

Chapter 41 – The Biker’s Salvation

I was holding Volly’s, Chance’s and Betty’s little boy, Ethan, when my girl came out. She waved at people, walked over to her mom and hugged her. Kissed Dashawn on the head, kissed Angus’s cheek and the girl’s head. I was surprised she didn’t immediately pick one of our kids up. She scanned the yard until her eyes landed on me. Something in them was troubling. I handed Ethan back to Chance and walked over to my girl.

“Hey, Sweetness. Are you okay? Did you not have fun shopping with the girls?”

She grabbed me and wrapped herself around me. Her head was lying on my shoulder. My arms automatically went around her. I kissed the top of her head.

“Baby?” I asked.

“I met your father today,” she whispered. I instantly stiffened.

“Did he say something to hurt you? Did he touch you?”

She pulled back and dug into the pocket of her leather cut.

“He gave me this to give to you, he says he wants to talk to you, also that he’s been keeping tabs on you. I went to shake his hand and he pulled me into a hug. I was surprised, but then he sniffed my hair, which kind of creeped me out.”

“That’s b*stard. I’m sorry, baby.”

“Also, I kind of threw your name around today,” she said, looking slightly guilty.

I smirked, “Oh, yeah?”

“The hostess at the French restaurant was being a snobby b*tch. So I told her who I was, and then I might have said you were a billionaire, and she had better show us to our seats, before I buy the place and fire her?” She squeaked.

I threw my head back and roared with laughter.

“Oh, my beautiful wife, you surprise me all the time. Baby, you can throw my name around anytime you would like. Let me guess, she saw you all in your property vests, and made some comment about not being able to afford to eat there?”

“Something like that. I don’t know what came over me, but I wanted to put that girl in her place.”

“Sometimes, Sweetness, people do need to be put in their place. Other than that though, was your day fun?”

“ Yes.”

“Good,”

“Hey everyone!”

I looked over at the shout, and River was by the back door with Susie in his arms.

Everyone turned.

“Susie and I are going to have a baby!” He shouted.

The crowd cheered.

“Wow, man. All of us giving birth to the next generation of Lords. This is great.” I said to Tawny.

She laughed and nodded.

The rest of the family day was awesome, and an hour later Bane announced that he and Anya were pregnant too, and I was just floored.

I looked around at all the families. This club was my life, and I was happy to see it growing. Yeah, some of the kids will move on and some will stay, but I see a grand future for our kids.

I looked at Tawny and smiled, she had picked up Cia and was just starting to feed her. I looked at Butcher and I signaled him. He nodded, kissed Kiki, and handed her their daughter. I met him at the back door.

“My father has made contact through Tawny.”

“Is that so? What do you think he wants?”

“I don’t know. But I find it odd that he found a way to get in touch with me after all this time.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to go visit him. I don’t need him trying to come back into my life now that it’s going well for me.”

“Think he knows about the money?”

“I don’t know. Tawny said that he said he’s been keeping tabs on me. So he might.”

“When will you go see him? Do you want someone to come with you?”

“I’ll go see him tomorrow, and no, I’m good. Thanks.”

He slapped me on the shoulder.

“My only advice is to make sure you record your conversation, for insurance purposes.”

I smirked and nodded.

The next morning I got out of bed before the kiddo’s got up and before Tawny stirred. I jumped into the shower and let the water warm up my muscles. I was going to see my father today. I haven’t spoken to him since that day at the gas station ten years ago. I was a little tense about it. I know Tawny could feel it in me. I f*cked her last night, and for the first time in our relationship, I used her to get my frustrations out. I pounded into her so f*cking hard. I made her c*m over and over until she sobbed with defeat, and then I made her c*m one more time before I emptied myself into her. Afterward, she held me. She ran her hands through my hair until I fell asleep. In the middle of the night, I took her again. She was so exhausted that she let me basically maneuver her body any way I wanted.

Soft hands came around my torso.

“You should have slept longer, baby.” I said, turning around.

She leaned up on her toes and started kissing me. I instantly hardened, which surprised the sh*t out of me. She lowered both of her hands to my aching c*ck and wrapped them around me. I gave a guttural groan. It felt so good as she started to jerk me off. She knelt at my feet and took my c*ck straight down her throat.

“F****ck, baby. Jesus, that’s so f*cking good,” I gritted out. Her head bobbed back and forth, taking me deeper and deeper. Our eyes locked and I took over. I grabbed her head to keep her still and I drilled her mouth and sank my hard c*ck down her throat. She swallowed and I f*cking loved it. My hips snapped back and forth, tears ran down her face and she looked so f*cking beautiful.

“You’re so good to me, baby. I love you so f*cking much,” I moaned. She hummed and I exploded. My body jerked as c*m shot down her throat. I made some high-pitched noise that I, as a manly man, have never made in my f*cking life, but this woman just made me make it. My knees became weak, and I pulled from her and dropped to them.

