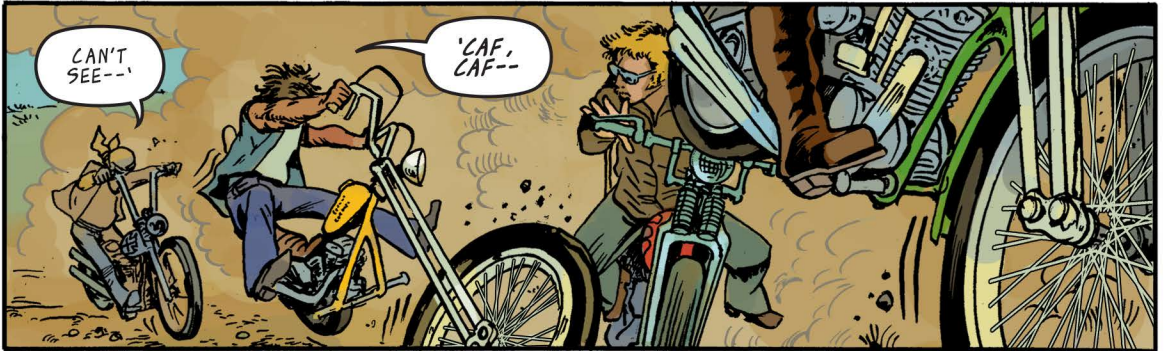
WHERE'D THEY GO?



I DUNNO.



LET'S HANG BACK UNTIL THE DUST SET-



CAN'T SEE--

'CAF, CAF--



WOOP

WOOP

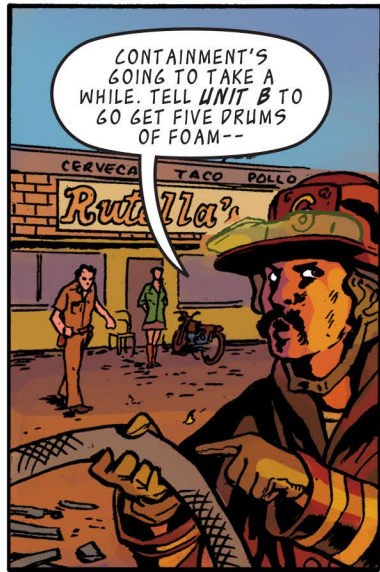
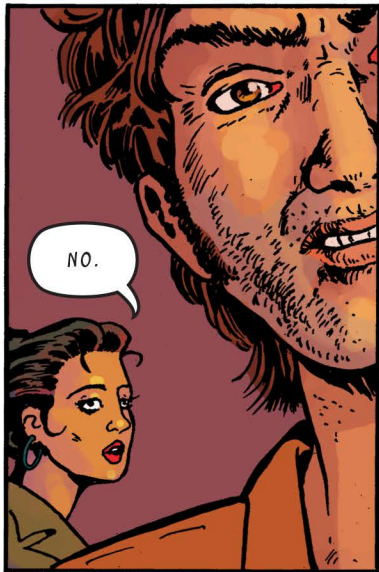




THERE GOES THE CANDY STORE!









NO WAY IN HELL ANYBODY'S COMING NEAR THAT FOR THE NEXT FOUR TO SIX HOUR-



I'LL BE IN MY PATROL CAR. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.



UNIT 52. STATION, YOU THERE?



UNIT 52 REQUESTS TOW VEHICLE.



FLATBED. GOT FOUR MOTORCYCLES TO HAUL AWAY.



COPY 52. WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?

