

Chapter 11- The Biker's Salvation

My head was leaning back on Rockstar's shoulder when I heard Viper shout his claim. I snapped my head up and growled. This mother f*cker. Rockstar's fingers left me and I sighed. I looked at him and I watched with glee, as he glared at Viper, who stood about five feet away from us, and he put his fingers in his mouth to suck off my juices. His satisfied groan had Viper roaring.

I stood up fast, br*ast swaying. I cursed, because I didn't have time to put myself away as Viper launched himself towards us. Simultaneously, Rockstar and I kicked out. He with his right foot and me with my left. We both caught Viper in the face. We were raised on the stage and our kicks lined up perfectly. Viper's head snapped back, and he flipped backwards, landing on the floor face down.

I quickly buttoned up my top, then I jumped down from the stage, Rockstar right behind me. Viper got up slowly to his knees and I hauled my right fist back and punched him. His nose snapped. I heard some 'Ohh's, and oh sh*t's, and even someone shouting to get Bull.' I was so tired of Viper and his attitude. I hit him again. He brought up an arm and blocked another of my hits. I could see his eyes clear from being dazed, and he jumped to his feet. He swung at me and I ducked. I saw a fist come out of nowhere and hit Viper in the forehead. Then a booted foot kicked out and kicked him in the gut. Viper dropped to his knees. I heard my name and I looked up, Shane tossed me the end of the collar chain and he and Dawson moved closer to us. I caught the chain and wrapped it around Viper's throat.

"What the f*ck do you think you are doing?" I shouted into his face.

"You are my f*cking woman. I have a claim on you," he gritted out, his hands at his throat, as he tried to get his fingers in between his throat and the chain.

"Are you his Old Lady?" Rockstar asked me.

I looked at him, "No. I turned him down. He isn't the faithful type, and I deserve to be someone's one and only," I said. His hard eyes softened, and he nodded.

"Why are you saying you have a claim on her?" He asked Viper.

"Not your f*cking business," Viper spit out.

"What's going on here?"

I looked up at my uncle. "He's trying to make a claim on me. He didn't like Rockstar and I getting it on."

"He asked me for you," Bull said.

“And I turned him down. When I did, he got pissed, and tried to force himself on me.”

“WHAT!” Both Rockstar and Bull shouted.

The music had been turned off by this time and every biker in the club was listening to the drama. Deep inhales and grumblings went around the room. Every woman who is asked to be an Old Lady has a right to decline.

“It wasn’t like that. I was just trying to show her how good it is between us.”

“We f*cked a handful of times, Viper. Why would you even think I would be your Old Lady? You f*ck other women and I f*ck other men. When a couple gets together they should be just with each other unless their dynamic is different, like Bull and Tami’s dynamic. Or even Shane’s and Dawson’s. They are committed to each other but don’t mind sharing. That was never our dynamic. We just used each other for some fun.”

“Not true, I love you, can you please stop choking me?”

I let up on the chain, and unwrapped it. He coughed and got to his feet. Blood oozed from his nose as he stared at me.

“You’re everything I’ve ever looked for in a woman,” he said. I scoffed.

“Weren’t you just letting that random blonde over there suck you off? If you were so in love with me, why weren’t you with me tonight? I don’t love you. Get that through your thick skull. There was nothing between us except for some quick f*cks.”

“You’re always with those two. I’ve watched you f*ck them and others. H*ll you and Barbie put on a show a month ago, and then you let those two f*ck the both of you after,” he said, pointing at Shane and Dawson.

“That was a good night,” I heard Barbie say. There were some that voiced their agreement. I smirked.

“I was letting you have your fun before I claimed you,” Viper said.

“You never even told me you caught feelings. I would have told you to save your claim for someone else. You need to f*ck off. I have someone I want to be with tonight.”

“I said, no!” He shouted at me.

I looked at Bull and he nodded at me. I looked at Granger, the VP, and India the SGT At Arms. They both nodded at me too. I met the eyes of every other ranked member. Only one shook his head at me, but then the majority ruled in Bull’s club. I was the club princess. Bull’s rule was, I had a say in what goes on in the club, even when it comes to members disrespecting those that were close to the club, and that included the women of

the club. It wasn't something other cubs allowed, but that's why I loved Bull so much. He let me have a little power, and I liked that.

"Your ranked brothers just voted. They are allowing me to give you your punishment for trying to force yourself on me. You may not have meant that to be the case, but that's what you did."

I looked at the whole club. "I suggest that Viper be stripped of his Enforcer rank. He can be a regular club member and work his way back. Maybe then he'll learn that women are in charge of their own bodies, and they are allowed to f*ck who they want. Your pride is your downfall, Viper. I am not your Old Lady, nor do I want to be."

There were cheers from the women in the club. Viper glared at me. I turned my back on him. He did something that I'd never thought he would ever do. I never thought he was stupid, but I was proven wrong. A great roar went up into the air, I heard others shout. Before I could turn around, Rockstar had his gun out, and he shot it. I turned and saw Viper frozen, his arm raised with his combat knife in his hand. He was going to stab me? What in the holy h*ll possessed him to have the balls to do that? His body swayed, his arm dropped, and he looked at the hole in his chest. Then his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he dropped. He wasn't dead, but he was going to wish he was.