“F*ck Tawny, that mouth of yours is f*cking magic.”

She smiled, and I kissed her.

“I love you Hunter. You’re going to be okay today. Do you want me to come with you? I could call Anya and Susie and they can come watch the babies.

“No, baby. I don’t want you anywhere near him.”

“Okay.”

We finished showering. We dressed and I helped her with the babies. I cooked her breakfast as she played with the kids on the floor. After we ate, I kissed her and the kids and made my journey to the city on my bike.

I pulled up to Star Media and stared at the chrome and glass building. I was supposed to take over this business, he had groomed me for it. He wanted me to go to college for this, but I chose music. Of course, catching him with that wh*re of a secretary made my dreams shatter.

My mother wasn’t dead long before he married her. I had heard she had gotten pregnant, but never heard what they had. I really didn’t care. I got off my bike and as I walked towards the doors, I looked at my reflection. I was in dark blue jeans, a white long sleeved Henley, my boots and my cut. My hair was braided, and I had my black shades on. I looked every inch of the bada*s biker that I was. I walked into the building. Many people were walking around in suits, pencil skirts, blouses and heels. Phones were ringing, people chatted in the lobby. Some stopped what they were doing to openly stare at me. Some looked at me with interest, some with lust, and others sneered at me. I ignored them all. I walked up to the reception area, a round desk with three women behind it. I walked up to the first one. She was blonde and young. Her blue eyes ate me up. Her pink lips pulled back, showing me straight white teeth.

“Hello, I’m here to see Derek Krew,” I said, to the young woman that was eye f*cking me. She licked her lips. I rolled my eyes and took off my shades. I glared at her.

“Do you have an appointment?”

“I don’t need one. Tell him Hunter Krew, his son is here.”

Her mouth dropped open. She hastily picked up a phone and hit a number.

“Sir, a Hunter Krew is here to see Mr. Krew. Yes, sir.”

She hung up and quickly gave me a white plastic card. There were no markings on it and I looked at her.

“Take the elevator behind me, it goes straight to the Ceo’s floor bypassing every other floor. His personal assistant will meet you.”

I nodded and walked past her and to the elevator. I scanned the card and the doors opened. I pushed a single button and the door closed. The ride up was smooth and quick. The doors opened and a man about as tall as me, but lean, wearing glasses, khaki slacks, a blue long sleeved shirt and a gray sweater vest greeted me. His sandy brown hair was styled with a sh*t ton of gel.

“Mr. Krew. I’m Sam. Your father is in a meeting but has asked me to assist you until he is done. Will you please follow me?”

“Where is Margaret?” I asked. She was the old assistant that I had known when I was younger. She used to give me little candies from her pocket.

“Mrs. Beckett retired about ten years ago.”

Oh really. Hmm, it seems like dad not only lost a wife and son, but his trusty assistant too, with his infidelity.

He brought me to a waiting area, and asked if I would like anything to eat and drink. I shook my head. The woman that was my father’s secretary was beautiful. She had black hair and pale skin. Her blue eyes raked me from head to toe. I raised an eyebrow at her, and she raised one back. Hmm she’s got some balls.

“Are you my father’s new conquest? I am surprised Stephanie lets you anywhere near him,” I said to her.

“Mr. Krew and Mrs. Krew are no longer married. And no, I am not one of his conquests. I am married.”

“Well, that never stopped him.”

“To a woman,” She said, with a smirk.

Balls indeed. I was surprised my father hired her.

The father’s office door opened. Out walked a woman in a long flowing skirt and a long white sleeved peasant blouse. Her blonde hair was up in a messy bun. She was around my father’s age, and I was surprised when she turned and kissed him as he walked her out.

“I love you, see you at home,” she said to him. Then she turned. When she saw me her steps faltered. Then she smiled.

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I clasped the woman’s outstretched hand.

“Nice to meet you,” I said. I mean I was raised with manners.

“I am so excited to finally meet you. Derek has told me so much about you. I hear you recently got married, and that you have three children. Triplets! That’s so exciting.”

“You heard that, did you? Yes. Here look.”

I pulled out my phone and showed her the babies and Tawny. I made sure to block my father’s view.

“Lovely. Oh, she is so beautiful, and your children are so adorable. How old are they?”

“Two months.”

“Oh you’re about to get into the fun stuff. Watching them roll over, then hold their little heads up. Scooting, crawling and then walking. Oh, I am so excited for you.”

This woman seemed really nice. Why is she with someone like my father?

“Do you have children?”

“Yes, I have two daughters and two granddaughters. Your father adores them,” she said, beaming and turning to look at my dad. He smiled at her and I actually saw affection in his gaze.

“How long have you and my father been together?”

“Has he not told you about me?” I saw hurt cross her features.