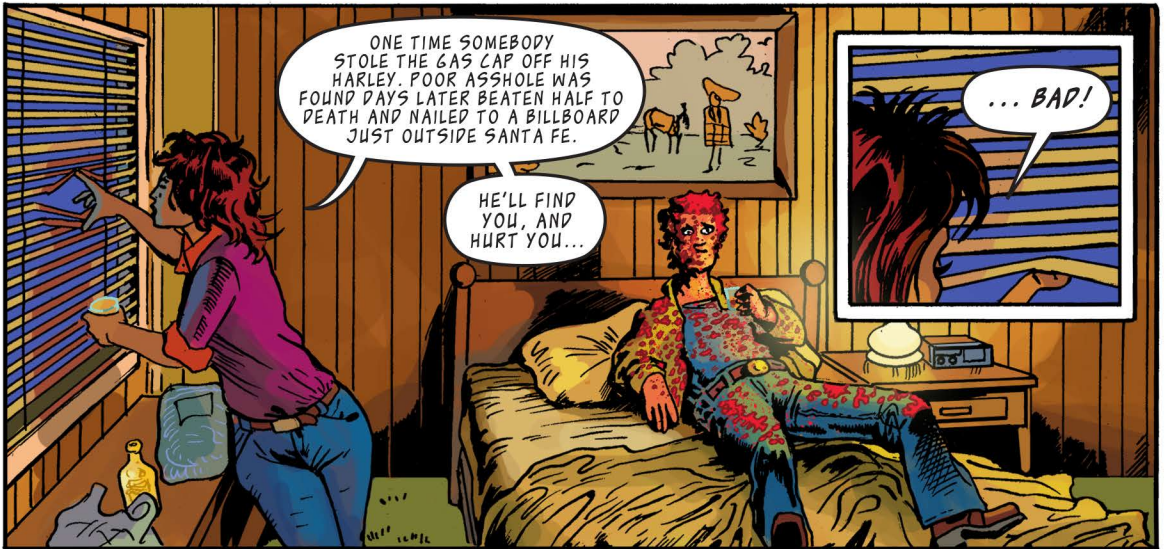


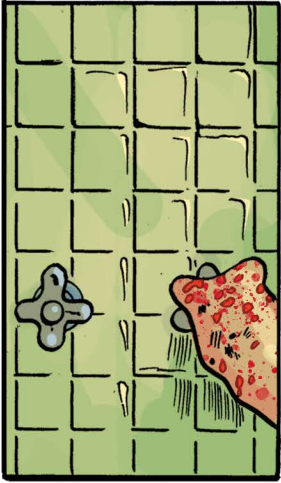


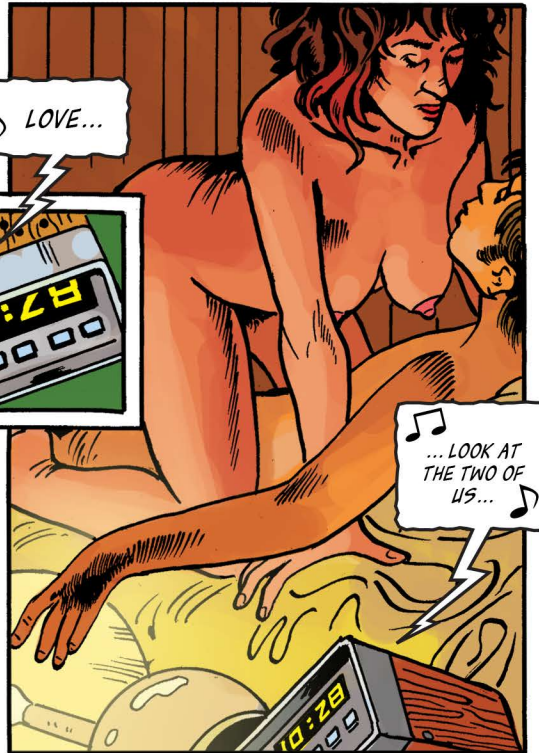
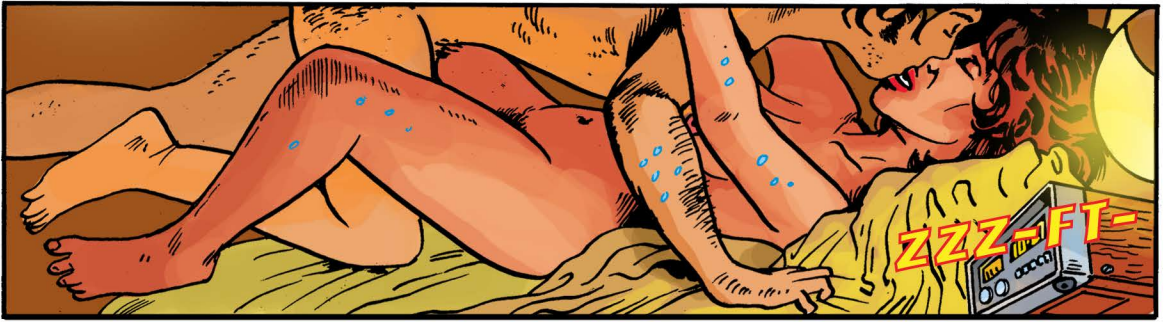
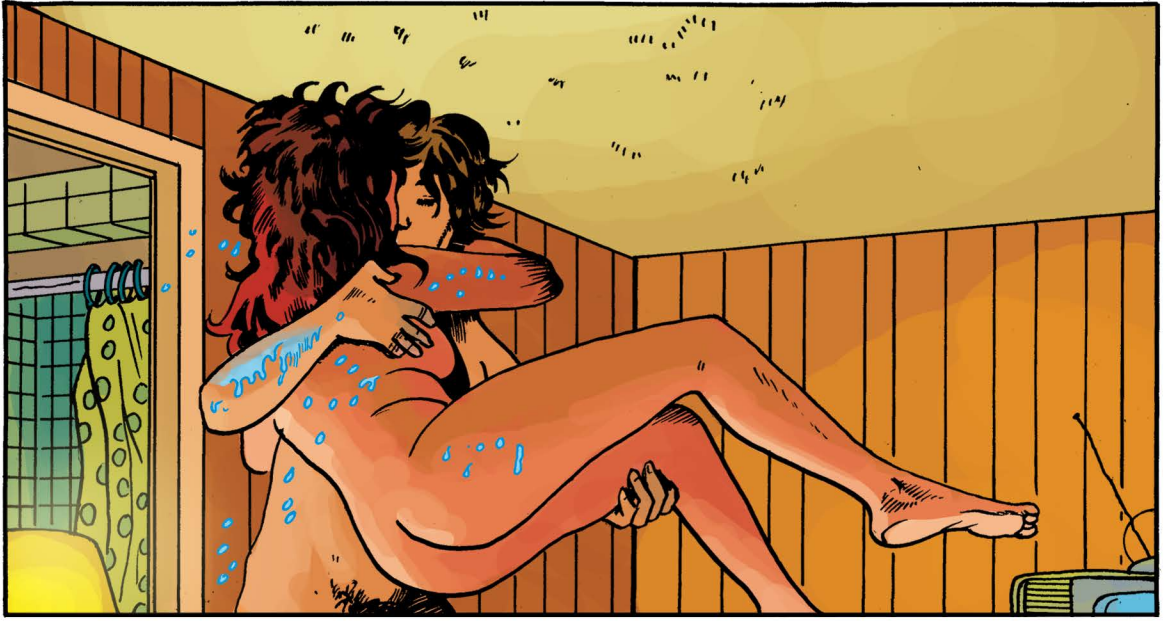
I BOUGHT SOME GROCERIES, AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES FOR YOU.