"Get this mother f*cker out of my clubhouse. He is stripped of his rank and cut. He is no longer a member of this club. Torch! Get him strung up in the shed. I want his tattoo removed," Bull shouted.

Club brothers moved into action. Bull made a gesture with his hand and the music blared back on. People looked around but eventually they started to party again. Bull stomped towards me. I noticed he had just thrown on his pants. He was barefoot and shirtless. I snorted.

"Why didn't you tell me he attacked you?" He demanded.

"I took care of it at the time. I was trying to avoid what just happened. I thought he had gotten the message."

"Next time someone attacks you Tawny, you f*cking tell me. I almost lost you once, never again."

My eyes glittered with tears. "Uncle, never again. I won't ever let what happened before to me and mama, happen again. I promise."

He leaned down and put his forehead to mine. "I love you. Go have some fun," he said, kissing me on the forehead and then stomping away.

"Thank you. You probably saved my life."

“You’re welcome. You’re a pretty tough chick.”

“I’ve had to be,” I said. I took his hand after he put his gun away. I brought him back to the throne.

“Let me show you how much I appreciate you saving my life.”

“You don’t have to do that, sweetness. Let me hold you for a minute,” he said. He grabbed me by the hips and lifted me. He made me straddle him. He brought up his hand and moved my hair out of my face. He looked into my eyes.

“You are so beautiful. Your eyes are so unique, your skin is so soft. Your lips are plump. I want to taste them,” he said to me. He leaned in and kissed me. His tongue ran over the seam of my lips and I opened them. He caressed his tongue with mine and I moaned. He kissed so sensually. My panties were becoming soaked. He made love to my mouth and my body started to vibrate, I was so turned on.

“You’re going to let me touch you, and I’m going to enjoy this,” he whispered.

He kept kissing me as his hand slowly caressed my neck and moved to the top of my breasts. His lips followed the same path. I leaned my head to the side to give him more access to my neck. I moaned when he nipped where my neck met my shoulder. His nimble fingers popped the buttons on my top and my breasts burst free. He filled his palms with them. He kneaded my breasts as he kissed down and then took a nipple into his mouth. He sucked it hard, and I inhaled. God, it was good. My nipples were extremely sensitive. I mewled and started grinding on him. I could feel his hard bulge in his pants. He moved to the other nipple, sucking it into his mouth and biting it lightly. I exploded. I dry humped him like my life depended on it. So fucking good. I cried out, holding his head to me. When I came down from my high, I looked at him.

“That was one,” he said, smiling at me. How many more were there going to be?

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F*ck, this girl was something else. She was tough and s*xxy. The way she put that a*shole in his place was such a f*cking turn on. Not to mention, she was right about seeing a beautiful woman dominate over two men. My c*ck was bursting for some attention. I would not mind her taking charge of me sometime.

Now though, having her in my lap and her c*mming just from me playing with her gorgeous t*ts, was beautiful. The way her face glowed from her pleasure. Her lips parted, her head slightly back. I needed to see it again. When she opened her blue-gray eyes, they seemed to be almost silver with lust, I groaned. I needed to taste more of her. I stood up with her in my arms and I sat her on the throne. I kneeled in front of her. I looked at her as she watched my every move. I slowly slipped her thong down her thick luscious thighs

and over her s*xy a*s boots. I brought them to my nose and inhaled. She closed her eyes and moaned.

“Eyes on me baby,” I said, lowly.

Her eyes snapped open, and she bit her bottom lip. F*ck, one day I was going to have my c*ck between those pillowy lips. I grabbed her and moved her to the edge of the throne. She leaned back panting. I put her legs over my shoulders and used my thumbs to spread her p*ssy wide. I could see her wetness slipping out of her. She was juicy and pink.

“F*cking stunning,” I said. Then I leaned down, and slowly licked from her entrance to swirl around her clit. Her hips lifted and she let out a cry. That’s right baby, let them hear you. I dove in. She tasted like peaches, she was so f*cking delicious. I licked her over and over, up and down, then I speared her with my tongue. She writhed in her pleasure. I had to hold her down with my hands holding her hips in place. I f*cked her with my tongue, curling it inside her, moving my tongue in and out. Her body tightened and she screamed. I latched on to her cl*t and flicked my tongue over it, to prolong her orgasm. Her juices flowed, and I lapped them up until she was clean.

Moving fast, I unbuttoned my pants, grabbed a c*ndom from my pocket, sheathed myself and grabbing her, I slammed her on my c*ck as I leaned back on my knees. She wrapped her legs around my waist. Her hands went to my shoulders. She started f*cking me. I was in awe of her, as she bounced on me and swiveled her hips. Her teardrop br*asts swaying with her moves had me mesmerized. She clenched around me and I groaned. She was so hot. Her hips pistoned, and I couldn’t take it anymore. I grabbed her a*s, and I bounced her on me.