“I have been out of contact for a while.”

“Oh, okay, he said you were a very busy person. We’ve been together for a year. He asked me to marry him last weekend,” she said. I could tell she was really excited.

She was all sunshine and positivity. Again, why is she with my father?

“Darling, Hunter and I have a lot to discuss.”

“Oh, yes. Sorry. I am a chatterbox. I’d like to make dinner for you and your family, and meet your lovely wife.”

“I’ll let you know when we have the time.”

“Wonderful, it was so nice to meet you.” She leaned in and hugged me. I hugged her back awkwardly. She waved to the secretary who waved back and smiled.

“Is she brainwashed? Or does she not know the real you?” I asked my father. He raised an eyebrow at me and then turned and walked into his office, leaving the door open for me to follow.

I looked at his secretary. She raised a brow at me and nodded to the door. I smirked and followed my father. I shut the door behind me and took the seat in front of his desk.

“You told my wife you wanted to see me. I don’t appreciate you having any contact with my wife or f*cking sniffing her.”

“All I did was pay for her dinner. She came over and thanked me. And she smelled wonderful. I couldn’t help myself.”

“Of course she did. She’s not an a*shole. Next time try.”

“Will there be a next time?”

“Why am I here Derek?”

He winced at me using his name.

“Can’t a man want to see his only child?”

“First, you disowned me. Second, I heard you and Stephanie had a child.”

“She had a child. The child was not mine. She cheated on me with her personal trainer. I divorced her.”

“So Karma bit you in the a*s I see. I’m glad.”

“Hunter. I never disowned you. You are my son. I am sorry for what I did, and I am sorry for what I said. I loved your mother, I was a weak man.”

“Was? So, you want me to forgive you for killing my mother and saying horrible things to me?”

“Yes, was. I’ve changed in the last couple of years. I had a heart attack two years ago, and it gave me some clarity. I’ve kept tabs on you over the years. I heard you got married and your first wife died. I am sorry.”

I stared at him. I was trying to decipher his angle. What did he really want?

“Thank you.”

“Your new wife is very beautiful. I’d like to meet my grandchildren.”

“How have you been keeping tabs on me? How did you know I have children?”

“I have a P.I. on retainer. He’s watched you over the years and has reported to me. You’ve done well in your life. I am proud of you.”

“Proud? What happened to me and my club being a bunch of degenerates?”

“I was angry, Hunter, a fool. My pride and ego were bruised. I never wanted you or your mother to ever find out that I was a weak man. I never loved Stephanie. She was just there, a way to relieve my stress at the time. I could do things to her that I couldn’t do with your mother.”

“That’s f*cking bullsh*t! My mother would have done anything to make you happy.”

“No, Hunter. The things I wanted to do to her are not fit for a wife.”

“That’s just an excuse. Because let me tell you something, my wife lets me do whatever I want to her. And I do mean whatever I want. Our marriage is solid, my love for her is so absolute, I’ve never looked at another for my needs. And if there was something my wife didn’t want to do, then I would live with that. What I wouldn’t do is go look for it somewhere else. Because I f*cking love her.”

He stared at me with tears in his eyes.

“You’re right. I have no excuse, I was an utter f*ck to your mother. She deserved so much better than me. I should never have married Stephanie. I should have fought for your forgiveness and I should never have blamed you for something you did not do. I am so sorry. Please, can you ever forgive me?”

I glared at him. How could he ask me this? He destroyed my mother and he destroyed me. I loved him, he was my idol. I looked up to him and wanted to make him proud every day of my life.

Just then my phone buzzed. I took it out of my pocket and saw a message from Tawny.

“We love you, daddy. I hope you are doing okay, my love.” And with that message was a picture of my family. Tawny was holding our children in her lap. Someone took the picture for her. She was smiling at the phone. Dashawn was sucking on his fist, Cia had the cutest little smile and Kimber looked stoically at the phone. She was probably taking a sh*t. I loved it.

I sat there staring at the photo. I couldn’t keep this hate in my heart. I was better than that. My father was wonderful before I caught him f*cking Stephanie. He always came to one of my band performances at school. He came to every talent show I entered. He bragged about me to his co-workers. If I look back at the memories of him and my mother, he did love and dote on her. That’s why it was such a shock to her heart. Maybe I did need

to forgive him for the sake of my children and for myself. I looked up at him and I could see the pleading in his eyes.

“This is my family,” I said, turning my phone around and showing him the picture.

He took my phone and brought it closer to his face. Tears started falling from his eyes. I have never seen him cry. Not even at my mother’s funeral.

“They are so beautiful. They all look like their mother.”

“I know, kind of irks me.”

He chuckled at that.

“Can I forward this to my email, so I can print it out?” He asked with a hopeful look.

“Sure, you can print others. Just go to my gallery.”

