

Chapter 53- The Biker's Salvation

"Babe, how are you feeling?" Cameron asked me, as another contraction ripped through my body. No more after this. These two weren't even ours. I knew Cameron hated to see me in pain, but the lives I've birthed have brought such joy into our lives.

"I'm good, Cameron. Owen, sit in your man's lap and settle, your babies will be here soon. You're making me dizzy."

"Sorry Lia. Tabitha, come let me hold you. You can keep Uncle Owen and Uncle Hex occupied while we wait for our babies. Auntie Tawny and Uncle Rocky will be here soon to pick you up."

I watched as my four-year-old baby girl ran to her Uncle Owen. He scooped her up and sat in Hex's lap. Hex groaned like they were too heavy for him, making Tabby giggle. Then Hex booped her on the nose and she tried to bite his finger.

"Feisty, I like it," he said to her.

When Owen and Hax came to Cameron and I and asked if I would be their surrogate, I was ready to say yes right then and there, but I knew Cameron would want to discuss that with me. To my surprise, he said absolutely, as long as I wanted to.

"Her body, her decision." He made me fall in love even more with him after that statement.

Six months later, after picking out an egg donor, one was injected with Hex's sperm and the other with Owens, and then they were implanted in me after it looked like both sperms took. We waited with bated breath for three weeks, and then we went in for an ultrasound. My body welcomed the fertilized eggs, and I was now growing my nieces or nephews for my favorite couple.

I moaned as another contraction came, they were getting closer and longer. I nodded at Cameron, and he texted Rockstar to come get Tabby. Hunter, Isobel, Olivia, Dane, and Cason were already being watched at Tawny's and Rockstar's with the help of Cami and Angus. Apparently, it's movie night with pizza, popcorn, candy and pop.

Thirty minutes later, Tabby was with her uncle and aunt, and I was starting to push. Hex and Owen each had a leg and Cameron was sitting behind me helping me push. I was worried Cameron would be mad that Hex and Owen would see my v*gina but he said, 'they get to see it all wide and sloppy', plus they are g*y. I laughed when he said that.

The wails of my niece had us all in happy tears. Hex got to cut the umbilical cord since she was his biologically. And twenty minutes later, Owen was cutting their sons. I smiled as

the proud papas held and cuddled their children. They kept switching them back and forth until I told them both to sit and hold the babies together.

“Thank you, Lia, thank you so much,” Hex said to me, beaming at his children.

“You’re very welcome. Are you going to tell me their names now? I think I have earned it.”

Owen held up their son, “This is Callum and our baby girl is Ciara.”

“Cameron and Resa, you better get your butts down here right now!” I yelled, waiting for my 11-year-old son and 6½ year old daughter to come and explain to me why my roses were dug up. Rosco, their not ours, but their dog, came skidding to a halt in front of me, wagging his German Shepherd tail in excitement.

Running feet came down the stairs and around the corner to our back door.

“Would either of you care to explain this?” I said, pointing at my roses.

“Well, you see. I lost one of my throwing knives, and Resa said she’d help me find it after she got done practicing with Aunt Becca. But I got impatient, so Rosco and I searched for it by ourselves. I let him sniff my other knives. He immediately came to the roses, mama. So we dug, and guess what, it was there. I don’t know how it was there, but it was. Someone must have hidden it there,” he said, glaring at his sister.

Resa blushed and put her head down. She had her hands behind her back and her pointed toes on her right foot were playing with the floor.

“Fine, I was getting you back for hiding my favorite .22. Mama and daddy said to stop messing with my guns. Right, mama,” she said, looking at me with her adorable innocent eyes. I looked at my children, and then I looked at my husband who was in the process of fixing my rose bushes. I winced as I saw a line of blood on his wrist where the gloves didn’t cover. He didn’t seem to notice.

“Cameron, how do you expect to be the club president of the Lords if you can’t stop playing tricks on your sister?” I asked him.

“Mom, I’ll never stop. Just because I’m going to be the Lords of Chaos President someday, doesn’t mean I’m going to lose my sense of humor, and stop picking on my pretty little sister,” he said, ruffling her hair. She glared at him but then smiled at the compliment.

“He’s got you there, Angel,” Blaze said, smiling.

I wonder how fast I could get him in the shower. I looked at my kids, Cameron started gagging, he seemed to know where my thoughts were, and that had me scowling. Blaze is going to have that talk with him. Gosh, why do they have to grow up so fast? Maybe it's time for another? I looked at Resa, our little spitfire. Nope, I love her, but I don't want another like her.

"You two go and take Rosco for a walk."

Cameron was now making a retching sound.

"Hey, Ripper, wanna c*m down my throat?"

He didn't even pause as he ripped off his gloves and came charging at me. I squealed, turned and ran for the stairs.

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"Thalia, are you ready to go wake up daddy?"

"Yeth mama," she said, holding the plate of bacon and pancakes in her hands. She was walking very slowly.

I looked at my six-year-old triplets, each with huge grins on their faces. Holding a big wrapped package between them. It took all three just to carry it. I held the glass of orange juice in my hands as our little procession moved extremely slowly. Their little giggles made my heart soar.

When we finally got to mine and Hunter's bedroom, I quietly opened the door.

"Happy birthday daddy," we all screamed.

Hunter bolted up in bed, eyes wide. Then he grinned at all of us.

"What's all this?"

"We made you bweckfeth in bed," Thalia stated, as she handed her daddy his plate.

"We brought you a present daddy," Kimber screamed. That girl was always screaming, there was no inside voice with her. Cia and Dashawn helped her hold it out to him.

He put his plate aside and grabbed the present. I smiled, hoping he would be surprised.

He ripped the paper apart and then sucked in a breath. His eyes blinked several times, but he lost the battle, and a lone tear ran out of his right eye.

Dashawn climbed up onto the bed right next to his daddy, his little hand came to his dad's face and wiped the tear away. He then kissed his dad on the cheek.

Cia and Kimber climbed up on his other side.

"Do you see the angel baby daddy? That's our baby in the sky," Cia said, with a small smile.

I had commissioned a painting from Lia to paint all of Hunter's children. The triplets and Thalia were sitting side by side with Dashawn in the middle. And Lia did amazing, combining the features of Hunter and Amber, and painted a baby's face above them.

"I love this," he said. Thalia put her arms up, and I put the orange juice down on Hunter's bedside table. Picking her up, she cuddled her head in my neck.

"Thank you guys. You are the best kiddos."

"We know," the triplets chorused, making Hunter and I laugh.

Later that night, Hunter made love to me like he couldn't get enough, making me orgasm multiple times before he finished.

"Do you know how much I love you?" He asked.