“Harder, harder!” She screamed.

I held her up and snapped my hips back up and down with a speed I didn’t even know I had in me. When I thrust up, I brought her body slamming down. She threw her head back and screamed. Liquid coated both of us, and a roar went through the club. I forgot we had an audience which just heightened her pleasures and mine more. She shook with another orgasm, crying out. I could see her becoming exhausted, but I wasn’t done. She felt so f*cking good. I took her off of me, and I put her on all fours. I put pressure between her shoulder blades, and she knew what I was getting at. She lowered her head to her folded forearms and arched her back. I slammed back into her, gripping her hips, thrusting with all I had. I f*cked her senseless.

“You’re such a good f*cking girl, Sweetness. This p*ssy was made for me,” I growled into her ear, bending over her, grinding into her. I was so deep, she was whimpering. I sat up and pulled out until my tip was just at her entrance and slammed back in with long languid strokes.

“Oh, My GOOODD!” She screamed, and she convulsed. More juices splashed out over me, soaking the front of my jeans, but I didn’t care. More cheers went up around us. And with

three final thrusts, I threw back my head and roared my completion. F*ck it felt so good. Her velvety walls gripped me. If I didn't know better, it felt like I was raw in her. I pumped a couple more times because it felt so good. I looked down as I pulled back and froze. My c*m was seeping out of her. Oh sh*t. I pulled all the way out and saw that the c*ndom broke. No! F*ck.

I quickly lifted my pants, not bothering to button them. I lifted her into my arms, and carried her quickly down the hall where I knew all the bedrooms were. I slammed into the first room that had an open door. I kicked the door shut, and went into the bathroom where I sat her on the toilet. I then started the shower. She was still in a post-orgasmic haze, or else I was sure she would be freaking out. I stripped my clothes off, and discarded the broken c*ndom. Then I undressed her and got us into the shower.

"That was amazing," she said, mumbling into my shoulder as I held her. I loved how tall she was. She fit perfectly in my arms.

"Baby, I have something to tell you."

She looked up at me with a satisfied smile.

"The c*ndom broke."

For a minute she just stared at me, and then her eyes widened.

"Sh*t, I'm ahh, I'm clean. I get tested every couple of months. And I haven't had s*x since my last test," she blurted out.

I didn't even think about diseases. My mind went to baby.

"I'm clean too. We get tested every three months. I use a c*ndom every time I've had s*x. But I've had s*x a couple of times this week so, I will go get tested immediately. We have an in-house doctor and nurse and a small clinic on the compound that is fully equipped. I'll get results in twenty-four hours."

"You have s*x a lot?" She asked.

"Well, lately. Sorry."

"Don't apologize," she said with a small smile.

"Well, I wasn't thinking about diseases, I was more thinking about pregnancy," I said to her.

Her eyes widened again, obviously that didn't go through her mind.

“I um, I’m not on birth control. I’ve tried many kinds and if I don’t break out in hives, I gain a cr*p ton of weight. So, I just use c*ndoms.”

I nodded. I knew some women were sensitive to birth control.

“Okay, well, if you do end up pregnant, know that I will be there for you. Whatever decision you make, I will support you. I know we don’t know each other, but I am a man of my word.”

She smiled at me again, “Okay.”

We finished showering in silence. I couldn’t keep my hands to myself, her body was just too lovely. I helped her wash. She sighed and giggled when our hands came into contact with each other. I kissed her shoulders and neck and I caressed her all over.

“You’re f*cking perfect. Can I stay with you tonight?”

“I have a room here, or you can come to my house. I live a mile away with my mother and her nurse.”

“How about we stay here? If I wake up in the middle of the night and want you again, I’d hate for your mother to hear you scream.”

She bit her lip and nodded. We got out of the shower. Neither of us had extra clothes. I wrapped a towel around my waist and put my cut on. It made her laugh and I smiled. She had a great laugh. She wrapped another towel around her head and body. We gathered our clothes and shoes and walked out of the room. I followed her out into the common area. It was a f*ck fest. Everyone was f*cking someone. There were threesomes, foursomes, and I think that chick Barbie, I think her name was, had five guys with her. Girl was a pro. We ran up the stairs and, to my surprise, her room was my old room.

“This used to be my room,” I said to her.

“Really? Then I have something for you.”

I watched as she went to her closet. I heard her rummaging around, and she came out with a shoebox.

“I found this under the dresser.”

I froze. I knew exactly what was in it. I could feel my palms sweat as she handed it to me.

“I opened it. There is a pink thong, a ring, a lock of red hair and a picture of a very beautiful redhead.”

“I know, “ I croaked as I walked over to her bed and sat down. My knees had gone weak. How did I forget this?”

“Who is she?”

“She was my Old Lady, Amber,” I whispered.

“She’s the name you have on your chest?”

I nodded.

“Can I ask what happened?”