He started to go to my gallery when I remembered there were pictures there that he shouldn’t see.

“Wait,” I said.

“Oh, my. Well, you’re very lucky.”

F*ck.

“Give me the phone,” I snapped.

He threw my phone to me.

“Email?”

He gave it to me, and I sent him several pictures of the kids when they were first born, some of Tawny and me on our wedding day, and some of all of us together.

“Thank you, Hunter. Can I meet them?”

“I will talk to Tawny.”

“Okay, thank you.”

“Tell me about Wendy.”

“I met her by accident,” he stated with a smile. I could tell he had genuine feelings for her, by the way his eyes softened.

“I was on a lunch break and went for a walk. Doctors orders. He said I needed more exercise after my heart attack. I went to Central Park, was just strolling along and this whirlwind of color literally danced into me. She had her ear buds in, and she came from behind a tree singing and dancing like no one was watching. She bumped right into me. Before she fell, I caught her. She laughed, and it was like music to my ears. She apologized after taking her earbuds out. Then she went into an explanation of why she was singing and dancing. Her daughter had just had a little girl. She was celebrating her birth. I found her enchanting. The rest was history. I asked her out, and I’ve been obsessed with her ever since. It’s like I am under her spell, I think of nothing but her constantly. She’s a distraction and I love it.”

“I know the feeling. So, you’re going to marry her?”

“Yes, as soon as she can plan the wedding. If she’d let me, I’d marry her tomorrow. But she didn’t get a wedding with her first marriage. I want her to be able to experience that.”

I nodded. He really has changed. I got up ready to leave. He stood and came around his desk.

“Thank you for coming to see me, Hunter. Please let me know if I can meet my grandchildren. I would really love to.” He stuck out his hand.

I looked at it, then I looked at him. I shook his hand. I needed to start healing from the heartache he caused.

Before I got to the door, he called my name.

“Hunter, will you forgive me?”

I looked at him, he was only 22 years older than me, still young. My children deserve to have a grandfather in their lives. I’d have to talk to Tawny.

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“So he wants forgiveness? Do you believe him?”Rockstar looked at me, I could see the conflict in his eyes.

“I don’t know. That’s what he says. I saw how he acted with his fiancé Wendy, and it seemed genuine.”“Maybe it is? What do you know about your father since he claimed to disown you?”

We didn’t talk much after my mother died. Every time we encountered each other he spewed vitriol at me. Blaming me for her death, if I would have just kept my mouth shut she’d still be alive. Bullsh*t like that. He never took responsibility until now.Visit J o b n i b- . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I just find it odd. He said two years ago

he had a heart attack, and it gave him clarity. Clarity on what? How much a f*cking a*shole he is?”

My heart was breaking for my man. He had his father for eighteen years. One he claims was a good man until it all fell apart. I can’t imagine the turmoil and confusion that was going through his mind.

“Well, then maybe he has changed. It wouldn’t hurt to have dinner with him, right?”

“Maybe. I’m not sure if I want to bring the kids if we do. Maybe you and I can have dinner with Wendy and him first, before we bring the kids around?”

“I think that is a great idea. Why don’t you set that up with him?”

He nodded and took out his phone. While he was doing that I took out mine and texted Cassie.

Anyway I can get you to do a deep dive check on Hunter’s father. His name is Derek Krew. His fiancé is a woman named Wendy. I don’t know the last name. But I’d like a background check on her too. Please?

Cassie: Sure no problem. Can I ask why?

I met his father at dinner the other night when me and some of the girls went shopping. He asked me to ask Hunter to get in touch. Hunter did, and now his father wants a reconciliation.

Cassie: That’s a good thing, right?

I mean, yeah. I guess. Just seems odd. Like the timing of it all. Why didn’t he reach out sooner? The man claimed to have kept tabs on Hunter. But now all of a sudden he wants to reconcile?

Cassie: Could it be the new woman? Maybe she’s pushing for it. Some women want the man that she loves to be happy, especially if she sees that something is missing in his life.

Yeah I can see that. I just want to be sure he isn’t coming back into his life for a different reason.

Cassie: Alright, I got you. Give me a couple of hours.

Okay, thanks.

I put my phone away as Hunter got off his.

“He said he’d like to do it tomorrow night. Who can we get to watch the nuggets? He asked.

“How about Bane, River, Anya and Susie? Or my mom and Angus?”

“I’d feel more comfortable with mom and Angus right now. I don’t want to come back to the house and walk in on an orgie between those four,” Hunter said.

I giggled. I called my mom and asked if she and Angus would watch the kids tomorrow night and she agreed excitedly. Angus loved my children like they were his own blood. He doted on them as much as my mom did.

