

Chapter 4 – The Biker’s Salvation

Tawny

“Morning mama,” I greeted my mother with a smile as I walked into her room. I went over to her and kissed her on the cheek. I looked at her and sighed, nothing.

For three weeks she was in a coma, and then when her eyes opened there was nothing. The doctor said she had catatonia disorder. Basically, she retreated into herself from the trauma she had endured to keep her mind safe. She could be fed, but she didn’t feed herself. She had to be taken to the bathroom so she could use it but she would not let you know if she needed to go to the bathroom. The nurse I hired to watch her while I made money put her on a two-hour schedule. Whether she went or not, she was put on a toilet. At night, she was in an adult diaper. She didn’t talk or acknowledge anyone, not even me.

When she woke up, I thought everything would be better, but when she didn’t respond to any of the doctor’s medical attention, I broke down and called my uncle. He immediately took action. He and my Aunt Tami flew to California. He got us discharged and packed us up for a move to Florida. That’s where we stayed for seven and a half years. I told him how we were saved, but when I went to give him the business card I was given, I couldn’t find it. So I told him some bikers killed the men, and helped us, even paid for us to stay in the hospital. The hospital had refused to tell him who paid for everything. He had no connections in California, so there was nothing he could find out.

We moved to New York a year and a half ago. Bull set us up in a house that was a mile away from his clubhouse. I never thought I would be a part of my Uncle’s biker life. It was definitely different from the struggling life we were living in California.

Uncle Bull hired someone to find my father. He said he was going to kill him for taking all the money and abandoning us. What they found was, he had borrowed money from the wrong people. The information they got was that he owed a loan shark that was connected to the Russian Mafia. Apparently, the lifestyle we were living was funded by them. My father’s drinking had cost him his job because he always showed up late, so my father got loans. When he couldn’t pay the bank, from not finding another job, he borrowed the money to pay the banks. He thought he could get loans to pay the loan shark but the banks refused. So he took the money that my mother made and tried to make a big payment. The Russian mob was tired of my father’s antics, so they killed him. They also found out the mob was waiting for me to come of age, and they were going to take me for the rest of the payment.

When Bull found this out, he went ballistic. He contacted this loan shark, and he made some kind of deal that got me out of the trouble that would have been my life.

I work for my Uncle now. I fight in his fights, I run errands for him. Mostly taking packages from his clubhouse in New York, to the main chapter in Florida. I don’t ask

questions, I just do as I'm told. The bikers in his club all love me. They all see me as the club princess. I've even had relations with 1 or 2 of them behind my Uncle's back, because if he ever found out he'd kill them.

However, there is one thing Bull knows about me that he lets me flaunt at the club. He said it's a safe space for me. I have two pets. Dawson and Shane. Bull lets me bring them to the club. I met them when I finished college and got my degree in Nutrition and Physical Therapy. They are both nurses and lovers, and sometimes they have a Tawny sandwich. They had opened up to me that they liked to be dominated and used. They had taken me to a club and opened my eyes to the world of the Dom/Sub scene. The problem was, I am not a natural dominatrix. But they didn't feel comfortable exploring with anyone else, so we learned together. I will only do it with them. I talked to Bull and Tami about it because I knew about their lifestyle. Tami was a wealth of information. So the games that Dawson, Shane and I play have gotten better over the years.

Bull said his club was the only place I could have my pet play and if he found out we went to any other place he would put a stop to it. I knew my Uncle Bull didn't play, so I was not going to test him.

The homecare nurse helped me carry my mom to the rocking chair that I had put by the window. I felt she liked to sit there and feel the sun on her face, and it had a great view of the neighborhood.

I told the nurse to take a break. I changed my mother's bedding, and went to her closet and got clothes to get dressed in. I helped my mother put on a nice summer dress. It was the beginning of June and the weather was hot today. On Sundays, we went to the park.

An hour later, I pulled up to the park. I got out the wheelchair and got my mother into it. I had been doing this for years, I got my upper body strength from helping her and from working out for my fights.

My mama was still as beautiful as ever. She's gained a healthy amount of weight from not working so hard, and skipping meals, like she did in California. Over the years, I've made sure she's eaten nutritious meals to keep healthy. I help her muscles stay strong by doing stretches with her. I put ankle weights on her and help her with movements and do the same with her arms. I know one day she will respond, and I want to make sure her muscles don't atrophied from lack of use.

After walking for a half hour around the park, I found a bench to rest on. I parked my mother next to the bench and sat next to her.

"It's such a beautiful day, right mama? Look at all the people enjoying the day. Nika made some little sandwiches for us. Are you hungry?" I asked, as I got in my bag and pulled out the paper bag Nika handed to me, before we left for the park.

I held a corner up to her mouth. She opened for me and took a bite. I smiled. I used to have to tear pieces off and put it in her mouth.

“You’re making progress, mama. Soon, you’ll be walking and talking. My birthday is coming up in three weeks. Maybe for my birthday you’ll smile for me? Would make a great present,” I said, looking at her. Her eyes didn’t move. They just stared out in front of her.

I sighed and kept feeding her. When she was done I ate my part of the sandwich.

“Excuse me?”

I looked over and a beautiful woman with long blonde hair and emerald green eyes smiled at me.

“Yes?”

“Hi, my name is Lia. I do portrait paintings. I was sitting over there with my family and I saw the two of you. I was wondering if I could paint you and your mother?”

I looked over where she pointed and my eyes widened. A massive man was sitting on a blanket with three kids jumping all over him. His booming laughter echoed around the area.

“That’s your man?”

“He is. Big, right? Those are our children. The boy is our little man, Hunter, and the girls are our twins, Olivia and Isobel.”

“Beautiful family,” I sighed. I wanted kids, but knew I’d probably never have them. Dawson and Shane were the closest thing I had to a relationship. They were in love with each other, but not with me, and I wasn’t with them. We just played together sometimes.

“Thank you. So, about the painting? I can show you some of my work. I have it here on my phone.”

“I’d like to see them.”

She quickly did something with her phone and then handed it to me.

“Just scroll to the left, and you’ll see all my work.”

I took her phone and started looking at her work. She was amazing. These were paintings? They looked so real, like photographs. I came to a painting of a man with a guitar smiling. He looked so familiar to me, but I couldn’t place where I’d seen him before. He was so handsome with long blonde wavy hair and blue eyes. There was another one of

him in the same pose but in black and white. God, the reaction I was having just looking at his picture. I shook my head, he was so f*cking hot.

“These are amazing. I’d love to hire you to paint my mother. I have a picture of her. Could I send it to you, and you paint it?”

“Yes, I charge by the size and the time it would take me to finish. Do you know what size you’d like?”

“Umm, what’s standard?”

“A 16*20 portrait is pretty standard.”

She showed me what one look liked. It was of a stunning redhead.

“Yes, that is perfect.”

“That runs \$320.”

“I can do that.”

“Perfect. Here’s my number. Send me the picture you would like painted. It’ll take me about a week. Can I have your name?”

“Oh, sorry. I am Tawny, this is my mother, Camilla.”

“It’s nice to meet you. Thank you so much for hiring me. I saw the two of you, and you are both so beautiful. I’d also like to paint the two of you free of charge. I’d do it on a 5*7 portrait. You’re both so striking.”

“Thank you, I’d love that.”

“Can I take your picture?” Lia asked.

I nodded. I leaned down and smiled as Lia took our picture. I thanked her. And she went back to her family.