I looked at her. Her eyes were soft and caring. I was surprised to see no pity there and that had me opening up.

“She was killed, right in front of me. Her uncle had put a hit out on her, for the money she inherited. A hit man shot her. The bullet went through me and into her head. She was pregnant with our child.” I could feel the tears running down my cheek.

I heard her gasp, “ I’m so sorry, Rockstar.”

I nodded, as I picked up the red bundle of her hair. It was still soft. I brought it up to my nose and inhaled. I was devastated to find out that her smell was gone. My hand shook as I picked up her photo.

“She was so beautiful.”

“She was. She was so fun too. She was always happy and excited about club life. She was soft and kind. She never had a bad word for anyone. Well, except those that wronged her friends and loved ones.

“You loved her, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“I’m glad you found love in your life, and she was loved by you. That’s really special. I’m sorry it was taken from you. I hope one day to find someone to love me like you loved her and to love someone.”

“You’ve never been in love?”

“No. I’ve never had time. I’ve been studying and working all my life. It took me a long time to finally get my degrees in Nutrition and Physical Therapy.”

“Why those fields?”

“My mother and I were attacked nine years ago by four members of a gang. They beat us, and two of them r*ped my mother. We were saved by some bikers. They killed them and took us to the hospital.”

“Wait, that was you?”

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“What do you mean?” She asked.

“Nine years ago, half the club went to California to see about opening a chapter there. My Prez, Butcher, had decided it wasn’t worth it and reported that back to the main chapter. We had stopped at a stop light when we heard screaming. We immediately saw two women being attacked and we took action. I picked up a young girl covered in blood, and Butcher picked up a crying woman. We put them in our traveling van and took them to the hospital and paid for their medical bills. Butcher gave the doctor a card in case the girl and woman needed anything else, but he never heard from them.”

“That was me, and my mama. You killed my attackers?”

“I did. I was a prospect at the time. I got patched that summer.”

“Oh, my God. What a small world. I’ve wanted to thank you and your club for the longest time,” she said. She threw her arms around my neck. I balanced the shoebox on my lap and patted her arms.

“You’ve saved my life twice now.”

I smiled at her. I looked down at the shoebox and put the lid back on. I set it on the floor at my feet. I suddenly felt exhausted.

“Tired?” she asked.

I nodded. She helped me take off my cut. I watched as she walked over to her door and hung it on the back of the door. She then dropped her towels by the door and walked into the bathroom. She was in there for about twenty minutes. I leaned back on the bed. It was a huge California King. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jo b n I b . c o=m . Visit J o b n I b-c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I was naked after dropping my towel and throwing it by the door. I had put my clothes on a chair to air out. She came out with a red silk bonnet with a bow on the front, on her head. She looked cute, naked with just that on.

“I have to wear this to protect my hair,” she said.

“It’s cute. I like it. Pretty color. Red suits you.”

She beamed at me, "Thank you."

She turned off the lights and climbed into bed. We both got under the covers. I wrapped myself around her.

"Is this okay?"

"Yes, it's nice."

We were lying there when I heard feet running down the hall. What the h*ll.

Her door burst open, and before I could react, huge bodies landed behind both of us.

"Tawny, I'm h*rny. Shane won't touch me, he's continuing your punishment. Tell him to stop."

I heard, as a big body snuggled up behind me, and I felt a hard on against my a*s.

"If you don't get the f*ck off of me, I am going to kick your f*cking a*s and snap off your d*ck that's poking me," I said, deadly calm.

"Oh, sh*t, you're not alone," said the guy, who I can only assume, is one of her best friends.

"And you're not moving," I growled. I could hear Tawny giggling. Her snorts were covered against my chest.

The body got off of me, and the lights snapped on.

I looked over my shoulder and yep, it was one of her friends. The white guy.

"Hi, I'm Dawson, that over there behind our girl is Shane, my boyfriend."

"Our girl?" I said, with a raised brow.

"Yeah. We all f*ck her, so our girl," he said, cheekily.

"We haven't f*cked in over a month. Stop trying to piss Rockstar off."

"Are you guys naked under here? Can we join?" Shane asked, as he was trying to get under the covers, but I had tucked them under both of us.

"No you two goobers, get out. Go find another bedroom," Tawny said.

"But Tawny, Shane won't play with me. Come on, we can have a Tawny sandwich with a side of Rockstar."

I snarled at him, and he chuckled.

“Yeah, we can each take a hole. Tawny will love it.”

I actually paused at that. The image had me hardening.

“Stop, right now. And you, put that monster away, I am tired.”

I looked at her. “It’s a good idea.”

“Yes, see. I knew I liked you,” Dawson said.

“No. Go away. I have no more energy,” she whined.

I felt kind of guilty, wait, nope, that was pride. I wore her out. My sh*t eating grin, split my face. Both Shane and Dawson snorted.

“Fine, you’re no fun. Another time then. Come on Shane, I want that c*ck down my throat.”

Shane kissed Tawny on the head and winked at me. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. I shrugged it off. When the lights went out, and the door shut, I snuggled close to Tawny. She sighed and so did I. I fell asleep soon after.

