

Chapter 3 – The Biker’s Salvation

“Man, Rockstar, your name suits you,” Bull said, as he found me when I left the makeshift dressing area.

“I actually got my road name because I can play the guitar and sing. When I was Prospecting, Butcher would make me perform like I was his personal minstrel when we went on club runs. Every club we visited, he’d say, ‘Boy, get your guitar and sing us a song’. Worked out for me though, I got a lot of p*ssy.”

“I just bet you did,” Bull said, with laughter. He handed me a wad of cash.

I looked at it. I didn’t need it, I was extremely rich, but I took it nonetheless. I’m sure I could find a use for it.

Bull looked over my shoulder and his face went from all smiles to death in an instant. I looked behind me. There were four guys waiting by the door looking pissed as h*ll.

“Those are Kramer’s cronies. Let me walk you out.”

“I have my Glock 19 with me,” I said, opening my cut wider and showing him the weapon in its holster.

“Good, you might need it.”

“You’d be okay with a couple of dead bodies?”

“How about we try to just injure, but yeah, I could make a body disappear.”

We walked towards the warehouse door. The moment the a*sholes spotted me, they started posturing. I rolled my eyes. F*cking dumba*ses. As we got closer to them, they stepped up to me.

“We have a problem?” I asked.

“Yeah, we know you cheated. No way you won against Kramer fairly.”

“Seriously, What are we, 12? Everyone in here saw me kick your boy’s a*s. I didn’t need to cheat. I’m the better fighter,” I said, getting into Mr. Talkatives’ face. I’ll give him credit. He didn’t flinch or back down.

“You better watch your back, Cabrón,” Mr. Talkative said, as he backed off. I stared him down as he moved away. He put a hand up to signal to his guys to let us walk by. (Cabrón F*cker)

“They come to my fights a lot. They bet a lot on their guy. You made them lose their money tonight.”

“Not my problem. They bet on the wrong guy.” Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [J o b n I b . c o = m](#) . Visit [J o b n I b - c o m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. He laughed and we left the warehouse. We talked for a minute, when we got to my bike. He told me to tell the guys that there was a club party happening next weekend. I told him I’d let the club know. A shout got our attention.

“Sh*t,” Bull said, under his breath.

Kramer and his four buddies came out of the warehouse and made a beeline for us.

I didn’t have time for this sh*t. I pulled out my Glock and fired right in front of Kramer.

“You all might want to rethink whatever decision you came up with. I have no problem putting you six feet in the ground. F*cking test me.”

They looked at Bull, he didn’t say anything, so I could only assume he agreed with my actions.

“ You’ll regret this,” Mr. Talkative said.

I shot him in the leg, he went down holding his thigh screaming. His buddies all had shocked looks on their faces, but Kramer’s bruised face stared angrily at me.

I aimed my gun at him, “We have a problem?”

He shook his head slowly. I put my glock back in its holster.

“I’ll see you Bull. Put these f*ckers in their places. They wouldn’t want my whole club coming down on them.”

“You got it, man. See you.”

I hit the road. I stopped at a grocery store on my way home. I needed some essentials for my house. I got some eggs, bacon, bread, and butter. Some steaks and a small individual lemon sponge cake. When I got to the checkout counter, a mom with a little boy in the cart was trying to pay for her food, but her card had declined.

“Um, can you please take off the cereal and the chips please. Oh, and the chocolate milk,” she said to the cashier.

“Mommy, you said, I can have chocky milk today.”

"I know, baby, but I can't right now. Next time, okay?" I saw tears fill her eyes. The little boy nodded and put his head down.

"Hey, I got this. Keep everything you have," I said.

"What? No, really, it's okay," the single mom said.

"I insist, in fact, here take my stuff too. I don't really need it. I was just getting some stuff because I was bored."

She gawked at me when the cashier rang up everything. I paid for the groceries and helped her load her cart. The little boy was extremely happy when I added a chocolate bar and gave it to him.

"I really appreciate this," she said as I pushed her cart for her. "My husband died in a car accident last year. He was drinking and ran a red light. A semi hit him. He didn't have any life insurance because he lost his job. He was late one too many times. I've been trying to make ends meet by doing odd jobs here and there, but with Billy, I can't afford daycare."

"Can you cook?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes. I can cook and bake. My dream is to open a diner one day."

"Well, I'm looking for a live-in cook and housekeeper. How about you come work for me? You and little Billy here will live in my house. I have a 3-bedroom home about forty minutes from here. I'll pay you two thousand a month. I'll give you a card to buy groceries with. Room and board are free."

"You would hire me, just like that? You haven't asked me my name, or age, or if I'm a serial killer."

I laughed, "Okay, tell me the answers to all that."

"I'm Angela Mansfield, this is my son Billy. I'm 35 and he is 4. I am not a serial killer."

"Nice to meet you Angela. I am Rockstar, that's my road name. I am an Enforcer for the Lords of Chaos MC. I am 28. We have a lot of kids at the compound, some Billy's age, so he'll have some kids to play with. So, what do you say?"

"You're in a biker club? Are you all dangerous?" She asked, nervously.

"Yes, we are. But not to our family. We protect what is ours. And you and Billy will be under my protection as my housekeeper and cook."

"Okay, I'll take you up on your offer. Thank you Rockstar."

“I’ll warn you though, we can get a little wild at the clubhouse, so if you are ever there, be prepared. You’re a beautiful woman, some of the men will hit on you.”

She blushed, and I chuckled. She was beautiful, with her short blonde hair and green eyes. But I wasn’t interested. I didn’t need a housekeeper or cook, but she needed help, and I recognized pride. She didn’t seem like the type to take handouts easily.

“I will keep that in mind.”

“Do you have a phone?”

“Yes,” she said, searching her bag. She found it and gave it to me.

I put my number onto her phone and then sent myself a text.

“Text me your address. Tomorrow’s Sunday, and family day at the clubhouse. I’ll bring some guys with me in the morning to pack you up. Let’s say ten o’clock. Then we’ll move you to the compound and to my house. Then I’ll introduce you at the family cookout.”

“Okay,” she squeaked out.

“Too fast for you?”

“No, I’ll be up and ready with breakfast. Do you drink coffee?”

“Yes, I’ll bring about six guys with me.”

“Okay, thank you again. You’ve saved us.”

I looked at her and felt nothing. I gave her my best smirk and I ruffled Billy’s hair.