

Chapter 46 – The Biker’s Salvation

After my shower, I attacked, literally attacked Hunter as he slept, waking him with a ferocious blow job. I mean I sucked him like my nickname was Hoover. I gagged on him and then pushed my limit and just let him f*ck my face with abandonment. When he collapsed on the bed, he was stunned. Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. He tried to talk to me, but I just left the room and started breakfast. I couldn’t speak. I knew if I uttered one word, I’d break down. I plated scrambled eggs and bacon for him, then when he sat down, and before he could speak, I went to the nursery and woke my kids up. Yep, that’s right. The insane mommy woke her sleeping children. I did it one by one. I started with Dashawn, gently tickling his face. He squirmed and made a puckered face as his eyes blinked open. “Hi, buddy. Mommy’s about to crack. So I need you to distract me, okay. Let’s start with changing your diaper, because you, my love, are stinky. Yes you are, soooo stinky.”

I changed him and wiped his whole body down with a wipey. Then I dressed him in a cute green onesie with the words, ‘I always look this good,’ on it. I pulled on some green pants and white socks. I then sat him in his swing and after buckling him into it, I turned it on. He loved his swing. In fact, all my kids did.

“Hi there my princess,” I said to Kimber, my little spitfire. She was all smiles for me as I changed her and wiped her down. I put her in a yellow jumper and over that I pulled on a white sweater. I put a yellow and white headband on her head. Her curls were sticking out all over the place. She looked adorable.

“Hey, Cia bug. How’s my gorgeous daughter this morning?” She stared at me stoically, like she knew something was wrong with me. I dressed her in a white shirt with a strawberry on it and red pants and socks. For some reason, her hair grew faster than Kimbers. So, I put her hair in a cute whale spout.

With all of them in their cribs, I went to the little refrigerator we installed in their room. I pumped breast milk last night to try and relax. I got three bottles and popped them into the bottle warmer. Hunter came in just as I started feeding Dashawn. He picked up the remaining two bottles and grabbed the girls. He expertly sat with them on the love seat we bought for their room, and maneuvered them so they each laid on one of his massive thighs, and fed them both at the same time.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He asked.

“I can’t.”

“Tawny, everything is going to be okay.”

“You don’t know that. You or one of them or all of them could have it. H*ll, all four of you could have this valve thing. Do you know what it would do to me if I lost any of you?”

“Yeah, I do. You’ll grieve and hate the world. You’ll vow never to fall in love again or never have another child. You’ll want to hurt others or yourself, and you will find ways to do it. But, Tawny. You’re already grieving, and we don’t even know if any of us have this. You have every right to be worried, hell I’m worried, but I’m also not going to let it ruin me until I know for sure. Baby, please, don’t spiral. Be concerned, but don’t let this consume you.”

“You’re right, I am letting it consume me,” I said, as tears slipped down my cheeks.

The girls must have been starving because they were done before Dashawn. Hunter burped them and set them on the blanket on the floor we use for tummy time. I burped Dashawn and did the same.

“Come here,” he said, opening his arms.

He wrapped them around me as I melted into him. He squeezed me and it helped calm me down.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too.”

He held me for a couple of minutes longer before we had to get going.

We met Derek in front of the clinic. He kissed me on the head and gave me a bear hug, and then he pulled Hunter into his arms and hugged him. I was surprised Hunter allowed it, but then, if I was going to find out if I had heart disease or not, I’d probably want all the comfort and support I could get. Plus, it was a sign that Hunter had started to open up with his dad.

“Rockstar, would you like to go first or the babies?” Doc asked.

“We want the babies to go first. Let’s start with Dashawn,” he said.

Doc nodded, and a woman I had never seen before told us to follow her. We followed her to a room that was big enough for all of us. There was an ultrasound machine with a stool in front of it, a bed, and a couple of chairs in the room. Hunter got Dashawn out of his car seat, and he laid him on the bed. He undressed him and held his little hands above his head. Dashawn slept through it all.

The woman fired up the ultrasound machine. She squirted some gel on the wand and put it to Dashawn. I could feel myself shaking, and an arm came around my shoulders. I looked over and Derek was holding me.

“It’s going to be alright. I am pretty sure they would have seen something in the ultrasounds while you were pregnant if anything were wrong.”

