

Chapter 2 – The Biker’s Salvation

Rockstar

I laughed as my one-year old twin nieces smashed their faces, in their individual birthday cakes. Chocolate covered them both from their heads to their cute bellies. Lia had taken off their birthday outfits so they wouldn’t stain them. Both of their blonde heads had little whale spout ponytails, and they were just the cutest little girls. Their blue eyes glittered with happiness. I felt a small pang of sadness, but I was getting better about all the children being born and celebrating their milestones. It’s been two years since I lost my Angel and our unborn child. I can smile now and enjoy the little moments like this. But when it came to women, I had no interest in relationships. I either just f*cked or get sucked. I didn’t spend the night, go on dates, or cuddle. I was in and out, sometimes I didn’t even care if the woman got off, just as long as I did.

I nodded at Beast as he came over with my two-and-half year-old nephew, my namesake Hunter. He saw me and squealed. He launched out of his father’s arms and I caught him when he landed in mine.

“Hey little man,” I said, bringing my forehead to his. We looked into each other’s eyes, and then he smiled, puckered his lips and kissed my nose. I chuckled at his cuteness.

“Hey brother, how’s it hangin?,” Beast asked.

“About as long and thick as yours, just not pierced, because I’m not a psycho.”

Beast laughed, “You don’t know what you’re missing. Lia loves my pierced c*ck, and before her, so did all the club girls.”

“Better not let Lia hear you say that,” I said, with a raised brow.

Beast looked around quickly, but we both chuckled.

“Yeah, I don’t want my p*nis carved into some flower.”

We both shuddered. The girl could wield a knife, and we both witnessed what she could do with said knife.

“Olivia and Isobel are having a blast at their first birthday party. Man, they are the splitting image of Lia. You’re going to have a hard time keeping the boys away from those two.”

“No I won’t. They have a hard and intimidating as f*ck father, savage uncles and Hunter will be a bada*s big brother. Not to mention, Cassie and Becs will make sure the girls will know how to take care of themselves.”

“You’re right. But honestly, I can’t wait for all the drama. It’s going to be epic.”

“So, listen. I want to let you know how proud I am of you. You’ve really cut back on drinking lately, and I want you to know, I’ve noticed. I was getting worried,” Beast said.

I tickled Hunter, relishing his toddler giggles.

“I’m getting better. I don’t need alcohol to numb me anymore. I just wake up that way now.”

“Rockstar man. If you need to talk, I’m here.”

“I know. But you and Lia have to be sick and tired of me by now. Just two days ago, I climbed into your bed in the middle of the night. I know I haven’t done that in a while, but I had a nightmare and needed the two of you. Thanks for that.”

“We will never be tired of you. You’re our best friend, we love you. And you don’t have to thank us, you are welcome anytime. That’s why we gave you a key.”

I looked at him and gave him an appreciative nod. It wasn’t often I climbed into bed with them anymore. For three months after Amber’s death, I slept with them nightly. Then sporadically after that. Maybe once or twice a month. I haven’t done it in the last six months. Except last night, I slept with Aja. She has red hair like Amber, freckles and a body just like hers. I closed my eyes, and pretended it was her. H*ll I even yelled out Amber’s name when I came. The sick part about it all was Aja didn’t care. I’ve used her before, and have called out Amber’s name each time. When I’m done with her, I tell her to leave. I’ve always used one of the clubhouse bedrooms when I’ve f*cked, I’ve never taken a girl to my house.

I handed Hunter back to Beast. “I’m going to head out. I need to go for a ride, clear my head.”

“Need any company?”

“Nah, I just need to be alone.”

“Okay. If you need anyone, call us.”

I nodded, and walked over to Lia. She smiled up at me and cupped my cheek. I leaned down and kissed her forehead. I then went over to my two princesses and kissed the top of their heads, dodging their chocolaty hands. I scooped up 5-year-old Narissa and gave her a smacking kiss on the cheek, making her giggle and say, Uncle Rocky, in her five-year-old little angelic voice. I put her down and picked up my little man, Cameron. I flew him around like an airplane as he screamed and giggled and then drew him in for a hug. I put him down and got on my knees and kissed the heads of Ambrose and Amberlynn. Then I tickled the tummy of little Resa. She, for some reason, didn’t like hugs or kisses, and I

respected that. I said goodbye to everyone and made my way to my Harley. I started it and took off down the lane, and opened it up when I got to the highway. I loved the drive back into the city. Moving the compound where we were more secluded was the best decision we ever made. It was safer here, only one road into the compound. We were surrounded by rocks and trees. Most of the things that were a threat were some of the wild animals, but luckily, River, Chance, and Bane hunted. So sometimes we get wild meat. Life was actually pretty good. I may be lonely, but that was my hangup. I just couldn't see myself with another Old Lady.