Three hours later, I was making dinner instead of us going to the clubhouse. With three little ones it was just easier to stay at home. Hunter had gone to the clubhouse for a while to discuss some financial things with Clown, Beast and Butcher. They wanted to break ground on a fun aqua area for the compound. Big pool, water slides, diving boards, a kiddie area, and a lazy river. I shook my head. Soon, this compound will be too small for all they have planned. I once said that to Butcher, and he said they’d just buy more land. I keep forgetting this was a rich MC. They’ve also been legitimizing more of their business. I made a joke that they were going to lose their 1% status. Butcher and Doc both looked at me and nodded.

“We have kids now. We want to build something they can be proud of. With little Cameron being my oldest male grandchild in the compound out of all the children, it’s most likely he’ll become the next club president. Unless Kiki gives me a boy, he’s my heir. I’ve already talked to Ripper and Cassie about it,” Butcher said.

“So you want to turn the MC’s reputation around?”

“Yeah. Don’t get me wrong, we’ll hurt whoever hurts anyone in the club, but we don’t want to run guns and drugs anymore. The risk is too high. I don’t want to get busted and spend twenty years in prison and miss out on raising my little girl, nor do the rest of us. We voted on it after Rockstar and you had the triplets.”

I was flabbergasted and elated. In the back of my mind I was always worried about Hunter getting caught on the merchandise runs they did.

My phone chirped. I wiped my hands off as I walked into the living room to pick it up. The kids were chilling on their backs, kicking their legs and punching the air. Dashawn cooed and I smiled. I had a giant mobile standing over them. It was very colorful. They loved it.

Cassie: Alright, I’m done. There’s some interesting information you should look at. Derek Krew is in some major trouble with the IRS. Check it out.

Cassie sent a file over to my email plus a link. I clicked on the link first. It was from the financial page of the New York Post.

Derek Krew in financial trouble? Huge audit conducted by the IRS. Has he committed tax fraud? Is he paying his taxes?

Derek Krew, CEO of Star Media, has been ordered to turn over the company's financial statements for the last ten years. An anonymous tip was sent to the IRS stating Star Media hasn't been honest with their Profit and Loss statements when filing taxes. Also, claims of using company funds for romantic rendezvous with various lovers are written off as business meetings. If all this is true, Derek Krew is in some hot water. With this information coming out, stock prices for Star Media have been falling, making the shareholders panic. One must wonder how Derek Krew will recover from these allegations. He has yet to comment.

I thanked Cassie and then went to my email. There was a file with pictures of Derek and various women of the night. The times on the photos were dated and time stamped. They were all two years old. Was this before his heart attack? How long did a financial audit take? I clicked on another file. This one was of Derek with a blonde woman. She was Bohemian chic. Flowy skirts, long dresses, flip-flops. No makeup, hair in a messy bun, or down her back in long waves. He, on the other hand, in all the pictures, is wearing a suit. They were an odd pair. How did Cassie find all this? God, she was a hacker guru.

The next file was Derek Krew's personal financial status. The man was loaded. Was a billionaire himself. So then why the accusations about his company? Something wasn't adding up.

The last file was his divorce decree from Stephanie Krew. I was shocked to see she didn't get anything in the divorce. Not one penny. I scanned the documents and then saw why. They had a cheating clause in the prenup she signed. She got one million dollars for every year they were married, which was five years. Which she got on her birthday every year. In the clause, it said if caught cheating she would get nothing and walk away from the marriage with what she came to the marriage with and whatever money was paid during the marriage. Still, five million was a lot of money. It also said if he got caught cheating, then she got half a billion dollars plus a flat in Paris and a winery in Italy. Wow. What a stupid woman. If I was a gold digging wh*re, I would protect my investment with everything I had, and find a way to squirrel away a secret fund just in case. I bet she didn't do that.

Hunter didn't make me sign anything, so if we divorced I could technically take him for whatever. Good thing I'd rather see him die than live without me. I snorted at my morbid thought. Well, this was all food for thought. There was one last page in the last file. Information on Wendy stated that she was a mother of two girls, with two granddaughters. She has some money of her own, but nowhere near the money Derek has. She has a clean record, nothing suspicious. Hmm, maybe she was a good influence on Hunter's father. Now I needed to contemplate telling Hunter any of this. Was it relevant? Maybe I should wait and see how dinner goes. Hunter said we were meeting them at La Rue. Oh goody. Hope I see that hostess b*tch again. I'd love to see her face when Hunter and I walk in with Derek and Wendy. Them, in their fancy suit, and long flowy dress, and us in our leathers, I chuckled at the picture in my head.