That actually gave me a glimmer of hope, and I stopped shaking.

“Everything looks normal. I see nothing wrong with his heart whatsoever,” the woman said with a smile.

I let out the breath I didn’t realize I was holding, and I squeezed Derek around the waist as I wrapped my arms around him.

Hunter got Dashawn dressed and handed him over to his father.

The look on Derek’s face was utter love.

“This is Dashawn,” I said, to Derek.

I watched as he brought Dashawn up to his nose and breathed him in.

“I always loved the way a baby smells,” he said.

“Me too. So clean and fresh. Well, unless he sh*ts his diaper.”

Derek laughed and sat down in a chair with Dashawn. I looked over at Hunter, and I was surprised to see they were already checking Cia.

“All’s good,” the woman chirped.

I beamed at Doc, who smiled hugely at me as he took Cia into his arms. When it came to Kimber’s turn, I held my breath and stood very still. Praying she was well.

“Three for three. All the babies are as healthy as they can be.”

“Thank f*ck,” Hunter said, picking up Kimber and hugging her.

I laughed with joy and clapped my hands. My babies were healthy!

Hunter handed her to me. Then he kissed me as he unbuttoned his shirt.

He laid on the table and closed his eyes. I rocked Kimber and rubbed her back as I waited anxiously for Hunter’s results. I felt like the woman was taking longer with Hunter and I could feel my anxiety ratcheting up. After about five minutes, she put the wand down after cleaning it, and handed Hunter a wipe.

“You are just as healthy as your children.”

I sobbed and Hunter jumped off the table and wrapped both Kimber and me in his arms. I just lost it. I couldn’t stop. The relief that washed over me was palpable.

“Shh, see baby. I told you it was all going to work out.”

“Oh, shush, you were worried too,” I said, sniffing.

He looked at me and wiped my tears away. He first kissed Kimber’s head and then mine.

We thanked the woman and Doc. We got the kids back into their carseats and drove over with Derek following us to the clubhouse.

When we walked in, every ranked member except Doc was there with their partners. They cheered when we walked in.

“Doc texted me a second ago. I am so happy you all have a clean bill of health. Next time though, I’d like to hear about issues like this from you, and not my VP,” Butcher said.

We both knew he looked at all of us like his adopted children. We smiled at him, knowing he came from a good place.

“Prez, I’d like you to meet my dad, dad, this is my friend and President of the Lords of Chaos, Butcher.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Derek said, holding out his hand.

“You sure you want to shake the hand of a degenerate?”

Derek coughed with embarrassment, “The misguided thoughts of a former a*shole,” he said.

Chapter 47 – The Biker’s Salvation

Four months have passed since my father and I have started talking again. Today he asked me to bring Dashawn to his office. I was curious as to why just Dashawn. Tawny said, maybe he just wanted a guys day together. That made sense.

I dressed Dashawn in a gray onesie with the words, ‘Yeah, I always look this good’ and dark blue jean shorts. His little six month old chunky legs made the shorts look tight but Tawny assured me they weren’t. My little man was a chunk unlike his sisters who were little skinny minis. He was going to be a big boy like his daddy. I added a pair of black sandals on his tiny feet.

“You look cool, dude. Your mama has you stylin all the time.”

I put some styling pomade in his hair and slicked back his curls from the front and fluffed them in the back like Tawny showed me. I then put on the little leather cut I had made for him. It was the cutest d*mn thing.

“Let’s go see Pop pop little man.”

I walked out of the nursery and went in search of my wife and daughters. They were in the living room. Kimber had already started crawling but Cia was content to just sit there and watch her little sister. Tawny was on the floor with them, they were playing with plastic blocks.

“Hi, my babies, and my Sweetness.” I leaned down and kissed Tawny. Dashawn took that moment to grab Tawny’s hair and pull her to him. She laughed and kissed him too.

“Ready to go? Here, can you give this to your dad?”

She handed me two silver frames. In one was a photo of him sitting on our couch holding all three kids. The second one was of him, me and Dashawn.

“These are great. We need to get some family pictures taken. You’re hardly in any of the photos we have.”

