

Chapter 1 – The Biker’s Salvation

Trigger warning, brutal attack and r*pe.

Nine years agoTawny

“Mama, when are you going to get our car fixed? Walking home with all these groceries is getting old,” I complained. I know I shouldn’t. Mama worked hard but the pay she got didn’t pay for much. I begged her and begged her to call Uncle Bull, but she refused. She had said on numerous occasions that Uncle Bull was an important man in Florida and that he didn’t need to be bothered by our problems. But since daddy disappeared, we’ve been struggling. He just didn’t come home one day, and then a month later our car broke down. Mama lost her job as a receptionist for a high-powered law firm because all our money went to bills, the mortgage on our house, and my extracurricular activities. I loved to dance and I also loved MMA.

My parents had enrolled me in dance at a young age. I did ballet, hip-hop, jazz, contemporary, you name it, I did it. Then I met a girl at school that was into kickboxing and martial arts, so my daddy enrolled me into the same classes she took. I’ve been doing all of that for ten years. I graduated early and started working when daddy disappeared with all of our money. At 17, I was working two jobs to help my mom make ends meet. I caught her crying one night about not being able to keep a roof over our heads. So I told her I would help. It meant putting my dreams of fighting professionally away for now, but maybe one day. I also had to drop out of dance and my MMA classes. I worked as a maid at a hotel where the rich stay in the mornings from eight to two, Thursday through Monday, and Monday through Friday. I worked as a waitress from five to midnight at a diner owned by Mr. Bob called Bob’s Diner. Mama worked at the same diner from eight in the morning to eight at night.

I had two hours before I had to be at the diner. It was Saturday, so tips should be good tonight. We decided to make our weekly grocery run a day early.

“We can’t afford it right now, Tawny,” she said.

I looked at her, she looked tired. She was still pretty at 34, she had long blonde hair, blue-gray sparkling eyes, though a little dulled with tiredness. Her skin was tanned from being in the sun since we walked everywhere. She was slim with a small bosom. She and I were the same height at 5’10.

I couldn’t understand how daddy could leave her. I always thought they were in love, at least it seemed like they were to me. I never saw him say a harsh word to her. My daddy was a tall big bald man. He often got mistaken for Shaq, the basketball player. Every Halloween he dressed up as Shaq and people would take pictures with him. He was definitely Shaq’s doppelgänger.

Which left me. They named me Tawny for my skin and hair. I loved my hair and skin. I felt unique, I was that medium golden brown color, and so was my hair. My hair was curly and soft, and I kept it cut to my chin. I got the best features from both my parents. My height from my dad and mom, my mom's blue-gray eyes, my dad's athletic ability and toned body. My bosom was bigger than my mom's though, by a lot. She said I got that from my father's mother. I had never met her, but apparently she was a big-breasted woman. My bra size was 32 D, and sometimes I hated them, because they got in the way. But sometimes I liked them, because, being a little vein, I was hot. I also had an a*s that was juicy. With my toned waist and legs and arms, you can call me JLO. Just kidding. I hope I am as hot as her when I'm fifty. I chuckled at my thoughts.

Mom and I cut through an alley, both sweating in the California heat. I've lived in Sacramento my whole life. I loved it. But the gangs lately, have been getting out of hand, and coming into the more prominent areas, robbing the richer houses. We still lived in my childhood home. With me working, we were able to keep paying the mortgage.

Before we could take the last turn to our house, four men came out of nowhere and stopped us.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? Two pretty ladies all by themselves," said a guy with dark skin, baggy clothes, a blue bandanna around his head and a backwards ball cap. There was another black guy dressed similarly, a white guy in basketball shorts and a white wife beater, also with a blue bandanna, and an Asian guy in all black, except for his blue bandanna. F*ck, I knew they were the Blue Devils Crew. They were an up-and-coming gang, trying to take over this area from the Royals. How do I know about the Royals? My ex boyfriend Roger was a Royals member. I caught him f*cking one of our teachers for a better grade. I'm glad I never gave my virginity up to him.

"Leave us alone, we don't want any trouble," I said, maneuvering my mother behind me.

"Look at the girl, shielding her pretty mama," said the white guy.

I didn't say anything, I just kept walking backwards, forcing my mother back down the alley.