I was sitting under Amber’s tree, the sun was shining, and a breeze rustled the leaves. I sighed in contentment, spending time with my girl, a smile on my face, eyes closed.

“Why are you so happy?”

My eyes snapped open and Amber sat there, across from me, in a white sundress. Her wild red hair flamed in the sunlight. She looked beautiful. I felt tears spring into my eyes.

“Amber,” I whispered.

“Hi, baby. Why the smile?”

“I feel content. I’m spending some time with you.”

“No, I don’t think that’s what it is.”

“What do you mean? Of course, it is.”

“It’s okay, Rockstar. You can admit it, especially to yourself.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I like her. She’s made you smile and laugh. She’s made you feel good. You didn’t feel guilty after having s*x with her.”

I froze at her words. She was right. I didn’t feel guilty after having s*x with Tawny. She did make me smile and laugh. I felt carefree with her. That familiar ache was creeping into my chest.

“Stop it. Don’t feel that way. I like her. You need to move on.”

“I don’t want to. You were my life, we were going to have a baby.”

“But we didn’t and I died. You can have another life with her.”

“I have no life without you.”

She sighed. “Hunter. You’re only twenty-eight.

“So?”

“You can’t keep doing this to yourself. Having s*x with random women and then forgetting about them, or treating them badly. That’s not you.”

“It is me, now.”

“You can be happy with her. Start a family with her. She’s been hurt differently than you. Her heart needs to heal too. She needs to know that she doesn’t always have to be the strong one, that she can lean on someone. That someone could be you. You need to love again, you have so much to give.”

“I don’t know if I can love someone that’s not you.”

“You can still love me. I was your first Old Lady, but we didn’t have a lot of time together. She can be yours, forever.”

“I don’t know.”

“You have to let me go.”

“No!”

I jerked awake. Tawny is still in my arms. I didn’t know what time it was. It was slightly dark in the room, I could see the sky lightening through the curtains.

I rubbed my hands up and down Tawny’s arms. The dream disturbed me. I must have dreamed of her because of the shoebox.

Tawny shifted and rolled over. I rolled with her. Her a*s bumped my groin, and I felt myself harden. I wanted her. Was it a betrayal to Amber, if I had s*x with Tawny, right after dreaming of her? How can you betray someone who is dead? It was just a dream. Tawny was right here in the flesh. She wiggled, my d*ck was poking her behind.

“Rockstar?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“Put it in me,” she demanded.

“I don’t have a c*ndom.”

“Oh. How about you just slip it between my p*ssy?”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I slipped myself between her folds. She was dripping. My girl wakes up wet and h*rny. Wait? My girl? The thought went out of my head as she clenched her thighs, and she tightened around me.

“That feels so good,” she moaned.

It did, it f*cking did. I held on to her hip and moved faster, my d*ck sliding through her. I was hitting her cli*t when my tip passed over it. Her little hitches of breath spurned me on. Back and forth, I glided through her. I was going to c*m, I reached around and pinched her right n*pple, as I thrust faster. Her body shook and she moaned as she orgasmed. I thrust twice more before pulling back, and rolling her onto her stomach. I shot my load all over her a*s. Light started to peek through her curtains. I grinned as I saw my c*m on her cheeks. I rubbed it into her skin. Satisfied pleasure shot through me, knowing I marked her like this. She let out a little moan and fell back to sleep. I kissed up her spine and ended at her ear.

“I have to go, Beautiful. Get my number from Bull. Come to family day on Sunday? I know Butcher would love to see you.

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“I need you to run to the docks. You’re to meet a guy named Jones. Take the van, he’ll load twelve boxes into it, and then I need you to drive to the storage unit, and I’ll have some prospects waiting there for you. I want you to take India. I know you don’t need the protection, but it’ll make me feel better.”

I nodded as Bull gave me instructions for the day.

“So, I have some news I found out last night. You know Rockstar, the guy Viper had a fit about? It was his club that saved mama and I, nine years ago.”

“What? It was the Lords of Chaos? Butcher’s chapter?”

“Yeah. Rockstar told me he killed my attackers, and I assume he did mama’s too. Or his President Butcher did. He was the one that picked up mama, and they took us to the hospital and paid our bills.”

“Holy sh*t! Now I’m even more grateful for my friendship with that club. Huh, small world.”

“That’s what I said.”

“So, you and Rockstar?”

“What about us? Oh, and I need his number please. He said you had it.”

“You seeing him now? What about the freaks?” He asked, as he got his phone out of his pocket and sent me a text with Rockstar’s number.

“Dawson and Shane are just friends, Uncle Bull. We’re just comfortable with each other. Shane and Dawson are the couple in our dynamic. I don’t know about Rockstar. We just had some fun last night, that’s all.”

“You could do worse. He’s a good kid. But just so you know, he had an Old Lady he lost a couple of years ago. That sticks with a man.”