“I know, but that’s because I am always the one taking them. But you’re right. Hey, maybe I can ask Lia to paint one of us. We can put it on the wall and over the couch.

“Good idea, baby. Do that. I love her paintings. What are your plans today while I’m gone?”

“Lia, Kiki and I are taking the kids to the pool.”

“Um, what are you wearing?”

“The hot pink one piece.”

“The one with the side cut outs? Nope, absolutely not. It doesn’t cover your a*s. I don’t need anyone ogling you.”

“It’s just families and maybe some of your club brothers,” she said, looking at me all confused.

I couldn’t blame her, but ever since she had the kids, her t*ts were huge. They have not gone back to her normal size, and they were big to begin with. But I noticed all the teen boys and some of the newer brothers looking at her with appreciation the last time we all went to the pool, and since I wasn’t going to be there with them, I wasn’t having it.

“Don’t you have something that doesn’t make you look so d*mn s*xy?” I asked, a little disgruntled.

She laughed until tears came to her eyes.

“Hunter, I have triplets. No one is looking at me.”

She had no clue how beautiful she was.

“Well, wear a wrap or something.”

“Okay, I will. I love you,” she said, still giggling.

“I love you too. See you all later,” I mumbled, and she laughed as I left.

Was I pouting just a little? Yes, but that’s only because I know all those dudes are thinking about being a MILF. Ugh.

I strapped little man in his seat. We are on the road a couple of minutes later.

“You know little man, it’s never too early to learn the importance of making sure your Old Lady feels beautiful. Your mama is one of the sexiest women I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. When you start noticing the wonderful world of women, you make sure you treat them with respect. It’s okay to have some fun, but never treat them with disrespect. Your papa strayed from that path for a little while, but when I met your mama, I came right back. Always make them feel beautiful.”

I looked in the rearview mirror and he smiled at me, drool seeping from his mouth, like he knew what I was talking about. I winked at him.

We pulled up to Star Media. When I walked in with Dashawn, the girls behind the desk gave us big smiles.

“Hello, Mr. Krew. Is this your son? He is adorable,” One of the girls said.

“Thank you, and he knows it.”

They all giggled. She gave me the card to go straight up to the CEO’s floor.

Dashawn started babbling as we walked away and I heard them all giggle and go awwwww.

“I know little man. You already have them eating out of the palm of your little hand. You’re a chip off the old block,” I said, chuckling.

Walking off the elevator I was greeted by Sam, my father’s assistant. He smiled at us, and we followed him back. I saw the secretary was not at her desk.

“No dragon lady today?”

Sam choked on a laugh, “Sierra is at lunch with her wife. She is rather formidable. She guards your father’s office fiercely. Especially from those that want to try their luck with him. We recently had a junior secretary try getting by Sierra with some bogus excuse. Sierra wasn’t having it. When your father came out of his office to see what the commotion was, the young lady screamed that she loved him and wanted to have his babies. Needless to say she was fired.”

“Jesus, she acted like my father was some kind of celebrity.”

“Well, to some he is. He’s made many people rich, he’s on the Forbes 500 list of one of the richest bachelors in the world. Some were very upset when they found out he was getting married. Did you see the wedding announcement in the new paper?” Sam asked, excitedly.

“I did, I also saw it online.”

He nodded as he knocked on my father’s office door. We were granted entrance. My father looked up and smiled. He dismissed Sam and came from behind his desk holding out his arms. I transferred Dashawn to him. Dashawn patted his cheeks and my father chuckled.

“Hello, son. How are you?”

“I’m good. How are you?”

“Couldn’t be better. I am happy you guys could make it today. I have some things I want to discuss with you. Let’s go sit on the couches.”

We sat, he adjusted Dashawn. He pulled out a motorcycle from his pants pocket and I smiled in surprise.

“I have something I’d like to ask you first. Will you be my best man at the wedding?”

I raised a brow and my smile grew bigger.

“I’d love to dad. Does this mean I get to throw you a bachelor party with the club girls and strippers?”

He coughed. “Um, you do you?”

I boomed with laughter, making Dashawn smile as he drooled all over the motorcycle he was gnawing on.

We talked for a little while. I could tell he was nervous about something.

“Spit it out, dad.”