SORRY ABOUT THE LONG WAY BACK INTO TOWN. I KNOW IT TOOK FOREVER TAKING THE BACK ROADS. I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE THOSE BIKERS COULDN'T FIND US.







♪ LOVE...



♪ ... LOOK AT THE TWO OF US... ♪



MMM...

♪ ... STRANGERS...



THAT'S IT...

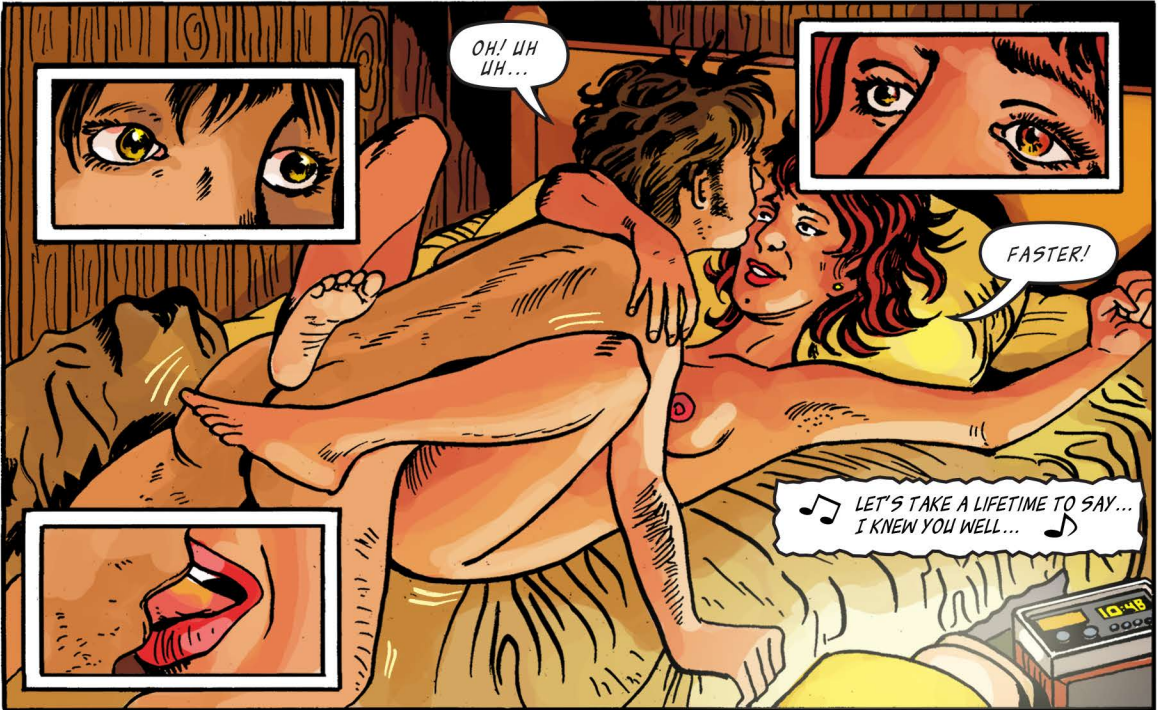
YESSSS...