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Tawny told me she asked Cassie to do an in-depth check on my dad. She’s so f*cking smart. Why didn’t I think of that? I’ve been spiraling out with everything hitting me all at once. Seeing my dad brought up so many memories. He always opened up his arms to me when he came home from work. Swinging me around. Making me fly like an airplane. Taking mom and I to the park. He pushed both of us on the swings. Eating ice cream together. Taking me to see Santa and the Easter Bunny. He gave me my first guitar. He and my mom were always the loudest, cheering for me at the talent shows. Coming to all my band performances at school, the halftime show in high school, and all the parades our school was a part of. I used to watch him and mom dance in the living room, or in the kitchen. Honestly, if I had never caught him f*cking Stephanie in his office, I would never have known my father was a weak man.

After looking at all the information Tawny sent me, I went to Butcher’s office and knocked on his door.

“Yeah!” He called out.

I walked in and saw Doc, Dozer and Angus sitting around.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt anything.”

“You aren’t interrupting anything. We were just discussing the construction of the pool again. We were thinking about adding a couple of hot tubs, a barbecue area, and a play area with sand, swings, slides, and a jungle gym.

“Oh, yeah. That sounds perfect. It gives us another option for family day, instead of always being here at the clubhouse.”

“That’s what we were thinking. It was Angus’s idea.”

“I wanted somewhere else to take the kids for play time as they get older.”

“Best grandpa ever,” I said, making his cheeks turn a little pink.

“What’s up, Rockstar?” Butcher asked.

I told them all about the information Cassie dug up on my father.

“You said your dad had a heart attack two years ago, and it gave him clarity? That can do that to a man. Especially one that is as high profile as your father. Plus, he’s a man that’s lost a lot in his life, especially his son. From his own doing, no less. It can change a person. Maybe he really does want reconciliation. Now regarding this audit, let me tell you something about the IRS. Any tip they get, especially about someone high profile, they

will go through your finances, both business and personal, with a fine-tooth comb. It's been two years since that happened. If they haven't found anything yet, I doubt he has anything to find. I'd look at the ex-wife for that tip. From the prenup, it looks like she could be a very bitter woman. Plus, the tip came at around the same time as his heart attack. That's hitting a man while he's down. Maybe she hoped to kill him. Who knows? Maybe she thinks because they were married he left something in his will for her. Because she knows, you are disowned, so technically she's his last known relative."

"Son of a b*tch. I didn't think about that. God, my mind hasn't been working lately," I said, pulling my hair a little.

"Rockstar. You've had a lot going on in your life for the last three years. You've helped keep Lia safe. You fell in love, and then lost your woman and child. You fell in love again and had triplets. And now your father, whom you haven't talked to in ten years, wants to reconcile. That's a lot to go through in a short amount of time. You're not even thirty yet," Doc said. "Give your mind a break."

Dozer, Butcher, and Angus grunted at Doc's statement. They were right.

"Thanks."

"Talk to your father, see what he has to say," Angus said.

"Yeah, okay. I'll ask him tonight. We'll bring the kids over around five, Angus."

"Looking forward to it. Don't stress so much, Rockstar. Go home, give your kids a kiss and make love to your woman. Take a nap. We got nothing going on today," Butcher said.

I nodded and left the office. They were right, I shouldn't stress on this so much. But still nagging in the back of my mind was why now? Why does he want to reconcile now?

I found Tawny in a bent over position doing Yoga in the living room. I saw no babies, so I am guessing they are napping. My d*ck came to life and pressed hard behind the zipper of my pants.

"That's a good look for you baby, bent over like that, makes me think about doing nasty things to you."

She giggled and then bent her arms and put them together. Then she slowly put her head on her arms and brought her legs up, doing a headstand with her legs bent at odd angles. My mouth watered. I stomped over to her, grabbed the leggings she was wearing and ripped them off. She gasped, and went to bring her legs down, but I caught them and spread them wide. Her glistening p*ssy was on display right there for me to sink my tongue into.

“F*ck yes,” I said, and then dove in. I plunged my tongue straight into her. She squealed and then moaned. I wrapped my arms around her waist and picked her up and stood there, eating her out as she hung on to my legs, sobbing with pleasure. Begging me for more. I licked her slit up and down, rimming her back entrance, making her clench her sweet a*s. She tasted so damn good, a tangy peach. I devoured her, stuffing my face into her c*nt. Gliding my tongue around and around her cl*t. She exploded. Her juices flowed from her and I growled with pleasure, slurping her up. I loved it when she overflowed. I quickly flipped her over, she said a cute little “Oh,” as I turned her around, moved her to the arm of the couch and bent her over it. I slapped her a*s and watched her cheeks jiggle. I quickly got my d*ck out and slammed home.

“Ahhhh, Hunter. Oh, my God!” She moaned. I thrust into her over and over, grunting with each plunge. Her sweet p*ssy gripped the sh*t out of me as she orgasmed again.

“That’s it baby, give me all your cream. You’re my sweet good girl, Tawny. Your p*ssy is taking me so well. Listen to that slap baby. Such a perfect sound. My perfect wife.”