“I need an heir, Hunter. I know you don’t want anything to do with Star Media, but I need someone that could take over when I am ready to retire. Obviously, this won’t happen for years to come, as long as my health stays good. I want Dashawn to be my heir.”

“What if he wants to join the Lords?”

“He can do both. No rules say that the CEO of the company can’t be part of a motorcycle club. This is my company. But I’d like you to guide him on getting his Business Degree with a double major in Finance.”

“And if he doesn’t want to do that?”

“Maybe if you have another son then that son could be my heir.”

“What about one of the girls?”

He looked at me dumbfounded.

“I never thought about that? I just assumed the CEO to be a man.”

“This 2024 father, by the time the kids are even old enough to take over I am sure the world will be even more progressive at accepting a woman as a big boss.”

“You’re right,” he said with a huge smile. “So you’ll gear your children in the right direction?”

“I will watch my children grow and develop, and if one of them has an inkling of wanting to be in the same category as you, I will nurture that. But I will not force one of them to do something that they don’t want to do.”

“That’s all I ask. Thank you. Let’s go to lunch.” He said, handing me Dashawn.

We walked out of his office and took the elevator down. I noticed that a lot of people said hello to my father and he always greeted them back. He was well liked. As we walked out, I heard a commotion and then a gunshot. I dove to the ground with Dashawn, covering him.

“You will not marry again, Derek! Never!”

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I pulled up to the hospital. I ripped out of the driver’s seat and yanked open the back passenger door. I grabbed Dashawn’s baby bag. I saw the two picture frames next to the carseat and stuffed them in the bag. I detached the carseat from its base and hastily walked into the hospital. Luckily, my son slept through all of this. I was asked a lot of

questions about my father, and I told them what I knew. His blood type, which was O+ because it was the same as mine, he wasn't allergic to anything, and about his heart condition.

I was guided to an area to wait. I didn't see where he was shot, I just saw the blood. The ambulance got there extremely fast.

I called Tawny and Butcher, I needed my wife and the man that was like a father to me. I then made the hardest call and called Wendy. She was a rock. She didn't break down like I thought she would. I was waiting for them all to come to me.

I sat there contemplating my relationship with my father. We've come a long way in the last four months. We talk at least twice a week. We can joke with each other. I don't feel resentment towards him anymore. He is a fantastic grandfather, like I knew he would be. He is still a little old fashioned, but he's coming around to being more open minded.

Dashawn awoke a little fussy. I opened the little cooler that was attached to his diaper bag and pulled out a bottle of breastmilk.

"Sorry buddy, this is going to be colder than you're used to." I held my breath hoping he would take the bottle. I smiled as he started to suck it down. My son was like me. Will eat anything anyway.

"Hunter."

I looked up and Wendy walked towards me. She may have sounded like a rock on the phone but the devastation that was written all over face said differently.

I stood up and let her hug me and Dashawn. Tears slipping from her eyes as she sat next to me.

"Any word?" She asked.

"No, nothing yet. But I've only been sitting here for twenty minutes."

I let her cry on my shoulder as I fed Dashawn. When he was finished I burped him and then let Wendy hold him. She hugged him and hummed. He put his head on her shoulder and sighed. It looked like he was trying to destress. I wish it was that easy. Another fifteen minutes went by with no word about my father. Booted feet could be heard and I looked up. Beast, Butcher, Doc, Hex, Ripper, Dozer, Clown, River, Bane and Bear came towards me. I stood up and they all gave me supportive bro hugs. Tawny came in behind them with Cia and Kimber, and with Lia and her brood.

"Thanks for coming guys. I haven't heard anything yet."

They nodded. Tawny wrapped her arms around me after putting Cia and Kimber's carseats down. Butcher and Hex immediately got the girls out and held them.

"That's some stroller," I said to Lia.

"Yeah, it holds four. I love it. Cameron got it for me for Mother's Day. He was nervous to give it to me because Bane gave him sh*t about getting me something practical instead of jewelry. But I had been hinting about how much I wanted this stroller. So I was ecstatic."

I chuckled. Lia, ever the practical mom.

"Family of Derek Krew?"

A man in a white doctor's coat asked.

I transferred Dashawn to Tawny and grabbed Wendy's hand.

"That's us," I said.