♪ ... IN MANY WAYYYYYS. ♪



NOW YOU ON TOP.



OH! UH UH...

FASTER!

♪ LET'S TAKE A LIFETIME TO SAY... I KNEW YOU WELL... ♪



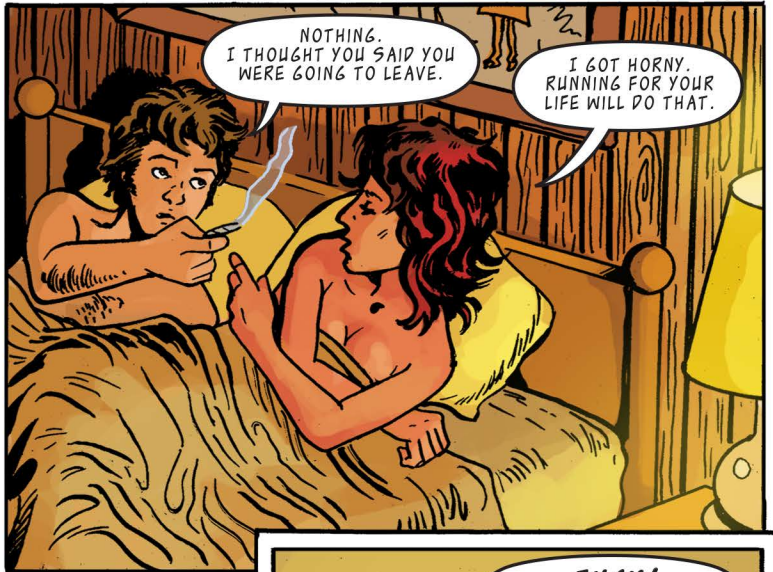
FASTER, FASTER! YES!!

♪ ... FOR ONLY TIME WILL TELL US SOOOOO. AND LOVE WILL GROWWW... ♪



♪ ... FOR ALL WE KN-

-POP-





SHIT MAN, THAT'S FUCKED UP...



'CHARLIE BELIEVED THAT THE MOMENT WAS "NOW" AND THAT THE BLACK MAN WAS GOING TO ARISE, OVERTHROW THE WHITE MAN AND TAKE HIS TURN.'

YEAH, RIGHT!

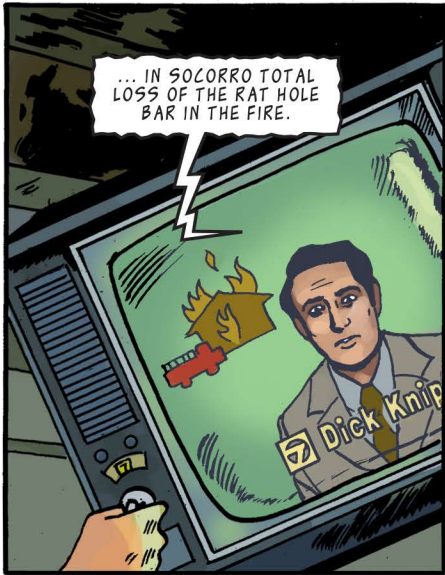


MANSON DID ONE THING RIGHT.



GOT ANYONE TO FOLLOW HIM AND DO HIS BIDDING WITHOUT QUESTIONS. ONLY PROBLEM, HIS FOLLOWERS WERE IDIOTS.





... IN SOCORRO TOTAL LOSS OF THE RAT HOLE BAR IN THE FIRE.

Dick Knip



THAT'S WHERE FRANK SAID HE WAS HEADED!

SHUT UP!

FIRST ON THE SCENE WAS STATE TROOPER GENE STURGEON. HERE'S HIS ACCOUNT TO OUR REPORTER EARLIER TODAY.



CAN YOU TELL US HOW THE FIRE STARTED?

I CAN'T COMMENT ON THAT. THIS IS AN ONGOING INVESTIGATION.

