

Chapter 5 – The Biker’s Salvation

“So, Billy, how do you like your new room?” I asked the little four year old. Cassie and Cameron gave me some toys and old furniture that Cameron grew bored with. There was a race car bed in blue, with white sheets and a pillow with a blue race car on it, and a blue dresser. Cameron really likes blue. Cameron also gave me some old transformers he didn’t play with anymore, and a racetrack with little race cars.

“It’s awesome. I didn’t have a bed at home, I slept with mommy.”

“Well, now you have your very own and so does mommy. Ready to go to the clubhouse and meet everyone? I can’t wait for you to meet my nephew Cameron and Niece Narissa. They’re five. My other nephew, Hunter, is two and a half and his sisters just turned one. There are other little kids to spend time with too. Are you excited about meeting everyone?”

The little boy nodded as we walked over to my truck. I helped him get in, and then held the dessert that Angela made while she got in.

“Okay, so this is what we call family day,” I said, as we drove over. “It’s just a relaxing day with no wild parties for all of us to hang out. A lot of the single bikers normally stay to themselves, or make other plans, and they let the families mingle, but occasionally they will come visit too. If anyone bothers you, you let me know. The prospects I introduced to you this morning will probably have told everyone about you. I haven’t really said anything to anyone yet. So, don’t be surprised if you get bombarded with a million questions. You don’t have to answer anything.”

“Rockstar, why are you so nervous?” Angela asked me.

I pulled the truck to a stop by the front door.

“Well, I don’t really know. I don’t want you to get the wrong impression of me, especially if someone in there says something weird. Look, you’re the first woman I have brought to a family day in two years. They’re going to think there’s something going on between us. I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable. I will set the record straight with them, but there will still be speculation.”

“Um, no offense, but you’re way too young for me. I doubt anyone will look at us together and think, ‘Oh, look at the cougar that snagged Rockstar and with a kid in tow.’”

I roared with laughter. Then I about sh*t myself because I haven’t laughed like that since Amber died. I looked at Angela. No, there was no attraction there, but I felt comfortable around her.

“Are you attracted to me?” I have no idea why I just asked that.

“You’re a very handsome guy, but no, I feel nothing S * X U A L towards you,” she said, spelling out s*xual, because of Billy in the back seat.

“Why am I the first girl you’ve brought around in two years?”

I stared at her, and then I just told her.

“I was in love with a woman two years ago. She and our unborn child were killed. I haven’t been the same since. I don’t have relationships, so you showing up with me today is going to raise some eyebrows.”

“Well, like you said, you’ll let them know. And, I’m sorry for your loss.”

I gave her a small smile, “Thank you.”

We got out of the truck, I put Billy on my shoulders, and we walked into the clubhouse.

There weren’t a lot of people in the main area. Just some of the prospects that she met this morning, who waved and called out to Billy. Billy seemed excited and waved enthusiastically back. When we stepped out into the backyard, that was a different story. There were a lot of people around. Some were sitting in groups already eating, others were tossing a Frisbee around. Some of the teens were playing tag with the younger kids, or hanging in little groups. My core group was at a long picnic table, and they all watched wide-eyed as we walked up to the table. I put Billy down and stood him in front of me. I smiled at the group tensely.

“Everyone, meet Angela and her son Billy. Angela has agreed to be my live-in housekeeper and cook. I ran into her yesterday at the grocery store. She needed some help and I helped her.”

They all stared at us, and then there was a chorus of hello’s and hi’s. It was so f*cking awkward.

“I made a Snickers and apple with whipped cream dessert. Where do I put it?” Angela asked.

“Hi, I’m Lia, I’ll show you where the dessert table is.” I thanked her with my eyes. I watched Cameron come running up to us from across the yard.

“Uncle Rocky, is this my new friend?”

“Sure is buddy, this is Billy.”

“Hi, wanna come play with me and Nissa, we are making paper airplanes. Uncle Beast is going to show us how to make the best ones, and then we’re going to challenge the bigger kids and have a competition. Wanna come and make one?”

“Yeah,” Billy said, excitedly, and ran off.

“Playing house?” Ripper asked.

“No. She needed help. She couldn’t pay for her groceries. Then she rambled on about how her husband died and pretty much left them destitute. So I offered her a job.”

“Just like that?” Asked Hex.