"Hello, I am Doctor Asher. Your father was shot in his left shoulder. He was lucky. The bullet hit bone and got lodged there. We got the bullet out and patched up the hole. He's going to need physical therapy to get his mobility back to one hundred percent. He has a nasty bump on his head, I guess from when he fell, but it didn't look like any damage came from that to his head. He is in recovery right now. He will be taken to a room in an hour. Just ask the nurses station for the room number."

Then he nodded and left.

My breath wooshed out of me. Wendy cried in joy and I held her. I patted her back until she calmed down.

"Babe, can you tell us what happened?"

"Oh, right yeah. Sorry. We were coming out of Star Media and there was this commotion and the next thing I hear is a gunshot. I dove to the ground with Dashawn and then I heard screaming. It was that wh*re Stephanie. She was screaming that he wasn't allowed to get remarried, or some sh*t. The last I saw, the security guards had her on the ground. Then the ambulance came, and the police were there. I gave a quick statement and then I rushed here. I can only assume they arrested her. I'm sure the police will want to talk to dad, so we'll get more information then."

I watched Wendy go to her purse and get out her phone and some tissues. I watched as she dialed a number and turned her back to all of us. No one else was paying attention. I could tell whomever she was talking to must have been listening intently, because she didn't let up on whatever she was saying. I could tell by her jerky movements. She was

pissed. I started to go to her to see if she was okay. I heard the last of her conversation as I walked up to her.

“You need to do this for me, my man is in the hospital right now, shot.”

“Wendy?”

She turned her eyes locked with mine.

“Do we have an understanding? Good.” Then she hung up the phone.

“Hunter, dear. Such great news. I was so worried when you called, I don’t know what I would do without your father. He is my everything.”

“Wendy, who were you talking to?”

“Just someone that will take care of a little problem for me. If I am going to be here at the hospital with your father, I am going to need a couple changes of clothes, and my toiletries. I am not leaving his side.”

She walked over to the group and asked if anyone was hungry. I watched as she took everyone’s order and then she told us she would be back soon.

I was confused. When she was on the phone she did not sound like the sweet motherly woman that I have gotten to know these last four months. No, she sounded like someone giving orders.

“You okay, baby?” Tawny asked, as she came up to me, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me lightly.

I looked over her head and saw Bear had Dashawn.

“Yes, just trying to puzzle something out. Did we ever ask Wendy more about her family? Do you remember? Like who was her husband?”

“No, not really. Do we need to? Is that relevant to her marrying your father? I’m sure your father knows everything about her. He probably has done a background check on her, especially when they first started dating.”

“Do you think so? I never did one on you,” I said with a smile.

“No, but you all didn’t have to. Bull disclosed everything to Butcher when we moved to the compound.”

I nodded. She was right. But I had a feeling we needed to know more about Wendy. Just who is she really? The little conversation I overheard sounded a little too suspicious to me.

I went to the nurses station and asked if my dad had a room yet. She gave us the information that he had but he was still not ready for visitors that it would be another thirty minutes. We waited for Wendy and all ate when she got back. I kept looking at her and she was avoiding my gaze. Or at least it felt like that. Maybe I was being paranoid? After we were all done eating, the guys and Lia left. I thanked them for their support before they left and Butcher told me that's what family is for.

Wendy, Tawny, the kids and I walked into the room where my father was. He was still sleeping. He looked frail. He was pale and looked older than he did earlier in the day.

Wendy walked to his bed and laid over him and started to sob. Maybe I just made up everything I heard and saw. She obviously loved him. She was a sweet lady. I shook my head at my paranoia. Her phone rang at that moment.

She reached in her bag and pulled out her phone. She put it up to her ear.

I couldn't hear what was said but the smile on Wendy's face was unmistakable. It was cold and to be honest a little scary.

"Good, thank you. Yes, he will be okay. Thank you, Uncle." She hung up.

She looked at my father, and I am not sure if she forgot I was there with Tawny and the kids, but she climbed right on the bed and laid down next to him and sighed heavily.