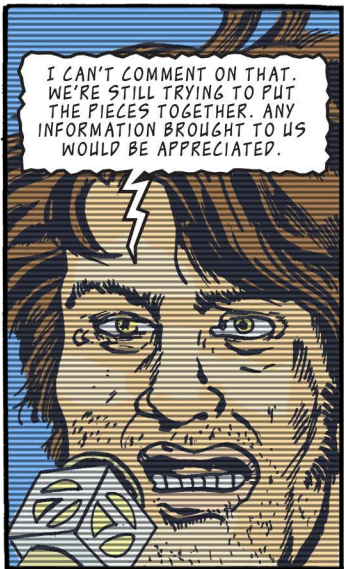


ANY CASUALTIES?

SO FAR, WE HAVE ONE FRANKLIN TENNANT WHO WAS SEEN ON FIRE RUNNING OUT OF THE BUILDING, SUCUMBING TO HIS INJURIES SHORTLY THEREAFTER.

ALSO, THREE BODIES INSIDE. WE'RE WITHOLDING THEIR NAMES PENDING INFORMING NEXT OF KIN.

WE HAVE A RUMOR THAT FRANKLIN WAS WIELDING A SHOTGUN AND THAT THE BODIES INSIDE DIED AT HIS HAND BEFORE THE FIRE. IS THAT TRUE?



I CAN'T COMMENT ON THAT. WE'RE STILL TRYING TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER. ANY INFORMATION BROUGHT TO US WOULD BE APPRECIATED.



THERE YOU HAVE IT SO FAR, BACK TO YOU-



WE GOT A PROBLEM.



"... AND THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND BOOM!"



THERE'S BLOOD AND BUTS ALL OVER ME AND POOR LENNY... LENNY! OH MY GOD... HELP ME!

OKAY, OKAY... ... IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT.



HELP ME! HELP MEEE... -908- -908-



UNIT 36 HERE. FOUND THE PICKUP TRUCK. PEEKED UNDER THE TARP. HONDA 750 IN THE BED.



THERE'S BLOOD STAINS ON THE SEAT. TRUCK'S PARKED OUTSIDE ROOM 21 AT THE EL DORADO.

GOOD. I WANT YOU TO SIT ON THAT HOTSHEET - ALL NIGHT IF YOU HAVE TO!

AW GEEZ, GENE! I'M COMING OFF MY SHIFT...



NOT MY PROBLEM. I GOTTA TALK TO SOME BANSHEES..

OH, THE STORIES THEY'LL TELL!

TL 2021

NEXT: "LET'S PARTY!"

Afterword:

At the halfway part of my tale. Watching the horrific events that are Calvin Ryder's adventure in the last 24 hours makes me wonder what sort of creation I've hatched. Not quite at the finish line I ask myself if there's anyone out there who has been entertained, or at least mildly amused, by one kid's attempt to break out of his humdrum existence?

I have a partial answer. A kindred spirit, if you will, in the form of one Robert Stokes. I met Mr. Stokes online through a Facebook fan site for the FX Show **Sons of Anarchy** which ran a few years back. Robert crafted a very interesting narrative involving characters in the show, namely Opie and Tara. While they didn't interact on screen all that much Robert managed to spin off tales involving them in a romantic and highly raunchy sexual narrative. Mr. Stokes pulls no punches.

I asked him if he would be interested in writing for me, for **Mayfield Eight**. He could keep -essentially- the characters Opie and Tara but just change their names. And change Opie's Motorcycle Club affiliation from SAMCRO to The Banshees. Robert was delighted, and what follows is a written excerpt of a Mayfield Eight-world story (set in Southwest US, 1974). Opie and Tara became Gary and Tanya. His writing is very, very good! So good, that I am including some of his side-story into my comic in future installments!

So! here's a written account of the travails and adventures of one Gary McClellan and his wife Tanya, somewhere on the outskirts of Albuquerque New Mexico:

SHAKEDOWN AT THE MVD.

Written by Robert Stokes, edited by Tim Larsen.

By late Sunday morning, his mouth was dry, coated with fine dust and grit as he leaned his bike into the flat dirt road towards home. Tired, disgusted with everything, and fatigued, Gary McClellan wanted nothing more than just a cold beer, a cooling shower, and sleep. Even the sight of



his petite dark-haired wife on their graying wood porch didn't seem to brighten his spirits.

Tanya McClellan heard Gary's pan-head rumbling outside, taking her by surprise. She wasn't expecting him back from that public housing project in Los Angeles for at least another two weeks.