“Yeah, none of you were there. It was like I needed to help her. I saw someone in need and something compelled me to offer. Don’t read too much into it.”

“Well, I think it’s sweet. Maybe something more will develop,” Owen said. And I saw everyone else nod and perk up a little.

“I knew you guys would jump to something like that. There’s no s*xual chemistry between us. I even asked her if she felt anything, and she straight up said no. She’s older at thirty-five, and she made a joke about everyone thinking she was a cougar. I told her I’d set you all straight. She’s just my housekeeper and cook.”

“Um, your little housekeeper is attracting attention,” Lia said, when she came back over to us.

I looked over to where Angela was, and I smiled. Sure as sh*t, Bane and River were all up in her space. They were around my age, both a year younger than me. I could hear her laughter and lust blazed in both their eyes.

“She can handle herself. I warned her. I told her she was a beautiful woman and men were going to hit on her.”

“Oh, sh*t look at Papa,” Cassie whispered.

Roberto had just come out of the clubhouse when Angela laughed. We all watched as he zeroed in on her and marched over. He shoved his way in between Bane and River. He mouthed something and picked up her hand and kissed it.

“Oh, he’s putting on that Italian charm,” Becs said.

Roberto said something again to her, and she threw back her head and laughed. Roberto smirked at Bane and River, who glared at him, and then they stormed off.

“I wonder what he said,” Ripper mumbled.

“Probably something like, ‘what are you doing hanging out with children when you can hang with an Italian Stallion,’” Cassie mimicked in her dad’s deep thick Italian voice.

We all laughed, and then they all looked at me.

“It’s good to see you so happy,” Lia said, cupping my cheek. I smiled at her and leaned forward. I kissed her quickly, and then I heard a shout.

“Keep your f*cking lips off my woman.”

I chuckled, I knew he was watching, that’s why I did it. I heard footsteps stomping towards us and I looked up and into the eyes of my best friend. He was glaring at me. I puckered my lips and blew him a kiss. He growled and then picked up Lia and slammed his lips onto hers.

“My lips are the only lips you will taste.”

“Um, I kiss your children.”

“You know what I f*cking mean. I see that sh*t again and best friend or not, I’m punching you.”

“Okay, I guess if I want some sugar I’ll find it in other places,” and then I looked at Cassie and Becs. Both Ripper and Dozer flipped me off. I chuckled. I was feeling good today, this felt nice.

I stood up and went into the clubhouse to use the bathroom. When I was done, I opened the door and was shoved back. Flowery perfume had me gagging, and I immediately knew who it was.

“Aja, what in the f*ck are you doing and why are you out of your room? You know d*amn well, club girls stay in their area during family day.”

“I saw you pull up from my window. Who are you playing daddy with, Rockstar?”

“I’m not playing daddy with anyone, not that I have to explain myself to you.

She pouted at me and looked up between her lashes.

“You haven’t been by to see me lately. You weren’t at the last two parties.”

“Aja, I don’t come to the parties to see you. You’re just the one I end up with sometimes, when I’ve had too much to drink. You aren’t my girl, just a convenient hole.”

“How can you say that? When we are together, it’s so good. I feel like we have something,” she whined.

“No, you look like my deceased Old Lady, that’s all. When we f*ck I think of her, and you know this,” I growled out.

I went to move her, but then she ripped open the buttoned up shirt she had on and her t*ts came spilling out. She started playing with her nipples and my eyes were glued to her. She had great t*ts, any red-blooded man would notice.

“Let me make you feel good right now,” she said, as she started to rub up against me. I got rock hard. It had been a while. She had a little skirt on, and I reached down and cupped her. She moaned, and I could feel the heat of her and how wet she was. I lifted her and she wrapped around me. F*ck it.

I ripped her panties off. I pulled a c*ndom out of my back pocket, unzipped, and sheathed myself, and then I slammed into her. She let out a little scream and I put my hand over her mouth to muffle her.

“Is this what you want, you little wh*re? You f*cking love this hard c*ck in you, don’t you sl*t?”

I could feel her walls shuddering. She loves to be degraded.

“You’re nothing but a cum bucket, in fact open wide b*tch.” I pulled out of her and dropped her legs. I grabbed her by her hair and forced her to the ground and then ripped off the c*ndom. I shoved my d*ck in her mouth and f*cked her face. She gagged around me, but I kept pushing.