"Where do you think you're going b*tch?" The Asian guy asked.

"Like I said, we don't want any trouble."

"Well, you found trouble," black guy number two said.

They rushed us. I screamed for my mom to run. I took the two grocery bags in my hand and quickly wrapped my wrists around the straps. I swung them like weapons, I was carrying the canned goods. I hit the first black guy in the face, busting his nose, and hit the second one in the head, knocking him to the ground. Both of my bags ripped, so I dropped them and got into my fighting stance. The Asian guy and I went at it. Trading

block for block. I kicked towards his head and he dodged. His eyes lit up at my fighting skills. But he was way better. He got a hit, and pain crossed my face on the left side. I kicked out again and got him in the gut. I heard him grunt and then swear. I then punched him in the nose. I heard a crack and blood oozed out of his nostrils. He growled, and charged me. I swiftly pivoted when he got close, and I used his momentum as he passed me. I kicked him in the back, and he crashed against the wall in front of him. I heard a scream and turned. I saw my mother on the ground. One of the black guys and the white guy had my mother on her back. I saw in horror how one of them was on top of her while the other held her down. The one on top hips thrust, and I screamed. I ran towards them, but right before I was about to launch myself at them, I was tackled to the ground by the other black guy, and the Asian guy. They took turns punching me. I tried to cover my head, but some punches got in, and the black guy stood and started kicking me. Dazed and exhausted, I tried to fight back. I felt my clothes getting torn off me.

“Noooo,” I screamed. I kicked out, hitting one of them in the balls. My shirt was shredded, luckily I had worn jean shorts, and I still had those on. I punched out and hit the Asian guy in the nose. He howled. I heard the roar of many engines. I looked at the front of the alley and saw six motorcycles with leather-clad bikers on them waiting at the light. I screamed loudly, hoping they would hear. I got punched in the face, and went down. The next thing I heard were gunshots. Dazed, I rolled on my stomach and got to my hands and knees. My eyes were blurry as I looked up. I was light-headed. I saw a man with a beard bend down and pick up my mother.

“Mama,” I croaked out.

A shadow came over me and I saw a blonde God. He was young and leaned down and picked me up.

“You’re okay now, Sugar. I’ve got you,” he said, in a deep voice.

“My mama,” I whispered.

“We got her, don’t worry, we’ll get you two to the hospital. I’m going to put you in a van with your mom, okay,” he said,

“Okay, I whispered. I felt safe and closed my eyes.

The next thing I knew, I was in the hospital. A nurse was checking my IV. I looked around and started to panic. I was alone.

“Mom!” I yelled.

“Hey, hey, you’re okay. Your mom is in the next room. You’ve been out for a few hours. I’m going to go get the doctor for you.”

She left and five minutes later a doctor came into my room.

“Hello. My name is Dr. Cook. From the ID I found in your bag, you are Tawny Anderson. Your mother is Camilla Amderson?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, Tawny. I know you’re still a minor, but since we couldn’t get a hold of your father, who was your mother’s emergency contact, we decided to ask your mother, even though she was in severe pain. She consented for you two to be examined and for any surgery that was needed, before she passed out.

“What? My mom passed out?”

“Honey, your mom had a brain bleed, along with a broken wrist, severe vaginal trauma, and facial trauma. We had to do surgery on her. She hasn’t woken yet. We got her bleeding under control. We are worried about her swelling, but right now, everything is under control. You suffered from a concussion, a broken nose, two broken ribs and bruising all over your face and body. You were lucky that you were not r*ped.”

I nodded, but I was thinking of my poor mother. I couldn’t save her. All my training and I couldn’t save her. Tears fell down my cheeks and I started to sob.

The doctor came over and put his hand on my shoulder.

“I was told to give you this. And also to tell you not to worry about any medical expenses. They’ve been taken care of.”

He gave me a card that said, Lords of Chaos MC, Autoshop. The name Butcher was on it. What kind of name was Butcher? The savior kind. A voice in my head said.

I thanked the doctor and asked if I could see my mom. He nodded.

I was wheeled over to her in a wheelchair. A sob broke from me when I saw her. She was all bandaged up. Her beautiful long hair was shaved off on one side, her eyes were swollen. She was black and blue.