"Why are you home now?"

she asked, stopping short at the step, while he silently dismounted his bike and untied the knapsack behind the seat.

"The project ran out of funds, so they shit-canned all the crews," he replied, pausing to kiss her neck lightly before going inside. "Here's my pay, they still owe for one week..." he slapped an envelope on their kitchenette table. "Fuk it's hot" he griped, grabbing a beer from the fridge.

Tanya counted the cash, watching as he took off his shirt, and emptied the bottle in what seemed like seconds. He was filthy underneath.

"How many hours is this?" She counted two hundred and twenty.

"That's 63 hours for the week before, an all cash. Joey said it was better to pay under the table. We were wondering about that... It's overtime included. I worked right up to Saturday night." Drywalling wasn't exactly a specific skill, but \$3.78 an hour isn't too bad, he thought. "We aren't sure if we'll even get the last week's pay," he added, looking out the kitchen window. "Miles 'n' miles of miles of flat," he thought. His thirst somewhat quenched, he focused on his wife's sweet curves. "Help me get cleaned up," he grinned, pulling her towards the bathroom.

Several hours later, Tanya was sitting on the porch swing, listening as Gary snored in their bedroom. There was something special about that welcome home fuk she thought, but was confused who was hungrier. Her orgasms were so powerful, they left her feeling weak and restless. The problem with Gary was after he came, he fell asleep almost immediately.

Her thoughts were interrupted when her nephew's 62 rancho roared into the yard behind Gary's bike. "Hey, Aunt Tanya-" Gabe, the seventeen year-old yelled, practically falling out of the driver's side, obviously drunk. "Where's Siege? When'd he get back? Did he hear about the Rat Hole?" A little short for his age, with sandy shaggy blonde hair, Gabe wobbled a little bit before climbing the two porch steps.

"Shut the fuk up, he's sleeping now. And where's your brother?!" she shushed him authoritatively. "Whiz Kid is passed out," he whispered. Gabe burped loudly, pointing to the car.

Caught in downwash as the Huey seemed to float above them, he remembered struggling thru the rice paddy along with Kazzik and JoJo... ground fire sputtering all around, he wasn't aware of his own blood until he grabbed onto the ladder just as the copter began to rise. A sudden deafening explosion from above swung the rigging around with a whipping motion as PFC McClellan felt his arm wrench sideways... they began to fall...

Waking in a cold sweat, he looked to their clock which read about 12:30pm. Grateful for at least a few hours of peace, Gary got out of bed and lit a joint. The nightmares still came in varying intensities, and while heroin seemed to blot them out completely, weed worked better, kind of like turning the volume down.

Gary walked outside over to Gabe's rancho and noticed his youngest nephew. "Get yer ass in gear, son!" he bellowed with an evil grin. "Chow at thirteen hundred. Now MOVE THE FUK OUT!" "He's goanna feel it for a while longer," Gary mused, walking inside.

"Feeling better?" Tanya was wearing an old tee shirt over tattered panties as she set his coffee on the table. "I'm great," he responded, hugging her close. "I'm not sure about tommy tho..."

Gary buried his face in the side of her neck, breathing in sharply. There was something primal that got him instantly hard, pheromones or something, mixed with Right Guard deodorant. Stubborn memories of burnt hair, rotting flesh or napalm from in country vanished temporarily...

"Gabe's still on the sofa," Tanya managed, before he smothered her with a deep kiss, pushing her against the ancient gas range. Insistent, his hands slid beneath her panties, into a moist spot... reflexively, she raised her leg, grappling with his belt and zipper...

Sometimes furtive sex added to the intensity. It didn't take long for both to cum, and she enjoyed feeling him inside her, along with his heavy warmth against her body afterwards. There was that occasional leftover but urgent stroke as he pushed deep inside, to savor the pleasure of her dripping pussy...

Gabe waited, relieved they hadn't noticed. Playboy, Viva, Hustler and Oui magazines were satisfying, but watching these two spontaneously fuk in the kitchen not 15 feet away was something else altogether. As the two disappeared into the shower, he managed to sit up his head pounding slightly. Through the bright morning light, he could see his brother vomiting outside. Feeling somewhat guilty, Gabe searched his pocket, finding what was left of his stash. Guess I owe him this he thought, and pushed thru the screen door.

"Go ahead, it helps settle your stomach." Gabe passed him their last joint and watched his younger brother take a deep hit. "It gets rid of the gag reflex."

A few moments later, they were sitting at the kitchen table.

"So, what happened at the Rat Hole?" Gary asked.

"It blew up, something caught fire 'n' the whole shop fuking exploded," Gabe managed thru bolts of pain in his head.