She came with a loud, long wail. I slapped her a*s again, and then I was roaring my pleasure. Pumping in and out of her, as my c*m coated her insides. F*ck it was so good. I really needed this.

I took her into my arms and carried her to the shower. My d*ck swinging out of my unbuttoned pants had her giggling, because she could feel it hit her perfect a*s.

We showered quickly, just in case the kids woke up. I was surprised they didn’t with all the noise we had made. After the shower, I carried her to bed and we cuddled there. I just needed to hold her for a bit. We kissed lovingly, our tongues tangling together.

“You, okay?” She asked, when she came up for a breath.

“Yeah, just a little stressed.”

“Maybe I shouldn’t have shown you the files?”

“No, I’m glad you did. I have some questions I want to ask him, and he had better give me the answers I want.”

After dropping the kids off, we drove to the restaurant and parked at the same time my father’s car pulled up. I watched from the truck as my father’s driver opened his door to let him out. My father helped Wendy out. They made an attractive couple. She was in a white flowing dress, with stars and moons on the skirt of the dress. She had a light pink wrap around her shoulders. He was in a gray suit, his hair styled perfectly. Tawny was wearing black tights under a light sweater dress the color of apricots, because the nights are still a little chilly at the beginning of Spring. She also had her property vest on and some black knee-high, high-heeled boots. I was in black jeans, my biker boots, a dark blue button-up dress shirt and my cut.

We walked in behind my father and Wendy.

“Hunter, it’s so good to see you again,” Wendy said, happily. She brought me in for a hug.

“This is Tawny, my wife. Baby, this is Wendy, my father’s fiancé, and of course you know my father.”

Wendy hugged her too, and exclaimed she was so happy to meet her. My father shook my hand and then turned to Tawny, leaned in, and kissed her on the cheek.

“Careful,” I said to him.

“ I have no designs on my daughter-in-law, I have my own woman, Hunter. I am a changed man.”

I just looked at him and he sighed. The hostess spotted Tawny and blushed. This must be the young woman that gave her a hard time before. I saw Tawny smirk at her. I chuckled and kissed her on the head. The hostess sat us. After ordering drinks, I jumped right in.

“I want to know what brought on your heart attack? I also have a bunch of questions I want answered.”

“Ask your other questions first, please. The reasoning for the heart attack is important and will no doubt warrant more questions.”

“Alright, what’s this financial audit about? I have a theory about whom the anonymous tip came from.”

“You know about that?” He asked, taken aback.

“Yes.”

“Nothing came of it. It was a bogus tip. The media even dropped the story because there wasn’t anything juicy to report. My business is above board. I had nothing to hide. I lost some money when the shareholders panicked, but that actually worked in my favor. I bought their shares from them when they wanted out. So, instead of the fifty-one percent ownership that I had, I now have sixty-five,” he said, with a smug smile.

“Did you find out who the tip came from?”

“No, my sources couldn’t find that information for me, but I have my suspicions.”

“Stephanie?” I asked.

He nodded. “ She was very bitter after the divorce.”

I looked at Tawny and nodded. It's what we all thought.

"Okay. I want to know why now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why do you want a reconciliation now?"

"There are a couple of reasons. The most important one is, I've missed you. We had a great relationship before I screwed everything up. You are my son," he said, quietly. Wendy took his hand in hers and smiled at him and then looked at me. She was pleading with me with her eyes. She wanted me to forgive my father.

I looked at Tawny. She gave me a light kiss.

"You said there are a couple of reasons. What else do I need to know?"

"My heart attack stemmed from something that was discovered during my surgery. I was told it was hereditary. I'd like for you to get checked, and now that you have children they need to be checked too."

"What is it? What is hereditary?" Tawny asked. I could feel the anxiety rolling off of her.

"It's called a Bicuspid Aortic Valve."

I looked at Tawny and she looked at me. What the f*ck was that?

Chapter 45 – The Biker's Salvation

"What is that exactly?" I asked him.

"Basically, almost everyone is born with three leaflets in their heart to help pump blood to the rest of their body. I was born with only two. My heart has to work harder. My doctor said my aortic valve narrowed, and my heart couldn't take the strain. I was under a lot of stress with work, the IRS, dealing with Stephanie's bullsh*t. She still contacts me, demanding money she thinks she is owed. When she finds out about Wendy, I am sure she's going to try something. My girl here, though, is strong and confident. She knows all about my past, she knows I've changed, and she accepts the man I am now," he said, bringing Wendy's hand to his mouth and kissing her knuckles.

"Anyway. I had to have surgery to fix my valve. I have to get full check-ups quarterly. That consists of blood work, a stress test and an EKG. I get an echocardiogram every month right now. I have just passed my two-year mark. In another six months, that every month, echocardiogram will go to every three months. As long as everything stays good

and works right, after three years, I'll move to every six months for that echocardiogram and so on."