Forty minutes later, I pulled up to the Vengeful Angels clubhouse. It used to be our old clubhouse. They spruced it up, gave it a paint job and reinforced the gate with barbed wire and an extra layer of chain link. Looked good. The Prospect at the gate stopped me.

"How can I help you?"

"I'm here to see Bull. He called me, asked me to meet him." That was a complete lie. But I was testing the security, if he called and checked like he was supposed to do, he'd pass my test. If he doesn't, I'll tell Bull and his Prospecting days will be over.

I watched as he pulled out a cell and called Bull. Good man.

"Yeah, hey Prez, I have a Rockstar here to see you," he informed Bull, reading my road name off my cut.

He nodded at me, and hung up the phone. He then pushed a button and the gates slid open. I drove my bike to the front next to the door and parked.

I walked in and smiled at the familiar faces. People called out my name, I waved. They were watching some sports game on the giant screen that was hung on the wall. Was that rugby? I winced when one of the players took a brutal hit. D*mn that's one sport I would never attempt. Looks brutal. Call me a p*ssy, I don't care. They didn't even play with helmets.

"Rockstar, what brings you here?" Bull bellowed at me as he walked towards me. He opened his arms and gave me a bro hug with some hard slaps.

"Needed some new scenery."

Bull gave me a sympathetic look and I hated it. But everyone knew I was the biker that lost his woman.

Doc and I were the only ones. But since he had Lacy now, no one ever gave him pity looks.

"Well, I am glad you came here. I have some fights lined up for tonight. You interested?"

"F*ck yeah I am. What time?"

Bull looked at his watch.

“One hour. I’ll text you the address. Why, don’t you head over now and get ready? I have a gym bag with clean clothes in it. I give one to all my fighters. Gotta warn you though, the guy you are fighting is a big mother f*cker. He’s undefeated right now.”

“Perfect, just what I need.”

“Alright, the gym bag is behind the bar. It’s the blue one.”

I nodded and went to grab the bag. I waved as I walked out the door and secured the bag to my bike. My phone chimed, and I looked at the information Bull sent me. I knew the warehouse he was sending me to. I got on my bike and made my way there. A fight was exactly what I needed.

I got there in twenty minutes. I made my way into the warehouse and to one of the makeshift changing areas. I changed quickly and then started doing warm-ups to get my muscles loose. I shadow-boxed, did some kicks, jumping jacks and stretches. I then went and walked around, looking for my opponent. People started pouring into the warehouse. Men in suits, women in short look at me dresses that barely covered their t*ts and a*s. After about ten minutes, I saw my man. He was a huge f*cker. I think he was even bigger than Ripper and Beast. I watched him and smiled. I saw his weakness. Let’s get this party started.

Music blared out of speakers, people took their seats, others finished up their bets.

“Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready for our first fight of the night?”

The crowd roared with excitement.

“In this corner we have the undefeated champion, with a record of 11 and 0, Mad Dog Kramer!”

The crowd cheered and clapped. Whistles and shouts rang out.

“And in this corner we have a newcomer, who must have a death wish, Rockstar!”

The crowd wasn’t as loud for me, but I didn’t care. I didn’t need the hype.

The referee told us there were no rules, perfect.

A bell rang, and we rushed each other and collided, as if we were sumo wrestlers. He picked me up and threw me. I landed on the ground with a hard thud. The crowd groaned in sympathy. I jacked myself up like nothing happened, making the crowd go wild. I attacked, jumping in the air and kicking out, my foot connecting with his right cheek. His head whipped to the side. Saliva and blood shooting out. I think I saw a tooth, oops. He

roared and charged me. I ducked under a swing and dodged a kick. I could tell he was using a lot of energy and force with his movement. That was a mistake. I feigned left and gut punched him when he moved to block that side. Air wooshed out of him. He coughed. I got behind him and started punching his kidneys, and then I kicked the back of his knee and he went down. I took the advantage and punched his left rib. I had noticed he was protecting that side. He yowled. I punched it again, and he fell to the floor. I jumped on him and started punching him, over and over. The ref had to pull me off of his unconscious body.

“We have a new champion!”

The crowd went wild. I saw a lot of angry faces though. I’d have to watch my back when I left.