“I know. He told me. I feel for him, but he’s lucky to have that experience. Some of us have never had that. I’m not even sure I’m capable of loving, or if I’m even lovable.”

“What’s this nonsense? Of course, you’re lovable.”

“You have to say that you’re my uncle. No, out of all the men I’ve had in my life, I’ve kept them at a distance. I’ve never felt that spark with someone. Well, I felt something new with Rockstar, but I can’t really tell you what it was.”

“It’s called lust at first sight,” Bull said.

“Uncle!” I laughed. “No, it was more like, ‘Oh look there he is,’ I don’t know how to explain it.”

“Sounds like what happened with your Aunt Tami. She had me when she called me an a*shole and then punched me, when she walked by, and I grabbed her a*s. Here was this little thing, and she was a spitfire. You remind me of her. Always the first one to finish a fight and the first to jump in and help a friend.”

“That’s a nice compliment. I love Aunt Tami.”

“She loves you. But seriously. Rockstar is a good guy, you are lovable, and you are capable of loving someone.”

“If you say so,” I said, disbelieving him. I knew the truth. I’m good for a f*ck, I’ve always been. I’ve never been anyone’s first choice. I’m okay with that. No heartbreak that way. Rockstar is fun, and I’m sure I’m fun for him right now.

“He asked me to come to a family day at his club tomorrow. I’m going to bring mama, maybe seeing the ones that saved us will help her.”

“Won’t hurt to find out. Plus, new scenery would be good for her. Well, since you are going there tomorrow. I want you to take this and give it to Butcher. Tell him thank you from the bottom of my heart. And give this to Rockstar. I could never repay either of them for saving two of my favorite girls, but it’s a start.”

He handed me a case with his prized antique Winchester 1873 shotgun. My Uncle Bull was a huge gun collector. He loved going to auctions and finding rare weapons. I knew this one was worth around 140 thousand dollars, give or take a thousand. I was flabbergasted. Then he handed me a smaller case that had an STI International Combat Master Taran Tactical 2011 that I knew cost fifteen thousand dollars.

“You really love us,” I whispered.

“Girl, you d*mn well know I do. I’d give up my whole gun collection for the three of you. You, Tami, and your mama are my everything. Your mama was my brother’s wife, but she gave me you. You are like my daughter, Tawny. You’re the closest I’ll ever get to having my own children.”

“Oh, Uncle.” I got up and set the small case on his desk. I rounded it and hugged him. “ I love you too.”

“Okay, enough with this mushy stuff. Go do your job.”

“Yes sir,” I said, with a cocky salute.

*

Rockstar

The dream about Amber really bothered me. I knew it was just my subconscious that conjured her into my dream, especially with Tawny giving me the shoebox, but the conversation shook me. Deep down, I knew I needed to let Amber go. That it was unhealthy for me to keep hanging on like she was still here, and I was betraying her with each f*ck I did. But I didn’t think about her once, after Tawny and I f*cked. Normally, guilt slammed into me after each s*xual encounter, but it didn’t after Tawny. All I thought

about was getting back inside her, or how good it felt to hold her. That I never did. I never slept with the women I had s*x with.

Even when I jolted awake this morning, the moment I felt Tawny in my arms, the dream was forgotten. She was f*cking magic. There was also the fact, I actually liked her. She was strong and independent. She took no sh*t from anyone and the sass was a huge turn on.

I needed to see her again. I'm glad I asked her to come to family day tomorrow. I couldn't wait. I made my way downstairs, I smiled at the smell in the house.

"What is that smell? My stomach perked up," I said, walking into the kitchen. I ruffled Billy's hair. "Hey Buddy."

"Mama's making Italian Wedding soup. She says it's Papa Roberto's favorite."

"It is? Wow, lucky Papa Roberto," I said, grinning at Angela, who was blushing furiously, as she stirred a pot on the stove.

"I've made plenty for you to have a bowl or two."

"Awesome, I love Italian Wedding soup. So, I was thinking, Angela. You said your dream was to open a diner one day. I'm looking to investing in a restaurant. Why not invest in a diner that I can be a silent partner in?"

She gasped and spun around to face me.

"Are you serious, Rockstar? You would do that for me?"

"Yes, and I know the perfect location. It's right across from our old clubhouse. We own the strip mall across from the Venegeful Angels clubhouse. We rent out space there. There's a Browns Shoe store, a Buckle, a Baby plus store, an accountants' office and a Dollar Store. I think a diner would be perfect there. Lots of foot traffic.

"Thank you, thank you. When do you think we can make this happen?"

"I'll talk to Clown, Butcher and Beast tomorrow on Family Day. We can check out the vacant stores that are there now, and see what would work to convert into a diner. I bet we can get it up and running in three months."

"That fast? Oh, I'm so excited. I need to work on a menu and find staff to interview. I know a couple of women that could use a job down at the women's shelter."

"Okay, well, can I get a bowl to take with me to the clubhouse? I have to go talk to Butcher about something."

“Oh, yes. Here, take one to Butcher too.”