Chapter 49 – The Biker's Salvation

For two hours Tawny and I kept watch over my father and Wendy as they slept. My mind was still confused. I had Cassie do a more deeper dive into Wendy but she said she can't find anything other than what we already know. But what we found on her daughters was very interesting. Wendy Smith was married to Michael Smith for twenty two years before his death. She got everything besides the trusts that were set up for her daughters. Their names were Jennifer Smith and Allison Smith. Jennifer had an almost two year old daughter named Gemma and Allison had a five year old daughter named Bella. Both daughters were widowed. Interesting. Allison's husband died four years ago from a car accident during a business trip as did his secretary, who was traveling with him. Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. Jennifer's husband died in a Helicopter crash right after she gave birth to their daughter. He was learning to fly, he had his personal assistant along for a ride. The personal assistant survived but is severely disfigured. She lost an arm and has burn scars on eighty percent of her body. I looked at the picture that Cassie had sent on my phone. One side of the woman's face was disfigured. The other side showed a very beautiful woman. She has a lopsided smile,

and was posing with other burn victims at a hospital. Both daughters were left with very generous life insurances from their husbands.

I looked at Wendy. She was wrapped around my father. I had a funny feeling and theory forming in my mind. There was something about this sweet innocent woman that I was starting to have some suspicion about.

“What’s wrong baby, why are you looking like that?” Tawny asked.

“Like what?”

“Like you are trying to solve a particularly hard puzzle.”

I smiled and kissed her forehead. I looked at our kids sleeping. I didn’t feel like I had to keep my family safe from Wendy. I didn’t feel any ill intent coming from her. I genuinely like her, I think she is good for my father. But I am starting to see she is more than meets the eye.

“Read this,” I said, handing her my phone.

I waited for her to finish and watched her face. Her eyebrows lifted and her mouth was in a perfect O.

“You see it?”

“I do. Ask Cassie to get some more information on the daughters.”

I did as she asked and thirty minutes later I got a ping on my phone. I looked up from my phone before I clicked on the link Cassie sent me. Wendy and dad were still sleeping.

I held my phone so Tawny could see what was on it. I clicked the link.

Headlines and articles popped up on my phone.

Is there trouble in paradise? Daniel Vargas, Hotel magnate Of Vargas Hotel across the California Coast, has been spotted with his secretary, Alise Manson, on camera kissing her in an elevator. Someone caught the couple making out hot and heavy. We wonder what his wife Allison Vargas thinks. Isn’t she eight months pregnant?

Daniel Vargas caught with Alise Manson and arrested for public indecency. The couple was found in his personal car in a parking lot by police officers at 1:30 am. The car was parked outside of Presbyterian Hospital, where his wife was waiting to give birth to their first child.

Another article came into view as I scrolled.

Actor Peter Emerson and his personal assistant Lousie Broche, caught frolicing in the pool at Emerson's family vacation home. Tangled in each other's arms, the pair were caught by a sneaky paparazzi. New wife Jennifer Emerson is nowhere to be seen.

Jennifer Emerson collapses as the White Party after being seen arguing with her charismatic actor husband, Peter Emerson.

Could this be enough to save their marriage? Actor Peter Emerson and his wife Jennifer, expecting their first child.

Uh Oh, Actor Peter Emerson at it again. Caught on his birthday at a party thrown by his wife in the coat closet with his personal assistant.

I put my mouth to Tawny's ear and whisper.

"Do you find it odd that all three of their husbands cheated and all three of them died?"

"Maybe it's just a coincidence?"

"I don't think so, baby."

"What's Wendy's maiden name?"

I scrolled through the information and saw it wasn't there, so I texted Cassie.

Fifteen minutes later she texts back.

Cassie: So, I don't know why I didn't think about this, because when you asked for information on Wendy, I just went with the name you gave me, found her information from when she was married and went from there. I didn't look before her marriage. But Wendy Smith was Wendy Marie Jacobson for the first twenty four years of her life. If you don't know who the Jacobson's are I'll gladly inform you now.

Frederick Grosse Jacobson was her father before he was killed in a tragic accident. His horse bucked him off and he was trampled during a family vacation. Frederick was an up and coming political figure. He was running for Governor of California at the time. He was winning too until a scandal hit the press. He was caught with his pants down, with his secretary. His male secretary. Mrs. Margaret Jacobson stood by her man as he apologized for his indiscretion and took himself out of the running. He died the following Thanksgiving. Margaret is now remarried to Senator Michael Proctor of California.