Tawny and I just sat there, staring at my father.

"Are you saying that Hunter, or the babies might have this?" Tawny asked.

"They could, or they all could be completely healthy. But for peace of mind, I would really appreciate it if you all got checked out."

I pulled out my phone and texted Doc to see if he could get us all in to be checked for this Bicuspid Aortic Valve. He gave me an affirmative and a time to come in.

"Doc will check us out tomorrow at ten," I told Tawny.

She let out a breath. I rubbed her back. It's scary to think one or more of our babies could have this. I didn't really care about myself, but I know Tawny does.

"Arnold Schwarzenegger has BAV. And he's lived a full life. So let's not worry about it too much," my dad said, trying to make light of the situation.

Dinner went smoothly after that. We had a pleasant conversation with both my father and Wendy.

"Wendy, how old are your grandchildren?" Tawny asked her.

"I have a five-year old and a two-year-old. My daughters live in California, so I don't get to see them that often. I moved to New York with my husband about five years ago. He died on top of his mistress from a stroke. I've been single ever since, until I met Derek," she said, in good cheer. "He wasn't a good husband, or a good father. He was hardly ever home. She wasn't the first he had cheated on me with. I was actually contemplating leaving him when I got the call from her that he had died. I didn't even shed a tear at his funeral. But, I became insanely rich. I sold his company, and all his stocks in other companies. Now I paint, knit, and crochet. I sell my wares at parks and festivals. The profit I make, I donate to schools to pay off negative lunch balances."

"She's extremely talented. Look, she crocheted me a little grumpy cat and made it into a keychain," my father said, pulling out keys from his pocket. He showed it off like it was his prized possession.

I looked at my father with new eyes. I stored my resentment and anger deep down and just stared at him. He looked extremely happy. He looked like he did when my mother was still alive, and we were still a family. I took a deep breath and decided right then and there that, although I won't forget what he did, maybe I can start to let him in a little and work on forgiveness. I really want my children to have their grandfather in their lives.

He and I locked eyes. I nodded at him and his face softened, and I saw tears come to his eyes. He looked down and tried to compose himself. I could see Wendy's arm moving back and forth, and I knew she was comforting him while rubbing his leg as she talked to Tawny.

"Would you like to come to the clinic with us in the morning and meet your grandchildren?" I asked him.

Conversation quieted and Wendy beamed a huge smile. Tawny grabbed my hand and squeezed it. I looked at her, and she kissed me, approval in her eyes.

"I would love that."

"Great, why don't you show up at the compound around 9:45. The Prospect at the gate will direct you towards the clinic," I said to him. "I'll text you the directions."

"Um," his dad started, clearing his throat, "There's no need for that. My P.I. had already provided that information. I will be calling him tonight to let him know that there is no need to continue keeping tabs on you. I am sorry I did it in the first place, but it was the only way I could make sure you were okay, and have you somewhat in my life."

"I don't like it, but I understand," I said.

He nodded at me, and I nodded back.

We parted ways a little while later. Wendy and Tawny hugged. Tawny gave my father a hug, which I chuckled at, because she told him not to sniff her. He turned beet red and apologized to her. I hugged Wendy and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Welcome to the family," I said to her. And she gasped, and smiled wide.

"Well, that was a success, I would say," Tawny said to me as we walked to the truck. I pinned her against it, caging her in with my arms by the side of her head. I put my forehead against hers and closed my eyes. I just breathed her in and relaxed my mind.

"It did go well. I was so tense in the beginning. He gave us a lot of information tonight," I said, and kissed the tip of her nose before pushing off the truck. I opened the door for her and she got in. I leaned over, and buckled the seatbelt for her. She giggled and kissed my cheek. I smiled at her and lightly brushed my lips over hers.

"I love you, Sweetness," I whispered to her. Then I shut the door and ran around the truck to get in.

"Hunter, what if you or one of the kids has this valve thing?"

"Then we will make a plan with a cardiologist and find out what our best options are."

“Hunter, I can’t lose you, or any of the babies,” Tawny said, sobbing.

I quickly unbuckled her, pushed my seat all the way back, lifted her and sat her on my lap. I held her as I let her cry all her stress out. I hadn’t realized she was holding that in.

“I’m sorry baby, I should have paid more attention to how you were feeling about all this. I won’t tell you not to worry, because it is worrisome. We just have to have faith everything will work out. If one or more of us has this, we will do our research and figure out our best options, okay.”

She nodded as she sobbed. I rubbed her back and started to hum to her. She slowly but eventually calmed down. I lifted her face to mine and wiped away her tears. I kissed her to help her stay calm.

“Feel better?” I asked.

“Yeah, sorry.”

“No need for that. You have every right to worry and have an emotional response to all you have taken in tonight. I love you Tawny. We’ll get through this.”

“I love you too, Hunter. You’re right we will.”