She ladeled out two big bowls and I walked to my truck. A minute later, I pulled up to the clubhouse.

I walked into the clubhouse and groaned. Aja was sitting at the bar talking to Hammer, one of the club brothers. He was an okay guy that was patched a year ago. A little eager to please, but an alright guy. He got his road name because he liked to use a hammer to beat a*sholes with when he got into a fight, or when we needed some people to be taken care of.

They both looked over when I walked in. Aja’s face lit up, and so did Hammer’s.

I nodded to Hammer, and he nodded back with a huge grin. I ignored Aja, as I walked back to Butcher’s office.

I hit my boot against Butcher’s office door. I have learned my lesson like the rest of us, that we do not just walk in anymore. We have all walked in on him and Kiki one too many times.

“Enter!”

I opened his door and saw he was alone, working.

“Hungry? Angela made some soup.”

“F*ck yes. I love my woman, but she can’t cook worth sh*t. Neither can any of these new prospects.

He pulled out plastic spoons from the top drawer of his desk and we dug in. We both moaned in unison. It was so f*cking good.

The door burst open, and a furious Kiki came rushing in.

“What’s going on, baby?” Butcher asked, pausing in eating his soup.

She looked around scowling, then looked at me and her brows furrowed.

“Why did I hear moaning? I was just coming to see if you were hungry. I was going to make a grilled cheese sandwich. Do you have a b*tch in here, Butcher?”

My eyes widened. What the f*ck was up with Kiki? I’ve never seen her like this. She’s usually so sweet.

“No, sweet girl. I would never. I was just eating some soup, see?” He said, holding up his bowl.

She scowled and walked towards him. She leaned over and sniffed, and then I saw her eyes roll to the back of her head.

“That smells so goood. Give me,” she said, and snatched the bowl out of Butcher’s hands, sat on his lap, and started scarfing down the soup.

I looked at Butcher, my mouth agape.

He smiled at me. I was so confused.

“So what brings you here?” he asked.

“Oh, right. Um, I’ve invited Tawny to Family Day tomorrow. Guess what? Do you remember that woman and young girl we helped nine years ago? They were being attacked by some thugs?”

“Yeah, we brought them to the hospital and paid for their bill. I’ve always wondered what happened to them.”

“They were Tawny and her mother.”

“What the f*ck? Bull’s niece?”

“Yeah. Can you believe that?”

“Wow, small world.”

“Seriously. So I invited her.”

“Wow, I can’t believe it was her and her mom. I didn’t even recognize her.”

“Well, she was young and covered in blood. I didn’t recognize her either.

Chapter 15 – The Biker’s Salvation

When I was done washing her, I dressed her in her underwear after putting her in her chair. I braided her silvery blonde hair that fell to her waist. I didn’t want to cut it without her permission. I gave it a little trim, but that was it. The same with dying her hair. I needed her permission. I put a little lip gloss and light blush on her. She was so beautiful. I smiled and kissed her cheek. I walked to her closet and pulled out a yellow sundress and dressed her and put on white sandals. I then walked to my room and dressed in a peach sundress. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jo b n I b . c o = m. Visit Jo b n I b - c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I put my hair into two space buns. I loved my air. It was naturally curly, but I got lucky, and it didn’t take much to style my hair. Just a little product, and I could do just about anything. Maybe

at twenty-six, I was a little old for space buns, but I did not care. I slipped on some white sandals also. "We look a pair, mama," I said, as I rolled her out of her room. I locked up our house and rolled her into the van that I drive when I take her anywhere. I opened the side door and rolled her chair in. I locked it in place and got her secure.

"I'm excited. I haven't told you much about Rockstar. He's different. I feel weird around him, a little less stressed I guess you could say. He makes me smile and laugh. The boys like him too. They both think he's good for me. Right now we've just had one night, but it seems like it's been longer. We shared a lot. He's hurting mama. I hope I can lessen his hurt a little. Maybe, while we enjoy each other's company, I can help him feel at ease. At least, until he no longer wants my company. Because we both know that's going to happen sooner or later, don't we?" I spoke as I drove. One thing about her being like this, is I can say anything to her, and she won't give me any unwanted advice.

Men don't stay in my life. The only constant men are my Uncle and my two best friends. But they aren't mine, are they? If I left, they would be sad, sure, but they'd move on with their lives. I could die tomorrow, and no one would care about it for too long. They'd mourn, and then I'd be just a thought. Because I have never been anyone's great love.

Viper would argue I was his. I scoff at the thought. He's delusional. If I accepted being his Old Lady, he'd be satisfied for a month tops, before he started cheating on me with the club girls, or the hanger-ons.

No, I'm better off just with hook-ups. No heartbreak. I followed the directions Rockstar gave me when I texted him earlier. I told him I was bringing my mom, and he expressed that he was glad I was. I hope Butcher was okay with it. About forty minutes later, I pulled up to a walled compound with a massive iron gate with a huge black skull and bones on it, surrounded by trees. It was peaceful out here. A massive man stepped up to my van. I rolled down the window.