"They found one of the bodies but can't identify it. Whoever it was got torched pretty good," Tommy added, feeling less nausea. "We rode down there, and they had the road blocked off. Mom said they found another body in what was left of the club. Said Deke told her it didn't have a head n they saw some kid running out just before it happened!" Gabe finished the joint, and popped the smoldering roach into his mouth, swallowing it. He liked these opportunities to impress his uncle when he could...

Gary didn't like the sound of this. It wasn't some petty beef- this was a major hit.

The sound of Deke's bike rumbling outside the house interrupted everyone. "You guys get lost, we wanna find out what's going on!" Tanya shooed the boys outside where Deke waited. The rancho quickly disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Slade needs you to pay a visit to the MVD," the scruffy outlaw began, fishing for something in his pocket. Tanya watched from inside --this guy smelled like dead feet and stale whiskey.

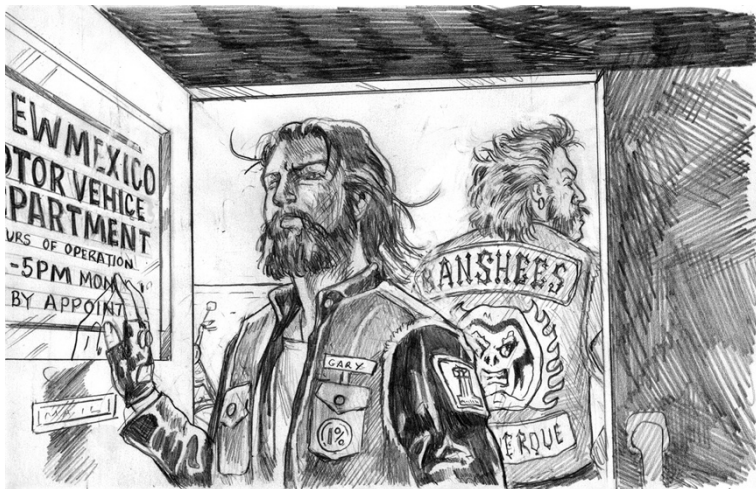
"A tag number?" Gary turned the paper scrap over.

"Yea, Slade's after some kid that ran out the back just when the place blew, thinks he had something to do with that too."

"What's that mean, what else is he after him for?" Gary asked.

"Some minor shit. Ill fill ya in when we get there, Slade wants this like, NOW!"

Gary looked towards his wife. "I gotta go take care of shit, Babe..." he called out to her as he walked towards his bike. Tanya could only respond with "Be careful!"



They rolled up in front of an adobe building, the Red Sun limply hanging below the Stars and Stripes. The ride to Los Lunas felt like a blast furnace, and the sun hadn't reached noon.

Gary wiped dust caked with dried

sweat from his face before dismounting his bike and looked around. Deke cleared road grit from his shades and did the same. A last-minute decision to bring some 'back-up' probably wasn't necessary, but if he needed to use force, or sometimes a good look-out, another body helped. The epitome of an outlaw biker, Deke brought muscle, and easily intimidated many. Hidden by scraggly hair and beard, with a less than imposing frame, many opponents were caught off guard.

"Lemme scope this out, they oughta be close to lunch break or something." Gary paused at a faded wood door, the hours of operation on the window confirming it. There wasn't much inside, but the air conditioning felt great he thought. On the left, two small tables with the

standard driver's education pamphlets stacked next to a vision test machine, and at the far end, a Polaroid camera on a tripod stood. A closed door with EMPLOYEES ONLY tacked to it separated the service counter on his right, with two openings. Propped up by a small easel on the counter was a card reading "M. Hagans, MVD clerk. PLEASE RING." An arrow on the sign pointed to a bell.

Gary poked it with his finger -DINGGG-

"Can I help you with anything, sir?" said a delicately pale man who emerged from the door. He stood close to the counter and seemed distracted with Deke, who stretched out on the couch.

"Yea, I need to find the name of this bike registration. He was involved in a hit n run with my wife last week. She hit another car trying to avoid the asshole." Gary fished a scrap of paper from his pocket.

"Was a police report taken at the scene?" Hagans asked in a thin voice, glancing back out the window.

"Well, yea, but she didn't mention this till later. Some friends were with her tho, an gave me this info," Gary added casually.

"I'm sorry, sir, but unless there was a report, with this tag number included, I'm not authorized to give that information. I'd need a copy of the report, with a warrant, or a request from the court, or sheriff," Hagans answered, daintily handing the worn scrap back .