There is an Uncle in the picture. His name is Gregory Knight. He is the brother to the mother. I couldn't find much information on him. He is basically a ghost like Papa. My guess is he is their hitman. All the men died in horrific accidents. There are no pictures of him either, so we have no idea what he looks like.

I thanked her for the information. So my father's soon to be bride has a Papa Roberto in the family. Which tells me that he loves his mother, sister, and nieces very much. He is their fixer. I chuckled at that. My father better have changed for his own health.

"Do you think I need to be worried about this?" I asked Tawny.

"No, I think your father needs to be worried about this. If he ever cheats on her, her Uncle will kill him."

"My Uncle would do no such thing."

Both Tawny and I looked at Wendy. I gave her a sheepish grin.

"You must have friends in high places to get information on me," she said. My father was still asleep, but she had sat up. She held his hand as she looked at us.

"No, we just have very good hackers," I said.

She smiled.

"My Uncle doesn't do anything we don't ask him to do. My eldest daughter's husband's death was truly an accident. He did crash his car. Because his secretary was giving him a blow job as he was driving. They found his p*nis in her mouth. Now my youngest daughter's husband's helicopter crash was let's say mechanical error. I couldn't stand to see my daughter hurting anymore. She was in the hospital about to give birth waiting for that piece of sh*t. My husband really did die on top of his mistress. That was karma. But my father was all Gregory. He found mother crying, drunk off her a*s. So, he wanted to hurt the person that hurt our mother. He put burrs under our father's saddle. When he got on his horse, he was bucked. The horse did the rest. Got him in the head one too many times with his hooves. You have nothing to worry about though Hunter. Your father would never cheat on me. He is truly a changed man.

"Then what about the conversation, I overheard. You were talking to your Uncle?"

"Yes, and you will find out soon enough. In fact I am sure the police will be informing us some news very soon."Hmmm, I wondered what news they were going to bring us.

Chapter 50 – The Biker's Salvation

This is f*cking ridiculous. I shouldn't even be in custody. I only gave him a flesh wound so he could feel the pain I've felt for the last five years. He f*cking abandoned me and our daughter. I don't care if Misty isn't really his, she was born while we were married so she's his.

Huffing, I stop pacing the little cell I'm in and grimace at the white jumpsuit they put me in. I miss the soft fabric of my designer shirts and slacks. Lying down and closing my eyes from the headache I can feel coming, I think about the good times when Derek and I first started seeing each other behind Amanda's back.

He wouldn't give me the time of day at first. I always wore tight skirts and tighter blouses in my sky high heels. I knew my legs looked good. They were my best features. But he never looked my way. His sweet wife visited often with lunch, and he always had eyes only for her. A couple of times his son came to visit, and d*mn, Hunter was a good looking boy. A senior in high school, he was already way over six feet, and he was built. I always thought I could seduce him if Derek didn't work out. I was only seven years older than him. But I had my eyes on Derek at the moment. I just needed to be patient.

My patience finally was rewarded when a new client negotiation was in the works for Star media. Derek was working overtime trying to get the contracts right for the new star that his team was signing. For a week negotiations were underway. The agent and manager for the star were working to get their client the best deal. Derek and his team were working to accommodate the star and his team, without being taken advantage of, and to put in the contract that the star works with Star Media exclusively.

Derek was under a lot of stress to get this done. He had let everyone go home. He thought he was alone until I walked in with a coffee.

"What are you still doing here, Stephanie?"

"I'm not going home until you do, Mr. Krew. You've been working a lot of hours all week. I have been reassuring your wife that I will make sure you eat and take care of yourself." Complete lie. When he isn't answering his phone she calls his office. I told her he was in meetings. She was a good wife so she didn't nag.

He had a little smile on his face, and I knew he was thinking about his naive wife. I could see his shoulders were tense so I started to massage them and his neck. He groaned and relaxed but then tensed.

"Please stop Stephanie, this isn't appropriate."

"Come on Mr. Krew, you need to relax. I don't mean anything by this, I just want to help you ease the tension. Just let me."

He hesitated for a minute but then relented. So I gave him the best d*mn massage I've ever given in my life. While I did that, I fantasized about rubbing down his chest and then lower. I made sure my br*sts brushed his back. I hoped he noticed.