"Hi, I'm here for Family Day. Rockstar invited me."

"Hello, sweetheart. I'm Angus. Who's the beautiful lady in the back?"

"That's my mother Camilla. If she talked, she'd thank you for the compliment."

"Can she sign? I sign, my mother was deaf."

"No. She doesn't communicate."

"Hmm, maybe I'll come by and say hi a little later."

"She's 43 years old," I said. He seemed a little too interested in my mother.

"Darlin, I'm fifty-six. The only reason a prospect isn't out here right now is because I gave him a break to grab some food."

“D*mn, you look good for fifty-six,” I wasn’t lying, I thought he was mid thirties.

He beamed at me, “Thank you,” he said, then looked at my mama. “I’ll see you a little later Cami, sweet thing like you needs someone to chat with.” He knocked his knuckles on top of the roof and pushed a button on a small box, hanging from his jeans.

“You have an admirer, mama,” I said, looking at her in the rearview mirror. I had to do a double take, because I could have sworn there was a twinkle in her eye and a small smile on her face. I stopped the van just inside the compound and turned and looked at her. But her face was neutral again. Hmmm.

I drove forward and parked the van. Rockstar came bursting out of the clubhouse as I got out. He came up to me and picked me up in a bear hug.

“Hi,” he said, and gave me a kiss on my forehead when he put me down.

I was shocked at his exuberant greeting.

“Um, hi. How have you been?”

“I’m good, I’m glad you’re here.”

I smiled, “Great, I’m glad to be here.” This was so f*cking awkward.

I walked around him and opened the side door. And I heard Rockstar take a sharp inhale.

“She’s hardly changed. Her hair is a little more silver and longer, but her face is the same.”

I saw my mama’s eyes flicker. Oh, God. I had a feeling something was going to change today. My heartbeat picked up its pace.

“What’s her name?” He asked.

“Camilla.”

“Hello, Camilla. I’m Rockstar, I don’t know if you remember me, but I was there the day you were attacked. I killed your attackers. I am so happy to see you,” he said softly to her. And then he leaned down and kissed her cheek.

When he straightened he beamed at her, then he moved behind her chair and pushed her. I walked alongside them, with the cases from Bull. I was speechless. I swear my mama had emotion in her eyes. What would happen when she saw Butcher?

“What are those?” Rockstar asked.

“You’ll see. I want to wait to talk to Butcher before I show you.

We walked into the clubhouse, it was different from ours. So much bigger with a ton of space. There were multiple couches, chairs and tables. Pinball machines, pool tables. A giant screen t.v. and Lia’s wonderful paintings. The club was black, white and red all over. There was a huge bar with ten bar stools around it. Half the floor was wooden, the other half was carpeted. There was a stage with three stripper poles that seemed to be standard in all the clubs I’ve been to. There were giant speakers with a docking station for someone’s phone, to play music.

We walked past all of that and through a wide door and out the back to the yard. There were a lot of little kids running around, most of them toddlers, a few kindergartners, some teens and young adults. A lot of the brothers and women that I assumed were Old Ladies and girlfriends. They were dressed comfortably. There were a lot of picnic tables and a huge barbeque area. And there was still a lot of space. This compound was something else. Its own little town.

“This place is incredible.”

“I know right. This is just the clubhouse. A mile out, the individual houses begin.”

“Wow.”

I followed Rockstar as I gawked everywhere, and we came to a massive picnic table that had people sitting at it.

“Everyone, this Tawny, some of you know her. Tawny, the ones I don’t think you know are, Dozer, Ripper, their women Cassie and Becs or Becca, as the women call her, over there are Clown and Bear, Rachel and Carrie, Volly, Betty and Chance. Then there is River and Bane, Hex and Owen and Doc and Lacy. I think you know the rest. Guys, this is Tawny and her mother Camilla.” I waved at the chorus of hello’s and hi’s.

“Tawny, I’m so glad you came. I don’t think I’ve introduced my husband to you. This is Beast, and these munchkins are Olivia and Isobel. Our little Hunter is running around with Billy, Narissa and Cameron.”

“Hi Lia. Beast it’s nice to meet you. How are the paintings coming?”

“I’m actually done. They’re both in the drying process. You’ll have them by Wednesday.”

“Excellent. I can’t wait for mama to see them.”

“Hello everyone, who do we have here?”

I turned to the thick Italian accent. Jesus, the men around here are f*cking gorgeous.

“Roberto, this is Tawny and her mother, Camilla. Tawny this is Papa Roberto. He’s Cassie’s and Becs dad and Angela’s boyfriend?”

“Hush, boy. I am more than just her boyfriend. That’s such a juvenile word,” he snapped at Rockstar.

“Especially at your age,” Rockstar said. The table roared with laughter.

Roberto glared at Rockstar, but then his face softened as he looked at me.

“You must be special,” he said.

I looked at him confused, but then he looked at my mama.

“Camilla, it is nice to meet you.”

“She doesn’t communicate,” I said to him.

“Sure she does, it’s in her eyes.”