Momentarily sensing a brick wall, Gary reached the paper, watching Hagans glance furtively towards Deke, who continued to nap on the couch. Remembering how some guys 'took care of things' under cover of dark in the hooch, Gary had an inspiration. "Ya wanna meet him?" Hagans nervously looked at the muscular biker, who wore a grin.

"It's ok, he won't bite. A hole is a hole or mouth, rite? 'N' it's almost time for lunch," the biker leered across the counter, with a frightening but irresistible smile. Something inside the frail clerk snapped and his voice strained. "Yes, I think I'd like that! "

"Maybe we can help each other out, right? I don't think my buddy would enjoy having to call your boss and complain about some fruit coming on to him." Fear and desire seemed to strangle the clerk, who could only shake his head. "No... n... n-no, I wouldn't want that. I'll get the name and address for you, but I'll have to call the main branch in Albuquerque."

"That's good...I'll go talk to my buddy, and he can help you with that!" Gary was amazed how easy this was going. 'It's gonna take some persuasion to get Deke on board,' Gary thought. But no, Gary stood up and caressed Hagans like he was a newlywed bride.

"Can we be alone for a few minutes?" Deke asked, somewhat condescendingly towards Gary.

"Sure, I'll wait outside. Take your time, lunch isn't over till one a clock!"

An hour later, Deke emerged from the coolness, adjusting his belt. "Man, that worked out pretty good, he sure knows his way around a dick!" He grinned, legs somewhat unsteady. "That's a cool camera too!" he added, holding up two Polaroid pictures, jamming down his starter.

Gary stared at the picture of the nude clerk on the office floor, hog tied with jockey shorts crammed into his mouth. "He wanted it that way, so I obliged. But he gave me five bucks for my shorts so I can't complain. The pictures are just for insurance purposes!"

The ride back to Socorro seemed to take forever, before Deke veered off onto a long dirt road, leading to a couple of ramshackle trailers baking in the heat. Slade's bike along a few others were parked in the shade of an aging somewhat dead cottonwood tree. Alerted by the sound, Slade appeared on the rusting steps.

"Got it?" he called out. There was something different about his face Gary thought but wasn't close enough to see exactly what. Stretching the stiffness out of his frame, he walked over and handed him the scrap of paper. Gary saw Clint, Switchblade, Eddy Redd, and a whole host of more Banshees hanging grimly around Slade's shack inside in the darkness. These were the major battalions, called in from as far away as Fresno and Carson City. For them to be here, on half a day's notice, meant some serious shit was about to go down. Gary was glad he and Deke were successful with the MVD caper.

"Whats goin' on?" asked Gary. "And what's the deal with your face, warpaint?" Slade's face was splattered with a dark reddish smear that must have been applied by a rattle can a day or two ago. It was obvious he was wearing his riding glasses at the time it happened, since there were two oval circles of unpainted skin around his eyes. He looked comical, but Gary didn't laugh.

"I had him! Right in my hands with my deer knife at his fukin' throat!" Slade exclaimed. "Next thing I know Angelina clocks me with a beer bottle sayin 'leave the kid alone!' By the time I come to she's out the door and that little shit runs into the back room. Jorge's shop. Only he's got it barred shut or something. I send everyone off to get something to beat him with. By the time we get back to the door outside that asshole somehow rigged a bomb to blow The Rat Hole sky high!"

"Well that's that, right? He's dead." Gary said.

"Uh uh," Slade shook his head. "Somehow he runs out the front. He an' Angelina tear off in her pickup, the rice-bike Honda tied to the bed.

Gary grinned, pointing to the paper. "Something tells me that's where we can find him, er..."

Slade grinned back. It was a malevolent, sadistic grin.

"Calvin Ryder. Exactly."

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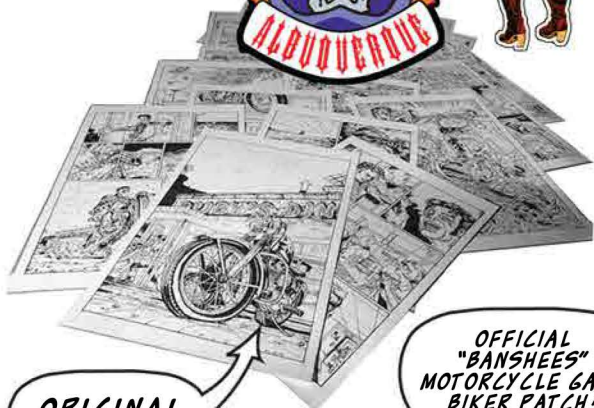
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Thank you very much for reading this. I hope you find the next installments entertaining.

Tim Linn