I may be only twenty-five to his forty, but I would love to ride this man and help him relax even more. I leaned down and whispered in his ear.

“Feel good?”

He cleared his throat, “ Yes, thank you. I think that’s enough.”

And so it went for a couple of days, I would make sure I was at his service. I made sure the top of my blouse was unbuttoned a few buttons hoping he would notice when I would drop off papers or his coffee. And he did. It gave me a little thrill.

Finally, three days before the contract with the star was supposed to be signed, he snapped. It was his lunch hour, I had ordered him food because he was working through it. His wife had called but he didn’t answer his phone so she called the office. I picked up and told her he was at a lunch meeting. I didn’t need her stopping by.

He was at his desk, his head was leaned back, eyes closed, and his chair was pushed away from his desk. I walked in with his food and shut his door quietly, I put the food on the coffee table in front of his office couch. He made a little snore and I smiled. I undressed. I was in my red lacy thong and bra. I kept my heels on. He didn’t stir at all.

I walked over to him and straddled him, kissing him with all the pent up passion I had in me. He must have been dreaming about his wife because he was hard and kissed me back. Then he snapped out of his stupor. He pushed me away from him and his eyes widened as he took me in.

“Stephanie, what are you doing?”

“Helping you relax, it’s my job as your secretary. It’ll just be between us Derek. No one had to know.”

He shook his head and I took the opportunity to reached down and squeeze his hard c*ck. Men were weak. That’s all it took. He snapped and crashed his mouth to mine. I then slid off his lap to my knees and had his c*ck in my mouth in two seconds.

After that day he f*cked me at lunch time, and stayed late after everyone left for the day, to f*ck me again. He would sometimes feel guilty and voice it but it never stopped him coming back for more. When Hunter caught us I couldn’t have been happier. Everything went fast after that. Hunter told Amanda and Amanda spiraled and died. Derek couldn’t handle the guilt and blamed Hunter, cutting off that relationship. But I was there, telling Derek how sorry I was. He took solace in me. We were married shortly after. It was a big scandal but as the new Mrs. Krew, no one said anything.

Everything was fine, until I met Sven three years into our marriage. Sven was my age, built and hot as f*ck. I met him at the gym I frequented and made him my personal trainer. We started an affair immediately. My life was bliss until I got pregnant. When I told Derek he seemed shocked. He and Amanda had tried for years after Hunter turned three and nothing ever came from it. He was told it was because he had a low sperm

count. That it was even a miracle he had Hunter. So they just hoped they would get another miracle but it didn't happen.

He was happy that he was going to have another child. Told everyone about it. But then Misty was born, she didn't have my red hair or his blonde hair. She had black hair and dark eyes. My eyes were green and Derek's were blue. He gave me a funny look, but didn't say anything. Six months later, Misty's eye color was unmistakably brown. She had my face but Sven's coloring. Derek had never met Sven before, so I blamed recess genes, told him she looked just like my dad. And she did. My dad had darker coloring than me. He had black hair but blue eyes. Derek saw a picture once, so I had hoped he believed me. But he didn't. He secretly got a DNA test done, and when he found out Misty wasn't his, he filed for divorce immediately.

That stupid Prenup f*cked me. All I had walked away with was five million dollars of the billions I could have had. Somehow Derek had even gotten Misty's birth certificate changed and his name was taken off as the father. F*cking rich people. For three years after our divorce I did everything to make Derek pay. I sold stories of our affair to the magazines, I would slander his name when anyone asked me about him. I paid some of his workers to give me secrets so I could exploit them. Then when he had his heart attack I called the IRS and made bogus claims.

When I read online he was engaged, that was my last straw. No way was he going to remarry again. I did not want him to be happy. I left Misty with her nanny and I guess I went kind of crazy. I had my little hand gun I purchased when Derek divorced me, and I waited all day for him to come out of his building. I was shocked when I saw Hunter with a little boy going into the building. When had they reconciled? When they came out I saw red. The next thing I knew I was on the ground, screaming that Derek would never marry again. Now here I am, locked up at the NYPD waiting. I guess they were waiting to see if Derek dies. But I knew he wouldn't.